

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 8.

FREDERICTON, N. B. FEBRUARY 23, 1887.

WHOLE No. 1723

THE LAST WEEK.

Renew! Renew!

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

Many subscriptions which expired December 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 week 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. They can help us materially by a prompt response to this call.

Please do not neglect nor delay so important a duty.

SEND YOUR RENEWAL THIS WEEK!

SPURGEON AND THE RICH.—It is quiet evident from the following incident that Mr. Spurgeon does not pander to any man because he is rich. In this he differs from some preachers and churches, who are ready to make almost any compromise to win a rich man or to avoid offending one who belongs to them. The story goes that a man of large wealth proposed to join the church. Mr. S. said: "You have made trouble in other Churches. You promised £1,000 to such a church." "Yes, I did; but the minister went away, and the church broke up." "But you gave that to the Lord; I suppose you are ready to pay it." "Yes." "That was ten years ago. There is ten years' interest due. I suppose you are willing to pay £500 additional?" "Yes." "You have been gaining in wealth all this time. What do you propose to do this year for the Lord?" "I will give the £1,500." "Oh, no; you gave that ten years ago. What are you going to do this year?" "Seems to me you are very hard on me." "Hard on you? If you think that way, I don't wish to have any more talk with you." The man went away. Presently he went to a wealthy and liberal Baptist and proposed to him: "If you will give £2,000 to so and so, I will give £2,000." The other replied: "You had better give it all." The man came again to Mr. Spurgeon; but Mr. S. would not see him. At last the man came in on Mr. S.'s own terms. He says Mr. Spurgeon is the best friend he ever had.

CHINA TOWN.—San Francisco has a Chinese quarter called "China town." It is described as a city within the city and in nearly every particular is separate from its surroundings. Its manners, customs, general civilization, social life and its religion are all in contrast with those of the people who constitute their urban environment. A recent visitor to the "quarter" says that twelve solid blocks of the city are entirely given up to the Mongolians. In this district swarm 20,000 heathen Chinese, showing all the phases of Chinese life. One need not cross the Pacific to visit China. Just step into the "Chinese Quarter," and you will think you are in Pekin or Hong Kong. Here are Chinese

stores with their strange perpendicular signs; Chinese houses packed with lodgers as thick as herrings in a box; Chinese Joss houses with their hideous idols; and while your eyes are busy with strange sights your ears are saluted with a perfect babel of Chinese talk. Some impression is being made upon these people by missionary effort; quite a number of converts have been made, and the work is reported as encouraging. But the way in which the Chinese have been treated on the Pacific Coast, and by the "Christian" Government, is not calculated to commend Christianity to their adoption, but rather to repel them from it. Yet notwithstanding all the obstacles which interpose, the gospel is making some progress among these heathen.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

Let me now refer to the moral aspect of things as they appeared to men in that early time. The Royalists had their faults no doubt; and in many things they were rough men; but it should never be forgotten that they were loyal to their King and to their Country, and that having just passed through the seven years war of the Revolution, they had acquired the roughness of character this war is ever to produce. But after all they were a God-fearing people, and although the religious element in them tended to mere forms of worship, it was very strong upon them and urged them to certain things that have been of great use, not only to them but to their descendants, and to the country. Soon after their landing they began to build houses of worship, and when I first looked upon the city and its surroundings there had been six or seven churches opened for the service of God. Germain street seemed to be the locality chosen for the site of their church, and on it at that time there were four already in use and another in the course of erection. Churches occupy the same sites to day, but only the stone church at the north end of Germain street, finished in 1824, remains of the buildings then standing. The Roman Catholic Church occupied the site of the present St. Malachi's Hall, and I think there was an old Methodist Chapel in Portland, on the site of the present beautiful church. I think there was another church building in Portland or Indian town then. In Carleton if I do not mistake, the old meeting house on King street was then opened for worship, but what Denomination occupied it I do not know. Just think of the difference between then and now; six or seven churches then, and twenty-eight or thirty now. It is true the population has greatly increased since 1823, but it speaks well for the city and vicinity that it has done so much in providing church accommodation.

