

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1745

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

XXIV.

About four years of a pastorate on Grand Manan passed away. In 1860 the General Conference concluded to try the circuit system, and for the next year I laboured with the churches in Upper Gagetown, Upper Hampstead, Lower Hampstead and New Ireland. It was a new thing to the churches, and there was, of course, a good deal of friction attending it. It was, however, in my opinion, the best thing that could be done for our churches, and could the system have been carried out, it would have placed our churches on a different footing to-day. This took me away from the Islands for a year, and when I went back to my work there in '61 I determined to have the meeting house at North Head opened for worship as early as the first Sabbath in October. The brethren were a good deal disheartened, and it was with some difficulty that I got them aroused to finish and furnish it. But perseverance overcame all obstacles, and by the time appointed we had it all ready for the opening. Rev. John Perry was at that time residing in St. John, and was, I think, pastor of the Waterloo Street Free Baptist Church. We gave him an invitation to assist in the dedication and to preach the opening sermon. Rev. F. Babcock was also invited to be present. The first Sabbath in October 1861 was a beautiful day, clear, bright and cool; all nature was vocal with the praise of God. The people assembled in crowds and filled the edifice to overflowing. Bro. Perry's text was Ezekiel 43:ii; for over an hour he held the attention of the congregation. I have listened to Bro. Perry many times, and have heard him deliver many good sermons, but that was the best, and I do not think he has ever done better since. It made a profound impression, and I am persuaded has not yet been forgotten. The singing by the choir was excellent, the Anthem rendered just before the dedicatory prayer was grand; the prayer was very appropriate, and the whole service appeared to be for the glory of God. At 2.30 p. m. Rev. F. Babcock preached an excellent sermon; and at 7 p. m. Bro. Perry preached again. The sale of pews took place Monday morning, and in less than an hour they were all disposed of. Some parties said, "It is no use to bother about them, they will not be half of them sold, and we can get one when we want it." How great was their disappointment when informed that the pews were all sold. Bro. Perry remained a few days and did good work preaching to the people. Indeed I never saw Bro. Perry in a better state of mind to work for God; and had it not been for some things we might then have seen a revival. As it was nothing could be done, and Bro. Perry went home. Before I left the Island I told the people they were going to have a hard time for some months, and sure enough it was so. That winter following the opening of the meeting house there was but little preaching of any kind on the Island, but there were three dancing schools, and all the things that attend evil associations. I went home to Campobello, held some special meetings for a few days, but could not bring anything to pass. I then went to Beaver Harbour and commenced to work. I had never been in Beaver Harbour, but had often desired to see the people and spend a little time with them. Rev. C. Doucett had lived in the Harbour for some time, had laboured much with the people, and had seen some persons converted to God through his labours; but there was no church in the place. At the time of my going there Bro. Doucett had moved his family to Knowlesville, Carleton Co., where he endured a good deal of hardships in that new and wilderness country. A few years later his wife, and then himself, passed away to a better home on high. He died in the triumph of faith; and went to be with Christ which is far better. God soon revived his work among the people in the Harbour, a number was baptized, the work began to spread into the Baptist church in Pennfield, and there was every prospect of a good revival among them, indeed there were some converted and joined the Baptist church in that place. I could and would, under God, have done the church and people good if Mr. Prejudice had remained away,

