

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 15.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL 13, 1887.

WHOLE No. 1730

SPECIAL OFFER.

A Chance for New Subscribers.

We will send the paper to new subscribers from now on the date of receiving the subscription till Dec. 31st next for \$1.00.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—A well known writer of hymns, Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, has just died in New York. Dr. Palmer was also a most successful preacher. He was born November 12th 1808. The best known hymn from his pen, "My faith looks up to Thee," has been translated into twenty languages.

—A daily paper in St. Paul Minn. tells the following story of a business man of that city who has decided to cease to attend the pulpit service of a certain minister. "I have always been accustomed," said he, "to review my 'business' affairs of the week during the service Sunday mornings. Somehow I never got any other so good an opportunity. Now, you can't do that when—is talking. You have to listen. No, that is not the kind of preaching for me. I must quit."

—The refusal of the Queen of Madagascar to wink at the foreign slave trade was one of the causes of the French Malagasy war. That trade has now been reopened between the west coast of the island and the French colony of Reunion. Many thousands of the poor natives of Madagascar were carried off to Reunion and not one has ever been known to return. The slaves cost the French pirates—they are nothing less—about twenty-five dollars each, and they are sold for six or seven times as much. The French flag might well blush at its dishonor.

—A minister of twenty five years' service makes the statement that he has never in that time collected \$25 for home missions from men who are opposed to foreign missions.

—A writer in the *Evangelist* hits the awful silences of some religious social meetings with a story of an old man who was known as "brother Hurdle." He was a very sincere man, and had a quaint way of expressing himself. Some of his sayings were current coin in the community. He might be styled an ancient edition of the Rev. Sam Jones. The meeting had reached that point where the minister or leader was waiting for volunteers. After an awkward and impressive pause—you know what I mean—brother Hurdle arose and delivered himself as follows: "Brethren, I don't know how it is with the rest of you, but as for me, when I come to meeting and attempt to talk on the subject of religion, I can hardly open my mouth; but when I'm out at business and it comes to worldly topics, I can talk enough for two sets of teeth!" Thereupon the old man sat down; but a sympathetic smile passed around the audience, as if all present were touched with a feeling for his infirmity.

—It has been the common belief founded on tradition, that Paul as well as Peter suffered martyrdom in Rome. But Dr. Edmund Stapfer, in the *Homiletic Magazine*, casts considerable doubt on the received tradition as to the death of the Apostle by beheading outside the gates of Rome. The tradition is unsupported by any evidence, and Dr. Stapfer considers it more probable that Paul, who was a prisoner in the Pretorian Camp in the north-eastern quarter of the city, perished in the great fire of July, A. D. 64, which burst out the second time in and consumed that part of the town. "Paul," suggests Dr. Stapfer, "probably died in the three last days of the conflagration, burnt alive in the apartment which he occupied, and in which he was chained."

—Here is encouragement for the boys who think they have a poor chance.

—Captain James B. Eads, the distinguished civil engineer, whose death occurred last month, began life under the most unfavorable circumstances. In his boyhood days he sold apples on the streets to contribute his part to the support of himself and mother, and he had but few educational advantages. But by great industry and by perseverance, and by making the best use of his opportunities, he worked his way up in the world and became famous as an engineer.

—Burdette, who is a genuine humorist, in a recent paper entitled the "Confessions of a humorist" gives the following among some boyish reminiscences. And, as always, he appends a moral, which in this case is an excellent one. Here is the story:

When I was a light-hearted school-boy, I once in alliance with a boy named George Larue, secretly put a large rubber overshoe in a hot-air flue of the school furnace, by means whereof we got a half holiday while the school-house was hired. Two days later, I danced before the delighted pupils to the sibilant pleating of the birchen switch. After school I asked George about it. He said he had reformed—that his conscience wouldn't give him any peace about our deception until he had confessed.

"But," I said, "how was it that you didn't get licked?"

The conscientious lad explained that he didn't confess on himself; he only confessed on me.

I rather liked this: so I told George that I was beginning to feel certain qualms of conscience myself, and if he would just take off his jacket and hat I would endeavor to unburden my mind to him. I think I was really a more conscientious boy than George, for I had to sweep up a large portion of the back yard with him before I felt that peace of mind which follows confession and reparation of wrong.

Ever since that day I have observed that it is easier to confess on other people than on one's self, and that there are always plenty of conscientious people around ready to confess all that the penitent leaves out.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

NO. XI.

