

Religious Intelligence.

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

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RENEW THIS MONTH.

Now is the time for those whose subscriptions are past due to get the advantage of the reduced price of the INTELLIGENCER.

Some hundreds of subscriptions which expired Dec 31st, have not yet been renewed. To give them, and those, also, who are in arrears, a chance to benefit by the reduction in price, we have extended the time in which they may make advance payments, to March 1st. After that date, if they are not paid, all subscriptions now due will have to be charged \$2.00 a year.

We earnestly hope that every one concerned in this notice will immediately take advantage of this offer. We much prefer to have the payments at the lower rate now; and it, certainly, will be advantageous to the subscribers themselves.

The whole work can be done this month if our friends will give immediate attention to it.

We are expecting them to do so. Their promptness will serve both their own and the paper's interests. We are determined to give our readers a good paper. They can help us materially by a prompt response to this call.

Please do not neglect nor delay so important a duty.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW.

"PROTESTANT BREAD."—Prof. Von Milligen, of Robert College, says that during the Crimean war, bread was made for the sick in the hospitals under the direction of the American missionaries. It was raised with yeast, and was sweet and light, whereas the Turkish bread was sour, being raised with leaven. This sort of bread became very popular among the people and was known as Protestant bread, and was incidentally helpful to the spread of American and Christian ideas among the people. Those who could make such sweet and light bread for earthly food, could be trusted to give the bread of everlasting life for the souls of men.

A GOOD QUEEN.—The clever Queen of Roumania is making herself very useful. She has been accustomed for some time past to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families of Roumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that the demands for admission to them grew inconvenient, so that the Queen thought of delivering her lectures in the high school to all pupils who cared to attend. Before Her Majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination, to which the Queen submitted, and the diploma having been won, not granted by favor, Her Majesty began her lectures early in the new year at the high school for girls at Bucharest.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

No. 3.

As I looked for the first time upon the city of St. John I had peculiar feelings. Every thing was so new and so different from what I had been used to seeing, that I was filled with astonishment. The wharfs built log upon log, the wooden buildings with their shingled roofs, the few churches with their quaint looking spires, Carleton with its few and scattered houses. The flats of Carleton, Navy Island, the timber ponds of Portland, the ship yards, and the old steam mill of the Straight Shore—all so peculiar and novel that I could not tell for the life of me what to make of the whole scene. As I look back at it now I have no doubt but that to my boyish

eyes the scene was very much magnified, but still it was a strange sight that met my wondering eyes. The St. John of 1823 was very different from the St. John of 1887; and yet it was the nucleus of what it is today. As my father was working at his trade in Portland with Alexander Nevins & Co., who at that day carried on a large business in ship building near the Long Wharf, it was to that locality we moved. There are plenty of photographs of the St. John of to day, but a picture of it as it looked 64 years ago may not be uninteresting. Although I consider myself incompetent for the task, yet I will attempt to draw some pen and ink sketches of it as I remember it in 1823. From Reed's point to the Ballast Wharf was a flat ground with a muddy bottom, and was called then the Lower Cove. On the southern side of St. James street until Sydney street is reached there were only a few scattering houses, the Soldiers Barracks excepted. Britain street and Sheffield street did not then exist. There was no tall chimney of a Gas House to be seen in that direction, and with the exception of a very few buildings, the Barracks was alone. From Reed's point north to Pettengill's Slip, was a rough beach at low water, at high water the tide reached to the abrupt bank. On the western side of Prince William street from Pettengill's Slip to Reed's point was an open space where no buildings were yet erected; a railing ran the length of the way, where idlers congregated to talk, to spend their time and to lay plans for good or evil. North from Pettengill's Slip, and along the Harbour front came Walker's Wharf, Peters' Wharf, and another Wharf, if my memory serves me, then the South and North Wharves, two more Wharves, and we are at the North slip, the Gerow's Wharf, and then we arrive at Portland Bridge. The Market slip looked then very much as it does now, only that at the head of the slip, and on the north side of it was a long shed like building called the country market, there the country people told their produce. At the foot of King street and pretty near where the fountain now stands, was a large building called the Market House, and facing the slip, was a shop where liquor was sold; it was called, "Holt's Kitchen," and there can be little doubt that it was rightly named, being as near like that as can well be imagined. At the south corner of King and Prince William streets stood the old Coffee House, where men of leisure used to sip coffee, talk politics, shave notes, and to engage in any other matters in their line of business. The business portion of the city was there, as it is now, centered in King street, Prince William street, Water street, Nelson street, Dock street, North and South Wharf and the Market Square; but the buildings and arrangements then were inferior in style and in capacity, and not to be compared to the buildings of the present time. From Union street on the North, to St. James street on the South, from Sydney street on the East to the Harbour on the West, was included the far greater part of the city at that day. The St. John Hotel, situated before the late fire, at south corner of King and Charlotte streets, was then considered the largest building in the city. King street was nearly as steep again as it is at present. King's Square was then a rough looking place. A few years before the time of which I write the fir trees that then abounded there had been cut down, but very few of the stumps had been removed, and this unevenness of the ground made it dangerous walking there, especially in the night. Indeed as late as 1830, the time of the accession of William IV to the Throne, it was a very uneven piece of ground. Well do I remember on that occasion, they roasted an Ox on the Square, opened two or three barrels of Pilot Biscuit, stove in the head of a puncheon of Jamaica rum, hung a tin mug on a nail by its side, and then gave out the word, "Boys help yourselves." And they did help themselves freely enough, until they destroyed the Ox, the biscuit and the rum, and came pretty near destroying themselves. There were plenty of drunken men, and the festivities ended in a fight. How the fight ended I do not know, for I was glad to run home and get out of the way. Few and scattered houses stood on the north and south side of King's Square, and the Roman Catholic Church stood where the

