

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 19.

FREDERICTON, N. B., MAY 11, 1887.

WHOLE No. 1734

## Please Answer.

Within a few weeks we have sent statements of accounts to several hundreds of subscribers. From a good number we have had replies and remittances. They have our thanks for their promptness. We desire to hear from the others right away. Will they be kind enough to do us the favour of responding at once to the call made on them? Do not delay any longer.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—MR. BEECHER collected a large congregation in Plymouth Church, but he did not seem able, perhaps did not seek, to constitute the people into a strong, compact and abiding church. It is reported that Mr. Shearman told the congregation last week that if they deferred the calling of a pastor to the autumn, there would be no church left for a new pastor to greet. Disintegration is rapid in an assembly held by the attraction of a single name.

—THERE IS NOTHING like having a high-sounding name for things—some folks think. The latest is "Pneumatopathy," and why not? The word is well constructed, and it means the mind cure. Only the mind cure seems as easy to speak and to understand as its sonorous, alternative pentasyllabicism.

—CARDINAL MANNING the highest dignity of the Roman Church in the British Empire, is a staunch teetotaler and an ardent prohibitionist. He is the author of the following little poem:

I promise Thee, sweet Lord,  
That I will never cloud the light  
Which shines from Thee within my soul  
And makes my reason bright;  
Not ever will I lose the power  
To serve Thee by Thy will,  
Which Thou hast set within my heart  
Thy precepts to fulfill.

Oh, let me drink as Adam drank,  
Before from Thee he fell;  
Oh, let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,  
When faint by Sychar's well;  
That from my childhood, pure from sin  
Of drink and drunken strife,  
By the clear fountains I may rest,  
Of everlasting life.

—TELEPHONES are used in the Alps. The monks of St. Bernard have had their famous monastery there connected by telephones with several of the neighboring villages in order to more successfully carry on their great work of rescuing travelers from the horrors of the mountain avalanches, or from the dangers of the terrible snow storms which often prevail there.

—GRUMBING is as easy a thing to do, as it is bad. It takes less talent to be a grumbler than would fit a man for any other calling. The man best qualified to engage in this business is the one who does the least and succeeds the worst. Whoever has his hands and head and heart full of work is no grumbler. If you want to get the best remedy for this malady, get work, and do it. You will get well as quick as if you had taken a bottle of patent medicine.

—A SAD STORY comes from Indianapolis of the discovery there of a gambling room for boys from twelve to twenty years old. Two boys, employed as collectors disappeared with funds, and this led to a search which resulted in raiding a liquor saloon in a business block. Back of the bar was a room, at the end of which was what appeared to be a large ice-chest, but which was really a door leading to a room in the cellar, lighted with gas, in which were found forty boys, nearly all of highly respectable families, gambling at poker. They were smoking, and a number gave signs that they had been drinking. The police had been in utter ignorance of the place.

—ONE THIRD of the whole pagan world is now actually under the sway of Protestant rulers. It is a fact of immense import that in lands inhabited by at least 300,000,000 of pagans among whom Carey could not have set his foot, Christian missionary may now enter, freely travel, and everywhere proclaim the gospel of Christ, and that the may do this under the sure protection of laws dictated and administered by Protestant Powers,

while among the other 400,000,000 utterly and hopelessly inaccessible in Carey's day, he enters unchallenged, and pursues his work sheltered by valid treaties whose permanence and extension are made surer with every passing year.

## Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

NO. XV.

In the Summer of 1842, I was engaged at farm work, being obliged to do so to earn money to purchase things that I needed very badly. About the 20th of Sept. of that year, I engaged again more fully in work for God. From that time until the 14th of April 1843 I was in meetings nearly all the time. For nearly seven months there were only 14 evenings that I was not in meeting doing something for the Master. In that time I attended four Quarterly Meetings, and six protracted meetings, each lasting from a week to six weeks. At this time commenced the great Millerite excitement of 1843, from which, a few years later, sprung the present system of Adventism. No one, but those who were in this excitement, can form the least idea of the state of the people everywhere during this memorable period. The excitement was bad enough in New Brunswick, but was not near so great as it was in the adjacent State of Maine.

