

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The death of Mr. Beecher has served to recall the fact that a good deal of the world's work is being done by men over the age of 70. Conspicuous examples like the emperor of Germany, who is 90; Von Moltke, who is 86; M. Grevy, who is 76; Mr. Gladstone, who is 77; and Prince Bismarck, who is 71, naturally strike the mind first. But were a careful investigation to be made of the conduct of great enterprises even in our country, where youth comes early to the front, the number of men born before 1816 who are occupying positions of conspicuous influence would be found to be surprisingly large. Connecticut possesses in a banker and railroad president, who has passed his 97th birthday, doubtless the oldest specimen of an active business man in the world.

According to a London paper, it appears that an English gentleman not long ago advertised for a general servant, "who must be a good plain cook and an earnest deist." And in an English high-church paper there recently appeared the advertisement of a coachman, who declared himself to be an "advanced Catholic and skilful in the management of horses."

THERE HAS BEEN discovered in Russia, says the N. Y. *Advocate*, a short way of destroying diseases. A barbarous sect has been formed in Saratow. Its leading doctrine is that sufferings are sin. Consequently all sick persons ought to be hung or smothered. Several murders have already been committed by these fanatics, and twenty-four of them have been arrested by the police. The proper name for this way of getting rid of sickness would be "Murder Cure." It certainly would be effectual in every case. But the best thing is to apply by the law the remedy they advocate to those who attempt to inflict it upon others.

THE BEST "Anti-Poverty" society ever known in this world, says the *Independent*, is made up of those who work up to the measure of their abilities, and have the good sense to spend less than they earn. Some men will not work, and for this reason are poor; and some who do work spend all they earn, and for this reason are poor. It is not God's intention that idlers and spendthrifts should share in the earnings of others.

THE LONDON MINT is hard at work on the new British Coinage which is to be issued on the 22nd inst. in celebration of Her Majesty's jubilee. A very fine profile of an elderly queen will be used, with varying crowns for the several coins.

Universal penny postage is being discussed in England, and the idea finds much favour. Figures have been published to show that if the rate on letters from Great Britain to this country should be reduced from two and a half pence to one penny the income would still more than pay the cost of transportation even if there were no increase in the number sent. The day may come when two cents will pay the postage of a letter to any part of the habitable globe.

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

NO. XVII.

The last paper closed with a short account of the death of my first wife. But a few things more should be said in this paper about some of my labours in the years of my first marriage. In the summer of 1844 I had a great desire to attend the June session of the Springfield Quarterly Meeting in the town of Patten, 60 miles from where I then was. But how to get there puzzled me somewhat; I had no money to pay my way, and no horse to carry me the journey. However when there is a will there is generally a way. One of the brethren kindly loaned me his horse and saddle, and I started one bright morning for the Q. Meeting. At noon I begged a dinner for my horse, promising to pay on my return, which I was enabled to do, thanks to the liberality of the people. I went without dinner myself, feeling quite well satisfied to get something for the horse. I arrived at Patten in the evening jaded and tired enough. We had an excellent Quarterly

