

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1763

## A Few Words To All Our Friends.

—December has come. It is always an important month for newspapers. It is a time for renewals and new subscriptions. Remittances are expected from everywhere; and the office men are glad to be kept busy making entries, changing dates, adding new names etc. We are expecting this to be a good month for the INTELLIGENCER. November was as good as we expected. The work of receiving subscriptions and securing new subscribers was very well begun. But it was only preliminary to what needs to be, and we think will be done this month. We wish all the friends of the INTELLIGENCER, and the cause it represents, and the work it does to read the following notes, and then do the very best they can for the paper of their choice. Promptness of response and heartiness of effort in its behalf will be an inestimable help just now.

—We want every present subscriber of the INTELLIGENCER to have "OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN." The terms on which we offer it to them are the best possible. They are so favourable that we have no doubt many wonder how it can be done at all. Well, we have strained a point or two, figured the whole matter down very fine, and taken some financial risk in order to put it within the reach of all our patrons. And we are hoping and expecting they will show their appreciation of the liberal offer we make by promptly taking advantage of it.

The price of the paper to advance subscribers is the same, \$1.50; by adding fifty cents the book is secured. —In the case of subscribers in arrears for the present or previous years, we have to require payment of all arrears, and the subscription for 1888 in advance, with the addition of fifty cents as in all other cases. That we have to insist on the payment of arrears must be plain to everyone who gives the matter thought. Did we furnish the book to those in arrears on the payment of a single subscription, we would be giving them an advantage not enjoyed by those who have always been prompt to pay. Besides, we greatly need the money due, and would, in any case, have to urge its immediate payment. Our friends who, by neglect or for any reason, have fallen behind in their payments, will, we trust make an effort just now to pay up, and at the same time forward the advance payment necessary to secure the paper for '88, and the book. The number of those in arrears is smaller now than for several years, and we are anxious to begin the new year with every one paid up. A slight effort on the part of each one of these will accomplish this much to be desired end. Please make it right away.

—Our list of subscribers has steadily increased during the year and is now larger than for several years. And yet we are not satisfied. We want more; we need more. There is room for them, and we are determined to get them if possible. Among Free Baptists in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there are many hundreds of homes with which the INTELLIGENCER—the only paper of the denomination in Canada—does not go. These all ought to have it. They need it. And it needs them.

We are looking to the ministers and other interested friends to do the paper and the denomination it represents the favour of bringing the INTELLIGENCER to the attention of all these non-subscribing Free Baptists, and soliciting them to now become subscribers. The present is a good time to do this. Besides saying all the good they can, in conscience, of the paper they can tell them of the fine premium offered with it for next to nothing.

—There are, also, many other homes into which it might be introduced. Our subscribers are not, by any means, confined to the denomination of which the paper is the organ. Among the most appreciative of our readers are a good many who belong to other branches of the Christian church. We are glad to have them, and the good words they often speak of the paper do us much good. We would like to have their number greatly increased. The INTELLIGENCER aims to do good to all.

—As an inducement to present subscribers to secure new ones we have made the offer which appears in the Premium Announcement. Turn to page eight and read the offer.

We would be glad if every subscriber would secure the book in this way. It is worth trying at any rate. There is scarcely one who has not at least two neighbors or friends who could be induced to subscribe for the paper and the premium on the liberal terms offered. Tell them about it. Show them the paper. Let them read it, and learn its character. An, if possible, get them to subscribe. We think you will succeed.

—The assurances we have received from ministers and other friends, of active efforts for the enlargement of the INTELLIGENCER's list has greatly encouraged us, and we are expecting to enter on the new year with a

larger number of readers than ever before.

Will all our friends give the paper the benefit of their good words and judicious solicitations among their neighbours just now? The present is a good time to do the work. And the conditions of subscription are so exceptionally favourable that we feel sure that the work must succeed.

—Let December be made the great month of this year in work to enlarge the circle of INTELLIGENCER readers. Begin the work at once. Send renewals promptly as possible. Send new names with them.

