

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**THE SAME MAN.**—A contemporary remarks that very often the man who goes fishing and sits in a cramped posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

**A DECADE.**—It is now just ten years since the Blue Ribbon Temperance movement was introduced into England. There was a celebration of the event the other day. It is stated that the movement, though it has passed its springtime, still possesses abundance of life. The wearers of the ribbon are to be numbered by hundreds of thousands in the United Kingdom. There is no doubt that the phenomenal wave of Temperance enthusiasm, which is only to be paralleled by that which was excited during Father Matthew's crusade in Ireland, has left behind it a great increase in the number of abstainers. The movement was not without its drawbacks. It did not do a little injury to the many more permanent Temperance organizations which had done good work in a more sober way by attracting from them their best workers. Blue Ribbonism was, in fact, a stimulant, and, like the stimulants against which it protested, it tended to create a dislike for that which was less exciting, though possibly more wholesome. None the less, with all deductions that can be made, the movement has been wonderfully beneficial.

**LABEL SUITS.**—A Detroit paper has \$210,000 worth of label suits on hand. We hope it may get through all right. Somebody, probably a much abused and long-suffering newspaper man, has suggested that the papers might vary the monotony of being sued by suing some of the many people who label them. A man who cannot label two or three papers before breakfast is not feeling in his usual bad humour.

**PRINCE WILLIAM.**—The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany is said to contrast unfavourably in many respects with his honoured father, who is beloved for his amiable nature, love of peace, and constitutional leanings. Prince William is a military martinet and autocrat, and, being of warlike tendencies, is a favourite with the army. Aspiring to be a second Frederick the Great, he has naturally a great contempt for popular freedom. He is also said to dislike the English people, from which his distinguished mother sprang. Between him and the Imperial Throne stands the aged monarch, who now bears the weight of ninety years, and the Crown Prince, who has attained the mature age of fifty-seven. The venerable Emperor is said to credit an old prediction that he will survive to ninety-six, and that his son will not succeed him. May the latter half of the prophecy be utterly belied!

**NEARLY BURIED.**—The N. Y. *Advocate* tells that in Brooklyn, a few days ago, a young lady died, as was supposed. She lay in her shroud for two days with flowers all around her. The day of her funeral came, and the friends gathered to pay the last tribute of respect, and at length the time came when she was to be taken to the grave. Her mother was affected beyond all control; she was, in fact, frantic with grief, and her cries were loud and bitter. She refused to leave the coffin, and when they forced her away she gave forth a piercing scream, and the girl, to the mingled horror and joy of the spectators, opened her eyes. She sat up; they wrapped blankets around her and took her to her room, where she fainted away again, but at last accounts was progressing rapidly toward convalescence.

**OTHER CASES.**—Such instances as the foregoing are, the *Advocate* claims, more frequent than some think. Medical books give many such accounts properly authenticated. William Tennant, the famous minister of Monmouth, N. J., was in such a trance, and only the persistence of his brother, a physician prevented his interment. A famous Roman Catholic archbishop, when he was a priest, was supposed to be dead, carried to the cathedral, and the funeral services were nearly through, when a priest, who had

been a particular friend of his began to chant a sentence, when the supposed dead man with a mighty effort opened his eyes, and lived to narrate the circumstance in a debate in the French Senate on increasing the time required by law after death prior to interment. He said he knew all about what was going on, but was wholly unable to move or speak.

## His Experience.

Our readers may remember that in the biographical sketch of the late Rev. Chas. Knowles, it was stated that he frequently expressed his thoughts and feelings in verse. The following lines were written by him and presented to Miss Caroline S. Boyer, daughter of the late Deacon G. R. Boyer, (now Mrs. M. P. Orser) on his first visit to New Brunswick forty years ago. They have been sent to us for publication. Many of his old friends will be glad to read and preserve them:

As I must shortly quit this stage,  
Where teeming earth its millions  
beats,  
And e're the next succeeding age,  
I shall have mouldered back to dust:

I long have felt as though I taught  
To leave a little book behind,  
To tell the wonders God had wrought,  
And how he moved upon my mind.

But barriers strong were in my way,  
In spite of reasoning would remain,  
I often roved but did not pay,  
And resolved but all in vain

And now I have my book begun,  
I feel my hinderances are strong,  
Toward impulses move me on,  
And outward barriers round me throng.

From childhood I have heard the truth,  
It often moved my heart to tears,  
My parents' taught my early youth,  
And watched with care my growing years.

How often when I've thus been taught,  
The tear has stolen to my eye,  
I've gone alone and wept and thought,  
"Oh, can it be that I must die?"