Meeting. I remember that I preached on Sunday afternoon from these words "Pure Religion." The Lord helped me greatly; I would give considerable to day if I only had an outline sketch of that sermon; but it passed away from me with its delivery, and I never could recall it since. It bore fruit, however, to the glory of God in the good of souls. There were present at that meeting two strange gentlemen who scarce spoke to any one. As they were leaving at the close of the meeting, one of them came to me and said, "Sir, my name is Page, I live in Burlington; will you come and make me a visit?" I replied, "Perhaps I will." "That will not do," he said, "say if you will or will not pay me a visit next winter, and mind," said he, "I do not ask you to come to Burlington to preach, I only ask you to come and make me a visit." I said I would go. "Thank you," he said, "good bye," and he was gone. I did make the visit the next winter. When I spoke about holding service he reminded me that he had not invited me to preach there. But, I said, I cannot spend the Sabbath without having meeting. "If you wish it," said he, "nothing is easier." "Boys," said he, speaking to his children, "go tell the people that a minister is here, Mr. Taylor, and wishes to preach to the people to-morrow in the Meeting House." I had two meetings the next day; but it seemed to me that I had never been in such a meeting in my life; all seemed to be confusion, and what to make of the people I could not tell. But after a while I found out all about it. There were a few members of the Free Will Baptist faith living in the place, but there was no church of that persuasion. There was a small Congregational Church, but no active religious life among the members. The balance of the people tried to believe in Universalism. They had a union Meeting House, but had no minister of any denomination residing amongst them. There was a strife, as I afterwards learned, as to who should have the mastery and give a preacher to the people. As I had to go to Bangor, I left an appointment, and in two weeks I was back there again. In the meantime all kinds of foolish, absurd and wicked stories were put in circulation about me, and even Mr. Page did not contradict any of them. I paid no attention to them, although they were bad enough. I spent the Sabbath with them, and held some meetings through the week; but of all the actions I ever saw, in meetings, those of that week were the worst. I suffered more than I can tell. I had an appointment for the next Sabbath. Mr. Page only said, "the nest is stirred up, but I did not invite you here to preach." At the close of the week Mr. Page said to me, "You know such a person?" I knew him. "Well," said he, "they have invited him here to-morrow morning to preach, so that you and he may have a fight." He was a man whom the Free Will Baptists had turned out a little while before for some bad actions. I made up my mind at once what I should do, but I said not a word to any one of my plan. On Sunday morning he was there; there was a large congregation, doubtless expecting a conflict. The time for preaching came, the man had his text all ready, but I was quickly on my feet and requested to be heard for a couple of minutes. I then stated that I was not asked to come there to preach, that I had arranged the preaching of my own motion, and that I was very sorry if I had interfered with the rights of the people or of any one of them. I asked their forgiveness for appointing a meeting there when they had a man of their own to preach, assuring them that my mistake was without wrong intention and that I should not commit the blunder again. I sat down. The man took his text and attempted to preach; but such preaching! and such a meeting! Mr. Page said after the service, "You have killed them, the victory is yours." I soon found that it was true enough. In the afternoon a number of the people said that I must preach, but I refused, and would not until their own preacher insisted that I should. Then I complied. Without any reference to what had happened I preached Christ. The Lord helped me that afternoon; when I came to the foot of the pulpit stairs I had to shake hands with nearly all the congregation, each one saying, now you must come and live with us and be our

minister. I consented, and removing to Burlington, lived there about three years. I did not see any great revival while living there, but I sowed seed that has since sprung up to the glory of God. Though, as I have stated, the people were largely believers in Universalism, they were very kind to me; I was their minister, and they would fight for me if any one spoke a word against me. They were pretty well-to-do in worldly matters, and if I wanted money I had only to say so and it was forthcoming. Soon after getting settled there I announced one Sunday morning from the pulpit that if any wanted a text preached from, if they would write it on a slip of paper, and leave it in the Bible I would preach from it on the next Sunday morning. The plan worked well; every Sunday afternoon from about May 1st to the end of September, when I went into the pulpit I found a slip of paper in the Bible and a text, and next Sunday morning I preached from it. By this arrangement I preached from all the Universalist's proof-texts that the people could scare up. The advantage of this was great; it freed me from the charge of choosing texts with which to attack their beliefs, gave me a chance to speak the truth they needed, and to strike it home in a way I could not otherwise have done. It arrested attention and made the truth effectual. It ended by Mr. Thomas Page saying, "preach from this text for me and I will give you ten dollars extra." The text he gave was Prov. 24: 24-25, "He that saith to the wicked, thou art righteous; him shall the people curse, nations shall abhor him. But to them that rebuke him shall be light, and a good blessing shall come upon them." It was at a Quarterly Meeting held at Lincoln, Me., that I was impressed to go home, that my wife would not live. I went, and in two weeks she passed away to her rest on high.

A. TAYLOR.

## The Karaim Jews.

The history, literature and religious tenets of the Karaim, a Jewish sect to which we formerly made a brief allusion in these columns, seem just now to attract no little attention, after years of obscurity and neglect. This remarkable sect seems to have had its origin about A. D. 750, and as a protest against the traditions and corruptions of the old Judaism, without a recoil to the bald rationalism which distinguishes the modern Judaism. Rejecting the Talmuds and the distinctive Jewish traditions in all their forms, the Karaim accept the book of Moses with entire cordiality, and essentially base their entire religious system upon them, having, of course, but little sympathy, if any, with the old and perverted traditions. The Karaim literature, once almost incalculably rich, has suffered great losses in consequence of the wanderings to which the people have been subjected from various and severe religious persecutions. What remains is found buried in a few of the great libraries of Europe, especially in those of Leyden and St. Petersburg, and has recently begun to largely attract the attention of scholars to a Jewish sect remarkable for an invaluable literature produced under what seems to have been the most unfavorable circumstances, for the purity of their teachings and of their lives, and for many strange religious peculiarities. While, as we formerly stated, the principal seat of the Karaim is in the Russian Crimea, a large colony is also found in Austrian Galicia, which also refuses to receive converts or apostates from the old Judaism. The religious practices of the Karaim are commendably strict. When reason and revelation agree they accept both as excellent things; when they disagree they subject reason to revelation instead of unduly exalting the former above the latter. They do not even allow themselves to discuss the fundamental basis of revelation, holding that, if man's reason could possibly have been his sufficient guide in religious matters, he would have received no revelation from a God who knows man better than man can possibly know himself. In their domestic and public lives the Karaim are notably virtuous. They pray, of course, in Hebrew, and with bowed heads. They may be called the Jansenists of Judaism. Believing that commerce in goods which they have not themselves produced, is wrong, they are nearly all agriculturists, or stewards,

and they are so submissive even to unjust laws that no one of the sect has been condemned in any law court for the last three centuries. Farther researches into the recently discovered Karaim literature will undoubtedly give us farther interesting information about this singular people of whom so little has heretofore been known.—*Interior.*

