

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THAT THE COLOURED people are making marked progress is very certain. Take these facts in proof: There are now 16,000 coloured teachers in the United States; 1,000,000 pupils in the Southern States alone, 16,000 in the male and female high schools, and 3,000,000 worshippers in the churches. There are 60 normal schools, 50 colleges and universities, and 25 theological seminaries. Colored people pay taxes on from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 worth of property.

THE EXCOMMUNICATED Dr. McGlynn is not particularly remarkable as a politician or political economist. But, as a sign of the times in the ecclesiastical world, he is a man of mark. A new era in the Catholic Church may date from his rebellion.

THIS IS Sam Jones's definition of infidelity: "Great big mouth, going around talking. Get on top of it, get under it, go all around it and yet it is all mouth!"

THE REPUBLICAN, Democratic, and Prohibition candidates for governor in Ohio are Methodists. The campaign certainly ought to be conducted on high religious principles.

A GOOD DEFINITION of cant was given by Prof. Drummond in the missionary conference of the young men from College at Northfield. He had happened in an address to refer to cant. When the hour came for him to answer questions one of the students asked him what he meant by cant. "There is," said he in reply, "such a thing as the religion of a young man; and there is such a thing as the religion of an old woman. Now when a young man talks as if he had an old woman's religion, that is cant."

THIS STORY, though perhaps in some respects an exceptional case, very well illustrates a good deal that is done by professing Christians:

A very wealthy farmer near New York decided to go to California. They had a favorite dog, which must of course go along with them. On arriving at St. Louis they found that Rover would not be allowed in the Pullman parlor car, but if he went must go in a common baggage car. This would never do for such a delicately reared dog as Rover, so the whole family concluded to give up their trip to California. They spent a few days in St. Louis, paying a man ten dollars a day to care for the dog and insure his safety. The whole trip cost them several hundred dollars. After their return home they went to church on Sunday. The Lord's supper was celebrated; both heads of the family participated. Then a sermon on missions was preached, and a collection was taken. The whole family gave five dollars for the conversion of the world to Christ. Ten dollars a day for the dog, and five dollars a year for the salvation of the heathen.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

XXXVIII.

After the General Conference at Lincoln I engaged with the churches at Lower Hampstead, New Ireland and Jerusalem; and pretty soon I moved my family from the Island to Hampstead. During the first year not much was accomplished; but the second year a good work of grace was enjoyed in the church in New Ireland. I was assisted very much in this work by the late Rev. B. Merritt; a good many were converted and added to the church. While I remained in Hampstead, there was between Bro. M. and myself good christian fellowship, kindly relations as ministers, and the warm feelings of brotherhood remained unbroken, and indeed continued until the day of his death. He assisted me much while I lived here. When I commenced to hold special meetings in New Ireland the young people were restless, and, sometimes, almost wild. In one of our evening meetings I said to them, "We have been trying to do you good, but have not accomplished anything, now we shall leave this whole matter with God. I intended to hold a meeting here next Sunday afternoon, the regular appointments

but I fear we shall not be able to hold any service then, nor for a number of weeks, and when we do meet again it will be under altogether new circumstances. God is coming among you, and that right away, and many of you here to-night will meet with us no more." The meeting was closed; a number of the young people were cross about what I had said, and remarked among themselves that they were not going to be scared, into seeking religion. However, before the next Sabbath a number of the young people were down with the diphtheria; and it was some five or six weeks before I could hold a meeting in the place. This scourge of the young did its destructive work, and a number were laid in their graves. I shall not soon forget the death of one dear young sister in Christ. Previous to this time, she had not been serving the Lord as it was her duty and privilege. She was in a backslidden state religiously, although her morals were above reproach. She was stricken with diphtheria; and in a few days she sent for me to come and see her. I went of course, and it was a memorable meeting indeed. She was walking about her room when I got there; when she saw me she said, "O, I am so glad you have come, I wanted to see you so much. I am going to die, and shall soon be away to my home on high; I am not afraid to die. The last night I was at meeting I was very angry at what you said, but I am sure now you were right, and O, how sorry I have been for my feeling. Last night I passed the most distressed night I ever passed in my life, but this morning about the break of day God met me, forgave all my sins and heart wanderings, took away all my fear and anxieties, and has filled my heart with joy and gladness. There is no fear of death now; indeed I long to go home to my Saviour and my God. At my funeral I wish you to deliver a message from me to the young people." And then she told me what she wanted me to say to them for her. She asked me to pray with her, saying "I want to hear you pray once more, and all this struggle will soon be over." We knelt together there, we both prayed; her voice was remarkably strong. I bade her good bye and left her walking about the room as I had found her. I went about half a mile to a brother's house; half an hour had not gone before word came to us that she had passed away. O, how I wish the unbeliever had been there to have seen that death scene, he must have believed that there is a God, and that religion is a reality. At her funeral I delivered her message to the young people, and it had a great effect upon them. Soon after this the disease spent its force in the place, and I opened the meetings again. Everything was different then. There was great solemnity among the people, revival began, and went forward with great power. I think I baptized about forty-five persons before the work ceased, and I think Bro. Merritt baptized some also. The winter following this Rev. John McKenzie came to the aid of the people at Woodville Village. Bro. James Slipp junr., helped him much, and although I was with them a part of the time I was not able to do much among the people. Bro. McKenzie baptized a number, Rev. B. Colpitts baptized some and I baptized a few also. But the revival did not effect what it might have effected had things been conducted differently; as it was the people were left without much strength in their religious life. The winter following this Rev. J. A. Robertson, then a Licentiate, sent for me to come and help him in the Shannon Settlement. I had had a feeling for some time that I ought to visit that section of our vineyard, but had been hindered by my home work. I went to Bro. R's aid; I found him pretty well used up. He had been working very hard, had taken a severe cold, and was so hoarse he could hardly speak. He soon went to his home to rest, and I was left alone with the work. The work went on, and I baptized a number. I then went to Bald Hill, and there God revived his work with great power, and a large number professed religion. It was in this work of grace that our young brother, now Rev. G. W. Foster, professed religion. The spring had come, the mud was deep on the roads, but I went to the Carpenter Settlement in Wickham and began to hold meetings. Everything ap-

