

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1808

Delayed Payments.

A few weeks ago we sent reminders to those whose subscriptions are past due, asking for payment before the end of September. We have to thank those who have so readily responded. The number of those from whom nothing has yet been heard is large. We are anxious to hear from them, and therefore compelled to repeat in this issue the request that they will, without further delay, send forward their payments.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

GET ONE.—By telling your neighbor about the special offer to new subscribers you may induce him to subscribe. It would be a great help to the paper if each subscriber would get another. Try it.

SAVINGS.—The Post Office Savings Banks of England are a great encouragement to thrift amongst the smallest wage-earners. *The Christian World* says: "Every person having a shilling to invest may henceforward become the proud possessor of government stock. The maximum of deposit in the Postal Savings Bank is three hundred pounds; but when this is reached, the stock can be placed in the depositor's own name in the Bank of England, and he can begin again at the savings bank. More than 35,000 persons have availed themselves of this privilege of becoming fund-holders since this scheme was inaugurated, and the number now will be greatly increased. Persons can make deposits, of course, without investing in stock, they can also purchase annuities and policies of insurance."

A MISTAKEN MAN.—Says the *Standard*: A minister who will deliberately undertake to read and ruin a church because he deemed himself to have been wronged by certain members of it, has mistaken his calling. One wrong is not righted by another; and one man, even though he be a minister, greatly over estimates himself when he places his personal interests higher than those of an entire church. In some quarters this lesson needs to be heeded even on selfish grounds. No church whose members are gifted with common sense will call as pastor a man with the record of a church-wrecker.

CHANGED THE PRAYER.—A new religious sect in Philadelphia—which calls itself

"The Ecclesia of Israel; the Cypz, or Worshipping Congregation of Our Father's Kingdom on Earth," have changed the Lord's Prayer to read thus: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy hand of power our souls do fear; Thine ear of love our prayers do hear; Thy voice of light illumines our feet; unto Thy house our steps we bend, eternity with Thee to spend; Thy kingdom has come; now let Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Commenting on this the Methodist *Advocate* says:—"They are no more fanatical than those Methodists who leave out 'forgive us our trespasses,' on the ground that they have been once forgiven, and did not commit any trespasses, and therefore do not need to pray for forgiveness."

Our readers will, perhaps, recall an exposure we made a few months ago of this kind of teaching about the Lord's Prayer which appeared in the "holiness" *Witness*.

A PASTOR'S CONVICTION.—A successful pastor in the M. E. Church in New England says:

I am learning that I cannot afford, as a pastor, to leave my homes without a religious paper. It has been dawning upon me within the last year that here is a most important department of my work that I must cultivate. Every pastor will help his ministry and his people and the cause at large by giving careful attention to this work.

READ IT.—The article in another column entitled "Shocks of Glory" is well worth reading. Things are often called by wrong names, as the article shows.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A writer in the *Free Baptist*, whose letter was of things seen and heard at Old Orchard Camp Ground, was not very well impressed by Mrs. Van Cott, Methodist evangelist. He writes:

Did you ever hear Mrs. Van Cott? If so you will never forget her, and if not you are about as well off as if you had. A large, portly woman, I think she must weigh not far from 300 pounds. With a voice that reminds

you of thunder, and manners of the stage—at least I should think such might be the attitude of those who are stage-struck. She seemed to get terribly angry—some would say mad—when the sinners did not obey her command and come forward for prayers. I have been in hundreds of revival services, but never saw a leader so completely lose self-control as did Mrs. Van Cott at her meetings at Old Orchard, and the result was—failure. Of another distinguished Methodist he has these good words to say:

It was cheering to one's faith and hope to look at the face of Bishop Taylor and listen to the story so simply told by him of his work in Africa and other foreign lands. God is wonderfully blessing this man.

"Shocks of Glory."

Much has been said recently in meetings and the papers of shocks of glory. Such a shock is simply this: The wave of religious feelings rises so high that the nervous system temporarily succumbs to it. Sometimes it takes the form of catalepsy, and men lie rigid for hours; others, of a convulsive twitching and jerking, often it is merely helplessness. Such collapses may become epidemic, and persons with little or no religion may yield to the contagion. These furnish no conclusive proof that a person is in the enjoyment of much or any religion but they may accompany the highest degrees of piety. Such manifestations are not confined to true religion, but abound in false systems. The Spinning Dervishes often sink unconscious, and remain so for a considerable period. It is largely a question of temperament and of the state of the community. In some instances it has become an impediment to the work of grace. In others, where the community people believe it to be the direct operation of God, producing that result as an evidence of His power, it has had the force of a miracle.