The children were not neglected by the churches at that time. Connected with every Protestant church was a Sabbath School, and I think I am not far out of the way when I say that they learned as much Scriptural truth, and received as sound instruction as they do in these days of large Libraries, Sabbath School papers and Lesson notes. On Sabbath at 9 a. m. I went to the St. Andrew's School in the city, and at 3 P. M. to the school in Portland. They tried in those days, numerous methods to make their schools efficient and interesting. I remember very well a scene in connection with the Methodist Sabbath School in Portland. The leaders of the school concluded it would increase its influence and efficiency if they could have a picnic and some recitations, etc., in connection therewith. A was asked to give a recitation, and, in an evil hour, I consented. We had our picnic, and I thought I had my piece ready for recitation; but the best laid schemes of mice and boys will go astray sometimes, and so did my recitation, for when I was called upon to recite I had forgotten it altogether, and could not repeat the first nor any other word of it. The people laughed at my embarrassment. (I do not blame them), but this only made things worse, and I sat down overwhelmed with confusion and mortification. After this I often thought it would be of no use for me ever to attempt to speak in public any more, but I have forgotten that many years ago. The children enjoyed the picnic, but the efficiency of the school was very little improved. I used to attend church at St. Andrews Kirk, and

many an excellent sermon I listened to then; and at the Methodist Chapel in Portland I also heard many instructive discourses, the influence of which remains with me till this day. The business men of the city were then noted for reliability in their commercial transactions, and it is so still to a large extent I think. Here and there, there was an exception, no doubt, but they were then an excellent lot of men and very courteous in the relations of life. There was no system of water supply 64 years ago as at present, and the water had to be drawn from a few deep wells, and for it consumers paid a copper a bucketful and had to draw it themselves. The carriages of the city were rough affairs, and there were not many of them; almost all the traveling was on foot or on horseback. It is true, Larry Stevens used to drive a lumber wagon from the Square to Indian town where the steam boats—the Fredericton, the Novelty or the St. John, left for up river. There were no springs to the vehicle, and passengers paid a quarter of a dollar each for a half hour's ride over a rough road, being almost jolted to pieces. Railroads there were none; it was not until Sept. 1853 that the first sod of the Intercolonial Railroad was turned by the then Governor's Lady. There were a good many sporting men about the city then, and I could name a number of them, but very likely it is not best to do so at present. The great sport of those days was horse-racing, and the place for the sport was the Flat of Courtenay Bay. Many an hour have I spent there to see the racing; but I do not think I was made any better in my morals by being there. Those sporting men have all passed away to their account, and not one of them, as I could learn, died the easy tranquil death which is the experience of the Christian. But the great curse of St. John then, as it is to-day, was the liquor traffic. Brawls and rows were not few, and the cause of most of the disgraceful scenes was dram drinking. There was no Police force to interfere and stop the combatants, and when a row began it was a difficult thing to stop it. There was then only a watchman or two at night, and when any trouble was going on, they were sure to be no where near it. The poverty, the wickedness, and the crime, of the city, was then, as now, chiefly due to the drinking habits. When I think how many smart, intelligent and noble men have gone to ruin and to the grave, I am filled with astonishment, and can hardly understand how the city and its surroundings have survived, and prospered as it has. My own father always drank more or less as was the custom, and as the years passed the habit grew more strongly upon him, and in the fall of 1829, in a fit of distraction, he went off to sea, and the family never saw him any more. About that time, or a little later, the temperance agitation began to make itself felt in this Province. The superintendent of the Sabbath School where I attended thought he would make an effort to save the children, and a pledge was introduced; but there was but few of the scholars that would sign it. I know that for myself, I was very much put out to think that such a thing should be introduced among us.

A. TAYLOR.

Saved From Ruin.

"SAM" SMALL'S LIFE AND CONVERSION.

During the meetings held in Boston by Messrs. Jones and Small, the latter told the story of his sinful life and his conversion. He took for his text Acts 3:16: "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong whom he see and know; yea, the faith which is by Him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." In his sermon he said: It is said that on one occasion there came into a busy mart in an eastern city a dusty and travel-stained stranger, and he wandered aimlessly about until he saw in gilded cages some little song birds. The traveler listened if perchance he could hear a song from them, but the birds had worried themselves in vain efforts to escape and could not sing. Then the stranger took from his pocket coin of a strange country and purchased all the birds and set them free, and each one as he soared away poured

out his whole soul in melody. And the people said to the stranger, "why have you done this?" and turning to them a face radiant with happiness, he said: "I was a captive once myself, and know the sweets of freedom." So it was with me. I was a captive once, and I was set free by the love of Jesus, who put a glad song in my mouth and gave me a glimpse of home. Oh, that I could, with the silver of Christ, purchase the freedom of every one held in bondage and slavery to-day!