Miller's works were scattered broadcast in this section of the country; of course I read them; I could not, then, answer the arguments, and so concluded they must be correct. I wanted to believe the dogma of the speedy coming of Christ, and of the end of the world, but somehow it would not go down where I wanted it to go, and would not stay even as far down into my mind as I forced it to go. The preaching of the Millerites then was a good deal as I have heard from enthusiasts since. They said you must believe the dogma, or you will surely go to Hell; those who do not believe it can never be saved; it is only the wise that understand the end, and if you do not believe in the speedy coming of Christ, the end of the world, and the setting up of the everlasting kingdom, then you are a heretic of the first water, and must surely be lost. Of course I wanted to believe and be saved. Coupled with this dogma, another thing was taught which was equally false, exciting and dangerous. "Comeoutism" became the cry of the Millerites. "Leave the churches," they said, "they are all wrong, and are all on the road to destruction; the churches are Babylon, come out from Babylon, or you will be partakers of her plagues, and will perish with her; the ministers are all a set of knaves and demagogues, dishonest, half-hearted, priests and swindlers, they are sponging their living out of the people; come out from them all, for we only are in the right path, and we only hold the true doctrines of the Bible." How many were deceived by this kind of preaching it is impossible to tell, but that many were led astray by the "Come out" cry the present system of Adventism plainly shows. Ever since that time when anything new comes to the front, I like to examine it and ascertain whether it is in accordance with the word of God. With the cry of Comeoutism I never could sympathize. I could see that while it was to be regretted that the church was not perfect, and that it should be wholly given up to the service of God, that yet the church generally was much better than the Comeouters who soon showed the black side of their character. But the speedy coming of Christ, the end of the world, and the setting up of the everlasting kingdom I wanted to believe, but could not get it settled in my mind as I could some other things. In my perplexity I concluded that if I could only go to the towns of Exeter or Corrina where was the headquarters of this dogma, I should soon be convinced. The way was soon opened for me to go. Bro. James Elliot, a young man then labouring in the Springfield Quarterly Meeting, but belonging to the Exeter Quarterly Meeting, was to be ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in the town of Corrina where his home then was, and I was requested to accompany him and see to the performance of this duty. But now let me go back and relate some things which are necessary to this narrative, and in the next paper I shall return to this subject again. I have said that in September 1843 I went to work for God. I went to Lee as noted in