And when I've laid me down to sleep,  
My future state has rose to mind,  
I've thought, looked into the deep,  
The future state of all mankind.

And when I've heard God's people  
pray,  
Or heard his servants preach his  
word,  
Something within me oft would say,  
"O that I were a child of God."

But wicked mates and sinful plays,  
When earthly objects rose to view,  
Led step by step in sinful ways,  
My heart grew hard and thoughtless too.

Instruction sounded on my ear,  
Conviction checked my wandering  
feet;  
Thanks to my parents for their cares,  
Peace to their ashes while they sleep.

But, still I found the spell too strong,  
The charm had seared my inward  
part,  
I sought among the careless throng,  
Those pleasures that allure the heart.

Then on a bed of sickness, I  
Was brought to feel as none can tell,  
I thought "How dreadful, if I die  
And my poor soul should sink to hell."

But when my health returned again,  
I sought the charms of sinful bliss  
And thus for years I lived in sin,  
With intervals of thoughtfulness.

Once in a common storm at sea,  
The tempest howled, the billows  
roared,  
But 'twas a dreadful storm to me,  
I felt and feared the wrath of God.

In every howling of the blast,  
In every flash across the sky,  
I seemed to hear my Maker's voice,  
And feel the piercing of His eye.

My broken vows pressed on me then,  
And sin lay heavy on my heart,  
And o'er them all I vowed again,  
And thought to act a faithful part.

But when the storm had ceased its  
strife,  
The lightning blaze no longer  
burned,  
I sought my former course of life,  
And to my sinful ways returned.

'Twas thus my stiff unconquered will,  
Yielded elastic to the blast,  
But, Pharaoh-like, grew harder still,  
As plagues and storms went gently  
past.

When Seventeen years were almost  
gone,  
And I some time quite thoughtless  
been,  
A christian damsel did me warn,  
I felt the sinfulness of sin.

But she long since has gone from earth,  
And I am still a wanderer here,  
I pause to own departed worth,  
And to her memory drop a tear.

Oh! what a gloom all nature wore,  
Oh how my heart within me burned!  
Sin lost the charms it had before,  
Nor did I wish them to return.

When all within me sought the Lord,  
And pardon sought with earnest cry,  
By faith I heard the Saviour's word,  
As if 'twere spoken from the sky.

My wounded heart long pressed with  
sin,  
Caught with delight the raptured  
sound,  
Peaceful and calm were all within,  
Serene and pleasant all around.

The uncaged bird with nimble wing,  
Could not so much her freedom prize,  
Nor mean such joys as I could sing,  
Nor soar so high as faith could rise.

## Protestantism in Mexico.

In an article on the recent Conference of Protestant Missionaries in Mexico, the *Independent* says there is no harder field on earth than among the South American Catholics. The missionary can easily secure a more unprejudiced hearing among the cannibals of New Britain or New Guinea for the pure Gospel than among the South American Catholics. If Mexico is at present a more hopeful field than Columbia, or Brazil, or Chili, it is because the influence of the civilization of our own country has affected in large measure its ignorant, indolent half-Indian, half-Spanish masses. The results of this influence are conspicuous in the growth, under the Republic, of the element of order and stability. A revolution in Mexico is not now a monthly occurrence. An awakening national life is seen in the slow infusion of energy into the channels of commerce, and in the development of the natural resources of the country.

Protestantism has done much in the last fifteen years to open the way for aspiring Mexicans to a worthier future. The Gospel it preaches is in such marked contrast to the Gospel Catholicism preaches; the life it produces is so different from that which Catholicism produces; its morals are so much better than the morals of the masses of Catholics, that it comes as a great light in the midst of darkness. A Jesuit who recently gave the results of his observations in Mexico, during a tour of the country, grew quite merry in describing the small results of Protestantism. He compared it with a flea whose office it is to waken the stupid and sleepy. This office is assuredly not an unimportant office in a land like Mexico. The people need to be roused, and if the flea can sting them into an honorable activity it is at least as valuable as the more respectable chandelier. That Protestantism is arousing the people this Jesuit writer unwittingly shows in describing the new vigor which Catholicism itself is exhibiting. Catholicism is always improved where Protestantism is introduced.

What is needed now is a considerable increase in the force of Protestant missionaries in Mexico. The results thus far are anything but discouraging. With only about a hundred ordained missionaries upward of 350 congregations have been organized, with 18,000 church-members and 35,000 adherents. The field will well repay vigorous cultivation.

