

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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SPECIAL OFFER.

[A Chance for New Subscribers.]

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—The Moors, it appears, are much incensed against their Sultan. He has says, *Zions Herald*, taken strong ground against rum and tobacco, and carries on his reform in true despotic fashion. All traffic in intoxicants has been prohibited; the state tobacco monopoly has been abolished; shops for the sale of snuff and tobacco have been closed; some Moors who persisted in smoking have been flogged through the streets; large quantities of leaf tobacco have been seized and publicly burned. Great are the astonishment and anger at Fez and Morocco and Tangier. Sultan Mulai Hassan has undertaken a large job. Prohibition by edict is a shorter cut than by law and public sentiment. Time will show whether it will prove to be as effective and permanent.

—Rev. Dr. Shaw Presbyterian of Rochester, N. Y. is an old pastor. He has been in charge of one church for forty-seven years. It now has 1,500 members. He was ordained fifty-five years ago, and, although nearly eighty years of age, is able to attend to the duties of his large parish, and rarely misses a service.

—The following story is told of the first convert of the Salvation Army in Maryland. He couldn't get through. The Salvationists prayed and shouted, and sang, but still there was no victory. Suddenly, the penitent rose from his knees. "It's no use, I know why." He left the building, and returned in about half an hour; then, with a business-like air, he walked straight to the penitent-form dropped on his knees, saying, "Now then," and very soon rose happy and free. "How was it, that you couldn't get through at first?" "It was a wagon, I had in my shed, when I knew it should be in somebody else's; so I went and put it back."

—Dr. Talmage has a grievance. He spoke of it on a recent Sabbath. There has been going the rounds of the papers a pretended sermon on "Frauds Detected," with his name attached. Not one word of that sermon did Dr. Talmage ever preach. Certain New York parties who send his sermon to the newspapers, recently imposed on the public by sending out a spurious sermon.

—Here is a specimen on which the spelling-match people may try themselves. Prof. Gillof of the Smithsonian Institute, in stating his unbelief in regard to the Sea Serpent, expresses his belief in the following possibilities: "It is possible that a chimeroid selachian may be living in the sea, of like form, with a dorsal fin next to the head, and an eel-like tail. It is possible that a snake-like shark may yet be found, with the dorsal fin close to the head, and a tail which might at first glance appear to be anguilliform. It is possible that a zeuglodont, with an elongated neck, may be living, a lineal descendant of animals whose bones have been exhumed from miocene beds." Such possibilities are almost as fearful as the sea-serpent, and a great deal worse in a spelling-match.

—Whiskey is at the bottom of a large share of the wrongs that are done. An incident recently retold shows that it had much to do with starting the rebellion of the Southern States. Just after the election of President Lincoln, a conference of Southern leaders was held at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, to decide upon which course they should follow. At the opening of the discussions of that conference the prevailing sentiment and a decided majority were against a declaration of war. The majority of cooler heads, when sober, were against it. The discussion continued until a late hour. At length whiskey and ice were brought up. The members of the conference, some of them sparingly at first, imbibed. Bottle after bottle was produced. As a result those at first opposed to war, under the influence of drink, were influenced by the others; and when the conference broke up, near daylight, nearly the

entire body of Southern representatives were in favour of making war upon the flag and the government.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

NO. X.