the last paper, and there saw a good work of grace. Then I went to Hodgdon, and baptized a number there. I remained until after the January session of the Springfield Quarterly Meeting 1843. Here I met with Rev. G. W. Haskell for the first time, with whom I afterwards laboured in the Gospel field for a number of years. Our relations were always pleasant; he was a man of God, and I loved him as a brother. He has been dead for a number of years, and has gone to his reward. But I expect to meet and to greet him in the kingdom of glory. His excellent widow, the daughter of our late respected Bro. Daniel Smith of Hodgdon, survives him; and of her it may be truly said, she is one of the excellent of the earth and a mother in Israel indeed. It is pleasant to think of such christian friends, and to have a hope of meeting them in Heaven. The Quarterly Meeting requested us to accompany Bro. Elliot in his journey and to participate in his ordination. About the sixth of January we left Hodgdon for that purpose, went to Springfield, there the snow left us, and we could proceed no farther for a time. While we tarried for snow, we concluded to employ our time in holding special meetings in a part of the town where we had never been before. As we did not get away until the first of Feb. a good revival of religion was the result of our stay. In this revival two things transpired which I think are worth recording. A man, the head of a very respectable family in this community, was brought under deep conviction; everything that could be done was done and said to lead him to Christ, but all seemingly without effect; he appeared willing to do anything, but it availed nothing. At one evening meeting, as I sat close to him, I heard him say as if speaking to himself, "I shall have to come to it." I whispered to him, "yes, come to it right away, and the quicker the better." Then he stood upon his feet, and, naming a certain man in the congregation, said to him, "Sir, did you not lose an axe last Spring?" The man addressed replied that he did. Then said the first individual, "I stole that axe, and am very sorry for it. I have repented in dust and ashes about it, and I will restore the axe fourfold." The person addressed wept like a child, and indeed there were not many dry eyes in the congregation. The person who lost the axe said he did not wish anything for it, but he was glad, for his neighbour's sake, he had confessed his fault, and hoped that the circumstance might never again be named in public or in private. The penitent man spoke a good deal more, asking forgiveness of everyone present, told the exorcises of his mind in the matter, and then knelt in prayer for the mercy of God. And he did not then pray in vain, for he soon got deliverance from sin; and was happy in God. I learned how true was God's word, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he that confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." Another person in the same community was trying to seek religion and with a good deal the same result as the one just named. He worked away for a week or two, but his seeking appeared useless. One day he was missing from his home, and his family became very uneasy about him. Their fears, however, were somewhat allayed when a friend told them he had seen him near Bangor, and had sent word by him that he would be home in a few days. He had walked about 60 miles to Bangor, and for a purpose. It appeared that a year or two before this time he had been summoned to Court in that city as an evidence in a suit; he had taken a false oath in the case, and when he attempted to seek God his perjury came before him and he could obtain no rest. The Court was then sitting at Bangor, and he walked directly in, and asked to be permitted to speak. The Judge told him he would adjourn the Court for a few minutes to accommodate him. The man then rose and made a confession about the perjury he had committed; he then knelt and asked mercy of God through Jesus Christ. There and then God forgave his sins, and gave him salvation through the blood of the Atonement. He returned to his home a redeemed and happy man in the consciousness of sins forgiven. It was reported that the Judge wept like a child, and that many tears were shed in

the Court on that occasion. The Judge told him that he had laid himself liable to an action of Law, and that it was in his power to send him to the State's Prison for a term of years, but considering his repentance he should not do so, and bade him go home to his family and be sure and sin no more. Snow having come, and the revival being well nigh over Bro. Elliot and I went on our way. We passed through Bangor, and hastened on to the town of Studson to attend a Millerite meeting held there that evening. A. TAYLOR.

## A Sunday in Jerusalem.

To those entering Jerusalem from the Jaffa side, the admiring exclamation of the Psalmist, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion," is well-nigh incomprehensible. On approaching it from this side all one sees is a low wall with two or three moderate-sized towers and buildings, the rest of the city being hidden from view. And when the city is actually entered, and we walk along David-street and Christian-street and the Via Dolorosa, there is nothing in anywise striking or beautiful to be seen in the way of buildings, but quite the reverse. The streets are very narrow, ill-paved, and, in places, extremely dirty; and a feeling of disappointment must be experienced even by those who have formed a very moderate estimate of the appearance of modern Jerusalem. But if we approach the city from Bethany, and catch sight of it for the first time from that point on the Mount of Olives where Jesus Christ "saw the city and wept over it," no one can fail to be struck with its imposing and "beautiful" appearance. From the Mount of Olives the whole extent of the city, with its white-topped houses, its domed-shaped mosques and minarets, and, above all, the great Temple plateau, now containing the graceful dome of the Mosque of Omar, spreads out before the vision as a charming picture, and almost merits even now, in its diminished size and splendour, the description in another Psalm, "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." But the religious life of Jerusalem is one of still deeper interest to the readers of the *Christian World* than its outward appearance, and it is about this, as indicated in the religious services of the Lord's Day, that we propose to say a few words. Jerusalem, according to "Murray's Handbook," contains a population of about 16,000, which is divided into the following religious sects:—Mohammedans, 4,000; Jews, 10,000 Greeks, 1,800; Roman Catholics, 1,300; other sects, 900. These numbers, however, were for the year 1874; since that time the population has increased considerably, more particularly with Jews and Greeks. From Luther downwards, many a person has been disenchanted with Roman Catholicism by a visit to Rome. The sight of the superstitious practices of the capital of the Roman Catholic world, together with the condition of the people, has completely taken away the glamour of Roman Catholicism as seen in other lands. But a visit to Jerusalem is apt to disenchant even with Christianity itself those who have not seen it in its pure Scriptural forms. Grovelling superstition here seems to have reached its culmination in the virtue which is supposed to be attached to sacred places. Although the New Testament Scriptures do not contain a single word which would lead us to look upon any spot as specially holy, but teaches, rather, that God is to be worshipped equally anywhere and everywhere by those who "worship Him in spirit and in truth," yet the various forms of Christianity which are chiefly represented in these lands are vitiated by the idea of sacred places which were in any way connected with the earthly life of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is specially the case with respect to those places which are supposed to have been the scenes of His passion and death and resurrection. Thus, e.g., the Via Dolorosa is so-called because it is supposed to have been the road along which He passed to Calvary, and the street is marked with what are called "the Stations of the Cross," and at one of the stations there is a handmark on the wall of a house, which is said to have been made in the stone when He placed His hand against it.