## Wouldn't Have a Collection.

The *Christian Leader* states that when Mr. Hudson Taylor was on the eve of setting sail for China, he agreed to give a lecture on that country in a village near London, but on the express condition that there should be no collection. The chairman, at the close of the lecture, said he was sure many wished to give, and suggested that the arrangement should be departed from; but Mr. Taylor remained firm, remarking that the very reason adduced by the chairman was, in his view, one of the strongest for not making the collection. His wish was, not that those present should be relieved by making such contribution as might there and then be convenient, under the influence of the emotion stirred at the moment, but that each one should go home burdened with the deep need of China, and ask of God what He would have them to do. He added that the tendency of a collection was to leave the impression that the all-important thing was money, whereas, what was wanted was that men and women should give themselves to the work. At the supper table the chairman told Mr. Taylor that he thought he had made a mistake; but next morn-

ing, at breakfast, he confessed that he had come to agree with him. As he thought in the night of that stream of souls in China ever passing onward into the dark, he had asked divine guidance as to what he should do; and the result was that he handed Mr. Taylor a cheque for £500, remarking that if there had been a collection he would have given a few pounds to it. With this cheque, Mr. Taylor paid the passage of the party of seventeen, who sailed with him shortly afterward for China.

## Karen Liberality.

It is worth a voyage around the world to visit the 8,000 Sgaw Karen Christians of the Bassein district, and to see what marvels they have accomplished out of their extreme poverty for the sake of the thorough education of their children.

It was a gratification to see the Baptist College building at Rangoon, and the English Protestant Episcopal—S. P. G.—Boys' School across the way, as also at Moulmain the Girls' Seminary—all permanent, beautiful structures for Christian educational purposes; but, then, the expense was borne by the home Churches. It was American and British gold. But here at Bassein the Karens did it all themselves after that the Missionary Society had purchased the ground; and to look upon the grand results of their missionary enterprise under the embarrassment of such abject poverty gives the far greater pleasure. How could they do it? There is no human explanation. The giving has been out of range of all natural promptings. But God's Spirit has breathed upon those converts from the lowest heathenism, and through them he has taught a rich lesson upon benevolence to the universal Church. We will stop our boat at this village. The houses appear unusually dilapidated, and we express surprise at the squalor and wretchedness around, although for nearly a year we had become accustomed to the unsightliness of Asiatic dwellings. The explanation is given that soon the village is to be abandoned on account of the multiplication of rats in the surrounding jungle for the previous seven years. Last year half of the rice, their only crop, was destroyed; and this year the inhabitants will reap only a third harvest. As a consequence, they have been brought to extreme destitution, and though formerly they had endeavored to exterminate the rats by poison, now they find it necessary to trap them or spear them for food to keep from starvation. We seek out the minister and deacon, and a little company gathers around the missionary in the chapel. Sorrow and sympathy and prayer are mingled, and then we separate. But the deacon draws from his tattered garment a handful of silver—ten rupees—five dollars. "This is our contribution for Foreign Missions among the wild tribes in the mountains." The tears gather in the eye of both the missionary and his guests. Money from starving people to send the Gospel to heathens seven hundred miles away! "No, we cannot take it. God does not ask this now at your hands." The missionary entreated them to place this contribution, at least temporarily, in their church poor fund, to save some of their number it might be from death in a few days. Impossible, said the minister; and the deacon added these words, which I wish all home Christians could have heard, as he spoke them while thrusting the silver coins into Mr. Carpenter's hand: "We can live on rats, but the Ka-Khyens cannot live without the Gospel!"—*Bainbridge, "Around the World Tour of Christian Missions."*

## Religious Statistics of the World.

The most carefully compiled and best general statistical work is David's "Lehrbuch der Geographie." Of this the sixty-fourth edition has recently appeared, which contains some interesting statements and figures. According to these, the number of inhabitants on the globe is about 1,435,000,000. There are 3,064 distinct languages and dialects known. There are about 1,100 different religions. There does not exist a single people which is without a religion of some kind. Even the lowest on the social scale have some religious idea, however crude. Christianity has 432,000,000 adherents. The Roman Catholic

Church numbers 208,000,000; the Greek or Oriental Orthodox Church, 83,000,000; the Protestant Church, 123,000,000. Besides these, there are about one hundred sects or smaller divisions claiming to be Christians, with 8,000,000 adherents. Of the non-Christians, 8,000,000 are Jews, 120,000,000 are Mohammedans. These adherents of Islam are divided into three sects, the Sunites, Shiites, and Wappabites, while there are about seventy smaller Mohammedan sects. All other human beings are non-monotheistic or heathen, and embrace 875,000,000 souls. Among the heathen religions, Brahminism is the most widespread, and embraces about 138,000,000 adherents, and its younger offshoot, Buddhism, embraces 503,000,000. Other heathen religions have 135,000,000 adherents. There are thus yet over one thousand millions of souls who are not Christians! What a lesson for missionary zeal and work!—*Christian at Work.*

## Plain Talk.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, knows the English probably as well as any other clergyman on this continent, and with it he hits the mark, week after week, very plainly. One of his latest shots—a seventy-four pounder—reads as follows: "Before things are right in this world genteel villians are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed, without peril to themselves, to put their hands on the doorknob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat of arms or family emblazonry can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when, last summer, much of watering-place society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnal house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a satyr, and his touch death. Here is an evil that men cannot stop, but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors; have no recognition for them in the streets, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than gales from Araby would consent to pass the honey-moon with an Egyptian plague."