but he came and our work was ended in Pennfield. I have often thought since what a pity it was that our Baptist brethren in Pennfield stood in their own light, for it was in my heart to help them at that time, and it would surely have been done if Mr. Prejudice had only stayed away. As it was I returned to Beaver Harbour, and after a few days more labour organized the Free Baptist church there. It was then impressed on my mind to go to Grand Manan and settle that difficulty which we had failed to settle last Fall. Arriving there, I called the parties to the trouble together and settled all their difficulties. I remained on the Island a few weeks, and was just preparing to return to Campobello, when lying on a lounge at Bro. E. Daggett's one day, about half asleep, I was awakened quickly; I felt as though a voice had spoken to me saying, "you must not go home just now, stay a little longer and do as I bid you." I told Bro. Daggett that the Lord was about to visit the Island with a revival of pure religion, that the work would commence at Seal Cove, come to Grand Harbour, Woodward's Cove, and reach North Head; that at Seal Cove it would be the greatest, at Grand Harbour considerable, at Woodward's Cove same, and at North Head the smallest. I also told him that for some unaccountable reason I should have but little to do in it. I was only to go ahead and cry like the ancient Baptist "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight," and the revival would follow the path that I should point out. Accordingly, in a week from the next Sunday I preached at Seal Cove in the morning and told the people to get ready, for God was about to let them see a revival of religion; I said, "here are the Deacons from North Head, in two weeks from to-day they will hold a meeting here, and God will be with you." They did hold the meeting, and the work of revival began. In the afternoon I preached a funeral sermon at Grand Harbour, and delivered my message there also. It was at this meeting in Grand Harbour that I got an evidence that Bro. Reid would be converted and become a minister of Jesus Christ, all of which came to pass in good time.

A. TAYLOR.

Work Among Prisoners.

Dr. J. L. Phillips, who is, during his sojourn in America, Chaplain of the prisoners of Rhode Island, writes in the *Star*, the following notes of his work:

For months friends have been calling for some account of my present field, but pressing topics, home and foreign, have had the inside track, and come out ahead. Just for a change, and to beguile a half hour of these warm July days, I shall say a few things about this home missionary field to-day. It is really such; and my good friend of early days in America, the ex-member of Congress, was making poor headway in persuading me to take this post, till he said, "What a grand missionary field for you here, while you are at home on a furlough!" His opportune words have been found true; and this of my dear India, I never enjoyed work more than in my prison parish.

Last December, the month I came to Howard, there were one thousand two hundred and eighty persons in the seven State institutions over which I was chosen religious instructor. They were distributed as follows: State Prison, 125; Providence County Jail, 210; Sockanosset Reform School Boys, 189; Oaklawn Reform School for Girls, 27; State Workhouse and house of Correction, 134; State Almshouse, 190; Asylum for the Insane, 425; total, 1,280, enough, surely, for this little State of Rhode Island.

On the Sabbath there are five services, the jail prisoners worshiping with the State prison convicts, and those of the insane, who can attend, coming over to the almshouse meeting. During the winter months I conducted four of the five services, some friend from Providence taking one of the schools on Sabbath afternoons; but now my city helpers take charge of two services each Sabbath, leaving me three to care for,—not always the same three, however, for ours is a rotary programme. Christian friends, lay and clerical, ladies and gentlemen, are helping nobly in providing for the spiritual needs of these souls. Besides these active preaching

services, we have been having an early service of prayer and praise in the prison hospital on Sabbath mornings, two Bible classes at the almshouse, Sunday-schools in the Oaklawn and Sockanosset schools, and on the women's side of the workhouse. Had we the needful staff of helpers, much more might be done for making Sunday pleasant and profitable to these hundreds of needy souls.

The week-days have each its allotted work: On Mondays I rest, by an entire change of programme, leaving parish and study, and going from place to place in Providence and neighboring towns, looking up employment for discharged prisoners, and doing pastoral work among the relatives and friends of the convicts. This is always a full day, but one I greatly enjoy. Leaving home at six A. M., and sometimes not returning till seven P. M., every hour of the long day is pleasant. It is a joy indeed to visit the poor and comfort the sorrowing, and to plead for the prisoner. Tuesday afternoons are given to the prison and jail, where we have a prayer-meeting, and after it private interviews with the men, and work in the cells and the hospital. Tuesday evening there are prayer-meetings at the boys' and girls' schools. On Wednesday afternoons I visit these schools for imparting instruction. On Thursday afternoon we have services for the poor at the almshouse, and for the women of the house of correction. Mrs. Phillips has been able to help me much in these, also at the girls' school. Thursday evenings comes the prayer-meeting for the men of the workhouse. A temperance meeting or lecture sometimes takes the place of this, and then both men and women attend. On Friday afternoon there are brief services of prayer and praise in the pavilions of the insane asylum. There are ten of these, and one Friday we visit the five on the men's side, and the next the five on the women's side. All of Saturday, like the forenoons of the four preceding days, is given to the study, though correspondence in behalf of prisoners, and special calls of one kind or another, demand a good share of the time. I hope this detailed account may satisfy my good brother of the Bay State, who called for particulars of our work.