And this is a matter of common belief, notwithstanding, that the prophecy has been literally fulfilled, "They shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation" (Luke xix. 44). Then, again, the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre is supposed to contain the stone on which Christ's body was anointed for burying, the Sepulchre in which His body was laid, the spot where He appeared to Mary after His resurrection, the place where Adam's body was brought to receive purifying drops of blood from the dying Christ, &c. On Sunday, March 13, we attended early services in this church. "Services," we say because these spots are deemed so superlatively holy that there are no less than four services going on in different parts under the same roof at one and the same time, viz., one held by the Greek Church, another by the Roman Catholics, another by the Syrian Church. The Sepulchre itself is common to all, and it was sad, indeed, to see the large numbers who entered it bowing to the ground on their knees, kissing the ground, and crossing themselves. But saddest of all was it to see that the church was guarded by a company of about 100 Turkish soldiers armed with guns, to prevent these so-called disciples of the Prince of Peace from flying at each others' throats; for again and again in recent times fierce fights have taken place over a few inches more or less of those sacred places! Once a year, on Easter-eve, the fanaticism reaches its height, for at that time, holy fire is believed to descend from heaven into the sepulchre, and people come from all parts of the Russian empire to obtain some of the heaven-sent flame. After leaving the church we went, in company with two others, to the Mount of Olives, and there read in quiet solitude the accounts of the Agony as given in the Gospel, and tried to lift up our hearts for grace to say for ourselves, "Father, not mine but Thy will be done," and also that the time might be hastened when the prayer our Lord Himself taught us to pray might be answered—a prayer which involves the destruction of all superstitious belief in sacred places—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

The King of Siam and Missions. For nearly two weeks the King has been in Petchaburi on a visit, and the mission compound has been thronged with callers, and hundreds of our books have been sold. About three hundred have gone into the palace. Prince Pe Chit told me that the King said he "saw a great many books flying about the palace," and asked where they came from. He also said that everywhere over palace mountain they are reading the books, and as the royal sentinels sit by the watch-fires at night, each one seems to have a book. It is the same by the roadside camps and in the boats that almost stop up the riverbanks. Is it not a blessed thing that so many are reading the Word of God?

