

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—THE *Advertiser* is responsible for the following seasonable squib: We are told by the wiseacres that iced drinks are bad, but a despatch from Rome says the Pope suffers from the heat and craves iced drinks, and the Pope is infallible.

—DR. PETER BAYNE, in his life of Luther, pronounces the story of the reformer throwing his inkpot at the devil a myth. Luther made no mention of it in his letters or conversations, and Mattheus gives no hint of it. But, while not literally authentic, no better instance exists, in Dr. Bayne's opinion, of a sound, vital, historical myth—a myth that is more expressively veracious than any one fact, because it is the embodied spirit of a thousand. "Luther, indeed, threw his inkstand at the devil, only he threw it, not once and one day, but every day, and all day long, during his abode in the Wartburg."

—It is unhappily, no new thing for a clergyman to forget that he is a Christian in addition to being a privileged official, so that there is no great occasion for surprise at the conduct of an English Vicar of Pickhill, near Thirsk, at a recent funeral. The *Methodist Times* says a well-known farmer, who has been a Wesleyan preacher for many years, lost his son, and wrote a friendly letter to the vicar informing him of the fact, mentioning when he wished the burial to take place, and that he desired one of the Wesleyan ministers to perform the ceremony. The vicar replied that that was not a legal notice, and said he must go to a solicitor and fill up a proper form, or he could not permit the ceremony. It was afterwards communicated to the vicar that there would be a silent interment in the churchyard, and that the service would be held partly in the chapel and partly outside the churchyard. In reply, the vicar made the extraordinary proposal that he would allow the Wesleyan minister to finish a ceremony at the graveside, "provided it be after the usual Church prayers there offered." This proposal was declined, but on the funeral procession reaching the gates, the vicar was found waiting in his surplice, and though informed that his services were not required, he followed the cortege, after the completion of the outside service, to the graveside, and began reading the Church of England service, continuing reading even while the coffin was being lowered, and while the mourners were coming away.

—NOWHERE in Europe, says the Canada Presbyterian, have so many ladies crowded into the university lecture rooms as in Russia. This the statistics prove. In 1886 there were 779 women students at the Russian universities. Of these, 243 were in the philosophical department; 500 in the physico-mathematical department; thirty-six studied only mathematics. Of these 779, there were 587 members of the Greek Orthodox Church; 137 were Jewesses, 748 were single and thirty-one were married. The majority were daughters of noble political and military officials, namely, 437; eighty-four were clergymen's daughters; 125 merchants' daughters etc. Fully eighty-five passed the final examinations at the close of the semester. In addition to these there are several hundred Russian ladies studying at non-Russian universities, principally in Switzerland and in Paris. The majority study medicine.

—THE PENNSYLVANIA Legislature has enacted a law which imposes a fine not exceeding \$500 and one year's imprisonment upon any one bringing into the State for sale, exhibition, loans, etc., any book, picture, etc., of any description which is of an improper character, or in any way circulating immoral reading or pictures, or orally or otherwise telling where such can be procured. A similar fine and imprisonment not to exceed two years are provided for the publication or circulation of papers, etc., principally made up of criminal news, such as police reports or accounts of bloodshed, lust or crime. The exhibition on any fence, wall, room, floor or ceiling of immoral pictures, writing or print, liable to be seen by others, subjects the offender to a fine of \$500 and imprisonment for one year. And a fine of not less than \$25, nor more than \$300,

is incurred for printing or exhibiting any immoral picture of the human body, nude or semi-nude, or for advertising any immoral show, play or representation.

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

XXV.