Of the fruits of labor for this class of our fellowmen, I may speak another day. Let us have the earnest prayers of Christian friends. Thanks be to God, there are precious tokens of good, and some really ripe fruit even in this Christian headstrong.

What My Books Say To Me.

BY THADDEUS.

—I saw a man watering the roads this morning. He was very careful where he began and where he ended. Three hours afterwards a heavy shower of rain fell and it blessed the whole neighborhood with its impartial benediction. Thus it is with love and grace; and thus too, it is with people who work from the point of duty, and the nobler people who work from the point of love.

Ad Clerum.

—As pride enters with the very essence of every other sin, so humility enters into the very essence of every other grace. There is no such thing as a proud believer, or a proud lover of God. Till we are truly humbled, we can never possess either faith or love, or have any other grace in exercise.

Thomas Charles.

—When in affliction, Dr. Payson was asked, "If he could see any particular reason for the dispensation." No, he replied, but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand.

"God's will is the very perfection of all reason."

—The disciples were told to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. They obeyed their master and the power came.

Your Jerusalem, reader is your bible—your closet—your prayer-meeting—Tarry at these Jerusalem in obedience to your masters and you too will have power with God and man.

—Let the society thou frequentest be like a company of bees gathered to make honey; and not of wasps, which do nothing but hum, devour, and sting.

—These are the words of the Christian Treasury.

An Exercise in Pronunciation.

The chief interest of the following love-story lies in the fact that it is told in words liable to be mispronounced. It was written by a student of Rochester Theological Seminary. Worcester's dictionary is the standard, and the first pronunciation given by it is the one which is decisive:

Roland and Diana were lovers. Diana was ephemeral but comely, hypochondriacal but not lugubrious, didactic but not dishonest, nor given to ribald or truculent grimaces.

Her pedal extremities were perhaps a trifle too large for playing organ pedals successfully, but her heart was not at all adamant, and her address was peremptory without being diffuse.

On the whole, she might well become the innamorata of one retired to some quiet vicinage away from the squalor and clangor, the dissonance and contumely, of a great metropolis.

Roland, on the other hand, was of a saturnine countenance, at once splenetic and combative in disposition, so that his wassails and orgies were almost maniacal in their details.

He was a telegrapher by profession, having received a diploma from Caius College, but aggrandized his stipend by dabbling in philology, orthoepy and zoology during his leisure hours, so that he was accused of fetishism and tergiversation by his patrons.

Still his acumen and prescience were such that only a misogynist would discern that he was an aspirant for the gallows.

His ascetic, rather than ascetic, nature apparently inclined him to visit a chemical laboratory, well filled with apparatus, to which he had access, whence he often returned with globules of iodine and alumen on his caoutchouc shoes, which subjected him to the risk of numerous altercations with his landlady, a virago and pythonesse in one, and with the servant, her accessory or ally.

Roland had, however, become acclimated to his place, received everything with equanimity, reclined upon the divan while he contemplated the elysium where Diana dwelt, and addressed donative distichs to her in the subsidence of the railway.

There was a certain diocesan who endeavored to dispossess Roland in the affections of Diana, but he was enervated by bronchitis, laryngitis and diphtheria, which on their subsidence left his carotid artery in an apparently lethargic condition.

