

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1720.

## WANTED.

There is room for many more new subscribers. And there are many hundreds in the Provinces who need the INTELLIGENCER. We hope our friends will get them if possible, at least, let the effort be made.

To every one who sends six new names (with \$9.00) we will give the paper one year.

## MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

The Philadelphia Record publishes a long and affecting list of the names and description of the people in that city who, during the past year, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the oversight of their relatives and friends and were reported to the police. The list numbers 614 of all ages, 71 being females from the ages of 10 to 75 years, and the males being from 5 to 84 years, and 213 were runaway boys from 10 to 18 years of age! It is hardly credible that so many have disappeared entirely leaving no record of their fate, but only 57 were reported as found or returned to their homes. It is one of the saddest peculiarities of a great city that the individual is there of so little account, and that one can drop out of its restless and rushing current and make scarcely a perceptible eddy. Saddest still is the fact that human virtue or human life may be of so little account that lust or cupidity or revenge may safely kidnap their victims and leave not a clew to their fearful fate. The Record's list throws a lurid light upon the dark deeds of city depravity, of which we get an occasional glimpse in the reports of the police. Home seems all the dearer, and the affection and care of loving friends all the more precious, as the contrast awakened by such a revelation throws its depressing shadow over us.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

## GOOD WORDS.

There is scarcely a letter that reaches us but contains words of commendation of the INTELLIGENCER. For all these good words we are sincerely grateful to our friends. They greatly cheer us in the work. To know that God makes the paper a helper of those who read it, is a great reward.

To publish all the commendations that come to us would take pages. We append a few, chiefly for the sake of the new readers of the paper, that they make known how they feel towards it who have read it for many years:

"I look for the INTELLIGENCER each week as for an old friend who has something good and helpful to say to me. It has ministered much comfort to me. I appreciate it more every year, and shall read it as long as I am able to pay for it. It is fitted to do good to all classes, and I am endeavouring to get some new readers for it."

"It is a grand minister of the gospel. I would be lost without it."

"May it long continue to help the weak and tempted and arouse the careless."

"The INTELLIGENCER, always good, has improved in every way, and the reduction of the price should ensure its being patronized by the whole Free Baptist body, at least."

"The INTELLIGENCER is very much prized by its readers. When Saturday evening comes the inquiry is, 'Where is the paper that I may read the notes on the S. S. Lessons.' Every part of it is enjoyed. Its literature is becoming the language of many people in their conversation."

"It is a welcome messenger, bringing comfort and cheer. My soul is often blessed and fed by the precious truths I find in it."

"I have two new subscribers, and hope to get more. I do this, not merely for any remuneration offered, but from a desire to spread the gospel truth the INTELLIGENCER always contains."

"I must tell you that we prize the INTELLIGENCER more than any we take. After we have read it we often send it to families who are not able to take it, but who enjoy it."

We appreciate the help it gives us in Sabbath School work. The children, too, look forward to its weekly visit with much interest; the puzzle department affords them instruction as well as amusement. I

trust God's blessing may continue to attend your efforts.

"It is pleasant to canvas for a paper with the character of which nobody finds fault."

"I hope to be able to send more names soon. The INTELLIGENCER should be in every Free Baptist home and your efforts to place it there should be appreciated."

We have received many expressions of opinion about the reduction of the price of the paper. Two or three think the reduction should not have been made, but many have commended it, and all express the hope that it may result in a greatly increased circulation, and promise to do what they can to promote its interest.

Glad that the paper has been made a blessing to many, we wish again to ask every one of its friends to try to secure new names for it.

We venture to urge this as a personal request of all our friends. Every additional reader increases the paper's influence for good just so much. If each present reader would secure at least one more reader what an increase of power it would have? Try it.

## Our Contributors.

### STORMY SABBATHS.

BY THE REV. C. E. PENNEY, D. D.