Our aim is to keep all present subscribers, and add, at least, a thousand new ones. With the co-operation of our friends—many of whom have done fine service for it in other years—all this can be accomplished.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—WAKING UP. Everywhere the conviction is spreading and deepening that the rum trade is a terrible curse, and must be dealt with a strong hand. Denmark is waking up to the danger of the traffic. In Copenhagen the number of public houses is to be reduced from 1,360 to 300. Landlords are forbidden to serve out drink to any person under age, male or female, or any who are already under the influence of drink. A drunken person is to be sent home in a covered carriage, at the expense of the landlord in whose house he took his last glass.

—A NEW THEORY. Mr. Norman Lockyer, the Astronomer, at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of England, read a paper in which he propounded a new theory of the constitution of the universe. The new theory, he declares, is the result not of speculation, but of spectroscopic research. It is summed up in the statement that all the self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites or masses of meteoric vapor produced by heat brought about by the condensation of meteor swarms due to gravity. This hypothesis, if accepted, may, as one eulogist remarks, weld all previous knowledge into one harmonious whole. At present it is received by men of science under all reserve.

—BURIED ALIVE. Dr. L. Comeau who, some years ago, published a work on the certain signs of death, with the purpose of "preventing the interment of living persons," declares that he has ninety-six well authenticated cases of burials by mistake, of those who were alive. Here is one of them:— "A French Army officer, on Aug. 30, 1836, was buried at Saintes with military honors. The parting salute awoke him from apparent death. He knocked upon the lid of the coffin, was heard, set at liberty, and marched back to the house of mourning at the head of the detachment that had been detailed to escort his body to the grave."

—TWO EVILS. Bishop Ryle says there are two evils which heavy clouds hang over the Church of England. The first is the lawlessness of the clergymen who insist upon ceremonialism contrary to the order of the law courts endorsed by the bishop, a matter that must be dealt with by parliamentary legislation. The second is the growing tendency of most preachers to be content with a very low standard of teaching.

—A CARGO OF CRIMINALS. Five hundred criminals of the worst class were recently shipped from France to the penal colony of Cayenne. They were shipped in iron cages, because they were as desperate, vicious and insensate as wild beasts. What a cargo! Poor human nature sinks to awful depths when left to itself.

—ONE FOR THE PREACHER. It is related that a Scotch minister chanced to meet two of his parishioners in the office of a lawyer whom he regarded too sharp. The lawyer jocularly and not very graciously put the question,—"Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask do you look upon them as black or white sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, drily, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know if they are here long they are pretty sure to be well fleeced."

—What is slander? A verdict of "guilty" pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defense or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

No. III.

ELDER THOMAS CROWELL.

The early public life of this good old man lacks the accuracy of date and organization which is desirable for historic definiteness. He was almost exactly contemporary with Elder Asa McGray; so were the churches of Barrington and Cape Island of which they were the respective pastors; but the Cape Island church grew up under a man of decided denominationalism from abroad, while the other was the mother of her first pastor. In this case was fulfilled the prophetic words; "so shall thy sons marry thee."

Thomas Crowell was born at Barrington in 1768, the second son of the original settler of Barrington of the same name. Both their names are signed to a remarkable covenant and declaration of faith drawn up previous to 1795, in which the sentiments of Henry Alleine are quite recognizable.

Calvinistic ideas seem to have prevailed in the Barrington church from 1807 to 1821, when they were renounced July 24, just after the organization of the first Free Will Baptist church on Cape Island. This fusion of Congregationalist, Alleineist and Baptist doctrines, at the first contact with Free Will Baptist influence, resulted in a distinct church which has ever since been tenaciously loyal to the teachings of its early life. Amid such fusion and confusion, Thomas Crowell reached manhood and middle age, himself the outcome and exponent of the faith having been thrust forth into the vineyard by the hand of God and enjoying the esteem of his brethren. It is a matter of deep regret to those interested in the history of Barrington church that its records previous to 1840 or thereabouts have disappeared, although the book containing them was in existence as late perhaps as 1860.

