

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1740

DO NOT DELAY.

A number of our subscribers are yet in arrears. They, doubtless, intend to pay, but have delayed longer than is good for us. We are compelled to call their attention to the fact that we need the money due, and need it now. The amount due by any one is not large, but the aggregate of several hundreds of small bills is a considerable sum, the need of which we feel very much. The expenses of publication are heavy, and have to be met promptly. Will those whose subscriptions are due or over due do us the kindness of remitting at once? A prompt response to this call will greatly help the work in which we are engaged, and in which, we are glad to believe, they also have an interest. Please do not delay longer.

The Queen's Jubilee.

Hail, gladsome year of Jubilee!
Where'er the sons of Britain roam,
"Long live our Queen!" their toast shall be;
Heaven bless her and her happy home!
With peace and love, to men good-will,
Commemorate the blessed day
Our peerless Queen the throne did fill—
Long may she o'er our empire sway!

Victoria! Empress of the Heart!
Beloved Sovereign of the Free,
In all our joys thou hast a part,
In sorrow's hour we mourn with thee!
With honest pride, our widowed Queen,
We mark the never-dying love;
Thy cherished name, for ever green,
Will live when thou art crowned above.

From humblest cot, from proudest hall;
Thy people's earnest prayers arise,
That He, the eternal King of all,
May bless the Queen we love and prize:
Blest be her children, Britain's pride,
Hope of our rugged sea-girt isle;
May children's children circle wide,
And hoar old men bring our land the while!

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—THE BOARD of Stewards of a Methodist Church in a New York town is composed entirely of women. The *Advocate* says the sisters of the board have done every thing but preach. They have led class, superintended the Sunday-school, and taken charge of the prayer-meeting in the absence of the pastor. The pastor has a good salary, parsonage, and liberal donations; and they always pay what is promised the pastor.

—THE EMINENT political economist, Prof. Stein, has issued a pamphlet showing the military importance to Great Britain of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which he says has been apparently overlooked by the powers. The pamphlet has attracted a great deal of attention in Berlin, and has also been widely read throughout Europe. It calls attention to the absolute independence of England in the event of war with Russia or any other European power in the matter of using the Suez canal, which she could ignore altogether and send her troops overland through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

—THE MINISTER of Agriculture of Canada has issued a pamphlet which gives a most interesting view of Canadian progress and resources as displayed at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It is compiled from the descriptions which appeared in British and colonial journals, and conveys an excellent idea of what the Exhibition was like.

—EARLY in the history of the Christian Mission in Turkey, a controversy arose between Dr. Schauffer and the Russian ambassador, in which the latter said that his "master, the emperor, would never consent to the establishment of Protestantism in the Turkish Empire," to which a defiant reply was made that "The kingdom of Christ, my Master, will never ask the emperor of all the Russias where it may set its foot."

—DID YOU EVER, said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen

to what people said about it as they passed out?" The other replied, "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."

—Mr. Geo. W. Childs, editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and a well-known philanthropist, is very highly esteemed by his employees, yet he demands of every man the full measure of his duty; but he pays the best wages. His rule is that every man should receive more than enough for a living—receive a compensation enabling him to lay up something for a rainy day. He encourages thrift and providence among all in his employ. He surrounds them with every comfort, introduces for their benefit every appliance conducive to health, and annually, at Christmas-time, every person in his employ is substantially remembered. Such employers never are troubled with strikes among those who labor for them.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

XIX.

After my return from St. John in the Fall of 1848, I spent the next winter labouring from place to place; but I saw little or nothing done for God. I soon became convinced that I should not have left Fredericton as I did; but there was no help for it now. Save a few times of extra satisfaction, I was in the dark until the Fall of 1852. Some of these seasons I will name here in their order. In the Fall of 1859 Rev. G. W. Haskell sent for me to come to Linneus and hold there a series of meetings. The day I had named for going was very rainy, but I had to go, and had to walk about 20 miles, or dismount the congregation. I started, I was soon wet to the skin, but kept on my journey. Soon after leaving home, I began to enjoy the presence of the Master, and the words, "I will not leave you comfortless, but will come to you," were in my mind with great power; Jesus walked and talked with me all that day. When I reached the meeting in the evening, I found Bro. Haskell very much discouraged on account of the rain. Very few attended because of the rain. But we went to work for God. On Sunday afternoon the revival began; it continued all winter, and extended all over that part of the country, and Bro. Haskell baptized a large number. On Monday morning I left, for I thought I could not stay. I had bought a small farm, and a note for \$125.00, was to be paid in the Spring. I was sure that Bro. Haskell would get all the money that was going and that I should be left out in the cold, my debts unpaid, and my name and credit damaged. I determined to avoid this if possible, and so I went and engaged to teach school. What I suffered that winter I never can tell; I was the nearest to being a backslider that ever I was in my life, and yet I was not condemned, for, as I thought, I was acting as best I could in my circumstances. But I was sure then that all this would have been avoided if I had remained in Fredericton, when I was there. I paid my debts and saved my credit. In April a brother, passing by my house, said, "Come go with me to Hodgdon." I went, and God delivered me as I was preaching that Sabbath morning. I preached in Linneus in the evening, and on Monday Deacon Blunt said to me, "Buy this place, and I will advance the money." I said, "Deacon, here comes a man from Weston, let us hear what he says." He came to us, and I said, "Samuel do you want my farm in Weston?" he answered, yes, "Will you give me so much?" He said he would, and I said "Then it is yours and Deacon I will take this place." In two hours the thing was all settled, and the next day a team was on the way to Weston to move my family. Mrs. Taylor was much surprised. We spent the most of the night packing our things, and on Wednesday April 17 we crossed the Mattawamkeag on the ice and before evening reached our destination in Linneus. I preached with the church a part of the time, and one year preached in the town of Potten a fourth part of the time, walking every month through the woods about thirty miles, where I learn there is now a fine road. For my service I received \$30.00. In the fall of 1850 I attended a Baptist Quarterly Meeting in Hodgdon, and I first met our late brother Deacon

