

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SIR WM THOMPSON, a Scientist of high standing, is authority for the alarming statement that the sun is fading away at the melancholy ratio of thirty-five meters a year, so that in ten million years it will have so chilled, and fizzled out generally, that the earth will permanently freeze up until its last Arctic inhabitant stiffens under all his furs. In making this dreadful fact known to the Royal Institute, it was very considerate in Sir William to put the period for this direful consummation so distant.

THE EDUCATION ACT of Scotland makes it the duty of every parent to provide elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic for his children when they are between five years of age and thirteen. If, however, the parent is unable from poverty to pay for this, he can apply to the parochial board, and they will pay out of the poor-fund the ordinary and reasonable fees for a child's education, or such part of them as he is unable to pay.

IT HAS BEEN computed that the death rate of the globe is 67 a minute, 907,790 a day, and 35,639,835 a year, and the birth rate 70 a minute, 100,800 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

THERE ARE, says Dr. H. Magee, many Protestants in Ireland who would be willing to join their countrymen in the effort to obtain a very considerable measure of home rule were they sure that they would be safe from the domination of the Romish priesthood. They would not be afraid of receiving fair consideration if their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen were left to themselves and were free from clerical dictation.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London there was presented an eloquent statistical comparison between the condition of the society fifty years ago and now, showing that then its total receipts were £100,000, while now they approach £250,000; that then the year's issue of Bibles was 600,000, while now it is 4,000,000; that then the cheapest Bible cost 2s., and the cheapest New Testament, 6d., while now the former can be had for 10d., and the latter (in the form of the "Shaftesbury" edition) for 1d.; and that then the Bible was circulated in only 136 languages, and by midsummer the whole of it will be translated into Japanese, the only great language in which, at the present time, the Scriptures do not appear in a complete form.

A METHODIST MINISTER in the West is credited with preaching a somewhat remarkable farewell sermon recently. He had had a somewhat difficult time during the term of his pastorate, and was evidently glad the end had come. His text was, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Amongst other things, he said:

"Some of you are glad enough that I am going, and I am not such a fool as not to know it. The text says, 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,' and I am glad to be relieved from the necessity of mingling in your society. Others who have supported me and prayed for me and assisted me in our work are sorry to have me go. As these feelings are always reciprocal, I find no difficulty in complying with the second injunction of the text, I weep with those who weep. Many of you—in fact, most of you—I hope to meet often in this world. Others I don't want to see until, purified from imperfections which have been thorns in my flesh, we meet on the banks of eternal deliverance."

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

XXVII.

The same fall, after the death of my wife, in company with a brother minister, I attended a Ministers' Meeting in one of the towns some miles from Bangor. We intended to remain somewhere in that vicinity over the Sabbath, but everything seemed to work against us, and Saturday evening found us in the city of Bangor. I went to the house of a brother with whom I was acquainted, and the other minister went to North Bangor and spent the Sabbath there. I remained in the city, and concluded that, as I was a stranger there, I should not be known. I had had some slight acquaintance with the pastor, but not enough to speak to him. The pastor preached a good sermon, and I went again to hear him in the afternoon. The house filled with people, the bells ceased to ring, but no minister made an appearance. What to make of it I could not tell. There seemed to be a consultation among the Deacons near the pulpit, and in a few moments the senior Deacon stepped on the pulpit stairs and said he was sorry to have to inform the audience that their pastor was taken very ill after the morning service and could not be there to preach; but, continued he, "we have understood that the Rev. A. Taylor is in the city, and perhaps he is in the congregation now; we are not acquainted with the brother, but if he is present he will oblige us very much by coming forward and conducting the service." I will leave those who may have been similarly situated to imagine how I felt. After a minute or two I arose and went forward to the pulpit. The Deacon shook hands with me, and said he was glad I was present to conduct the service. I told him I could not do it. I shall never forget his look, as he said, "You profess to be called of God to preach the gospel, and cannot conduct a meeting?" I was humbled in a moment, and said to him, "this is unexpected, and I am excited, please read the hymn and pray." He did so, making an excellent prayer, after which I read the second hymn. I preached as best I could. I said to the congregation, "you all know the circumstances in which I am placed, so I shall make no apologies, but preach to you as if I was at home in the country." We had a grand service. At the close the Deacon said, "Now as one good turn deserves another, you must preach again in the evening; I did so. I never was afraid of a city after that Sunday's experience and have often found since that the severest critics are in the country. In the spring of 1847; the late Deacon John Bubar, then residing in the village of Lee, and keeping a boarding house for the students attending the Academy there, said to me, you had better attend the Academy this summer; my house is close by and it shall be your home for the summer if you choose to go to the school. I agreed and attended three terms that year. I went into the classes with the little boys but I was soon ahead of them all, for I studied very hard indeed, enough so to break me down so that at last I had to leave the school. I shall always have reason to thank God for that year's schooling; and I am under the deepest obligations to the late Deacon John Bubar, and his excellent lady, for this great kindness to me at that time. They have long since passed away to their reward on high but this labour of love towards me in this matter of education can never be forgotten. It is a green spot in my life that I look back to with satisfaction. It was not that I learned so much at the Academy,