I had started on my career of trying to preach the word of life. Looking back to this period of my life I have many times wondered how I had the courage to go at all. A young boy, only about 22 years of age, and with my very limited education. I only remained a few days in Smyrna, Me. and then with a brother, Rev. M. Stevens, went to the Sebec Quarterly Meeting which held its December session in the town of Milo, on the Piscataquis River. Being a beginner the brethren thought I ought to speak one evening. Their object in asking me to speak was not to help but to criticise me, and to see if there was anything in me like preaching. If I had any talent for the work I did not show it that evening at any rate. The effort was a miserable failure. I soon found I could do nothing, and remarked to the audience that I could not detain them very long. A brother in the congregation shouted loudly, "Amen," and I became more embarrassed still, and pretty soon took my seat amid a good deal of confusion. Perhaps those who have been placed in the same circumstances, or nearly so, will understand something about my feelings at that moment. I can best describe my feelings by saying that if the floor had opened beneath me and let me out of sight, it would have been that which I most devoutly wished and sincerely prayed for. But I was there and could not get out of sight of the people. I always blamed those brethren for putting me before the congregation for the purpose of criticism, and I have ever felt since then a disposition to save our young men from getting into any such position. With Elder M. Stevens I continued for about six weeks going from place to place and speaking occasionally to the people as best I could; I am very sure I should not call it preaching. Feb. 2nd, 1839, the Springfield Quarterly Meeting was organized in the town of Lincoln, Penobscott County, Me. The church in Weston had requested the Q. M. to grant me a license to preach, and the request was taken up and acted upon at that time. After an examination, I was asked to retire. Then the discussion began. I was as sure then, as I learned afterwards, that among all those present only one brother had any idea that I was called to the ministry or would ever succeed in the work. How glad I would have been if the brethren had called me in and told me that they considered I had mistaken my calling, and advised me to devote myself to some kind of manual work. I am sure I should gladly have tried to obey them; but how long it would have lasted I cannot say. It was a very grave question in my own mind whether I was called to this work; I reasoned that if I was called to the work of the ministry, I had only to open my mouth and God would fill it every time; as He did not do that I concluded I must be mistaken. I had yet to learn a good deal that I did not then understand, and the great trouble was I had no one to teach me things that were important for me to know. The Quarterly Meeting concluded, that as I was a young man and appeared to be sincere and honest, it could not go far astray in giving me a license to improve my gift for one year. I continued to labour about there. Some miles from Mattawamkeag Point there was a lumber camp, and the boys, to have some sport, invited me to preach in the camp one Sunday morning. I was well aware of the purpose of the invitation, but I determined to go, for I considered it was best to comply with the request. The boys had the camp fixed up in good shape for the service, and there was quite an audience present. I took for my text Isaiah 35:1, "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The Lord was present to bless; He helped me much, and there was no fun making in that meeting. I have been informed that a large village now exists where the camp stood and where I preached to the crew on that Sunday morning, so that literally the wilderness is glad for them and the desert is now blooming as the rose. It was then past the middle of Feb. and we had

to make our way to the St. John River as soon as possible. We had 35 miles to go to Weston. I had 50 cents, and the other brother had not any. We travelled afoot of course; at noon, the 50 cents had to go to pay for our dinners. Then we were without any money, and had about 27 miles to walk on a snow road, and it was then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Night soon overtook us. At dark we passed a little hamlet of a few houses; we were travelling through the woods on the then Military Road. Weary and foot-sore we trudged on for over an hour after dark. Directly there loomed up something in the distance, we soon saw that it was a load of hay coming towards us. We stepped aside to let the team pass, when the driver said, "It is a dark night gentlemen." I answered, "Well, I am glad to hear that voice," he stopped his team and said, "Who are you?" It is Bro. Taylor," I said "yes it is, and Bro. Stevens and I are travelling to Weston and have not a cent of money." "That is like the preachers," said he, "get upon this hay." And we got on and he took us back to the hamlet mentioned above, where he was going, kept us all night at his expense, and in the morning we went on our way and got to Weston by night. If I ever was thankful to God for anything it was for the timely help, for we were both pretty nearly exhausted. We remained in Weston a day or two, and then went on to Hodgdon and thence to Woodstock. In Woodstock we put up at the residence of our late brother in Christ, Stephen Parsons; at that time and for long afterwards it was a pilgrim's home. [This Bro. Parsons was the father of our respected brother in the ministry, Rev. J. T. Parsons. After being refreshed we went on to the Parish of Brighton, Carleton Co. where we purposed remaining awhile. Elder Stevens left me there and returned to Maine. Some years after this Bro. S. Parsons said to me, "I shall never forget your first visit to my house. You did not then look much like a preacher, nor as if you would ever make one." He and his excellent wife have both passed away to their reward; I shall never forget their kindness, and the memory of them is fragrant, and I expect it will always be fresh and green. At Benjamin Noble's, who was Deacon of the Free Baptist Church in Lower Brighton, I found an excellent home, and a warm welcome from him, from his amiable wife and large family. Sister Noble was a mother to us indeed to me, as she was good and kind to every one about her. I hope to meet them both in Heaven, and to thank them for their kindness to me when only a boy, and when suffering the great trial that certainly prepared me for the work God had for me to do. Perhaps I might here say, the church in Lower Brighton was at that time connected with the Free Will Baptists in the States, and I belonged to them also; this was one reason why I went there. In January 1840 the church got its dismission and united with Free C. Baptist Conference of N. B. where it remains to-day. I began to hold meetings, and preached three or four times to general satisfaction, for a boy, and I tried to some benefit. A revival commenced. Just then Rev. Samuel Wornwood, and Rev. Joseph Noble, both residents of the place at that time, came home. Their coming was just at the right time, for the work of revival went on and did not cease until some fifty or sixty were converted, baptized and received into the church. It was a grand work of grace, the fruits and effects of which we have seen and felt until this day. But I went into a great trial, the recital of which must be deferred till another number.]