John Slipp; he had recently removed from Cambridge Q. Co. In that meeting I listened to a sermon from Rev. Thomas Todd, and a good sermon it was. But on the whole, I was cast down and discouraged, and could not do much for the Master. In the fall of 1852, I went to Woodstock with Rev. W. Pennington and attended a session of the District Meeting held there. As soon as I stepped into the Meeting House I felt the presence of God as I had not done for some time; on Sunday afternoon as I was preaching it came to me like this, you ran away from the work in Fredericton and have done yourself an injury. I believed it. Then it came to me, you must go down the St. John river this winter there is work for you to do there. I said I would go, and then light and power broke in to my spirit and I was at liberty. After meeting, Deacon John Slipp said to me, "What do you suppose I thought as you were preaching this afternoon?" I answered "you thought that you and I must go down the St. John river this winter." He said that was exactly, and we agreed to go about the first of January. And at that time we did go. Our first resting place was at Bro. Leonard Slipp's, in Woodstock. There I first became acquainted with Rev. Wm. Downey then a young man, and teaching school. Bro. Slipp's brothers were there and they had a great time that night with the aged Deacon. We then went to the house of the late Rev. S. Smith in Russagoish, where I first saw a copy of the *RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER*. It was then a very little sheet. We went to the Oromocto and visited the late Rev. Abner Merseuer; we found him very sick and ready to pass away to his rest. He was happy in God. Deacon Slipp left twenty dollars in his hand. We then went to Upper Hampstead, and enjoyed a very good day. Thence we went to Lower Hampstead and preached one evening. On Sunday was the burial of one of the sisters residing there. Rev. B. Merritt preached an excellent sermon and I spoke after he had ended. The Lord helped us, and we found favor with the people. I had met Elder Merritt previously in Hodgdon and to see him again was like meeting an old friend. I left my horse and sleigh with the late Deacon Leonard Slipp and went to St. John. There, with the pastor of the church, the late Rev. E. McLeod, I engaged in revival work, especially in Portland.

I continued there until near the 20th of Feb. 1853, when I went to Kingston, Bellisle Bay, to attend a session of the Fifth District meeting. Of that meeting I need not say much. Those that were present on that Sabbath will not soon forget it. The District Meeting had under consideration the question of establishing a mission in the District, the churches to support the missionary by some systematic plan. There was warm talk about the propriety of such planning, and it was doubted that the work would be efficient I joined heartily in recommending a system of work that all could participate in it. When the vote was taken it carried unanimously. It was Bro. Perry I think, who said, "Now you have a mission established, but where is your missionary?" Then the late Rev. E. McLeod arose and said, "Brethren, I am intending to make a motion concerning a missionary; I have spoken to no one about it, not even to the brother I intend to name." He then nominated Rev. A. Taylor as the missionary; it was seconded immediately, put to the meeting and carried before I quite realized what was being done. Deacon D. W. Clark said, now we have a missionary, but we want money. In a few minutes there were 50 dollars laid on the table. Deacon Clark also said he would provide a house for the missionary rent free, and wood enough to supply the fires. I have been placed in peculiar circumstances many times, but this was one of the most unexpected and responsible of my life. I could not say a word I was so greatly surprised by the action. After a while I stammered out something, I scarcely knew what, but at last managed to say, "I will take the money, and if I conclude to engage in the work I will keep it, if I make up my mind not to enter upon it I will leave the money with Deacon Slipp. The next morning I woke from sleep with my mind bright and clear, and I said to