To separate Elder Crowell in those early days from the church is impossible. How early he preached I know not; but an incident is related of Rev. H. Harding that he refused an invitation to the ordination although it had been arranged long before for him to assist. The refusal was attributed to the new stand of Elder Harding and his church as close communion Baptists. This places the ordination of Elder Crowell subsequent to 1827. He had been preaching long before this, however, as Elder Albert Swim was converted under his preaching in 1815, and tradition accounts him as a preacher long before the arrival of Elder McGray in 1817. His name appears among the framers of the union of Christians and Free Will Baptists under the title Free Christian baptists in 1837. Chiselled on the marble slab above his grave are these words: Elder Thos. Crowell, died Mar. 21, 1841, aged 72 years, 3 months.

The Rev. C. Knowles paid a tribute to departed worth by versifying the memories of his virtues and the joys of his reward. These verses are printed with the Treatise of Faith published at that time.

Elder Crowell started the first Sabbath school in Barrington, and the first temperance society at Shag Harbor. The pledge of the latter required its members to "always be teetotalers." In appearance he is said to have much resembled his son, the late T. Corning Crowell; his voice was full and pleasant, and of wonderful volume and reach on some occasions; his manner was cheerful and active. The remarkable thing about him is that without skill in sermonizing, without liberal education, without imaginative power, without any particular element of the make-up of successful preachers, he was successful. A godly life and direct practical address won the hearts of the people to himself and their souls for his master. A familiar stanza to many of the old people is the 18th one of the tribute to his memory already referred to:

"There he has met with many, who Rejoiced and mourned with him below; Forever safe, forever free; O! what a world sweet heaven must be."

Also, his own frequent exclamation in the pulpit, by way of anticipating heaven,

"Oh, what a wonder I shall be, To all the heaven-born race! Angels, amazed, may look on me, A miracle of grace."

while streaming tears attested the reality of his hope in God.

We do not know what arrangements were made in the society in his early life, to feed the ox that treaded out the corn; but it is certain that he did not wait for others to conform to a scriptural precept, while he had an apostolic model before himself; and so, working with his hands, he had not only supported the wants of his family, but enjoyed the comforts of life as well, found time to visit the poor, the afflicted, and was truly ready to every good work. Many have arisen to call him blessed, all along the shores from Port la Tour to Yarmouth where his preaching visits occasionally extended. His remains lie in the old churchyard at Barrington Head.—Edwin Crowell.

## Your Pastor's Salary.

The following from the Standard, written by the son of a minister, could be duplicated by more sons and daughters of ministers than people think. The story is so well told and in so christian a spirit, and for so good a purpose, that we publish it in the hope that it may carry light to many who are ignorant of the real situation of many ministers perhaps their own:

My father was a Baptist pastor. A godly man he was, sometimes eloquent, if I do say it, always effective as a preacher, and as a pastor wise and tender. He, for the Master's sake, and not because he could not get larger remuneration, took impoverishing fields, which by other men were shunned. His salary ranged from three to five hundred dollars, never even in war-times, "with butter fifty cents a pound" as the old song went, exceeding the last-named sum. To be sure, there was the donation which helped to pay the rent; but after father publicly but graciously protested against the donation being made the occasion of a promiscuous kissing match, the receipts were very small. In our hardest winter, we two boys, of eleven and thirteen perhaps, went about from house to house selling little articles at a small profit to gain a few extra dimes for the home. Then, too, we took the janitorial work of the meeting house, rising at three or four o'clock in the morning and walking a mile through the drift and darkness to light the fires. Mush and milk was, in those days, a stable article with us. But mother kept us all comfortably and well clad. Every article of our clothing, except our shoes, and father's coat and hat, she made with her own dear hands. And mother was a feeble woman, and always in ill health. Father's threadbare garments she used to turn, and cutsmaller, and make over for us boys. What deftness of needle, in house hold economy what skill of long practiced art, what ingenuity in planning, what fertility of resource were mother's! For a bonnet she used to take the covering from father's cast off silk hat, freshen it till good as new, set it neatly over the old frame reshaped, and then so modestly and tastefully adorn it, as to make some wealthy sisters green with envy. I remember one such triumph of skill, the total cost of which—it was for a skein of silk—was just three cents. And a purse-proud woman with expensive head gear was scandalized at mother's extravagance.