but it put me on the road to study and made me acquainted with the way to study. I have always thanked God and Deacon John Bubar for those nine months at the Academy. I preached every Sabbath somewhere; every fourth Sunday in the month in Burlington. It was that summer, while attending my appointment in Burlington, that I had a curious experience, that may be well to notice here as it made a deep impression on my mind. For a number of days in one week before my appointment in Burlington I could not study my lessons, because I seemed impelled to study a text that came to my thoughts, it troubled me somewhat. On Saturday, however, I went to Burlington; as I was in one of the houses there, a stranger came to the door and told the lady he was a minister, and had been directed there. He was from Boston, he said, and would like to preach to the people. I knew in an instant what kind of a preacher he was, and then understood what my exercises during the week meant. The lady of the house introduced me to the stranger; he said "and so this is Mr. Taylor is it? I heard you had an appointment here for tomorrow." I replied "yes, and I presume you are a Universalist Preacher." He said he was and that he would like to preach once tomorrow. I told him it would be all right, for it was the understanding if a stranger came I was to give way to him, so I would leave and he could occupy the pulpit. He said he would sooner I would remain in the place, and indeed the people all insisted that I should not leave just then. My own exercises, however, were the chief cause of my remaining. Sunday morning I was at the meeting house ready to treat the preacher like a gentleman. I had preached much about goodness and kindness; I must now practice those graces myself. At the Meeting House I met the preacher, conducted him to the pulpit, and told him he could occupy the morning hour. He thanked me very kindly for this, and began the service, took his text and preached. I have in my day listened to almost all kinds of preaching: Anomianism, Hyper-calvinism, Unitarianism, and nearly every other ism, but I had never heard Fatalism pure and simple preached until that morning. His text was, Romans 5:20, last clause, "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The aim of the sermon was to show that God had sent sin into the universe, that it was doing its work properly and well, but that grace would much more abound, that sin would be swept away and all contaminating influences destroyed and all men saved. I was much burdened before the sermon, I was doubly so by the time it was ended; I could not eat a mouthful of dinner, and if I ever was glad of anything I was glad when the time came for me to speak for Jesus; it was a positive relief for me to open my mouth for the Lord. My text was Acts 16:22, "As they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that was in his house." After I had named the text, I lifted up my hand and said, "I can say with Paul, I am set for the defense of the gospel." I was startled, for I had not had the least idea of saying that. The words went through the audience like a shock of electricity; the people were all startled. After a few more words I stated my subject, consisting of two things, (1) What is included in preaching the word of the Lord, and (2) the effect preaching produces. I never in my life had such a time preaching. There was no effort about it; the words came from my lips like water from a fountain; the Bible appeared to open anywhere that I wanted it, and I was able to name the chapters and verse of every text I quoted. I had never done such a thing in the same way before, I have never done anything like it since. The preacher sitting in the pulpit, turned pale and red by turns, and when the meeting closed he left me without saying a word, and I have never seen him since that day. The people said to me, "Were you crazy to-day? we never saw any thing like it." I could only say, "it is one of God's manifestations; to His name be all the glory."

Dec. 2nd 1847 I was married to my present wife, who was Miss Abbie Spiller, youngest daughter of Deacon J. Spiller at that time residing in Pasumkeag, Me. The family have since removed to Prentissville, Penn. I am sure this marriage was of God. Mrs. Taylor has proved a help-meet indeed, and I gratefully bear this testimony to her christian character, and quiet carefulness. She has many times helped me in my ministerial struggles, when I could not help myself, and I owe to her prudence and wise forethought a great deal of my present standing as a minister of Christ. We have had a family of nine children, two of them are safe with God in Heaven, of the seven that are living most of them are away from home, and are working for the Master; and their work must speak for them.