peared very dark; after holding a few meetings, I had about made up my mind to go home. One Tuesday morning there was a meeting, the congregation consisted of two old men and ten or twelve young girls. None of the young ladies had professed religion at that time. The old men present prayed and spoke, and we were about to close the meeting, when one of the young ladies arose and commenced to confess her sins and ask God for mercy; according to God's promise it was given her; soon all these young ladies were on their knees and crying to God for mercy. A number of these experienced religion in that meeting and on the next Sunday I baptized nine of them. There would have been a more extensive work of grace among the people if things had been in the neighborhood as they ought to have been in a social way. Rev. T. Carpenter, whose home is there, joined in the work. While we regretted that more could not be done, we thanked God for what he had done. Perhaps I gave it up too quickly, but I had been away from home seven or eight weeks and the people in Hampstead required care. In the Fall of that year I went to Upper Hampstead to baptize some persons converted under the labours of our late Bro. O. M. Bubar, then a Licentiate. I had a good visit and was well rewarded financially too. I must here state that the churches at Hampstead each year of the last two years I laboured with them; this was all the vacation I ever had by a church's vote in a ministerial work of nearly 50 years. It is true I have lost my own time and taken a vacation, but never had it voted to me until these two years. I resigned my pastorate in Hampstead, attended the funeral of our late sister Mrs. B. Palmer and prepared to visit some of the destitute churches.

A. TAYLOR.

The Meanest Possibles.

A pastor, writing in the *Western Recorder*, gives some bits of experience thus:

"I remember, when a country 'parson' that I had a very gracious neighbor. He was always insisting that I should send to his house for things that I needed (which I never did). Finally, his kindness runs over, and he sends his pastor some milk occasionally, also a little butter and a few vegetables, and one time his heart was so enlarged that he sent a four-pound ham as a slight token of his appreciation of the pastor. How highly the young pastor appreciated these things! A kind neighbor was a great blessing, which he fully appreciated. At last the end of the year rolls around, and these 'neighborly kindnesses' are charged to the full account of that Deacon's subscription to his church. That man's heart was so shriveled and dried that you might put it upon the end of a cambric needle and blow it through a humming-bird's quill."

One day after preaching a sermon a Methodist gentleman came to me and said: "A stranger here this morning says that your sermon has done him so much good that he wants to give you a token of appreciation, and here it is in the shape of a five dollar gold piece." At the end of the year imagine my amazement when a prominent member of the church declared he gave it, and it must go as his subscription to pastor's salary. Both of these brethren have failed in every sphere of life, and are now in the midst of bitter financial embarrassment, but the poor preacher whom they defrauded is none the worse off. As pastor of city churches I have met with similar experiences, which demonstrate clearly to me that the superlatively mean fellow is found in every church and community. I remember I had an invitation to preach for a neighboring church. My deacons said: "Go by all means. We want the churches in our association to hear our young pastor." A few days after that those same deacons inquired around until they found out how much the sister church paid me, at the end of the month deducted it from my salary. What ought to be done with such brethren?"

New Facts About The Congo.