Deacon Slipp I shall move next May when the river opens, for I perceive it is the will of God for me to make my home in New Brunswick. I was soon on my journey up river to my home again. After a few days Mrs. Taylor consented to move again. We made some visits to our friends, sold my place in Linneus for \$250.00, (it was sold a year or two afterwards for a thousand dollars) took the first boat down river the first of May, and in a week or ten days had my family settled in Carleton. Kind brethren and sisters assisted me then, whom I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance while life shall last. And now I began my work at once. Almost the first thing I did was to preach a sermon at the funeral of young Bro. Erb, son of the late Seth Erb. The Lord helped me. I continued the labours, but pretty soon began to feel that there was something wrong somewhere. By advice of the brethren Mrs. Taylor and myself had united with the church on Waterloo Street St. John; but still I was sure there was a screw loose somewhere. After long meditation about the matter, I was impressed to go and see the late Deacon Leonard Slipp, believing that he could inform and help me. I went to Hampstead and spent a Sabbath. It was about the middle of June. The General Conference was to be held July 1st, that year in Woodstock. I asked Deacon Slipp what he thought was the trouble. "Aha," said he, "so you think there is trouble. Well there is; Elder Hartt is very much tried about the way you came into the denomination, and about the actions of the Fifth District Meeting last spring, and about Bro. McLeod starting a paper as he has; the old man is in hot water. I can hardly go to the General Conference, I have so much to do; but I must go, for I helped to get you here and I shall stand by you; I also helped Bro. McLeod with his paper, and I shall stand by him." I told him he need not go on my account, that I could take care of myself. If I am not wanted in the denomination, I said, I can go back where I came from, and I will have no quarrel about me. I said, too, that there is no doubt but Bro. McLeod can take care of himself and his work. I had done all I was told to do, but I do not blame Bro. Hartt for being tried to have any one come in to the Society without an examination. Bro. Hartt, said Bro. Slipp, is a kind hearted man, and no doubt it will all come right, adding "I can trust you now, and I shall not go to Conference. Here is \$20, that will take you there and bring you back again." And it did all come right. An examination of me was had at Conference, and it was satisfactory; a suggestion was made that led to the adoption of a constitution a year or two later; it was voted to ask the House of Assembly for an Act of Incorporation; and Bro. McLeod was sustained about the paper, and the Conference soon after took it off his hands. So the way was opened, and I soon saw a revival in Henderson Settlement, in the Shannon Settlement, where I organized the church, then in the Bald Hill church in the Carpenter Settlement, at Bellisle Bay, in Greenwich and in Tennants' Cove. The work went forward, and the second year I was on the mission again.

A. TAYLOR.

A Land of The Dead.

China, almost wherever you see it, is a land of the dead. For thousands of years Chinamen have been assiduously employed in burying each other. It is the habit of the Celestial mourner to plant his relative in a grave that shall last. In the North there are few graveyards; that is to say, few places exclusively devoted to defunct celebrities. The person who is dead is placed in the most convenient and comfortable spot which offers itself, and that may chance to be in a corner of a field of rice or on the roadside. If his relatives be rich they at once raise a huge mound of earth over him; if they do not happen to have a great amount of disposable funds they put the coffin down in the field or on the roadside, that it with a little straw, and leave it till the money for a mound can be got together; or they erect over it a little structure of loose bricks and tiles. The wind and the rain do their work, and so the traveler sees all over the landscape mounds of earth flanked by exposed coffins.

These coffins are not flimsy structures as in England, but substantial structures of wood made to last, and consequently it is no unusual thing to count many scores of them at any one point of the landscape of the interior. This does not lower the spirits of the Chinese. It possibly gives them typhoid fever, but that is another question. On the stranger its effects are novel and various. All the second day of my journey I looked upon graves and coffins. They clustered under the hills, they lay on the water's edge, they had been carefully placed under the lee of houses, they occupied the best part of every field. Deceased Chinamen surrounded me everywhere. How far the distribution of graves all over the country in which the principal religion of the inhabitants is the worship of ancestors, may delay railroad construction, even for strategic purposes, I leave others to decide. But I learn that coffins can be bought as they stand for consideration. I did not buy a coffin by way of experiment, but I know a man who had done so, and estimated the cost at \$2 per deceased ancestor. So that it is possible the difficulty which is said to surround the making of railroads in China may some day disappear.

The Star of Bethlehem.

It is reported that the famous star of Bethlehem has been re-discovered. Its position is in the north-western heavens, closely skirting the horizon. It appears about every three hundred years, and the astronomers have been on the lookout for it for several years. Attempts have been made to identify it with the star that guided the Wise Men of the East to the birthplace of the Saviour. In point of fact its appearance was recorded about the time of Christ's birth, and it has appeared five times since. Its orbit is said to be unknown. That such a star could have guided the Wise Men in their long journey to a stable would involve a miracle as great as a special creation; and the application of the title, Star of Bethlehem, to this heavenly body is only one of the futile attempts to explain miraculous occurrences by natural phenomena.—*N. Y. Advocate*.