I left Grand Manan in August 1862, and remained at home on Campbell about two months doing pastoral work, except that I made a short visit to the church in Calais in the time. I then went to Upper Gagetown to attend the Fourth District Meeting to which I had been appointed by the General Conference. I reached the place of meeting rather late on Saturday afternoon, and there I met something that I least expected to meet. But before I go any further let me explain. When I was a boy, not out of my teens, I got the foolish notion that if I could only swear like a man, drink rum like a man, and smoke tobacco like a man, then I should be a man indeed. What put such silly notions into my head I am unable to say, unless it was what I saw about me from day to day. At any rate I soon learned them all, and practised them diligently. A few years convinced me that drinking liquor would destroy my soul and body, so I signed the old Temperance pledge in vogue at that time, and by the grace of God have been able to keep it inviolate until this day. I soon found also that if I wished to become a good man the use of profane language must be abandoned, and after a severe struggle that wicked habit was overcome also. But the use of the weed was continued, for I did not see much harm in it then, probably because almost everyone around me used it. As time went on, and especially after I entered the ministry, I often felt that the use of tobacco was degrading to my position as a minister of Christ, and that I ought to abandon the habit. But I had become so addicted to its use that it seemed almost impossible to break away from it. Indeed many of the brethren said, "the young men ought to quit it, but Bro. Sipprell, Bro. Merritt, Bro. Kinghorn and Bro. Taylor can scarcely be expected to abstain from its use. I was often lowered in my own estimation for the course I was pursuing, but still I continued its use. Bro. Kinghorn tells me that I offered the first resolution entered on our Minutes (see Resolution 35 of the Minutes of Conference for the year 1855 held at Jacksonstown, Carleton Co.), and that after the resolution was passed I went out of the meeting, sat down on a log and went to smoking a cigar. I have no doubt that the statement is correct, and I cannot but blush now to think of and record it. Bro. Kinghorn was then more confirmed in the habit, and the circumstance mentioned did him a great injury. I discovered also that if I continued to use it, my boys would follow their father's example. Mrs. Taylor was always strongly opposed to its use, and often tried to persuade me to break off the habit. I often thought I would do so, and for a few hours would give it up, would throw away tobacco and pipe, and then, like any other backslider, begin again. I loved the weed so well that it was the sweetest thing I ever took into my mouth. I often would wish and even pray that I might see its use as a sin against God, and although I was aware of its degrading influence, still I could not see its sinfulness against the Most High. Indeed, who can see sin in any thing when they love it and do not mean to abandon its practice? But to return to my narrative. It was while in this condition of mind about the use of tobacco that I went to attend the Fourth District Meeting held in Upper Gagetown. The late brother Nobles Downey, then a Licentiate, was residing in the place at the time, and Bro. Nathan Milbury was teaching school there. When I arrived at the place of meeting Bro. N. Downey was, I think, speaking, and his speech was about the evils of using tobacco. When he was done, Bro. Milbury took up the theme and went into it all he was able. I got along with the first speech very well, and laughed at it some, but the second speech aroused my temper, and I had as much as I could do to control myself. When Bro. Milbury was done, Bro. Downey took up the subject again and carried it to a great

length. Then to crown all Bro. Milbury went at it once more, and came down on the audience in a speech that took all the props from under me and degraded me in the dust. These speeches brought me to the level of my true condition, my spirit rebelled against it all, and I was foaming from head to feet. Perhaps some of my readers have passed through what I then passed through, if so, they can understand my feelings. I was aware that I was wrong, but that did not hinder me from being angry with myself and everything around me. I had just self control enough to keep my tongue still, but how I suffered. There was no speaking by me in that session of the District Meeting, for I could not act the hypocrite. Neither did I sleep much for two or three nights. I was tossed and tormented. When I did sleep my dreams were mixed with all kinds of unpleasantness, so that I seemed to be on fire all over. The District Meeting closed and I went down the river to Hampstead. I felt ashamed of myself and could hardly say a word to anyone. The late Rev. R. Dobson was then engaged in a series of meetings in Wickham, and he sent for me to come and help him. I went and attended a couple of meetings, but soon found I could not help him nor the people, I found also that he did not need my help nor that of any man, for he was able to do the work himself. By this time my mind had become more tranquil, but I felt exceedingly cast down and discontented. It was the second evening I was in Wickham that as I was going to the meeting, I said to myself this will never do, I must quit the use of tobacco or I shall be destroyed, and the quicker it is ended the better, to be under the influence of the spirit that I have been under for the last few days is wrong and I cannot stand it, and to what it may lead God alone knows; quit it I will even if I die in the attempt; I did not know but I might die, as I had used the weed for about 28 years. Just then it appeared as if I was in the presence of the great God, and the sin of my using tobacco passed before my mind like a flash of lightning. How great the sin appeared; I cannot describe my sensations at that moment. I put my hand into my pocket to throw pipe and tobacco away, when the suggestion "No, do not do that, let all remain as it is, and tomorrow just taste it once or perhaps twice, do that for a week and you will be able to abandon its use and be prepared to fight the battle that is before you." A good deal of calmness came to my spirit. The next day I left Bro. Garrett Vanwart's to go to the Henderson Settlement, for I had intended when I left home to be away all winter. I traveled about a mile from the river, every step I took was apparently leading me to something dreadful. I turned aside in the woods to pray, for I could proceed no farther; the tears flowing down my cheeks like rain, I knelt before my God and told him all about my helplessness, and my sinfulness, and begged forgiveness for the bad spirit I had cherished, and besought mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ. Then it was that God came near to me and whispered peace to my troubled mind, told me to stand upon my feet, to return home by the way that I came, told me to go back to Campbell and He would let me see a revival of religion, and also told me He would confirm and uphold my resolution about tobacco, and although I should have a heavy struggle with my appetite I would overcome by His grace. In about a week I stopped all tasting of tobacco. I returned to Campbell, arriving at home on a Friday afternoon. Sunday evening I held the first meeting, and on Tuesday evening ten or twelve were forward for prayers. A good work of grace commenced, and continued for about two years, with only a little diminishing in the Summer months while the people were busy. I had a heavy struggle with the appetite for tobacco for about seven weeks, and sometimes I did not know what would become of me, my mind was so confused; but at the end of the seven weeks I awoke one morning with my head clear and my mind free from bewilderment. I said to Mrs. Taylor, "I have got the victory over tobacco, the Lord has made me master over this evil, and I rejoiced." In about four years I got it eradicated from my system, and now I am a free man. I would