There is no reason to believe that God directly produces such states. Deep emotion in some persons occasions tears; in some, a solemn awe; in others, it may reach such a point as to cause unconsciousness. It is better to maintain self-control; for as people say "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." God does not design that a person shall yield himself so as to lose consciousness, even to the influences of divine grace.

It would not be wise for persons in charge of religious meetings to check such manifestations, unless they come to be regarded as important in themselves (evidences of grace, or necessary to receiving it), or unless the number of such instances becomes great. Emotion seldom rises too high. The evil in most cases is that the feelings which should naturally arise from conviction or from the joys of salvation are suppressed through pride, diffidence, or undue self-consciousness in some of its forms. The evangelist needs not to turn aside from his work to distinguish between the source of true religious feeling, which is divine, and the varying effects upon the constitutions of different men of high emotion, which are natural. "Shocks of glory," in such cases, differ from shocks of paralysis, in that the shock of paralysis is an organic, and the shock of glory, so-called, a functional, affection of the nervous system.

A minister was appointed to preach. The person in charge of the meeting impressed him that the need of the hour was a convincing and persuasive appeal to men to decide at once to become Christians. The great day of the feast had come, and little had been accomplished. As he rose to preach a heavy storm burst upon the meeting. The sermon was postponed until the next day at the same hour. He spent the interval in meditation, prayer, and Scripture reading, and slept but little. The time arrived; the congregation was vast. After preaching about forty minutes under deep feeling he became unconscious, but continued to preach, and followed the line of thought previously prepared. On passing into that state the sensations through the entire body were similar to those felt in any member thereof when in the condition commonly spoken of as "asleep." Not anticipating anything further, he gave those feelings no further attention, and went on with the discourse. After awhile he caught a glimpse of the congregation, then lost it and regained it, and concluded as he had intended to do.

From that day to this, the period of

about fifteen minutes is as complete a blank as though he had been in a dead sleep. How is the experience to be explained? The occasion was favorable to the development of high religious emotion; all spirit of criticism on the part of ministers and people was subordinate to the desire that men should be convicted of sin. The results of the appeal were unusual. Careful inquiry showed that he followed the exact train of thought, and as much of the language of previous preparation as an extemporaneous speaker would ever use, and never departed from it in the slightest degree during the period of unconsciousness.

The explanation of the condition is that the nervous force involved in speaking with such earnestness to so large a multitude, taken in connection with a constitution not the strongest, and with its vitality impaired by anxiety continued through many hours with little sleep and little food, was so great that the brain could not maintain the evolution of the thought and consciousness at the same time. Had it proceeded further the power to maintain the erect posture and coordination of the muscles might have been insufficient, in which case there would have been a fall and ordinary "loss of strength," so called. In all that constitutes true religion there is no reason to think that he was in advance of the spiritual attainments of his ordinary Christian life at that period.

Similar experiences might occur generally if any value were attached to them, and where the nervous system is not in good tone. Nothing is so valuable to an intelligent Christian as the full possession of the faculties which God has given him.—*Christian Advocate*.

Not Fortieth Cousins.

BY WM. M. THAYER.

"But a license law is prohibitory to a certain extent," remarked Mr. Lewis. "Don't you see that it prohibits all men selling the stuff except the parties who are licensed?"

"I see," responded Mr. James, the prohibitionist; "but what of that? License sanctions rum-selling all the same."

"Then," continued Mr. Lewis, "a license law prohibits selling to minors, and so it is prohibitory to them. And it prohibits selling on the Sabbath, so that it is strictly prohibitory on one day of the week. There is not so much difference between a license and prohibitory law after all, you see."