To understand the trial which I alluded in my last, and which this paper deals with, it is necessary to state some things about myself that I did not then know. We all need teaching in one way or another. I did not know the things that were detrimental to my efficiency in the work, and I had to be taught what they were and how to overcome them. I was wilful and determined; but at that time I did not understand my willfulness and my stubborn inflexibility. My stubbornness had to be subdued, and my inflexibility regulated. I had a great deal of self-esteem, and my high-mindedness had to be brought down. I was possessed with too much love of approbation, and my desire for the praise of my fellows had to become subordinated to the praise of God. And, as I have stated elsewhere, I had to learn that I should cultivate the powers God had given me, and hold them always in subjection to His will. Now to be taught of God I had to be cast down, for "Before honour is humility." And so I was cast down into the dust, and kept there until I had learned these needed lessons. The revival in Brighton had got well started, and the ministers had come to their homes to carry on the work. Suddenly I found I could do nothing; I had lost my light, and had been shorn of my spiritual strength; I was completely in the dark, and was well nigh bewildered, I found I could not speak or even pray in public; from about the 10th of March until the last of June, nearly four months, I said but very little in the House of God, and that little did not amount to anything. I thought I would leave the place, and attempted to do so two or three times, and even prayed God to be permitted to go, but the Lord would not hear me, and when I tried to pray about it I was dumb and could not say one word, my pants got so worn that they were not fit to be seen in public, and in secret prayers I besought the Lord to let me go to some other place and earn a pair; the answer I got was that the Lord would provide for me before to-morrow night, and before the next night the pants were forthcoming. Of course the people were in a wonder about my course, and many of them tried to help me in my troubles, but it was all of no use; I could not be helped by being reasoned with. Rev. Joseph Noble did his duty to me like a christian and a brother, and we always have had the best of union ever since; but even his excellent counsel failed to help me. It was well that God had raised up some friends to stand by me, or what I should have done I cannot say. I used to go to Wakefield and to Simonds, but

was all of no avail. Two things transpired sometime in May that showed me God had not forsaken me. I was walking along the road one day with my head bowed and feeling as badly as I could, when I heard the sound of a horse on the road, looking up I saw a man on horseback coming towards me. Some thing said to me "speak to that man." I was surprised, what could I say to a stranger. By this time the horse was beside me. I spoke and the horse stopped. I then said to the man, "My dear sir, you are like Jonah running away from the presence of the Lord; do not go any further I beg of you; go back to your home, for if you do not destruction is in your path;" these and some other words to the same effect I addressed to him; I said also "I must pray for you," and I knelt there in the road and began to pray. I had language enough then. The man dismounted and knelt by my side; after I had finished my prayer, he said to me, "Whether you are a man or an angel I know not, but you have told me the truth whether I shall profit by it or not." He then mounted his horse and was gone; I never have seen him since, and what became of him I do not know. He was hardly out of sight before I was in the same state of mind as before I spoke to him. Soon after this I went one afternoon out to Newburgh Settlement to see one of the brethren residing there. He was pleased to see me, as he had made up his mind not to go to meeting that evening. His wife was a very good woman but very timid. Many prayers had been offered in her behalf, and much labour had been expended with her to bring her to Christ, but all had been of no avail. We had prayers in the evening; I felt so dejected that I almost concluded it was no use for me to pray; but after the brother got through his prayer, I thought I would try to say a few words. As soon as I opened my mouth I was filled with the spirit of prayer; I was before the throne of grace and it did not appear to be far away. O, what power I had, and what intercession with God. The brother's wife broke out in prayer and did not stop until she gained deliverance to her soul. She was baptized the next Sabbath. The brother was somewhat frightened to see such manifestations, but he soon was happy to hear his wife rejoicing in God. After this I began to learn that God had given me a mind for the purpose of improvement, which I must do if I expected to do anything in the ministry; I must be willing to preach little or much as God willed, whether five minutes or ten hours; that if people said I had done grandly it was to have no effect upon me, or if they spoke harshly it was to be all the same; all was to be given to God, and everything to be subservient to his glory; all must be for Christ or my ministry would be of very little good. These things I distinctly learned, and was satisfied of their truth; but it is one thing to be convinced of certain things and quite another thing to have them ruling and reigning as living principles within us, guiding our spirit and our actions to the glory of God. I began to pray that I might have these principles established within me. About the last of June I went into father Noble's back field one morning and began to pray for help. I shall never forget the agony that I suffered there for two or three hours. If anyone had seen me they would have pronounced me crazy. My life passed in review before me, views of the future too were spread before me. The question was, Shall all be given to Jesus? I rose from my place on the ground, and took a three cornered stone I found lying there, went to the edge of the woods, fixed the stone firmly in the ground, knelt down and solemnly gave myself unreservedly to God, and asked Him if I was not faithful to the trust bestowed on me that that stone might witness against me in the day of judgment. This was the most solemn act of my life. I arose from my knees with a great calm and peace pervading my spirit, such as I had enjoyed before but now in greater degree. Then, said God, "I will now give you deliverance before the people in the monthly conference next Saturday." And then the promise in the prophecy of Habakuk came with force to my mind, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall the olive bear fruit, yet in the vine shall I be fruitful, and in the fig tree shall I be fruitful."

yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herds in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord I will joy in the God of my salvation." I returned to the house full of peace. On Saturday God did deliver me, as then that were present could testify. On Sunday I tried to preach a little; I mattered not to me now whether I preached or not if God only was glorified. I was now in some manner prepared to do work for God as I never was before. My great trial was ended, and I was free. Of course I was a listener still, but I was now fit to do something for the Master. Sometime in July I went up river with Elder Wornwood and engaged in revival that spread largely, and laid the foundation of our first District Meeting.