## Drunken Women.

It has been frequently stated in the public prints that much intemperance prevails among women in the city of New York. Of course it is not easy to verify such assertions, or to obtain accurate data concerning them. A single fact which comes to us from a trustworthy source, and which the safe guard has taken the pains to investigate, goes far to justify these statements. In the Bellevue Hospital, New York, we are informed that during the year 1885 there were 2,418 delirium tremens patients brought in. Among those who died there of that disease, was a brother of one of the most popular humorous writers in the country. Of these 2,418 patients, 1,950 were men, and 468 were women.

We have here therefore the appalling fact, that to a single hospital in the city of New York, during the year 1885, there was an average of nine women brought every week, who were maddened and crazed with delirium tremens. The statistics of other hospitals we know nothing of, nor have we the slightest idea of the number of delirium tremens patients who were treated at home; but this fact indicates that drunkenness is widespread among the women of New York. It was stated that probably three-quarters of these patients were foreigners. These we presume to be true. Not long ago it was stated that there were 3,696 drinking-houses in New York kept by women. More than half were Irish, nearly a third were Germans, while scarcely an American could be found among them. Such facts as these call for careful consideration. It is high time that something be done to save ignorant and drunken foreigners from ruining themselves and the country to which they come.

## "Passing Up Their Hat."

Did you ever hear of persons who object to the frequency of our church-collections? Did you ever hear such people say they would like to go to church once and not have a contribution basket thrust under their noses? With what a forlorn look do they say, "It is give, give, money, money, all the time." They are not so tired of giving; for those who talk thus, as a rule, have not exercised in a way to produce weariness. No; the fact is, they do not like to give. They do not enjoy it, and so they would banish the contribution basket that they may the more uninterruptedly worship money—the god of this world.

Did you ever notice how this class of persons ask and expect God to give them? They want him to give them often, and largely too. What if he were to say to them, "No, I am tired of giving. It is give, give, all the time. There must be a stop to this giving." What would they say and do? Ah, if God were to treat many people as they treat him just in the mere matter of giving, how soon they would have occasion to pray, "O Lord, withhold not from us. Give us this day our daily bread. Freely bestow upon us all needful temporal and spiritual gifts, and we will ever give to thee as thou dost prosper us." The giving should not always be on the divine side, and the receiving all on the human side. A little incident will serve to show how people may be effectually cured of their repugnance to giving. The church at—, for years was a beneficiary of a missionary board, and yet the people were never accorded an opportunity for giving, and this because the officials disliked the idea of passing round the hat, as they put it. A visiting minister made the point, however, by hinting that the aforesaid officials were not opposed to passing up their hat to the church at large. The rebuke was felt and manfully acknowledged, and at once an offering was made at the evening service. As a result, the church became self-supporting, and the next year gave eighty-three dollars to the cause of missions.—*Telescope*

## A Prayer for the Queen.

The jubilee celebration in India has united all creeds and classes. The high priest of Baidyanath, one of the most sacred Hindoo shrines of Lower Bengal, issued the following appeal in Sanscrit and in Bengali: "May that great empress under whose protection religious ceremonies have been practiced without molestation for 50 years, may that august Empress Victoria live long! The lustre of her reign, which illumines the hollow vales of the wilderness and the concealed places, and which brightens the sight itself, has, like a second sun, made India blossom like the lotus, by dispelling the gloom of injustice originating from the severe tyranny of Mohammedanism. May the Empress Victoria, under whose kindness all her subjects have grown strong in the strength of religion and happiness, may she live a hundred years, with her sons and friends! May the empress under whose influence uninterrupted peace reigns in India live long! It behooves you Aryans, one and all, to pray for long life for the empress. May that empress in whose empire men of science sing with delight the manifold blessings of telegraphs, railways and other inventions, may the empress whose moonlike deeds spread a halo of light far and wide, may the Empress Victoria be victorious! This is my constant prayer to Shiva." in Mohammedan mosques, and in all places of worship, as well as in Christian churches and chapels, similar loyal appeals and devout prayers were made.—*Leisure Hours.*