St. Malachi's hall now stands. Just beyond this was a "Ball Alley," and the rest of the hill was given to the negroes and was called nigger hill." The old grave yard was then out of the city, the present Court House was not then built, and the old jail stood then where the one of today stands. At the corner of Sidney and Union streets stood a building called the "Golden Ball." East of this on Union street, was a building occasionally used as a Theater, then came Spiller's house and blacksmith shop, then the Hay Scales, and on the east, toward Courtney Bay were only a few houses. Brussell street was out of town, and was only a highway leading to the Marsh and to the country. Here or there along it might have been seen a few houses, they were scarce though. Waterloo street was not then in existence. A farm house was on the high ground nearly opposite where the Free Baptist Church now stands; a lane went from Union street to the farm house; the ground was very rough, and the place was called Vinegar hill. On the north side of Union street were at that time only a few houses far apart, until you came to Judge Chipman's house and grounds then counted the best in the city. Jeffries hill was a great coasting place for the boys, they could run off on the level ground at the foot of the hill with nothing to obstruct their movements. At York Point the houses were more closely together, for the Irish congregated there as they do to day. The thoroughfare from the Market Square to Indian town was then as it is today, except that the roadway is very much broader and better. A small house in Portland, standing nearly opposite where St. Luke's Church now stands, was called the half way house, and from there to Indian town the ground was given up to blueberries, and in the season there was plenty of them. On Portland Bridge stood at that time an old grist mill, and its flood gate closed by to let the water into the pond. Their pond was where the Intercolonial and New Brunswick Railway Station and freight houses are at present situated. Many a time when a boy I went swimming there where it is dry land now. Harris and Allen's foundry was not then built, and an old brewery and a few houses were all that were to be seen on what is now called Paradise Row. The fine houses that now adorn the south side of Fort Howe were not in being then; the Guard House and the Magazine were all the buildings on the hill. On the Harbour side of Portland were the timber ponds, an old Military store at the corner of Main street, a blacksmith shop, a place where shingles were made, a number of houses scattered here and there along the street, the Long Wharf, Rankins Wharf, the store of which was being built, the ship yards scattered along the Straight Shore, the Governor's house on the hill, a few houses close to the water, the old steam saw mill, said to have been the first of its kind in the Province, and then we reach the short ferry by which we cross to the old Fort in Carleton. From old Fort to Splitrock there were but a few buildings. From the old Fort to Land Point was the Carleton flat, all open then, but now nearly covered with wharves steam mills and other buildings. From Sand Point the spit of land ran to the Beacon, which Beacon was at that time only a barrel shaped something on the end of a pole. The Long ferry was from Land Point to the South Market Wharf, over which a man rowed a small boat five or six times a day; he blew a tin horn some time before he started each trip to notify intending passengers. There is much yet to say about the City, Carleton and Portland.

A. TAYLOR.

The Horrors Of The African Slave-trade.