A. TAYLOR.

HON. GEO. E. FOSTER ON PROHIBITION.—An Ottawa despatch reports an interview with Mr. Foster on the prohibition question. In reply to an interrogation he said:

"The temperance question has not been discussed by the Government. As for myself, of course I am an out-and-out prohibitionist. The issue is being more seriously considered each successive year, and in the nature of things must ere long become a dominant question in the Dominion. I am in favor of every legislative measure which will tend to diminish the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and in favor of this enactment whenever there is any reasonable ground for believing that the public sentiment will sustain its enforcement. All license laws are partial prohibition laws, and every advance made in strictness of legislation is a nearer approach to complete prohibition. There are large portions of Canada which are at present, I believe, fully ripe for complete prohibition. There are other large sections of which I do not think the same can be said. Press as strongly as we may for a prohibitory law, we will get it only when the majority of the people's representatives are in favor of its enactment. Whenever that time comes we may fairly conclude that the majority of the people want prohibition and that the country will be ripe for it. With regard to the Scott Act, looking in both directions, namely, in the direction of a strengthening of the Act by making its provisions more strict, and in the other direction of weakening the Act by extending it to admit of the sale of light wines and beer, it cannot be predicted what will be the outcome, inasmuch as a large number of members of Parliament are new and have not yet made their Parliamentary record on the question."

The Gospel in Russia.

Pastor Schiewe, a heroic Baptist minister from St. Petersburg, Russia, now in this country in the interest of the unsaved multitude of that great empire, says of that people: "In my opinion we are fully justified in applying the words of the Prophet Isaiah, 'And behold! darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people,' next to heathendom, to the great and dark land of Russia. Millions live there without the pure and saving Gospel, and die in their sins. Indeed, it bears the name of a Christian country, but that is all. The worship of images, of blind fanaticism, and a dead ritual, constitute the whole of the Christian religion in Russia."

But there, as elsewhere, the Gospel is penetrating the ignorance and superstition and dead formalism of the people. "The Lord be praised," says Pastor Schiewe, "that already the light from on high has appeared in this dark land. Our foes have done all in their power to quench the rising light, but the powers of darkness have not succeeded. I know a brother who has been imprisoned forty-one times for the Gospel's sake. An old man of seventy years of age, because he preached the Gospel, was put in chains and transported a distance of sixty English miles, all of which he had to walk, so that the blood ran from his wrists and ankles where the chains bound him."

"In one town a whole meeting and the preacher were imprisoned, not excepting the mothers who had infants at home; and a brother, on one occasion, was stretched or bound between two horses, and was thus driven two miles. There are few

preachers in Russia belonging to our denomination who have not already been in prison. I, also, have not been free from it, having been imprisoned seven times for the Gospel's sake, and was forbidden the country for the same reason. In the year 1869 I was imprisoned for the first time; during the year 1872 five times; and in the year 1877 I was taken away by the police from my brethren and from my wife and children, and, together with five other brethren, was conducted over the frontier by guards armed with revolvers and side-arms, and banished into exile."

Pastor Schiewe, while in St. Petersburg, held eight meetings a week in his apartments, preaching in German, Swedish, and Estonian, in spite of persecution, imprisonment, and exile. In consequence of strong protests from England and Germany, the Czar has now granted permission to the exiled preacher to return, and he desires to build a chapel in St. Petersburg.—*Evangelical Messenger*.

Defending The Church.

The question was proposed to Dr. Lyman Beecher a short time before his death, "How can we best defend the Church?" The question aroused his slumbering mind, and with the earnestness of his palmist days he exclaimed, "By saving souls." No more correct or weighty answer could be given. The conversion of a soul is as such an evidence of divine power as the restoration of sight to the blind or speech to the dumb. Men may discredit our logic and reject our arguments; but when sinners are converted, their whole moral character changed, their lives reformed, and their energies directed into new channels; when the liar is made truthful, the thief honest, the profane reverent, the cruel tender and compassionate, the indolent industrious, the debauchee temperate and virtuous, there is an argument presented that no infidel can answer, no skeptic gainsay. If we wish to defend the church against its enemies, the best way is to labor to make it the means of saving souls. A saved soul is an argument of greater power in the defense of the Church than any other that can be offered. A church where souls are being saved occupies a position of high preeminence; and so long as it goes on saving souls, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Revival Showers in Japan.