The winter of my marriage I taught school in Burlington, and the next Spring moved to Weston. As I preached from place to place during the Summer, it seemed to me that something was about to happen; I felt that my work was done in that country. In the Fall of the year, I was impressed to go to Hodgdon the next Sunday, and the Sunday after to be in St. John. I told my wife about it, and she concluded I was mistaken as I had no way of going, and no money. However, I started, went to Hodgdon, spent the Sabbath there, then to Woodstock, and took the boat to Fredericton. In Fredericton I met Bro. Yerxa White, whom I had not seen for some years. He kept a grocery shop in the city. By him I was persuaded to stay in Fredericton over the Sabbath; in that I did wrong, for that very Sabbath our late much loved brother in the ministry, Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, was ordained, and I am sure now that God wanted me at that service. However, the next night I was there and met him for the first time at the house of Ephraim Jones, in Portland. I had some meetings with Bro. McLeod through the week, preached one evening in the old Meeting House in Carleton, found where my brother, John Taylor, then lived, and became acquainted with our late Deacon Underhill, and with Bro. Wm. Peters and wife. On Saturday I went back to Fredericton. There I got acquainted with Rev. J. Gunter, preached twice for the church in the city, had a couple of meetings the first of the week. There was every prospect of a revival, but I could not be persuaded to remain; that I did wrong in leaving I am now sure. The boat was done running; so I had to walk to Woodstock and to my home. It was on this journey I first met our respected Bro. Leonard Slipp.

A. TAYLOR.

Gospel Floods Covering The Earth.

God has a plan in regard to the evangelization of this world, and that plan is revealed. We ought to have it so clearly stamped upon our minds that no doubt should ever arise as to the fact, the destiny of the Gospel, or our duty. That plan of God is unfolded in prophecy in unmistakable terms, and we have only to keep our eyes and ears open to see prophecy confirmed and fulfilled by history. The stone cut out without hands has been growing for centuries, and is filling the whole earth. . . . Whoever will study to find out God's plan for this world, and then compare it with his actual work in this world, must become a convert to missions in every fibre of his being; convinced and overwhelmed, first by the power of a Scripture argument, and then by the resistless logic of facts! And, because any really renewed soul must yield before such omnipotent appeals, it may be well to present a few of the many weighty considerations which go to show that in no age has God been moving with such strides to compass this world with the knowledge of the Lord; yet like Ruth we can only glean a few handfuls from an illimitable harvest-field. . . . What the Gospel can do is proven by what it has done. Mark the power which it has shown over both the lowest and highest type of man!

Where can you find mankind sunk in deeper mental and moral degradation than in Australia and adjacent islands, whose savages are but one grade higher than the brutes they hunt and kill? Behold the Papuan and Maori and other tribes, equally lost to humanity, like the coin whose original image and superscription are worn off, restored to humanity and to God, and worn as precious and burnished pieces of

silver on the necklace of Christ's bride!

Polynesia has been the scene of Gospel triumphs which for character, number and rapidity scarce admit comparison. Wherever the Gospel touches these islands it transforms their civil and social life with a speed that leaves us no doubt of the wonder-working power of God. Polynesia only a little while ago was the earthly realization of hell. To be cast on these shores meant robbery, torture, death, and then a cannibal feast over your flesh. To-day you would be tenderly cared for as on the most hospitable shores, and would find over eight hundred churches of Christ in those islands. Thomas Powell placed on the little island of Nanumaga a native evangelist. He found the island full of idols of stone and wood; altars in every house, and temples almost as many as dwellings. Eight years afterwards one third of the entire population were members of the Christian Church, and two-thirds of the children were in Christian schools, and those new Church members contributed to the support of the Gospel and its extension \$1.60 each, average. Not an idol is now to be found, nor an idol temple, and the people, all clothed decently, sit with delight to listen to the Gospel. . . . The number of converts in Madagascar during a period of thirty-five years of missionary labor is computed to "exceed the number of converts in the Roman Empire during the first three centuries of the Christian era."—A. T. Pierson

Deacon Burdette.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, has been elected deacon of the Baptist Church in Lower Merion, Pa. A correspondent of the *Watchman* tells us how he was elected to a higher office while summing in the Adirondacks, and how acceptably he filled it—a lesson to many who are prone to leave their religion behind them when they "take to the woods."