The season for stormy Sabbaths is present, and, as in all past winters, the patience of pastors will be sorely tried. We shall make ready the "beaten oil" for the sanctuary, and ourselves through the pouring rain or driving snow; but the mass of our people will not be there to "fill their vessels" from the oil-jar.

We shall prepare a practical discourse with special reference to Mr. A—; but he will be at home, "toasting his shins" by the fire. We shall have a sweet, comforting discourse for Mrs. B—in her bereavement; but alas! the rain would damage Mrs. B's new crêpe veil, and so she saves her veil and loses the sermon. Perhaps, as Mr. C— has often told us of his difficulties about the inspiration of the Scriptures, we may preach the very discourse which we have carefully prepared to meet his difficulties, on some stormy Sunday; while Mr. C— is sitting in the chimney-corner, reading his STAR. So it will come about that a large number of truths, which were designed for particular individuals, will miss their work—to the disappointment of the preacher, and the sore spiritual loss of the willful absentee.

After twenty-four years of pastoral experience, I have come to divide all church-members into two classes—fair-weather Christians, and storm-proof Christians. The division holds good through all the routine of religious life. The first class is composed of those who rarely practice any self-denial for Christ. They not only dread a storm of snow or rain, but a storm of reproach or unpopularity. They are capital soldiers on parade-days, but not worth a rush before a cannon's mouth. They are loud in their professions before a battle, and loud in their exultation after a victory; but during the fight they are always missing. Demas is the representative apostle of this class, as Paul is the representative of the storm-proof disciples. Fair-weather Christians are of no possible use, except to shame better men into better conduct.

Commend me to the Christian, who, when the Sabbath-bell rings, consults his conscience rather than his barometer. Commend me to the follower of Jesus, who chooses death or defeat rather than desertion. Commend me to him who, when Duty sounds her trumpet, is always ready to answer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He is Christ's minute-man. When at last the messenger of death shall call the roll, this man shall calmly and promptly answer, *Here!* And after he is gone to his heavenly reward, his name, like that of the gallant young Huguenot captain, shall be kept on the roll of the regiment, and whenever it is called, some comrade in the faith shall step forth and respond, "Died on the battle-field!"

In these days of self-indulgence, may God send us more religion that is storm-proof.

## Reminiscences of my Early Life, and my Religious Experiences.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR.

No. 1.

I have for some time thought of writing a few things about my early life and my religious experience. I have been deterred by this single reason, that it might be regarded an

egotism on my part. Heartily despising egotism, it has required no little reasoning to bring me to the willingness to write.

When I discover any person always wishing to place himself or his actions conspicuously in the front, and endeavouring to make it appear that he is some great personage and his actions something wonderful, I find a feeling of disgust taking possession of me, so that I am sure to step aside as quickly as possible, and leave him to his glory. And now that I have concluded to write a few things about my early life etc., I hesitate lest I may appear to be doing the very thing that I despise in others. And yet I know I have no such intention. I trust I may not be misunderstood.

There are three things that have so far overcome my scruples as to induce me to write none.

(1) That I may put on record some things about my early life that are not very generally known, and concerning which I have often been asked. For instance, I have frequently been asked in what part of the States was I born, and what induced me to come to New Brunswick.

When I have informed the questioners that my birth place was in the Queen's dominions, their surprise was great.

(2) I am differently situated from most of my brethren in the ministry. The greater part of them are natives of this Province; their friends and connections are all about them; and their relatives are generally well known. I was not born in this Province, nor in this Dominion; I have no relatives on this continent that I am aware of, except an only brother who lives a few miles from Boston, and my own children, some of whom are living at home with me, and some of them are in the Middle and Western States.

(3) That I may help others who may be struggling as I have struggled; and particularly that I may give glory to God for my salvation, for his wonderful love and constant care of me in the journey of life.