A. TAYLOR.

How To Destroy The Bible.

First, get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000 copies, say, of the Old and New Testaments, in one book and in portions of the book. You must have all these piled together into a pyramidal mass, and reduced to ashes, before you can say you have destroyed the Bible. Then go to the libraries of the world, and when you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from every book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, exorcising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty, for the

knowledge and power of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible—until you have taken all these from between the bindings, and turned them into ashes, leaving the emasculated fragments behind—not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it then? Once more. Go to all the courts of law, and, having sought out the pandects and codes, you must master every principle of law, and study what it may have derived from the Old and New Testaments, and have all such passages removed from the codes of jurisprudence. You must then go through the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced—not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters, not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Then you must visit the baptistries of the churches, and from the baptismal rolls you must erase all Christian names—the names of John and Mary—for they suggest the Scriptures, and the register is stamped with the Bible. Have you done it then? No, there is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries, while they exist, are Bible, and to suppress the book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from grave-stone to grave-stone, and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is Biblical, and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible, you must blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not until you have done all this can you destroy the Bible.—*Dr. Guard.*

Good News From The Congo.

The London *Freeman* says:—"On the Congo reaping time has already come. Mr. Silvey tells of consecutive special services from December 12th to 19th, of crowds attending, of the power of the Lord being present to heal, of the working of the spirit in the hearts of the people. Here is the best of news:—"As the result of these meetings and the meetings we have since held, over one hundred persons have given in their names and decided for the future to follow Jesus." Chiefs and wives of the king, as well as lads of mission, are among the anxious and those who receive with gladness the word of gospel grace. Mr. Cameron adds: "Many have brought their fetiches (horns, shells, etc.); others had discarded these things before." We were intensely interested in the exploring expedition of Messrs Grenfell and Comber; still more in the missionary journeys of Messrs Comber and Bentley; and learnt with unspeakable satisfaction that our brethren on the Congo lived heroic lives and were faithful when called thereto unto death. But the last news is best. Let the churches know it. The glad tidings of sinners saved should be published in every missionary prayer-meeting and from all the pulpits of the land. Under such circumstances we should 'reinforce' and not 'recall' a single man. The harvest calls for more laborers."

OBEDIENCE.

The work of Foreign Missions is not a matter of belief, but of obedience. One might say I do not believe in keeping the Sabbath-day holy; but nevertheless it will be breaking God's commandments if he does not keep it. And we should be careful to remember that disobedience was the first sin, originating in the devil persuading Eve not to believe what God had said should "surely" be. What does it matter what one believes about a thing if God has commanded it to be done, or to be left undone? It is our plain duty to find out what he has commanded, and to do it, otherwise he says we are not his friends. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John xv. 14). Whatsoever, without questioning. Again he says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." This appeal to our love, to win the obedience due to our sovereign, the Ruler of the whole earth, is very touching and expressive of the tenderness of Christ in dealing with his friends. "Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends." See his idea of Friend-

ship; that a man lay down his life for his friends, which he willingly did for us. The test he requires of our friendship is that we do "Whatsoever I command you." He bechooses those among the friends of Jesus who do not believe in Foreign Missions to search diligently the Scriptures to see what he has said on the subject, and remember the same God who said, "Thou shalt not steal," said also, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In these days of freedom of thought and scrutiny of "feelings" we do not attach the importance we should to simple faith and straightforward obedience.—*Woman's Missionary Advocate.*

A Tunnel Over Ten Miles Long.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct, can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress, says *Engineering*. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over 100 years ago. This tunnel or adit as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley. The work is now complete, and it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about one mile longer than St. Gothard, and two and one-half miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height is 9 feet 10 inches, and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches. This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least the present generation have no reason to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with water-raising appliances, amounts to £15,000 a year.

Forced Merriment.