## Spanning Children.

W. F. M. Round, in an article in the *Independent*, points out how many children are made criminals. Many a passionate child, rules the household. The little baby on its mother's knee goes into a passion because its dinner is withheld from him, or some toy denied him. He shrieks and strikes his mother, and the mother says, "Poor little boy, he has such a passionate nature; he can't be crossed," and yields to him. She ought to spank him—spank him hard—for being in a passion, and give him nothing till his passion has cooled. The child, though he be so young that he cannot speak, if he be old enough to lift his fist and strike a blow, deserves punishment, needs to have a lesson of repression taught it. The mother who neglects this increases the chances of her son's going to the gallows. When the child is older there are better disciplinary punishment than spanking; but when the child reaches such an age that he is useful, it may be too late; his temper may have grown into a dominating force in his character that cannot be eradicated. Mothers sometimes say, when a child shows a vile temper and shrieks a good deal, that it would endanger his life to punish him. Perhaps so; but you still more endanger his future if you don't punish him. Many a gallows tragedy has had its beginning on the mother's lap.

Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents wishing rather that their sons had never been born than they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers, and see humiliated fathers crying like children because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to inquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches, I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, Teach your children obedience. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable, glowing letters on the walls of every home—obedience, obedience, obedience! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school! Whenever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child, there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue; to good citizenship it is the only road.

## Among Exchanges.

### A POOR WAY.

That man who always has to explain his speeches, or is under the necessity of explaining his relations or conduct in an apologetic or even defensive way, is to be pitied. Such attempts at explanation usually betray the lack of some manly quality, and seldom ever explain after all.—*Rel. Telescope.*

### POST MORTEM.

Yes, it seems to be discovered sometimes that a man is never supposed to be a Christian while living, but as soon as he dies it is suddenly discovered that he was a Christian. When a man's piety can never be seen except by a *post mortem* examination we have no confidence in it.—*Christian Index.*

### A BIBLE.

A Christian is a Bible. Now a Bible must be open, intelligible, inspired, infallible—open for perusal, understood in doctrine and precept, full of the Spirit, a perfect transcript of the will of God. That means reading the Word till the Word can be read in him; imitating Christ till Christ can be seen in him; submitting to the Spirit till the Spirit reigns in him. As the Bible is the Book among books, let the Christian become the man among men.—*Exchange.*

### MARTYRS.

The list of martyrs is increasing—Haddock, Northup, Gambrell; churches burned; council rooms blown up; respectable citizens driven from the polls; men called to their doors to be shot; women insulted—these are the natural results of the rum traffic. It only needs to push the monster and his purring give place to the tiger's claws and the tiger's stealthy spring, and the tiger's teeth and thirst for blood. Let him be pushed more and more by any means and every means that seem best to those who hate him till all men shall say, He shall be destroyed!—*Advocate.*

### SPURIOUS MODESTY.

There is a great deal of spurious modesty in the world which is simply cowardice. When a man shrinks from accepting a well-merited honor, that is modesty; when he shrinks the performance of a recognized duty, that is cowardice, though he may call it a modest distrust of his own powers. True modesty shrinks from the reward of work well done; false modesty shrinks from the work itself. This affords an excellent test of true and false modesty in ourselves and others. Is it the honor that we shrink from? or is it the responsibility?—*S. S. Times.*

### PRAYING FOR HOLINESS.

Men pray for holiness as if it were something apart from their every-day life, something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in their domestic, social, and business relations. They sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee," with glowing fervor, but never think that the prayer can be answered only by the uplifting of their own lives to the plane of God's requirements. Holiness is not a mere sentiment, not a vague vision of glory over-hanging us like a heavenly cloud, not a rapture or an ecstasy, not something that God sends down to wrap us like a garment in its radiant folds. If being holy means anything at all, it means being true, honest, upright, pure, gentle, patient, kind, and unselfish. We really have no more religion than we get into our every-day practice. Wherein our devotion is higher than our living, it counts for nothing.—*Morning Star.*

THE ORGAN-GRINDERS of New York have an organization more close even than the Knights of Labor; and they have parceled the whole town out in routes, just as the newspaper carriers have done in Philadelphia. When any of the members die or leave for Italy, their routes are sold to the highest bidder, the amount received going into the treasury of the organization. There are now eight hundred and eighty-two members. Another interesting fact is that the tunes are adjusted to suit the tastes of different localities. Those with classical and operatic music go to Fifth Avenue and the Murray Hill Streets, while the melodies that are ground out on the East and West sides are of a less ambitious character. The *Mail* is told that the owner of a hand-organ and a monkey gets rich enough here in five years to return to Italy and live the rest of his life without working. \$300 or \$400 a day is the average income.—*American Art Journal.*