As the King passed through the city and saw our school-house, he said: "It is indeed praiseworthy, and I must help." He was told of the hospital and the help rendered the wounded men at the time of the explosion of the royal gunboat near our city, and was so pleased he appointed an audience for the gentlemen of our station. Letters had already been prepared, one for the King, including a report of the medical work for last year, and one for the Queen, telling of the schools and a new plan of Miss Small's and mine for opening an "Old Ladies Home" this year. These letters were sent in, and on Thursday the gentlemen had an audience with the King. He received them kindly, and talked with them a half-hour or so, asking many questions and commending our work in all its departments. He then gave, with his own hand, a silver medal to Dr. Thompson, a watch chain of gold and silver links to Mr. Dunlap, and a gold pencil to Mr. Cooper. Even the medical assistant was not forgotten, but received a bag of Siamese coins, worth twenty-four dollars. He also made a donation of \$1,440 to the hospital and its work, and the Queen gave \$960 to our schools and "Old Ladies' Home."

The King further promised future

aid whenever needed, and, turning to the Minister of Education, instructed him to place all these schools on the same plane with the Government schools, and aid them in the support of teachers, the furnishing of books, and in all necessary ways. You can imagine with what glad hearts they came back from their trip to the mountain palace, and with what grateful hearts we held our English prayer-meeting that same evening, and sang hymns of praise, and thanked God for all he had done for us by and through the King of Siam. We haven't had quite such a happy time since Dr. McFarland came back from Bangkok with his bags of silver from the King and his nobles to help build our Home in 1878. Rejoice with us! On Friday Prince Dis called, and repeated the King's promises of future aid both for hospitals and schools. He said that although they did not like the religious element, they would not withhold help on that account, because they could trust their people to our care. He also said that they are willing to help support native women, if they know how to teach; and that is indeed a great concession on the part of the Siamese. Many of them are hardly yet willing to say that a woman has a soul.

Better times are coming, coming soon.—Independent

## Among Exchanges.

### UNDEMONSTRATIVE POWER.

There is often great spiritual power which is undemonstrative, and does not manifest itself in the presence of men. There is power in prayer before God in the closet which may bring great blessing upon the Church and the supplicant be unknown. There are doubtless many disciples, sometimes uncharitably regarded even by their fellow-Christians as inactive, who are nevertheless the means of great spiritual good to the Church of Christ.

### THE GREAT NEED.

Heart-fire is what we need in our pulpits; not mere ranting, or loud voices, or display of elocution, or finely-framed sentences, or affected sympathy. We want God in the heart, pouring out in warm torrents the call of Christ to men. We want the simplicity of the Sea of Galilee, with the earnestness of Gethsemane, and the pathos and fervor of Calvary. The preaching of the gospel is not a mere human art; it is a calling of God, and to him we must look for the pattern of its accomplishment.—The Telescope.

### A WORD OF CAUTION.

Never, young man, try to be what your Master did not intend you to be. Make of yourself all you can by hard and diligent work. Be honest. Be sincere. Use no clap-trap to promote your advancement to positions where you may imperil all that is and ought to be dear to you. Never, never, write anonymous letters to make your people think that in you they have a great prize which they must cherish or lose. Fill the place you now occupy so full that your brethren, and above all your Master, will see that you are too large for it, and then trust him whom you profess to serve to put you into one where all your best powers will be called into use and made profitable.—Journal and Messenger.

### HOW TO BE HELD UP.

Mr. Spurgeon has his own forceful way of putting things. Speaking, for example, at a recent Tabernacle prayer meeting he said: "He hoped they all prayed, 'Hold Thou me up,' but let them mind when they prayed 'Hold Thou me up' they did not go on slippery places. Their way did not lie on the ice, but on terra firma. If they went on places that were slippery, it was not much use praying, 'Hold Thou me up.' Here he told of a man whom he met on a steamer, who went on drinking bottles of bitter ale and talking to him about the grace of God. When he came to his fourth bottle he said he was a poor frail creature, but his daily prayer was 'Hold Thou me up.' Mr. Spurgeon adding, 'You will want somebody to hold you up sometime or other.' When they went to the very edge of sin, it was a kind of mockery of God to pray, 'Hold Thou me up.'—Rep. Weekly.