Mr. Small then told of his early manhood, how he was raised in the atmosphere of a religious home, and how in college he tasted of the pleasures of the world and gradually forgot his early training. When he left college he studied hard to fit himself for the bar, but at the same time he found himself in the gay circles of society. He looked at the same time for the way in which the men high in the profession had obtained their position, and with the hasty judgment of youth concluded that they had attained them by social successes. And so he went with all the vigor of youth into all those pleasures. About this time he married a young and beautiful woman, but soon after the wedding ceremony she found that she had married a man whose appetites and passions took him away from home and into places where she could not go.

Then, he said, she tried to win me back by all her arts of affection and love to those high ideals that I once had, but I put her off almost rudely and said, "When I have obtained the goal of my ambition I will be more at home." Then children were born to our home, and as I looked at them in their cradle I could not see the cloud that was soon to darken their young lives. And now my father, who had always held his head erect, passed me with bowed head as he saw me with the marks of my debauchery upon me. And then he died, and I railed against God's providence and went back again to all my wickedness. Then I saw my mother begin to fail, and finally she died, but it only made me curse God more and push on to deeper depths of debauchery and dissipation. My wife pleaded with me with all the faith of her nature, but there seemed to be a power that dragged me back in spite of everything. Yet I was not lost to all sense of manhood and honor, and often said I would reform. Then I found that when a man gives rein to these carnal purposes he might as well try to bind the African lion as to try to stay his headlong career. The appetite for strong-drink had mastered me completely, and I was bound hand and foot by it.

At length I went to one of the most skillful physicians in Atlanta, and said if he would cure me he could have his price. He worked faithfully and was succeeding admirably, but in an evil moment it was all swept away and I was back where I was before. Attempt after attempt of this kind failed, even with physicians in London and Paris, and one of them declared his belief that there was nothing in this world that could divorce me and my appetite. So we came back home, and through my dissipation I had friends in high position who sustained me in a place to provide amply for my family, too amply, in fact, for it left me more money for my debaucheries. I came at last to a condition of hopelessness, where I was trembling between the choice of driving idleness from drink or of relief by the suicide's pistol. One Sunday morning, however, I awoke with one of my lucid intervals, and as I looked into the face of my children, who had learned to fear me, I thought to myself, what can I do to win back their love and let them see a father's love still smoldered in my breast? And I determined to take them up to hear Sam Jones, not with any care to hear him, but simply to give the children the pleasure of seeing the crowd. I came away from the meeting as deeply a convicted man as ever walked; but I went back to my old companions and did my best to drown the reproaches of an awakened conscience, and all the next day I was in a wilder debauch than ever, and I went on with it with perfect recklessness, not with a thought of what I was doing, but simply in the desire to get away from the calls of the Spirit of God. But as I sought to drown in whiskey these thoughts, I felt its physical effects,

but it would not stupefy my brain. I went home, and as I grew more sober I went over my life, and thought: "I have tried everything human to cure me of this curse, and now there is nothing left for me but to go to Christ; I don't know whether He will have me, but it is my only refuge." And I went to my chamber and fell upon my knees and poured out my heart to God.

As I thus looked back upon my life I could not see one bright line or one good act that I could take to Christ, and I agonized there before God until I fell exhausted, with one last cry to God for mercy. For a few moments I lay there, and then, as I recovered consciousness, I thought at first I was paralyzed, for all my physical and mental pain was gone. I moved my hand and found I was not paralyzed. Then I sprang erect, and as I did so I seemed to hear a voice from above, "This is the love of God that passeth all understanding, and nothing but love shall you receive." I went down stairs and told my wife, whom I found in tears, and said, "I'm going to be the best husband you ever heard of," and I tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. She told me afterward why, and said it was because she thought that insanity, that had been hovering over me, had at last fallen. But my little children seemed to know that something good had happened, and came and took me by the hand and kissed me.

Mr. Small then told how he went out to preach and how he told the men who knew him of his conversion, and how he had dedicated his life to God. He detailed his subsequent religious work and his final triumph over the appetite for strong drink, and in closing made a most earnest appeal to any one situated as he was to take the same course.

Christian Work Among Italian Soldiers.