A remarkable effect was produced on some thirty women employed at a large India rubber works by inhaling the fumes of naphtha used on the premises. One after another they began to dance, while uttering shrill peals of laughter and throwing their limbs about in extraordinary fashion. The infection rapidly spread among those who had not come under the influence of the naphtha, and in a few minutes the whole place was in an uproar. The manager sent in all haste for half a dozen doctors. On their arrival the excited workwomen rushed on them like maniacs, and before they were aware of it these venerable practitioners were dragged and pushed into the work-room, where they were forced against their will to join the frantic dance, waltzing, polkaing, jumping and whirling in spite of their vigorous protests. On recovering from their surprise they made tremendous efforts to get away from the mad crowd. Many of the women had to be carried out by main force and conveyed home in cabs. On getting into the open air their excitement gradually calmed down; but work had to be suspended at the factory during several hours.

Hurrah.

What was the origin of the exclamation "Hurrah?" There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and Ceylon the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them on by perpetual repetitions of "ur-re!" The Arabs and camel-drivers in Turkey, Palestine and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "ar-re ar-re!" The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "ar-re." In France the sportsman excites the hounds by his shouts of "hare, hare!" and wagoners turn their horses by crying "harhaut!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "hurrih!" to the cattle they are driving. It is evidently an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur aie" (Thor aie), a battle cry of the ancient Norsemen, though some authorities derive it from the Jewish "Hosannah." The word is very often, and was formerly invariably,

spelt "huzza," and its pronunciation was "hurray."

What Women Are Doing.

—The wife of an engineer employed in a manufactory in Providence, R. I., frequently runs the large Corliss engine when her husband can obtain other employment, sometimes for several days. She has entire charge of the engine, which she understands perfectly, a fact of which her husband is extremely proud.

—Mme. Trelat left nearly all her property, about £400,000, to the Paris municipality, to found a school for the training of girls in household duties. As daughter and wife of physicians, she took the warmest interest in the study of medicine by women; and in 1857 she sent over a generous donation to assist the New York Infirmary and School for Women, then being established, and of which Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is now Dean, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Professor of Materia Medica.

—A society for the promotion of the higher education of women has been founded in Japan, under the presidency of the prime minister, and with the support of various influential foreign and Japanese gentlemen. Besides regular courses of instruction which will be provided, special courses of afternoon lectures will be delivered by the professor of the university. The whole institution will be under the control of a foreign lady principal, assisted by two or more foreign lady teachers.

—The members of the woman's Christian Temperance Union of Moorestown, N. J., told a saloon-keeper that if he would sign the pledge that they would buy his stock of liquors at the market price. He took them at their word, and the liquors were poured into the gutter.

Among Exchanges.

DISLOYALTY TO GOD.

Flight from a place to which God has called us is disloyalty to him; but performing its duties without realizing their importance or without adequate preparation for them is disloyalty too.—*The Presbyterian.*

THE WAY OF PEACE.

Great peace of heart comes to all who sincerely submit their way to the will and love of Christ. Jesus has a treasury of peace upon which all who are truly his may draw immeasurably every day.—*The Telescope*

A BAD WAY.

There are few things worse in religion than to be living by virtue of a creditable past. There can be no growth forward there, only a shrivelling backward.—*The Moravian.*

GOOD COUNSEL.

Don't be niggardly, mean, selfish, but benevolent, generous, magnanimous, possessing a character rounded into the fullness of the Christian graces. How beautiful, how charming, such a character! What blessings follow wherever it lives and moves! Such a character all may possess. Is it yours?—*Z. Herald.*

THE BEST WAY.

That pastor who gets all his people to feel that home and abroad are one interest to Christ and Christians will best develop the true life of his people and best widen their horizon to the limits of a genuine hope. Every church a missionary church, sent of Christ and sending Christ, is the working theory of his gospel.—*The Evangelist.*

THE PRAYER MEETING.

It is just as difficult to have a good prayer-meeting, with the members scattered indifferently about a large room, as it is to hold interesting and enjoyable social converse with those who are expected to participate in it sitting at remote distances from each other. Suppose the next time you go to the prayer-meeting you take notes along this line and see if what we say is not true. If it is, then let those who attend the prayer-meeting gather closely about the leader's desk, and not be afraid of their elbow's touching. There is power in concentration, sitting compactly in a service, physically speaking, as well as in thought and heart.—*Rel. Telescope.*