These are the things that have some what overcome my repugnance to writing these articles. According to the record of my parents, I was born in Scotland, October 31st 1816, at a little village called Port Glasgow, on the river Clyde, and about three miles from the seaport of Greenock. There, on Hallowe'en, I first saw the light of day, and begun the journey of this present life. This Hallowe'en is a joyful evening to the people of that interesting country, especially to the young people, as many be understood by reading the Poem of Robert Burns. In due time my parents had me christened in the Parish Kirk, by the name of Alexander, which was my grandfather's name. My father's given name was Edward, and his native place was a village called Grangemouth near the City of Edinburgh. I always understood that on my father's side the family was large, consisting of 10 or 12 boys and one Sister, an Aunt Elizabeth who married an Irish gentleman and went to live in "happy old Ireland." My mother's maiden name was Jeannette Richie. The family was small on my mother's side—one Brother and three Sisters: But of none do I remember except an Aunt Margaret who lived in the house with us for some time. My mother's native place was Port Glasgow, where she resided until we removed to New Brunswick. The earliest thing in my remembrance is seeing an old Lady whom they soon taught me to call grandmother. She was, as I can distinctly remember, a short, thick-set person, with a quick and steady step, always moving and at work; her white and glossy hair, gave her, in my childish eyes, a peculiar and wonderful appearance. As I used to gaze at her, I thought what a curious person she was, and what a wonderful white head she had. I have no doubt that I inherited my own white hair from my grandmother; and I suppose, also, that children looking at my white hair, are filled with wonder and perhaps awe, and with a comical mixture of both these feelings, as I was when I used to gaze at the white hairs of my aged grandmother. What a wonderful thing this personal identity is! Here I am, an old man now, different from what I was as a child, and yet the same person that I used to think so strangely about the old lady's quick movements, her decided step and her rich and glossy white hair. Another boy was soon born in the family, whom they named Edward, after his

father. Soon after, my father came to this Province to find employment. He was a ship-carpenter. Times were then brisk in this country, as shipbuilding had just then begun its wonderful career. It was soon decided that the family was to remove to New Brunswick and join my father. Before embarking on this voyage a visit to the home of my grandfather was made to say goodbye to the old folks. I do not remember a great deal about this visit; I only know that we went to Glasgow in a storm and then to Edinburgh in a canal boat. I can remember standing in the old wide fireplace to play "hide and seek." The old people must have lived on a farm, as we brought a hen away with us, and she laid a fine egg, which was given to me, and I thought there never was such an egg nor such a hen as laid it. I can remember my grandfather patting my head at parting, and saying he hoped I would be a good boy and grow to be a good man, saying also that he should leave me something to remember him by when he came to die. I understood that he did leave me some money at his death, which I was to receive when I came of age, but it has never reached me yet, and it is not likely that it ever will. And now all was preparation for our voyage. We embarked in a small barque, bound for St. John. My uncle, by marriage, accompanied us, my mother, brothers, and myself with the Captain's wife were the only passengers on board. About the last of July or first of August 1823 we left the Firth of Clyde and stood boldly out into the Atlantic.

## Lowered Standards.

BY W. ASHMORE, D. D.

"Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty." So said the unjust steward. We condemn him; let us not imitate him. Yet we do imitate him every time we lower one of God's standards of requirement. It is a common offense. The sanctuary is full of light weights and short measures. We lower the standard to meet our cases. This is true in a score of matters. We lower the standards of separation from the world, of consecration to God's service, of attendance at the sanctuary and the prayer-meeting, of doctrinal soundness, of faithful practice, of church-discipline, of duty in the support of the gospel, of obligation to work for the salvation of the world, of responsibility for others, of the claims upon us of a thousand millions of dying heathens. In all these things we "sit down quickly and write fifty," when we owe God a hundred. Hence creep in all sorts of worldly conformity; hence come opera-goings, balls, theaters, half-day attendances at the sanctuary, forsaken prayer-meetings, impaired power in the churches, leprosy in the camp, with no ability to get it out, demoralization of discipline, paralysis of faith, ill-balanced teaching, disproportioned doctrine, mixed theology—partly the speech of Canaan and partly the dialect of Ashdod—trumpets that give uncertain sound, running with uncertainty, fighting and yet beating the air, lack of spiritual discernment and leanness of soul. Hence, whole churches among us are weak, and some are sickly, and some sleep.