A letter written from Sendai to the *Christian*, published in Tokyo, speaks as follows concerning the revival influences manifest there:—"The next meetings were more remarkable still. The attendance was very large, and many were so moved that they went out into the fields and mountains to pray, and others remained in the church until three o'clock in the morning, unable to sleep through deep conviction of sin. Others went to the houses of the ministers and confessed their sins, and asked for prayer. Many confessed their sins openly in the meetings. Others who had no sympathy with revivals, and denied the influence of the evil spirit, now acknowledged the influence of both. One woman who considered revivals as disturbances of spiritual peace, during conversation with another Christian, broke out in tears, and confessed that she had doubted the work of God, and asked for prayers that she might be forgiven her sin of unbelief. At a meeting held in the Methodist church, at which there were many students of the Sendai Academy, an address was given upon the 'Work of the Holy Spirit,' when the whole meeting was moved to tears, many confessing their sins and asking God to forgive them—so much so that, an hour afterward, when it was suggested that a hymn be sung there was no response, so deep was the emotion. A meeting at the Kokin-chu church (Presbyterian) was the most solemn and impressive of all. During an address by one of the brethren the whole meeting was in tears, and at the close one of the brethren rushed out of the room, exclaiming, 'God forgive my sins! God help me!' He had been a zealous Christian, but had been led astray, and excluded from the church."

"Such is the condition of affairs at Sendai. The churches are growing in number, and the faith of believers greatly strengthened and deepened. Interesting revival items are reported in the *Christian* of believers going to the mountains

to pray and receive the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In the island of Skikoku, also, recently, fifty-seven desired baptism, having renounced their sins."

Home Life of Emperor William.

There is never any change in the appearance of the venerable monarch's palace home. His sleeping room and office at the corner of the building that stands in the Unter den Linden are lit up every evening at the usual hour, and even when the sovereign is absent these windows are bright with lamps and candles until midnight just as though he were in the capital. The room is a large one, some 18x25 feet square, with wooden wainscoting and heavy brown satin hangings. The bed, although a very simple one, is no longer the iron camp bedstead which most of his biographers have declared to be his nightly couch; it stands with the head to the wall facing a wide, lofty window shaded by thick blinds, and near it on a little table is a collection of family photographs, including that of the Emperor himself, who is represented holding on his knees his great grandson, the next but last born child of Prince William. The Emperor's watch hangs at the head of the bed, where also a bell-rope is within his reach. On the mantelpiece, no matter what may be the season of the year, there is always a huge bouquet of blue corn flowers, the emperor's favorite, in a silver Renaissance vase. On a bracket fastened to the wall is a two branched candlestick with green shades. The whole of one side of the room is filled up with a large mirror. A door opens from this room into the one assigned to the general on duty as aide-de-camp.

Another door communicates with the Emperor's private office, to which he proceeds as soon as he is up and dressed, and where he always begins his daily work by reading the verse of Scripture, the proverb, or the philosophical reflection printed on the ephemeral almanac hanging over his desk. He now and then adds an annotation of his own to these daily slips, or makes on them a memorandum of how he has employed the day, and as they are all carefully preserved by his granddaughter, the Princess William of Prussia, they will one day form a curious and valuable collection for the examination of future biographers and historians.

For a great many years a cane-bottomed chair was the only seat this room contained, but this has lately been exchanged for a large green leather upholstered arm one, which stands to the right of three tables placed in a row. On the first of these are placed letters, petitions, and reports as they are received; on the second there are writing materials—a silver inkstand shaped like a Krupp shell, and a pen made out of an eagle's feather, with which the Emperor always writes; on the third table are books, German, English, and French newspapers and reviews, complete files of which are also kept in a large room on the ground floor of the palace. In this office the Emperor passes a large portion of his time, and it is there that he receives those who have business with him but no one except the aide-de-camp on duty, who sleeps in the adjoining room, his valet de chambre Walter, whose grandfather long held the same position, his physicians, and Prince Bismarck are ever allowed to enter his bed-chamber.

The imperial household is a frugal one, and few are the grand dinners given. Both Wilhelm and his Empress love the company of their kind, but naturally they have very few intimate friends. She is not fond of anything but plain German cooking.

WHAT THEY LEAVE.

There is a class of people going around the country, preaching holiness, and really accomplishing something in the way of spiritual quickening among the people, but who leave a viper's egg, that surely hatches after they are gone, and which works more evil, ten times over, than all the good they can do. We know these people. By professing to be free from sectarianism, and by claiming to be the body of Christ, they become the most bitter sectarians, and have no patience or fellowship with any who do not endorse their fanatical notions.—*Christian Witness*.