I am not ashamed of those old days. Of all my life I think those years the wholesomest. Poverty is an evil to the pastor's family, by no means unmixt with good. But an evil it is, and a mighty evil, for which God will call his church to judgment. The continued and unnatural battle against want, together with the always heavy cares and griefs of a conscientious and godfearing pastorate, wore out the strength of both those devoted spirit before they reached their prime. My father had a mind acute to discriminate, and fruitfully to absorb the best that had been said or written. The few books he had, and some of these were from his father, he knew almost by heart. From them he used to repeat long passages to me when I was young. But his hungry spirit was never fed with any of the current books he longed for. To buy them would have been to take bread from his children. There was neither public nor private library in Farm Corners. The richest luxury father knew was to furnish for us boys a healthful juvenile magazine, that we at least might be nourished.

Justly conscious of natural endowments, beyond many with better opportunities, he timidly sat beneath the shadow of lesser men. With his soul filled with love for his brethren, with an ardent public spirit, and intensely interested in every denominational enterprise, he never could spare from his small stipend the funds to attend a single great Convention or Anniversary. He was pressed down and overborne and crushed by poverty. Never shall I forget the hours of gloom, the sighs, the ill-concealed tears, that would fall against his will, as I used sometimes as a child to ride with him to some afternoon appointment at an outstation. Little I understood them then, as little lie in the old churchyard at Barrington Head.—Edwin Crowell.

Beloved, I have told you this story, not because it is my father's story of twenty years ago, but because it is the story of hundreds of humble godly, able men and women, who are honoring our churches with their self-denying service to-day.

Quite likely your pastor, gentle reader is here described. What abyssal folly in church-members, to starve their own pastor's mind, that they may line their pockets. Did it ever occur to you that if ten families only gave ten per cent of their income to their pastor, his salary would be equal to the average income of the ten? Or if twenty families gave five per cent, or fifty families two per cent only, the same result would be achieved? Or considering that the pastor's expenses must needs be greater than those of his church-members if fifty families gave three per cent, the pastor's salary would be greater by one half than theirs would average? Such results as these the Biblical Plan of Christian giving will secure. Many a mission field will be raised to self-support, many a pastor intellectually starving will be able to feed his mind, and multiply his usefulness, and nourish his flock with fresh life, and gather new hope, with a new lease of power, from the new world into which he will be ushered.

## "Take Fifty Dollars Off."

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, in a recent address, told the following story, and enforced its lessons:

I came across a young man last year up near the Delaware water-gate—a young man who had great courage. Up there near the water-gate, in the side of the mountain, is a beautiful village, where many people from New York, Newark and Jersey City, have their summer homes. Just in the side of the mountain are two little churches, a Presbyterian church and a Methodist church. The young man had been sent over from the Philadelphia conference to preach in the Methodist church, and the official brethren had the usual meeting to estimate his salary. A good many of you, brethren, have sat in such councils. They fixed his salary at a thousand dollars, a large compensation, he thought. And then they began to post him about the peculiarities of the church; and about this family and that family, so that he might know just how to manage affairs and go along smoothly. Then they further said to him, "Now, in the summer time a good many foreign ers, people from the city, come to our little church. One of the richest brewers of Newark sits here in the summer time in one of our best pews, and pays fifty dollars a year toward the salary. He drives the finest carriage that comes up to our little village. His wife dresses beautifully; his daughters more so, and his sons are perfect patterns. Now, then, while he is in the church in the summer time, we would like to have you go a little slow about saying anything on the temperance question. Don't say anything about the liquor traffic. Preach about the Mormons or the Lost Tribes, anything but that (laughter), or we shall lose his presence among us and his fifty dollars, and we rather like to have him drive his carriage to our little church—monogram on the carriage door, footman and groom on the carriage, harness beautiful—nothing that goes to the Presbyterian church is anything like it, and we want to keep it. (Laughter). The young man scratched his head a little. He had been educated at the Drew Theological Seminary, where they teach that to preach against intemperance is one of the things to do everywhere and anywhere. Herose