Mr Allen, secretary of the British Anti-Slavery Society, has received a letter from the Rev. R. P. Ashe, a missionary in Central Africa of the Church Missionary Society, in which the writer describes the horrors of the slave-trade in those regions:

Here in Buganda is one of the most prolific sources of the traffic in human blood, so horrible as to beggar utterance; vast tracks of peaceful glorious regions given up to the freest scope of the vilest passions of the basest of men. The slaves in this country are reckoned by

thousands, torn from home and father and mother to be the living chattels of a degraded race; death, mutilation, every wrong which man can inflict or which humanity can endure is their miserable lot. The time has come, and more than come, for Europe to speak and to say once for all that this "open sore of the world" shall be bound up. Such reckless, bloody tyrants as this murderer Mwanga should not be endured for a moment longer than it takes to rid the countries which they raid of such a scorpion scourge. I am writing this within a few yards of a market where, among other commodities, human chattels can be purchased. . . . Here in the interior horrible raids are made. After myriads of mothers and fathers are murdered and vast tracks desolated, raided, a thousandth part, perhaps, of the spoil falls eventually into the hands of the Arabs, from whose hands the British cruisers deliver one or two slaves. . . . Even if British cruisers rescued every single slave that was taken from the continent of Africa, the stopping of the trade would be no nearer its consummation; for the wrong is so frightful and so growing. While guns and powder (for the former of which England is largely responsible) come pouring into the interior, such arch raiders as Mwanga on the Victoria Lake, and Kabba Rega between the Victoria and Albert Lakes, are enabled to push their gigantic raids farther and farther. I know of no more sorrowful sight than the unhappy captive children, torn from home and country, fresh from the sight of a murdered father, and torn from their mother's side, and I have seen it.

Professional Faith-Cure.

It is notorious fact that our faith-cure friends sicken and die just as others die. The principal faith-healer in the country is subject to terrible headaches, although in a convention just held in Chicago "a young woman then explained how a sick headache could be cured by faith." She had been a martyr to that ailment for years, to such an extent that relief could only be found by chloroform. Last Sunday evening, when in the midst of absolute torture, she simply said, "Lord, have mercy on me," and a feeling came over her just the same as if she had taken the chloroform, and she fell into a sound sleep." It is not uncommon to hear people of this kind flippantly remark, "Oh, it is so sweet to go to the Lord with all of our aches and pains, and he just instantly heals them. We never have a headache or backache for any length of time now." Why have them at all? But the aches and pains return upon them all the same, and they grow old and feeble, or die, as Miss Campbell died, when she was at the head of the faith-cure home in Brooklyn: as Rev. Dr. Stanton died and was buried at sea, on his way last summer to a faith-healing convention in London: as Mr. Boardman has just died. Yet if the theory be true, there can be no good reason why any should be fatally or seriously ill. The prayer of faith which God is pledged to answer in one instance, ought to hold good in every instance. Unless the faith fails, there should be no death; but, somehow, the faith does fail sooner or later, and there is no perceptible difference between those who believe in such healing and those who do not accept it as true. The former are no fresher, no stronger, no more exempt from attacks of sickness, no more secure against the approach of the grim destroyer of the race. Indeed, the faith-healers, as a rule, are a frail, sallow cadaverous-looking set.—Truth.

Ill-Gotten Gains A Curse To Posterity.

When ministers of the Gospel affirm in their discourses that ill-gotten gains are a curse to children, they are often regarded, especially by those who are as yet prosperous, and whose motto is "to get money, to get it honestly if they can conveniently, but to get money," as talking nonsense, or at least declaring what has so many exceptions as to leave them every opportunity to escape.

When Recorder Smyth sentenced Arthur J. McQuade to seven years in the penitentiary and to pay a very heavy fine, he said, speaking of the money McQuade had obtained by bribery:

It is not yours. It is money corruptly and improperly obtained by you. It is money that you have no right, either in morals or law, to give your children even the apparent benefit of, and no conscientious man would transmit to his children money which must ultimately result, instead of a blessing, in being a curse upon you. You have lived in this city, and lived long enough to see that other men who have done similar acts to the one of which you have been convicted, transmitted their money improperly obtained to their children, and you know what the result has been. The invariable result was a curse instead of a blessing; and therefore, in compelling you to pay back as far as I can, by the imposition of a fine, a portion at least of that money, I feel that I am not doing any injustice to either your wife or your children.

While it might be difficult to prove that in every case such money was a curse, as a general rule, the statement is correct. The money accumulated by gamblers, thieves, political tricksters, rumsellers, and Sabbath-breakers, is usually soon scattered by the foolishness, the drunkenness, or the crimes of their descendants. It is not the mere money that is the curse. There is no magical influence in the identical dollars; nor is it the value of the property; nor is it necessarily the avenging Providence of God; but it is the degeneration of the moral tone of the family by the element of corruption which is in it, and by the effects upon persons of such moral tone of the having money that was never earned. The only way those who inherit such a patrimony can escape the curse is by piety and benevolence.—N. Y. Advocate.

What Does A Revival Mean?