This is one of the pleas made for a license law, which appears plausible enough to the unthinking. There is no soundness in the plea, nor sense either. It leaves out of sight the purpose of a license law, which is in direct conflict with a prohibitory law. The object of the latter is to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The object of the former is to approve and protect the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; just the opposite. No matter what minor considerations are admitted, the purpose of one law is to outlaw the traffic for a beverage, and the purpose of the other is to legalize it. Nothing could be plainer. Hence it is not worth while to waste time and breath in claiming that a license law is a partial prohibitory law; for it is nothing of the kind. A law to license prostitution and gambling six days in the week, and to prohibit it one day, is not a partial prohibitory law. The whole force and authority of the law support prostitution and gambling. And so the whole force and authority of a license law sanctions and protects the sale of intoxicating beverages. Men may delude themselves, if they will, with the idea that license is partially prohibitory; the truth still remains that they are no more alike than black and white, or right and wrong. Prohibition is right, and license is wrong. That is the most that can be made out of the two. The two statutes are not friendly to each other; they are sworn enemies. One protects a business which the other condemns. One makes the rum-seller a respectable citizen; the other brands him as a criminal. One supplies the place for the drinker to buy his grog; the other destroys that place. One is in league with hell, the other with heaven. There is no family resemblance between the two. They don't look like

fortieth cousins. There is no blood-relation between them.—*Nat. Temp. Advocate*.

Frederick's Diary.

Great excitement has been caused throughout Europe by the publication of extracts from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick. The journal which published the extracts has given the name of the gentleman who furnished them, Dr. Geffcken of Hamburg. There is nothing in the extracts damaging to any one except Bismarck, and the great Chancellor is very angry. It appears from the revelations now so unexpectedly given to the world, that it was neither Emperor William nor Prince Bismarck who conceived and carried through the grand project of the unification of the German states; it was the Crown Prince Frederick. The real architect of the Empire, the brain that planned and the hand that wrought it was the brain and the hand of the great and good Frederick, the beloved "Unser Fritz," who died of cancer at Potsdam a few months ago. It is shown, in fact, that the idea of German unity was vigorously and even bitterly opposed for a long period by both William and Bismarck. The former feared to undertake the project because of its vast proportions. He clung to the old traditions and was content with being simply King of Prussia. Bismarck's objections were less sentimental. He was afraid the proposed idea would have the effects of driving Bavaria and Wurtemberg, perhaps even Saxony, into the arms of Austria, and expressed regret that the imperial plan had ever been suggested. The Chancellor was finally induced to take the matter up seriously, and he brought the South German Princes to terms by threatening that if they didn't offer the imperial dignity to William the North German Parliament would do so. It appears that Frederick as Crown Prince was strongly in favor of a more liberal and progressive policy on the part of the Imperial Government in its management of the internal affairs of Germany, but his influence in this direction was largely nullified by the opposing ideas of William and Bismarck. France, as these extracts show, had a narrow escape from being annexed to Belgium! It was proposed to make King Leopold King of France as well as of Belgium; and President Thiers seems to have approved of the idea. Bismarck and others declare that the extracts are forged; but this is not likely. He has also intimated that "the Crown Prince" was not entrusted with state secrets, a statement not likely to be received with credence anywhere.

Gladstone and Bright.

The late Mr. Frank Holl, the painter, narrated this amusing story of a famous Parliamentary and personal friend. When he was painting the portrait of Mr. Bright he incidentally mentioned that he was about to perform the same operation for Mr. Gladstone. "It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright," he hazarded, "that after all these years you should have found cause to sever your connection?" "Indeed it is," responded Mr. Bright, with a sigh; "to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, we should be forced apart in the evening of our lives! Do you know Mr. Holl, I seriously fear that my dear old friend's mind has really become radically undermined?" When he was at Harvard painting Mr. Gladstone, the subject of the artist's portrait of Mr. Bright dropped up. "Ah!" said Mr. Gladstone, with much interest, "and how did you find him?" "Fairly well, and he spoke very affectionately of you, Mr. Gladstone." "Did he, indeed?" replied the sinner, sorrowfully—"did he, indeed? That was a cruel blow—that after a lifetime of mutual esteem and of good work undertaken and carried through together we should be divided on so clear a question. Tell me, Mr. Holl—and here his mouth twitched, for he was evidently struggling with great emotion—"tell me, did you notice anything in the manner of my old friend which would lead you to believe that his reason was becoming in any way unhinged?"