to his feet, and the presiding elder told me that as he began to straighten up, he looked to be about eleven feet high. "Now," he said, "brethren, what did you fix this salary at?" "A thousand dollars. "You just take fifty dollars off. I must have a shot at that party the first thing." (Loud and tumultuous applause). And they could not persuade him out of it. Just think of the stubborn fellow! By and by the beautiful June days came, and among those who stopped at the little Methodist church on the hill-side came the brewer with a brand new carriage, everything better and brighter than ever before. He filed into the pew. What should this young man do but open the Bible, and for about an hour he poured out on that audience all the woes that God had pronounced against the men that put the bottle to their neighbors' lips. One of the stewards told me that the ceiling of the little church was fairly blistered before noon. Well, now, what was the result? Why, at the close of the sermon this brewer came forward to the altar and took this young man by the hand and said, "Do you know me?" "Yes, sir," "Did you know my business?" "Yes." "Did you know I was a brewer?" "Yes." "Did you preach that sermon for me?" "For you only." "Well, now," said he, "I like the courage of a man that will do that." (Applause.) Says he "Give us your hand. I have been in the habit of giving fifty dollars a year to this church. I will give you a hundred dollars." You see the brewer was a man of common sense. The official brethren had looked upon him as a man of dollars and cents. (Laughter). O, I tell you, my friends, that we, who are endeavoring to kill off this liquor traffic, have great cause to be thankful. The world is moving on, no doubt about that. Many of us standing on the skirmish line of this fight have a great deal to contend with. No doubt about that. Sour faces of friends turned against us, because you may happen to strike where it hurts somebody. Ministers feel it. People in the pews feel it. Citizens feel it as they walk along the streets. The shot that echoed from Sioux City, and that dreadful murder in Mississippi the other day—all these things are on the line of breakers, the barbarism of the whole liquor traffic coming to the surface.

## Among Exchanges.

### SERMONS.

Sermons are like guns. Some are long, others short; some are big, others little; some are bright, others rusty; some shoot altogether too high, others quite too low. Some are loaded, others empty; some are air-guns, others pop-guns; some scatter terribly, others kick over the shooter; some are charged principally with wadding, others are aimed at nothing—and hit it.—Michigan Advocate.

### DO YOUR DUTY.

A man when he is doing his duty never knows how much he is doing. And when a man is doing wrong he never knows how much he is doing. This truth is illustrated by the experience of every thoughtful Christian—and every sobered sinner. Apparent failures are often monumental successes. Livingstone, dying in a Negro's hut; Bunyan, lying in Bedford Jail; Elijah, fainting under the Juniper tree; Christ stretched on the cross of Calvary—were most efficiently carrying out the work of God and glorifying him in the very "hour and power of darkness" when God seemed to have forsaken them.—Advocate.

### THE NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper is one of the foremost wonders of the modern world. The family that does not take, and carefully read, at least one newspaper, is not living in the nineteenth century. A man who does not read a newspaper is placed at painful disadvantage in all conversation with intelligent friends. A woman who does not read a newspaper may be condemned to the disagreeable necessity of always talking about her neighbors. A growing boy or girl who does not read a newspaper, will have no just views of that great and wonderful world in which they are to take a place.—Dr. John A. Broadus.