not be under that hateful habit again for thousands of dollars, poor as I am. I thank God I am free from the appetite, and by the grace of God I mean to remain free. I am very sure that there are ministers who, if they only were free from this useless and degrading habit, would be much benefited, they would feel like men entirely new, and they would see revivals of religion where they now see none, and above all they would feel more fully consecrated to God and His service, and be sanctified by His word, giving glory to His great name.

A. TAYLOR.

## The Reports from Stanley and Emin Pasha.

The report of the death of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is nowhere accepted as true. The latest authentic news received from him was sent upon his arrival at the mouth of the Aruwimi River, on June 24. This river flows into the Congo about 1,250 miles from the latter's mouth or about 150 miles below Stanley Falls. It will be remembered that Stanley Falls has for some time been in the hands of hostile natives; but Tippu Tib, the great Arab ivory dealer, who, for certain financial considerations, is co-operating with Stanley, started ahead of the main party before Aruwimi was reached in order to inform the natives at Stanley Falls that the present expedition was organized with his consent and concurrence, and that there must be peace between the whites and the blacks. He was to return with provisions to the Aruwimi River, which the party was to ascend as far as possible before striking off eastward toward Wadelai, the headquarters of Emin Pasha, for whose relief the journey had been undertaken. The last stage from the river to Wadelai, as it was planned, would be from three to four hundred miles across an undiscovered wilderness and through untrodden jungles.

There is no reason to believe that the rumors have not been carried out in order up to the present time. The rumors of Stanley's death come only from the lips of natives, whose informants cannot be traced though they must have traveled a thousand miles or more to carry their report from Aruwimi to the sea. That this distance could have been covered within the time elapsed between the date of Stanley's last authentic dispatch and the date when the rumor was first received on the seacoast is quite incredible. Moreover, the stories do not agree, one saying that the explorer was shot and the other that he was drowned. Either story may easily have been, and probably was, the natural exaggeration which would be given to the reports of the mishaps and detentions, which we know to have occurred, as they have been passed on from mouth to mouth. The actual and more serious occurrences of the past, also, being associated with the very places where the delays have taken place, would have been enough to bring confusion to any word-of-mouth report.

While, then, we may rest assured that Stanley is well on his way toward Wadelai, perhaps having already abandoned the river for the jungle, it is interesting to know that Emin Pasha at a recent date was alive, and pursuing his discoveries with indefatigable perseverance. The traders who bring the latest news of him say that he had not heard of Stanley's expedition. King Mwanga, who has not hesitated to take the lives of others, continues to show some clemency toward Emin, though it is impossible to say what the quality of his mercy would be if the learned doctor were once within his clutches. He permits messengers to secure supplies for Emin, but hedges him in his explorations and refuses to permit him to leave the country, though it may be doubted whether Emin would accept this latter permission if it should be granted.

All hopes of the civilization of that vast central region of the dark continent seem to hang upon the success of Stanley's expedition. With the fall of Khartum in January, 1885, access to the region by the northern route was cut off; and we have every reason to believe that since that the Sudan has exchanged the degree of civilization it knew under the governorships of Sir Samuel Barker and General Gordon for a political chaos and a reign of barbarism. But Emin Pasha, with his remarkable personal

power, second to that of no equatorial governor excepting Gordon, has been able to defend a portion of the southern Sudan against the capacity of the slave-holder and to turn his own rare faculties to the furtherance of science and civilization according as the opportunities have presented themselves. If Stanley succeeds in gaining communication with him, it is not likely that a complete evacuation of the region now under Emin's control will ensue. The doctor's heart is too much engrossed with his work there, and too much hangs upon the possession of the southern approach to the Sudan, to suffer the equatorial province to lapse again into its natural barbarism.—*Independent*.