HEROISM.—The *Christian at Work* of New York thus refers to the heroism of Roman Catholic priests in the leper colony at Molakai:

Our readers will recall the mention made at the time in these columns of the unselfish heroism of the Roman Catholic priest, Father Damien, who took his life in his hand to minister to the poor outcasts on Molakai Island. As was to be expected, Father Damien has been stricken himself with the dread disease whose victims had so deeply stirred his heart with compassion. Though bearing on his face, neck, and hands the tokens of his inevitable doom, he moves like a ministering angel among his people, always busy with their needs, attending to the dying, and enlarging with his own hands the little chapel in which they worship. But one deed of heroism leads to another. Father Conrady, also a Roman Catholic, has gone to join Father Damien; and, though believing he will become a leper himself, he is willing to devote his life to assuaging the affliction of the unhappy settlement at Molakai. It is to the Sisters

of St. Francis, from Syracuse in this State, that the Hawaiian government has intrusted the care of the hospital near Honolulu, where the poor patients are kept before they are isolated for life on the leper island. The world sees and hears little of them, as they go quietly about on their missions of mercy. They have, however, the recompense of an approving conscience and the gratitude of the myriads who are aided and cheered by their presence in the dark hours of suffering and death. Yet there are those who do not consider that a Roman Catholic can be a Christian.

CRAZY OR A FOOL.—A wealthy New York woman is guilty of the latest and most nauseating phase of the dog craze. Her pet Skye terrier died the other day and she had him interred with as much pomp and solemnity as though he were a United States senator. A \$500 casket held the body, a \$250 plot in Woodlawn Cemetery was honored with all that was mortal of the unfortunate pet. While the "last sad rites" were being performed over this pup in his rosewood coffin, according to the paper which chronicles this bit of folly, a young mother was discovered penniless and starving in the streets, trying to get money enough to buy food and medicine for her sick baby. This is a queer world.

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.—An illustration of the results of indiscriminate charity is furnished by facts reported from Russia. It seems that whole villages have resolved themselves into orders of mendicants. They stay at home until they have reaped their harvests, and then all start out on a begging tour. They are divided systematically into groups of ten to twenty persons each. These scatter here and there, begging through the towns, and gather at stated intervals to divide their gains and consult further operations. The women take along their children to excite pity, and the old draw attention to their decrepitude. The cash returns are said to be exceedingly large, and from the bread gathered they not only feed themselves, but fatten their horses. In this manner several months of each year are spent. The moral results of this sort of life are, of course, lamentable. Every trace of self respect goes, and a degeneracy of sentiment is created that obliterates character, ambition, and honor.

Smoking Fathers.

May I give you my recent experience of tobacco smoke? It may be a warning to others. I have one child—a little girl not yet two years old, a fair-haired, blue-eyed pet, who was as healthy as the birds when she was born. For more than a year past, ever since she was old enough to be less in the nursery and more with her father and me—she has ailed mysteriously. I could not say she was ill, yet she was hardly able to get up. I was kept in a perpetual state of anxiety about her. The symptoms were absence of appetite, complaints of sickness, stomach and digestion altogether out of order. Last August, I took her to a country town, where we stayed two months. After the first week, she flourished like a young bay-tree, ate and drank and laughed and played and slept, and kept me forever busy enlarging her garments. I brought her home rosy and robust. In one week, all the old symptoms reappeared,—loss of appetite, dark lines under the eyes, listless ways, restless nights. Some one suggested that the neighborhood did not suit her; and I was cogitating how to take her away again, when she caught a severe cold, and was confined entirely to one room for three weeks. She recovered her general health completely. Appetite, spirits, sleep, all returned. It could not be the neighborhood. After her cold, she joined us downstairs again, as usual, two or three times a day. In less than a week, sickness, etc., returned. I was in despair. For nearly three months, I racked my brains about drains, wall-papers, milk, water, saucers, and everything in vain,—the child slowly wasted. The weather was too severe to take her away. In an agony of mind, I noticed one day that, so far from outgrowing her clothes as I had expected, they were too large for her. The little thing was not eating enough to keep up her strength, and we could not coax her to eat. Yet she was not really ill; she ran about and played in a quiet way, and looked fairly well to those who had not seen her more robust. Suddenly, my husband was summoned into the country. A week after he went, the child began to eat with eager relish. In a fortnight, she was her own happy self, full of riotous, childish spirits. "Her father has never seen her like this," I remarked one evening, when she was particularly merry and mad; and then the truth flashed upon me. It was his tobacco that upset her. He has been away now for a month; and the child's limbs daily get firmer and rounder, and she is the merriest, healthiest little mortal possible. He always smoked after breakfast and after lunch, with her in the room, neither of us dreaming it was injurious to her. But for his providential absence this time, I doubt whether it would ever have occurred to me; and we might have lost our darling, for she was wasting sadly. It was acting like a slow poison upon