He had sent Diana a ring set with onyx, a chalcidonic variety of stone, and once hung a placard where he knew she would see it from her easement, but she steadfastly rejected his overtures, and ogled him as if he were a dromedary.

The diocesan betook himself to absolutory prayers, but continued his digressions and inquiries.

Roland became cognizant of this amour, and armed with a withe he inveighed against this "Gay Lothario," who defended himself with a falchion until Roland disarmed him, hounding his palfrey withal.

After the joust the prebendary abjectly apologized, albeit in a scarcely respirable condition, then hastened to the pharmacutic's aerie for copoba, morphine and quinine, and was not seen again until the next Michaelmas.

Roland returned on Thanksgiving day, took an inventory of the possessions, which consisted of a large quantity of almond cement, a package of envelopes, a dish of anchovy sauce, a tame falchion, a book on acoustics, a miniature of a mirage, a treatise on the epizootic, a stomacher lined with sarcenet, a cerement of sepulture, a cadaver and a bomb.

The next day the hymeneal rites were performed, and Diana became thenceforth his faithful coadjutant and housewife.

Two Peculiar Principles of Giving.

Peculiar, because not common. Here they are. I have tested them both by practice, one uniformly, the other occasionally, for forty years.

First, always give. This rule, as a matter of personal experience, must not be taken in its widest sense. I refer especially to public contributions for benevolent purposes. To illustrate: Here I am in my own church, or in a Presbyterian, or in a Methodist church, as was the case while I was in Washington. The contribution-box passes. It is a Christian house of wor-

ship, a Christian congregation, and behind the box is a Christian enterprise. I am a Christian; I belong here, and have to do with that enterprise. I must help, or deliberately neglect or refuse to help. I haven't about me much to give, perhaps very little. If I happened to have more at the time, I can not afford to give much. But I will recognize and indorse a worthy Christian cause. So here, in the presence of God and his people, I profess the Lord Jesus Christ by giving something in his name. And now, ye critics, clear your eyes of cobwebs, and see if you discover any flaw in this kind of logic!

The second rule is, give sometimes in doubtful cases. I have done it. Not doubtful in character or expediency, but doubtful of success. To illustrate: Here is a worthy Christian object. I have no doubt God approves of it. It ought to succeed. It is, withal, a feasible object. That is, if even one-half of the men and women who are personally, or otherwise, allied to it, should do their duty, it would easily succeed. But, as everything dependent on human action is contingent, the result is doubtful. There may be a failure; possibly the chances look somewhat in that direction. Still, I consider what I could afford to do, were success absolutely assured. Five, ten dollars, possibly more. But here goes ten dollars. But you say, "What if the enterprise should fail? What return have you got for your money?" Well, this, certainly. The ghost of a dead Christian enterprise has lost its opportunity to point its lean and skinny finger at me, and say, *You, with others, did it by neglect!* That would be some satisfaction to a man, conscientiously bent on doing his whole duty. See any fallacy in all this? If so, speak.—*Dr. Fullerton in Star.*

House Visitation.

There is little doubt that pastors accomplish a great deal of good by personal visitation. People whom they can not reach by the pastoral appeal of the sermon, can often be reached by the personal appeal of the individual worker. And this personal appeal does not always need to come from the minister. A few words to us in the way of invitation, by one who wrought in the moment between the plow-handles, brought us to Jesus as surely as Philip brought Nathaniel to the same Master.

That the private, personal word has won more than the public, general sermon, there is little room to reasonably question. If this be true, then the pastor that neglects the personal visitation doubtless greatly lessens his own effectiveness. But the pastor must not be dependent on alone for this work. The greatest obstacle we had to contend with as pastor in our personal visitations, was the objection that our own members did not display a social spirit in the same line.