## The True Key To India.

John Bright's speech to the members of the East India Association was conceived in a spirit of wisdom, temperance, and kindness, and went to the heart of the question, wherein the key to India really consists. It is not in the limited garrison England is able to maintain there, or in the Canal, or new coaling stations, or the neutralisation of Turkey, or any such things, but in generous and just government, in liberal delegation of power to native functionaries, and in the services which, out of our strength, we are able to render to the millions of people of our great tributary. Mr. Bright tried to teach all this more than thirty years ago; and, about 1853, he and the India Minister of the day once consumed between them the whole time of the House of Commons up till midnight in discussing their antagonistic methods for establishing our rule in the East on firm foundations. But Mr. Bright was unheeded; the East India Company got a renewal of their charter and things went on as before, with the same merry disregard of native needs, till 1858, when the bubble burst in the great thunderstorm of the Mutiny. Since then we have mended our ways. The canals, railways, and telegraphs established throughout the country, the greater facilities for native education, the existence of a comparatively free Press and the tolerance of the right of public meeting, have marked the way in which we took the hard lesson of the Mutiny to heart, and our national distrust of mere despotism as a successful form of government. To be consistent and persevere in the good cause in which we have entered, it remains for us to listen to the demand, which is being more loudly urged every year by the natives, that they shall be admitted to a large number of the offices of authority. Macaulay, who knew India well, foresaw that along this path the ultimate security of British rule would be found; and Mr. Bright's aim to day is to stimulate the place a bit in treading it, while he very rightly tells the people who hold that we must keep India, as we won it, by the sword, that their method would soon bring our sway to an end. Of course, it is not easy to say off hand with what proportion of power the native races should be immediately invested. This is a problem for wise and good men to give their minds to. But it is just as well that those who dread the change and point in justification of our rule to the blessing of peace and safety conferred by it throughout India, should be reminded of the miseries which were inevitably inflicted during the process of conquest, and of the spirit of never ending annexation that still marks our Oriental career. In his old age Mr. Bright once again lifts up his eloquent voice to warn us of the national danger that lies in a fatal perseverance in this policy; and well will it be if the event proves that he has not spoken in vain.

## What the World owes to Missionaries.

It is useless for even an unbeliever in foreign-mission work to deny the indebtedness of the public to the keen-eyed, clear-headed, broad-minded missionaries, for our constantly increasing and thoroughly trustworthy information concerning distant countries. In these times, we can no longer afford to limit our acquaintance with far-off India and China to an entertaining, fairy-story, "Arabian-Nights" kind of description; we are too practically and closely connected with these countries to accept imaginary or superficial reports. We must have correct historical data and statistics of population, occupation, and

general internal economy; clear outlines of national government and foreign policy; accurate scientific accounts of the geography, meteorology, and natural resources of the land,—and all these matters can be faithfully collected and investigated and noted by the missionary. Usually he is well trained for this, by habits of study and observation, which is not always true of travelers. He comes closer to the people, enters their homes, receives their confidence, learns their ambitions and objects,—indeed, sees them as they are, which a mere tourist, or even a resident business man, can not do. He is there for the sake of the people, not for money-making, and his own work can not be successfully done until he understands his surroundings; when, therefore, he gives this experience and knowledge a convenient form, and hands it to his countrymen for their enlightenment and assistance, he deserves better things than an indifferent silence, or a general condemnatory dismissal of the claims of foreign-mission work.—*Heavenly Woman's Friend*.

## Peter Cooper's Business Sense.

Mr. Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was strongly opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launched out into extravagant enterprises on borrowed money for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. Once while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of three per centum per month.

"Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer."

"Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be borrower.

"Certainly I am. I will discount your note for \$10,000 for three at that rate. Will you do so?"

"Of course I will," replied the merchant.

"Very well," said Mr. Cooper: "just sign this note for \$10,000 payable in three years, and give me your check for \$800, and the transaction is complete."

"But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant.

"You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for thirty-six months, at three per centum per month, amounts to one hundred and eight per centum, or \$10,800; therefore, your check for \$800 just makes us even."

The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.

## An Emperor's Mode of Life.

Emperor William does not smoke nor take snuff. Neither does he wear spectacles. When reading or writing he uses an eyeglass, although he does not wish to admit that his sight is growing weak. His majesty sleeps as soundly as the healthiest of youths, and never takes a rest during the course of the day. He always receives standing up in his salon, after having changed his old uniform for a more correct one. Should he receive a prince who has conferred on him the purely honorary command of a regiment that bears his name, his majesty always wears the uniform of that particular regiment. In this respect there is never the slightest derogation from the rigid rules of etiquette. Hence his majesty has frequently to change his uniform three or four times within an hour or two.

JUBILEE.—We have just received a report of the Jubilee celebration at Shag Harbour, N. S., participated in by the school children from Pubnico Beach to Doctor's Cove. A good time was enjoyed; it was a great day for the young folks, and the older ones were not without their share too. Rev. Wm Miller was a moving spirit in the celebration, and he and Rev. W. C. Weston made suitable addresses. If the report of the day's doings was delayed in reaching us we would have been glad to publish it in full.