A writer in the *Christian Leader* gives the following instance of the way the Gospel is spreading among the soldiers of Italy:

Sometimes the uniform of an officer may be seen amongst those of the soldiers in the little church. One of these, a young captain, advanced to Capellini at the close of the service one evening exclaiming: "It seems to me that all my soldiers are here, and I am glad of it." "Both myself and brother officer often read the books you give to our soldiers." On being offered a bible he begged for a second copy that he might send it to his father, General—. Let me further quote Signor Capellini's own word in reference to another officer: "Captain—, a staunch Romanist, having heard that there were many evangelicals in his regiment, called together all the men of his own company and asked severely if any of them had become Protestants. In spite of his evident anger, so many had the courage to avow the fact that, covering his face with his hands, he could only explain: 'Oh my poor company! It was the model company of the regiment, and is now filled with renegades!' Some time after, when making one of the usual inspections of the men's kit, his wrath was again kindled to find everywhere a quantity of evangelical books. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'are we gone, then, into the book trade? Away with everything that does not belong to the soldier's kit! and, here, let me have one of the books!' A soldier, stepping forward, presented him with a bible. The sacred volume, received thus with dislike and suspicion, delivered its divine message to the captain's soul. He became a changed man and procured a Bible of his own, and the evangelical soldiers of that company have now in their captain a brother in Christ. On one occasion the adjutant-major of a certain regiment, finding in the desk-drawer of one of the sergeants a packet of notes addressed to the communicants of the corps announcing the date of the next Lord's Supper, hastened forthwith to the colonel: 'Signor Colonnello, look here, all the regiment is turning Protestant!' The colonel, opening one of the envelopes, returned the packet to his overzealous subordinate with a smile: 'Better,' said he, 'the evangelical meeting than the tavern or the house of ill-fame.'"

The Use Of Tobacco.

The German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practiced by the youth

of that country so that it has been considered to have damaged their constitutions and incapacitated them for the defense of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offense by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military efficiency.

ALL SORTS.

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

There are one hundred and seventy-two specimens of blind creatures known to science, including crayfish, myriapods, etc. Some species have small eyes, and some have none.

Brooklyn is no longer the city of churches, Philadelphia having earned that honorable distinction. In the city of Brotherly Love there is one church for ever 1,500 people, the Presbyterians being the leading denomination, closely followed by Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists.

Mrs. Lina Swaffield, of Beverly, Mass., who has recently been taken to Florida by her husband, who hopes that change of scene and climate will restore her to sanity, is the victim of a practical joke. A few weeks ago her husband joined a hunting party. On the way home one of the party hurried in advance and told Mrs. Swaffield that her husband had been shot and killed. She fainted, remained unconscious for several hours, and when she regained consciousness was insane.

Among Exchanges.

TRUE EVERY DAY.

A Christian is not bound to wear his Sunday suit all through the week; but he is bound to be as true a man in one suit as in another.—*Sunday-School Times*.

PRAY FOR HIM.

If you had a Paul in the pulpit he would be powerless unless held up by your prayers. Certainly your preacher is not a Paul, by any means, and this is the greater reason why you should pray for him.—*St. Louis Advocate*.

SPIRITUAL DYSPEPTICS.

One of the reasons why there are so many spiritual dyspeptics in the church is that so many are all the time trying to stuff their own stomachs instead of trying to do a little towards feeding others who are really hungry and perishing.—*Advance*.

LIVING ON APPROBATION.

Many persons who pray and speak well, and fancy themselves in the enjoyment of religion, are really feeding on approbation. If they should not be re-elected to the office they hold in the church, or for any cause should become unpopular, they would sink into profound religious melancholy, and lose all interest in the church.—*Ch. Advocate*.

THEIR END.

Social teachers have an opportunity, if they trace the future of their scholars, to learn much of value to the world. A school-teacher in Maine says that at one time he had in his school seven "vulgar, profane, and vicious" boys, whose one aim in life seemed to be to torment him. He recently visited the State-Prison in Thomaston, and found three of those boys there. Four others are in the Reform School.—*N. Y. Advocate*.

THE REALLY CREDULOUS.

It is often charged against the firm believer in God, and in the Bible as the word of God, that such a belief involves a large measure of credulity. And there are many who pride themselves on their freedom from credulity, as evidenced in their refusal to believe in the personality of God, or in any explicit revelation of God to man. Yet it is a simple matter of fact that the beliefs which are held to-day by many scientific and critical scholars who refuse to accept the Bible as the direct result of divine inspiration, and as the record of a revelation from God, involve a larger measure of credulity than would be necessary for the full acceptance of the Christian scheme—even on its face as a reasonable view of truth.—*S. S. Times*.