A Religious Humbug.

One of the professors in Harvard University was a great bugologist. He had all sorts of bugs the world ever saw in frames, and he studied bugology until he knew all about it, and had thousands of specimens of different sorts of bugs. And the mischievous students took the legs of one bug, and the body of another, and the wings of another, and put them all together, just like nature puts them together, and carried the bug into the old professor, with his thick glasses on, and laid it on the table, and said: "Professor, what sort of a bug is that?" The old professor looked at it, and turned it around, and looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it again, and said he, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug." And this is just what we mean by a religious humbug. He has got the head of a Christian, and the feet of the dancer, and the tongue of a tattler, and the appetite of a drunkard, and the laziness of a shirk, and you just put him all together, and he is the finest specimen of humbug you ever saw.

Emin Bey's Explorations.

Gratifying tidings have reached England from the beleaguered Emin Bey whom Stanley set forth to rescue. Apparently he is not sensible of any pressing personal danger, for he continues to manage the public trusts committed to him, and to pursue his scientific explorations as successfully as though he were not hemmed in and menaced from every quarter. One important result of his investigations has already been communicated—the probable solution of the problem of the source of the Nile. The Albert Nyanza ceased to be reckoned as such, ever since Gordon's lieutenant, Gessi, circumnavigated the lake and reported no southern affluent—only a dense, impenetrable marsh at that end of the basin. Mr. Mason's subsequent discovery of a river 1,200 feet wide pouring into the southern end of the lake, was trusted by geographers, and the Albert Nyanza has been regarded as a sort of side reservoir of the Nile waters. But Emin Bey, in the course of his explorations, has him-

self found the Red River which Mason described—a river which, there is reason to believe, can flow only from the lake which Stanley discovered—the Muta Nzige, some two hundred miles to the southward. From the direction which the latter is taking on his way to Wadelai, it seems possible that this probability may be verified by him; that he may be able to trace the course of this river through the unexplored wilderness which stretches between these lakes. Should he do this, the relief expedition will win for itself imperishable fame for solving one of the most perplexing of geographical questions.—*Z. Herald*.

Among Exchanges.

A NEW SPELLING.

The late Dr. Dulles, of Philadelphia in speaking of his sufferings to a friend a few weeks before his death, says: "I have learned a new way to spell disappointments—beginning with an *h* instead of a *d*—his appointments."

HOW DID YOU FEEL?

When you spoke evil concerning that brother or sister did you detect in yourself any malice or hypocrisy or guile or envy? Why did you say just what you did? Are you sure you said it because it was necessary? Are you sure you had nothing but a good purpose in view? —*Chris. Standard*.

A GOOD REASON.

It is told of Dr. Thomas, now Assistant Bishop of Kansas, who was renowned in Yale and after his graduation as a chess-player, that suddenly he gave up his favorite game. Asked the reason for his conduct, he said: "I found that I took so much interest in the game that, when I was beaten, it aroused in me feelings that I could not conscientiously entertain. There was nothing left for me to do but to give up chess."

READY FOR ORDERS.

To be always ready for orders is a higher plane of Christian character than to be always ready for active service; and just here is where many a Christian soldier mistakes his attitude toward his Divine Commander: he knows he is ready for active service, and he thinks that that is the same as being ready for whatever orders may come to him, from Him whose he is, and before whom he stands. It is the Commander's right to delay orders, or to withhold them, to assign every soldier to active service, or to continue him in inaction; and it is the soldier's duty to await the Commander's orders, even though he remains in inaction to the end of the campaign. This is, perhaps, the hardest truth to learn in the army of the Divine Commander, in its comparison with the army of an earthly commander.—*S. S. Times*.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

How often do we see something like the following: A brother takes upon himself a great burden of work—enough to wear him out before his time, perhaps. He may be a pastor, or one of our workers for the denomination. For a few months, it may be, while the contrast with what has been before or with what is elsewhere, fresh in the minds of the people, he may have a little extra sympathy. Then the measure of his work becomes the standard of expectation. The greater work he takes upon his trembling shoulders, the more opportunity there is for criticism, and it often happens that the only special recognition the efforts of the overworked man receives, is in special criticism. The man who attempts only what he can easily do, has less expected of him, and his efforts are often better recognized, because he is less obvious to the criticism to which the more intense worker exposes himself. Still, the man would be a very poor specimen of a man who would allow anything of this kind to lessen his ardor. He would, in that case, prove himself a time server and a man pleaser rather than a true servant of Christ. It has ever been the rule that the men who have attempted most for the church and the world, have had the most to bear. Our Lord who attempted the most of all endured the most of all. Every servant should be satisfied to be as his Lord.—*Messenger and Visitor*.