BY THE REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

It means—

- A deeper knowledge of God.
- A more perfect understanding of our relation to Him.
- A greater desire to do His holy will.
- A more intimate sense of the Divine Presence.
- A greater love for God's word.
- A more thorough appreciation of its meaning.
- A stronger faith in its promises.
- More perfect submission to its teachings.
- A greater love for the means of grace.
- A more intense desire to profit by them.
- Greater enjoyment in private devotions.
- More faith and liberty in prayer.
- A stronger sense of my obligations to the Church.
- A greater willingness to do my whole duty in the church.
- A deeper love and closer fellowship with the church.
- A more perfect consecration of myself to the work of the Church.
- A more solemn sense of my duty to the unconverted.
- A stronger desire for the coming of the kingdom of God.
- More earnest prayer for the baptism of the Holy Ghost.
- Greater love and zeal in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Advocate

"Carrying Round The Plate."

There are few more suggestive things a man can do than the carrying round the plate in Church. A collection is about to be taken for Foreign Missions. I take the plate and pass down the aisle. Here sits a rich merchant with his family. A five-dollar bill is all that I get from him, while the other members of his family give nothing, seeming to think that their whole individual duty has been performed when the head of the family has given.

I come next to a family of very moderate means. The father contributes liberally, while every member of this family esteems it a privilege to give according to his or her ability to so holy a cause. But here is a millionaire. What shall we receive from one so highly blessed by God? A one-dollar bill is all he is willing to give, while the rest of this family "look the other way."

And now we come to the pew of a lawyer in extensive practice. He gives nothing at all, and the family gaze at me with calm indifference and do likewise.

These scenes are repeated until, after awhile, I reach the seats of the humble and those of limited means. But what a change we see! Each

one contributes from his poverty, small amounts it is true, but far greater in proportion than what we have received near the pulpit, from what are called the "leading" members of the congregation.

When I go home, I thus reflect: 1. If to whomsoever much is given, of them much shall be required, what can many rich Christians say at the last great Assize, when called upon to give an account of their stewardship?

2. Is not the doctrine of justification by faith greatly misunderstood at the present day? Faith and works are like the Siamese twins—united, they both live; divided, they both die.

3. Will the world ever be evangelized if professing Christians refuse to do their share in the great work of the Almighty, and must not the sight of a church collection make angels weep?—Evangelist.

DATES OF ROMISH DOGMAS.

The Church of Rome claims to be apostolic, immutable and infallible. The following table will show how far this is from being true:

Prayer for the dead began.	200
Worship of saints, martyrs and angels.	350
Worship of the Virgin Mary was developed about.	431
Priests began to wear a different dress from the laity.	500
Worship in an unknown tongue.	600
Papal supremacy.	606
Worship of images and relics imposed.	788
Baptism of bells.	965
Obligatory celibacy of the priests.	1000
Infallibility of the Church.	1076
Sale of indulgences.	1190
Dogma of transubstantiation officially decreed.	1215
Arcular confession officially imposed.	1215
The cup kept back from the laity officially sanctioned.	1415
Purgatory officially recognized.	1439
Romish tradition put on a level with the Scriptures.	1540
The immaculate conception proclaimed.	1854
The Pope's temporal power proclaimed.	1864
Papal infallibility proclaimed.	1870
The Reformers are accused of being innovators. What can be said to this continued accession of ecclesiastical superstition, to which much more might be added?— <i>Te-moan de la Verite.</i>	

Among Exchanges.

THE UNSETTLED.

The unsettled man unsettles all around him. He is like a peevish infant whose imaginary ailments make a household miserable. Will he please cease being a peevish baby in the church of God? He is too big for tender handling, and we have other occupations than soothing his meaningless grief.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

GOD'S PLAN.

Follow God's plans if you would model a grand life. Your own pattern may appear beautiful in your own sight; but you must shape your destiny and character for eternity. God has the pattern that fits eternal things.—*Telescope.*

THE KEY NOTE.

Activity is the key-note to the revival. When God moves in saving power, the church must move. Isaiah, in his wonderful vision, says, "The post of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." The very "pillars of the church" must move if we expect God's work to go forward. Nothing more often hinders the work of God than inertia in the church. Let activity seize soul and body.—*Rel. Telescope*

A CURE.

A little quiet shutting of the mouth when we are tempted to tell what we "heard about somebody" would soon cure that abominable, soul-cursing, mind-destroying habit of small talk.—*Independent.*

ONE THING.

"This one thing I do," said Saint Paul; and the immense sweep of his influence through all succeeding generations is largely due to the fact that in his life-time he was content with a single purpose. The Church longs for a revival. If each Christian will seek to determine one specified soul to God; and, whatever general help he may cheerfully give to the work at large, continue to concentrate his energies on the conversion of that one soul, such an ingathering will result that "there shall not be room to contain it."—*N. Y. Advocate.*