Every church should organize itself for a general house-to-house visitation, and, better yet, this visitation should be undertaken by all the churches in united, organized form. There is no city in America, probably, where one-half the Protestant families attend church as a rule. A systematic visitation would, we may reasonably believe, reach twenty per cent. of these absentees. What a wonderful result this would be! This line of work is now being quite generally adopted in the larger cities. Chicago is in the field and so is Philadelphia. In the latter city three hundred congregations recently united in a carefully planned and systematic effort to visit every family in the city, and, as far as possible, every individual, in the interest of religion. Great results are coming from those noble efforts. Families and hearts are touched into a new moral life by the kindly attention.

We commend this plan of action to our pastors, both in town and country. Insist not only on the pastoral, but the laity visitation. District your parishes, organize your committees, and on the first Sabbath of the month read the reports of the week done. The result will be grand, for the labor will be most helpful. Hundreds feel, justly or not, that they will not be welcome in the house of God. Prove to them that they will be, by visiting them in their own homes and inviting them with you to the sanctuary.—*Gospel Herald.*

The Leper Colony.

Touching at Molokai, we were afforded an excellent opportunity for inspecting the leper colony established there. Many of these unfortunates were found to be in the last stages of the disease. The sight of these poor creatures would serve to excite the curiosity of only the most morbid nature. Their cheerfulness, even when rendered incapable of locomotion by the ravages of the disease, is somewhat remarkable, while their number includes many Europeans, the Chinese being by far in excess of all nations. The disease is said to be rather constitutional in character than a result of cutaneous inoculation, as be erroneously supposed. Science, however, has not been enabled to do much toward relieving the sufferings of these poor people, although their wants appeared to be generously provided for through the liberality of the government and that of foreign residents. The disease is contagious, while the hopeless misery of many of the victims in Hawaii would justly excite the pity of any beholder. One feature of the disease, as explained by my informant, is the fact that there are many persons living at Molokai who for years prior to their arrival there as patients had been living in various parts of the kingdom in utter ignorance of the appalling fact that leprosy was insidiously attacking the system. One instance in point was that of an aged Catholic priest, who discovered his deplorable condition only after an accidental breaking of a lighted lamp. It followed in his case that while removing some of the hot fragments in his effort to prevent any further damage, he found that he had lost the sense of feeling in his right hand. Instantly divining that he was afflicted with the dread malady, he heroically sought refuge among others at the leper settlement on Molokai, where I believe he died several years since.—*Boston Bulletin.*

BISHOP FOWLER, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, once gave the preachers at a conference this sound advice: "Don't say anything against the man who is to come after you." This is too often disregarded. A minister who didn't bear this in mind was asked by his parishioners what kind of a man his successor was. "Oh, Bro.—is a good man, but—" "But what? If there's anything wrong that is just what we want to know. Now tell us what's the matter." "Well, Bro.—is a good man, but the fact is, brethren, he parts his hair in the middle." "We won't have him. We don't want a dude. Conference mustn't send him." The appointed Sunday arrived, and with it the dude minister. As he walked up the aisle a broad grin overspread the faces in the rear seats. By the time he reached the pulpit the congregation broke out into a roar of laughter. The minister was bald.

Among Exchanges.

TAKE IT.

Take your religion with you on your vacation. In your diversion from business and home cares, beware lest your church-going and other devotional habits are forgotten. That which is wrong at home is wrong away from home.—*Telescope.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.

Fret and worry will never help any man to do a Christian's work in his own soul or among his neighbours. That work can be done only by patience and gentleness and forbearance, and the self-possession of an obedient faith and love.—*Zion's Herald.*

WITHOUT EXPERIENCE.

A man who thinks to sustain a Christian character without seeking experimental godliness, has been compared to the Spartan who, after vainly trying to make a dead body stand upon its feet, exclaimed, "It wants something within." The merely nominal religionist, like the dead body, also lacks "something within." "Until he can say, 'Christ is in me the hope of glory,' his Christian character is impossible.—*Herald.*

AS A GOOD ACT.

"As a cure for all summer complaints I highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, having often used it with the best results. I have often been thanked for recommending it." William Haw, Ancaster, Ont.