Among other things, we have lowered the standard of requirement in Christian giving. Or, if we have not lowered it ourselves, we have consented to its remaining lowered, or we have been afraid to preach the truth about getting it back again. We have shrunk back from the frowns of covetous professors, who "hate to hear a minister prating about money." We have allowed church-members to grow up in the notion that giving and withholding were matters purely of personal convenience. We have shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God, and tell them that "covetousness is idolatry." We are silent when covetous men emphasize "the free gospel," as they call it, meaning thereby a construction of their own (put upon the gospel) that excuses them from carrying their share of the boards of the tabernacle. The apostle Paul has furnished us a perfect rule of giving in 1 Cor. xvi. 2, but we have modified it, or indorsed a modification of it made by others. Paul said: "Let every one of you;" but in practice our fathers moved to amend by striking out "every one of you," and inserting "any of you who feels so inclined;" and by striking out "on the first day of the

week" and inserting "once a year," or "once a quarter," or "occasionally, or as may suit your convenience." We, their children, have fallen in with the substitution, and now commend it to others as being a very good way, though not exactly Paul's way.

The consequence of this lowered standard is that now, while some are trying to get back, others will be found to complain of "new-fangled notions," of the "good old-fashioned usages" being broken in upon; of personal rights being infringed upon. In the pulpit, too, some of our brethren will be found saying that, "though our present method of raising money is not the one taught by an inspired apostle, yet we have had it so long, and have become so used to it, that we can not have a change. We must reason in this as other denominations reason about changes they have made."

And hence, too, because we have lowered the standard, our land is full of impoverished churches; hence, too, so many half-paid ministers, and not a few others so wretchedly paid that, like the Levites in Nehemiah's day, and for exactly the same reason, they are "gone every one to his field." Hence so many empty Christian treasures, and what treasures are so gaunt with chronic emptiness as are the Lord's treasures? Not because Christians have no money, but because they are not taught to give it. Hence, too, come so many questionable expedients for making up arrears; hence oyster suppers and grab-bags to meet current expenses; hence pantomimes, and shows, and tableaux, and even Mrs. Jarley's wax figures, to help raise money to send the gospel to the heathen. And hence, too, at this season of the year, our great national societies are entering on their annual grind in the prison-house to get together money enough in "the last quarter" to make up for the negligence of the other three-quarters of the year. And more than all else, unless the God of Israel has changed his administration since the days of Malachi, hence a poverty of blessing, the direct consequent of our poverty in giving.

Brethren, let us who are in the ministry never, on any occasion, or in regard to anything, consent to preach a lower standard of obedience than the one God has set up.—*Journal and Messenger.*

## The Results of Missions.

At the end of 1884 there were at least 2,400,000 adherents, and 650,000 full church members. 2,283,700 evangelized heathen—that is a significant number. I am far from declaring that each one of these, even those who receive the sacraments, is a mature believer. Certainly, the majority have much weakness, and their Christianity is still in its juvenile stage. Yet how many striking instances of wonderful divine guidance, of the power of the Gospel, of real conversion, of child-like faith, of devout prayer, of love for the Word, of willing self-sacrifice, of heroic endurance for the confession of Christ, are included in these 2,283,000! How much toil has been expended, how many obstacles overcome, how much patience of faith exercised to attain this number.