At its mouth the Congo River is of enormous depth, but only one hundred miles or so above Stanley Pool, Captain Braconier said a year or two ago that "steam launches

drawing barely two and three feet of water have to be dragged along by our men." H. H. Johnson mentions the same facts in his description of the Congo. "Our boat is constantly running aground on sand-banks," he wrote. "It has an extraordinary effect to see men walking half-way over a great branch of a river, with water only up to their ankles, tracing the course of some sand-bank." Stanley, Johnson, and others attributed the remarkable shallowness of the river to the great breadth in this part of its course; but none of them knew how wide the river really was above the Kasai River. We now have some new light on this question, which is a very interesting one, because the Congo is next to the greatest river in the world, and new discoveries in regard to the river are apt to be on a large scale. Captain Rouvier has been surveying this part of the river, and he finds that for a distance of about fifty miles the river is much wider than was supposed. Its width, in fact, is from fifteen to twenty miles, a circumstance which has not been discovered before on account of the many long islands, some of which have always been taken for the shore of the river. It follows, therefore, that there is an expanse in the Upper Congo similar to and very much larger than Stanley Pool. Steamboats have passed each other in this enlargement of the river without knowing of each other's proximity. It is easy to understand, therefore, how it happens that the Congo is in this place very shallow, while in narrow portions of the lower river no plummet line has ever yet touched bottom. Navigation in this part of the Congo would be almost impossible were it not that there and there soundings are revealing channels deep and wide enough for all the requirements of steamboat traffic.

The Conquests of Missions.

First came India, the land of the Vedas, now consolidated under British rule, and numbering, with its dependencies, 300,000,000 people. Then followed China, whose goings forth in ancient times were from the land of Shinar itself, with its 400,000,000. And next Japan, youngest and sprightliest of them all, with 35,000,000 more. And finally Congo. Livingstone went in to explore, and he invested his life for a regenerated Africa. When he was gone, God, who had girded Cyrus of old, raised up another to complete his work. Into the heart of the dark continent plunged Stanley "Africanus." When he came out, it was to declare the fact that 40,000,000 more were to confront the Christian Church. And now what do missions propose to do? Nothing less than the conquest of all these great peoples for Christ. The aim of the work is to dethrone the powerful systems of heathenism, and exalt Christianity instead; to put an end to the supremacy of Confucianism and Buddhism and Brahmanism and Shintoism and Taoism, so that Christ alone shall be exalted in that day.

The Sun Traffic.

The liquor traffic earns nothing; it creates no value; it adds not a dollar to the national wealth, nor in any way to the welfare and prosperity of the country. The money obtained by the trade is not earned as honest industries earn money—by giving a valuable return for it. It obtains money from those who earn it by their labor, giving in return for it what is not only of no value, but far worse than that—something which leads to poverty, pauperism, wretchedness, and crime; which disinclines men to honest industry, and finally unfits them for it. This traffic, like war, wastes the products of industry, and kills the worker, or so mutilates and maims him that he is unfitted for work; and then he and his family are dependents and pensioned upon the honest industries of the country. It is like a conflagration; it destroys, leaving only blackened ruins of all which it attacks. It is like a pestilence; ravaging any community where it is tolerated, cutting down the brightest, bravest, and best. It destroys more than sixty thousand of our people every year, cutting short their lives upon an average more than ten years each. It makes wretched, beyond all power of expression, more than five thousand homes, which, but for it, would be peaceful, prosperous, and happy. It threatens the existence

of our institutions, which can not live except among an educated and virtuous people, because, more than all other influences for evil, it reduces men to ignorance, brutality, and savagery. Have I overstated or misstated? Is such a trade to be established and protected by law? or shall it be forbidden, and by sufficient pains and penalties suppressed as being inconsistent with the general good?—[Neal Dow.]

By Cars to Europe.

Colonel J. H. Pierce, of Saithington, who has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, has reached a point at which he hopes to show that a tube across the Atlantic can be used. Following is a description of the apparatus as he conceives it. The tubes will always be in couples, with the current of air in one tube always moving in an opposite direction from the other. The heaviest cannon will serve to illustrate the tube. A car takes the place of the charge, the tube to be indefinitely continuous and the speed of the car to be governed by the rapidity with which air can be forced through. Time is required to establish a current of air flowing with great swiftness through a tube perhaps thousands of miles in length, but when once created the motion will be nearly uniform. The speed of the current may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam driver fans employed in blast furnaces.

Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains to connect this continent with the old world. The temperature within the tube may be regulated by passing blasts of air entering the tube through furnaces or over ice. The speed attainable may reach 1,000 miles an hour. The tube lining and car exterior would be of polished steel with corrugated sides matching with wheels provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube; thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable. The inventions consist in the details of the work.—[Hartford Courant.]