her. This is a true, unvarnished statement, which my nurse can corroborate. When shall we have a Parliament that will dare to tax our slow poisons to the utmost? I enclose my card, and remain your obedient servant.—*E. H., in Fall Mall Gazette.*

Religious Quickening in Western Turkey.

Dr. Constantine of Symrna gives this account of a visit he had paid to the city of Ordoos, on the Black Sea, that he might preach to the Greeks:—"The city of Ordoos has fifteen hundred houses, of which one thousand are Greek, three hundred Armenian, and two hundred Turkish. The Greek population is divided into three parishes, each one having a church and a school-house, but both priests and teachers are men of little value. The next day, Saturday, the whole committee appeared, and many of the brethren, with a word of welcome, and at a meeting it was decided at once that a preaching service should be held every evening in the week, while the day should be free for visitors and inquirers. During the thirteen days spent there, I had eighteen services, and addressed one meeting for women, besides paying visits and meeting inquirers. On one occasion I had as many as thirty or forty inquirers in my room. The interest was marked from the outset; people came in great crowds and from great distances; the women were largely represented; and the attention was intense. We had gatherings of from two to five hundred people, and once had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred women present. Wherever there was a group in the market the services were the topic of conversation. The church and school committee of the district of St. Nicholas sent me a written invitation, asking that I should preach in their school-house. Yet these men were the leaders, awhile ago, in stoning one of the brethren, determined to drive him away from the place. The crowd was such both in and outside of the school-house that one was forcibly reminded of Mark 2: 2.

"The interest among the women is so great that some, in spite of family cares, have begun to read, while a young bride has become a regular attendant at the school; and yet three years ago only one woman dared to attend the Protestant meeting. Such, therefore, being the religious interest of these people, the Greek Evangelical Alliance decided to form an evangelical church, and it has already sent there an able preacher."

"The interest does not limit itself to the city of Ordoos, but has spread to many villages both near and far. There is need of organization to secure the spreading of the good news beyond. Other places besides Ordoos have applied to be received into the Alliance, that, as a part of one great body of evangelical Christians, they may labor for the spread of the Gospel among the Greeks in Asia Minor."

THE HOME OF THIEVES.—There is a strip of land 167 miles long by 34 miles wide, extending east and west between Kansas and Colorado on the north, and Texas on the South, called "No Man's Land." It belongs to neither of the adjacent States or Territories, and is therefore without government. It has thus become the headquarters of bands of thieves, who by intrincating themselves in natural canons, are safe from capture.

Among Exchanges.

ARE YOU.

There are many people who stand ready to sacrifice their lives and their neighbors' lives in defence of their creed who are willing to let their religion shift for itself.

GARRULOUS.

The Christian who is garrulous in the parlor and dumb in the social meetings of the church would become ashamed of himself if there were not so many to keep him company.—*Nash. Adv.*

KEEP COOL.

Nothing is made by fretting and fuming. This is good advice at all times, but especially during an exciting political campaign. If you expect to gain votes for your party you must use argument and not let your opponent think you are a braggart. Sugar catches more flies than vinegar, and then it is always far better to keep cool and tell the exact truth.—*Public Herald.*

DISHONOURS HIMSELF.

The minister of the Gospel who has the power to attract large audiences to hear him, has a rare and valuable gift. If, having this gift, he treats his audiences with clap-trap and amusement, he dishonors himself, desecrates the pulpit, and is false to his Lord.—*Independent.*

KEEP THEM BUSY.

Teach the boys to work. Let them learn a trade. They must have employment, or they will fall into crime. Idleness makes tramps, vagrants, and vagabonds. Keep the boys busy in some useful employment, so that industry may become a habit with them. They will never regret such a course either on the farm or in the city; and what is better, you will never regret it.