How widely spread in different lands are these 2,283,000! If we make a journey around the globe, almost everywhere do we meet more or less of them. In Labrador and Greenland, among the Indians and negroes of British America and the United States, in the West Indies, on the coasts of Central and Southern America, and even in the wild Terra del Fuego, 688,000 of heathens have been gathered into Christian communities. If we leave San Francisco and go across the Pacific Ocean, we find in the Sandwich Islands, in Micronesia and Melanesia and Polynesia, in New Zealand and Australia, missionary converts numbering 240,000 souls. If we turn to the Indian Archipelago and from there go to the Japanese Island and then to the Asiatic Continent, India, China, Persia and Asia Minor, we find 754,000 heathens who have become Christians. Coming at last to Africa, we meet with converts in Madagascar, among the Caffres, Bechuanas and Hottentots, South Africa, the negroes of the interior, and the west coast from Congo to Senegambia, amounting to 577,000. Surely this is a wide sowing of the seed, and the church has taken seriously the command to go into all the world.—*Do. Warwick.*

## Foolish Protestant Parents.

A Roman Catholic priest is reported to have said in a sermon, a few days ago, that "one third of the number of students in Catholic convents in this country, the United States, are of Protestant parentage." Whether this is true or not, we have no means of knowing; but that many Protestants are reckless enough to do this we do know, and in not a few such cases their daughters become Roman Catholics.

A long and very interesting account of the influence brought to bear upon a young lady of our acquaintance—influence most subtle, and all the more dangerous because nothing offensive or aggressive was done—was recently given to us by her as she was on the way for a visit to the institution from which she had been graduated. We may some day print it.

Some of the Roman Catholic schools are better than some Protestant schools; but upon the average Roman Catholic schools are less thorough and practical than those supported by Protestants, and, except in a few cases of unusual strength of mind or positiveness of conviction, they either produce an utter indifference to religion or develop a strong tendency to Romanism.

Probably the priest greatly exaggerated the number; but it is large enough to justify an earnest caution against such folly.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

## Among Exchanges.

### PREACHERS SAVING MONEY.

"Should a preacher save money?" asks a correspondent in a long article in the *Pittsburgh Advocate*. We rise to remark that it depends somewhat upon whether or not the preacher gets a chance. If, for instance, the question should be applied to some of our pastors who are trying to live, and feed a family, and pay insurance, and buy books, and give to benevolences, and educate the children, all on \$400 a year, we should say that they ought hardly to be expected to save money,—that is, not to any alarming extent.—*Michigan paper.*

### THE BEST PROOFS.

Christianity's best proofs are in the deeds evoked by its teachings. The work which it is steadily accomplishing in the earth speaks in loudest tones for the truth of its doctrines and the authority of its mission. Wherever it goes beneficent institutions spring up in her pathway, and the condition of mankind is ameliorated. The *Evangelical Messenger* well says: "Christianity works while infidelity talks. It feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits and cheers the sick, and seeks the lost, while infidelity abuses it and babbles nonsense and profanity. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"—*Christian Advocate.*

### REMEMBER THIS.

Every religious meeting ought to be a revival meeting and a holiness meeting. That holiness which is not full of the revival spirit, is not Bible holiness; that revival that does not partake of the spirit of holiness, is not the kind of revival to save men. Genuine revival, in which sinners are converted and saved, and Bible holiness, go together. Oh, for more of this kind of revival! How much we need it! Sinners are perishing, multitudes of professing Christians are drooping, fainting, dying! Oh, for a revival of God's work! Then will sinners be converted and believers sanctified. This is the revival that will bring the world to Christ.—*Zions Herald.*

### BETTER ACQUAINTED.

While a prayer meeting was in progress in a colored church, so the story runs, one of the brethren volunteered to leap in prayer. But the person in charge of the meeting directed him to stop, and he did so. Then the leader said, 'Brother Jake, you pray,' and added, 'Brother Jake is better acquainted with the Lord than you are.' This appears to have been rather severe, but it emphasizes the truth that some who pray do so as if they had no acquaintance with the Lord. On the other hand, are there not some who pray as if they knew the whole counsel of God, and were fond of revealing it?—*Methodist Reader.*