Late Church Goers.

Why do you always come to meeting so late? I am right down glad to see you come at all. It is better late than never, but it would be still better to be never late. * * * Don't say the service is too early: our minister altered the time and made it half-an-hour later: but the people came just as much after time as ever: it seems bred in their bones. As late as if they were afraid of giving God too much worship, and getting too much of his blessing. Some of them walk in so late that we think they have come to fetch us home. Those who come in after time generally make as much fuss as if they were the Lord Mayor. I once heard our minister repeat some poetry about "the inaudible and noiseless foot of time;" but I have often been annoyed with the audible and noisy feet of those out of time. * * * If these folks were going to see the queen, they would act mighty different; but they have a fine sight more respect for royalty than they have for the Almighty. To come in time for the worship is only such good manners as we are bound to show our maker. I like to get to the meeting before the service begins, so as to feel quiet, and get my mind ready for what I hope to hear. This gives me time to pray for a blessing. If ever I get to the place after the worship has begun, I sink in like a whipped dog, and try to drop down in my seat as soft as a flake of snow; indeed, I feel guilty all the time, and think every body is looking at me, and wishing me more sense. Spurgeon.

Concerning Women.

—Miss Frances Willard's book, "Women and Temperance," has been translated into Japanese.

—A young lady in New York secures a good living by "personally conducting" female visitors to places of amusement, on shopping tours, or sight-seeing about the city.

—Miss Nielson, the first Danish lady physician, has just begun to practice at Copenhagen. She took her degree with the highest honors.

—John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has just established a free library for women in that city in honor of the birthday of Miss Annie McDowell, secretary of the Insurance Association of his employees. It is "to be known as the McDowell Free Library, in honor of a woman who has spent her life as a worker for women."

—The Queen Regent of Spain sent to Queen Victoria for a jubilee gift a widow's cap of priceless old Spanish lace, with an embroidered veil reaching to the ground, and a pearl diadem the jewels of which were embroidered on the lace by Queen Christina herself.

—Mrs. Gladstone is described as a very amiable, gracious-looking lady, with iron-grey hair, thick and abundant, brushed down over her ears. She has good color, regular features, and clear, blue-gray eyes, in which any one may read her sincere admiration for her husband if she is watching him on any public occasion or conversing about him in private.

Among Exchanges.

BE CAREFUL.

A Dakota man, while on his way to borrow a neighbor's paper, was struck by lightning and killed. We have no comment to make here. To intelligent people it isn't necessary. —Puck.

NOT RIGHTLY CENTERED.

The man who "sours" because he did not get what he expected from his fellows thereby shows that his life was not rightly centered. If you are that man, wrestle with God until you come out of this darkness into the sunshine of the Lord's face.—Nashville Advocate.

MISTAKEN "PLAINNESS."

Some good men pride themselves on the plainness of their speech. They glory in their harsh methods of rebuking other men's sins. "We do not mince matters," they say. "We call things by their right names, no matter who is offended." Such men do right in censuring sin, but do they not destroy the utility of their rebukes by withholding from them that quality of love which is essential to their good effect? They speak the truth, but they do not speak it in love.—Zions Herald.

SHOUTING.

A Methodist brother, who is credited with having done "a good deal of shouting," gives his views on this subject, and admonishes against the abuse of this custom. Here are his words: "I shout sometimes myself. I can but regret that I am not oftener on shouting ground. I am opposed to substituting hollering and making a noise to show one's self off and disturb the meeting, for a genuine scriptural shout. I judge no man, but when I hear men shouting and telling long experiences about a clean heart, when they have not paid the preacher, and they know he is living on short rations, and his family really in want, I somehow can but think the brother has missed his way, and instead of being on shouting ground is just hollering about in the woods to keep up his faith without works. Wesleyan.

A DANGER OF LIFE.

Spurgeon says: The peculiar danger of advancing years is length of discourse. Two honored brethren have lately fallen asleep, whose later years were an infliction upon their friends. To describe one is to depict the other. He is so good and great, and has done such service, that you must ask him to speak. He expects you to do so. You make bold to propose that he will occupy only a few minutes. He will occupy those few minutes, and a great many more minutes, and your meeting will die out under his protracted periods. Your audience moves, all interest is gone, your meeting is a failure, and all through a dear old man whose very name is an inspiration. The difficulty is, not to start these grand old men, but to stop them when started: they appear to be wound up like clocks, and they must run down. This is a seductive habit to be guarded against when years increase; it may be wise to resolve upon being shorter as age inclines us to be longer. It would be a pity to shorten our congregation by lengthening our discourse.—Chris. World.