Mr. Burdette sought a resting-place last summer, a hiding place from the worrying world, and found it on the shore of Thirteenth Pond, on Bro. Bennett's farm. But "Bob" is a plain Christian, and the little company of believers at the church near by found it out in the simple, proper way—found that a Christian man of some culture was tenting on one of their hillsides. They had no pastor, and they asked him to preach for them. With some hesitation he consented. Thus he spent the summer, enjoying his new experience beyond measure, and blessing the simple folk more than they can tell him. He is known to the world as a wit, who cannot open his mouth without pouring forth streams of quiet humor. But the brethren of North River say that he rarely brought a smile to the faces of his hearers. He expounded the Scriptures as a man who believed them and loved his hearers. Inexhaustible is his supply of thought and fitting expression; he delighted and profited them. In prayer, as well as in discourse, he was the same—an humble follower of Jesus and preacher of His gospel.

They offered him their little offering of pecuniary compensation, but he refused it. They invited him to receive a donation party. He laughed, but refused. They insisted, and for their sakes he yielded. It a merry occasion; he kept one dollar, his first dollar for preaching, and put the remainder of the proceeds into the debt on the church building. He gave them a lecture and turned the proceeds of this, also, into the same treasury. It was a delightful summer for him and them, and when he left them in the autumn, he promised to repeat the experience another year.

Woman's Dress In Japan.

A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Tokio, gives an interesting account of the movement in Japan which has for its object the adoption of Western styles of dress by women. Japanese women are, he says, for the most part comely and engaging rather than handsome. It is the combination of physique, grace, dress, and manner that makes up the sum total of attraction. The apparel of a Japanese lady is not the least agreeable feature. It is artistic, healthy, and suited to the beautiful fabrics of the country. But Count Ito, the reforming Chancellor of this wonderful East-

ern Empire has persuaded the Empress to set the fashion of wearing European dress. In doing so, it seems he has been largely influenced by the desire to secure a higher social position for Japanese women. At present they have a very inferior status, and Count Ito, has the notion that the adoption of Western modes of dress will, among other things, tend to give them a higher place in society. If the women can be induced to wear foreign attire, their husbands will be obliged, it is argued, to modify the dwellings they inhabit, and to adopt to a greater or less degree improved systems of domestic and even social life. Japan has rapidly adopted material, administrative, and educational reforms, but the position of her women is entirely out of harmony with Western ideas. A Japanese girl has no voice in the choosing of her husband, and barely sees him before the marriage ceremony is performed. After marriage she is little better than a slave or chattel, and may be divorced almost at will. And whilst the present social system lasts, the improvement of the men by foreign travel and study simply serves to widen the gulf that separates them from the women. Count Ito, holds that if Japanese women are to take part in the work of national regeneration their position must be radically changed, and therefore he encourages everything that tends to improve the social and domestic habits of the people. He believes, too, that a gradual assimilation of the national garb to that of Europe will help to destroy the idea of Oriental inferiority so largely cherished by Western peoples. Not only does the Japanese Government favour a change in dress, but it encourages improved means of education for girls and women; the study of foreign languages, especially English; the growth of houses, built, furnished, and managed in foreign style; classes for training ladies in domestic work; and the multiplication of dances and other entertainments for the free intercourse of foreigners and Japanese.

Among Exchanges.

MUST CORRESPOND.

Hope for nothing from prayers that do not correspond with the teachings of Christ, and that are not attended with a life that is consistent with the prayers.—*Herald*.

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 stomach instead of trying to do a little toward feeding others who are really hungry and perishing.—*Advance*.

THE HARDEST THING.

There are some people who complain that they have too much to do, but the hardest thing to do is to quietly submit when one can no longer work.—*Register*.

SPIRITUAL SUICIDE.

A deliberate purpose to practice things which one's conscience clearly condemns, is a knife that cuts the tie of discipleship and separates one from Christ. It is spiritual suicide.—*Herald*.

THE REASON.

Why is it that a man whose deep spirituality was formerly an overflowing fountain, and whose zeal was a steadfast flame, is now silent in the prayer-meeting, and indifferent to all church work? Keble answers this question by exclaiming,—

"Alas! the world he loves Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung."

—*Zions Herald*.

A REVERENT CUSTOM.

A secular paper says that one of the prettiest customs in Mexico is the universal respect which greets a passing funeral. Every man, from the millionaire to the half-clad poor, takes off his hat till the sad train has passed. Well-dressed senoras bow their heads and cross themselves, while Indian women kneel in prayer. This certainly is better than the custom which exists too generally among us, according to which most people either stare at a funeral procession as if it were a mere show, or ignore it as completely as if it were a line of market wagons. A decent respect to the woes of others, and to the symbols of our fading mortality, is surely more becoming than the callous indifference so generally manifested.—*Morning Star*.