**A HARD LIFE.**—The N. Y. correspondent of the *Christian Standard* writes of the hardships of a card-driver's life. He says:

The driver of a street car is occupied seventeen hours a day seven days in a week. He has, out of this, ten minutes for dinner and nine for supper. He can get but five or six hours for sleep. All the work connected with that car he does himself. Even the hostler's pay comes out of his wages. The car, at a reasonable estimate, earns \$108.50 each week, after deducting the cost of feeding the horses that draw it, of which sum \$97.50 goes to the company, and \$11 to him; but he finds that from sheer want of sleep he must usually "lay off" one day in the week. One dollar and fifty-seven cents is therefore used to pay a substitute. The care of the horses costs him seventy cents more. Therefore, out of the entire receipts of the establishment, he who bears the burden, braving the winter's bitter breath, and the fiercest heat of summer; the wind, the storm, and the weather, every day from dawn until midnight, while capital's share is \$97.50. You ought not to be surprised if this man feels unkindly toward companies, corporations, and rich men generally. His lot is hard—and he is not alone in his suffering.

## Concerning Women.

—Ida Keen, a blind girl at the Illinois State Institute for the Blind, runs a type-writer skilfully—a harder thing for a blind person than to play the piano.

—The death is announced of Mara Ermentrud Stenzel, of Lubec, who gained the Iron Cross for her services as a nurse during the war of 1870-71.

—The preparation of the trouseau of the future Empress of China is under full headway, although the wedding will not be till 1889. Thousands of hands are now busy, and it will be the greatest ever made.

—Miss Sallie Kennedy is one of the most successful real estate agents in Washington, D. C. She succeeded to her father's business on his death. During one week recently, she is said to have realized several thousand dollars in commissions.

—It is reported from White Cloud, Kan., that the young women there have formed an Anti-Chewing Gum Society, and have signed this pledge: "I, the undersigned, do solemnly premise, God helping me, to abstain from the use of chewing-gum and slang, and also abstain from and use my influence against the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. I further promise that I will not keep regular company with any one who I know uses tobacco, strong drink, or profane language."

## Among Exchanges.

**CAUTION.**  
"Christian Science" healers are not trustworthy people. Keep clear of them. At any rate give them no money. Their teaching is opposed alike to reason and to Scripture.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

**LIMITED BENEVOLENCE.**  
There are persons who melt into tears of pity at the sight of sorrow, who suffer with the suffering of others and rejoice in their joy, who are tender and gentle in their manner, showering kindly words and sympathetic greetings on all whom they meet, but whose benevolence ends just there. When it comes to actually giving or doing or denying self for others' welfare, they have expended themselves in feeling, and there is nothing left. Of course this refers to such as are able to give—not to those who cannot.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

**BE THOROUGH.**  
Thorough work in the revival is the demand of the hour. There is too much of building with untempered mortar. The mere intellectual assent in a cold formal manner is not the kind of acceptance of Christ that produces living, active Christians and willing and joyful workers in God's vineyard. We want a conversion that will loosen the tongue and warm the heart and give assurance of acceptance with God. Brethren, insist on thorough work at the altar of prayer. Let God's Spirit bear the testimony which one never doubts.—*Religious Telescope.*

**THE MOTIVE.**  
It is the motive with which we labor that exalts and gives real dignity to our work. God and the religion he has given the world, alone supply the true motives of life. Good works are only praiseworthy as they are performed by the highest Christian motives. John Ruskin says: "Looking back upon my life for twenty years, I believe my failure has been in a very great part owing to compromise with the infidelity of the outer world and my endeavor to base my pleading upon the motive of ordinary prudence and kindness instead of on the primary duty of loving God, foundation other than which no man can lay."—*Rel. Telescope.*

**FAMILY RELIGION.**  
There is no other view of a Christian home which reveals the inner springs of family life so clearly as that of the daily prayer service. You may visit many times at the house of a friend, but never until you have bowed with him and his around the family altar do you feel that you have had a glimpse into the holy of holies of home. Strange that some Christians have no time to keep up family prayers because of the engrossing cares of business. This rush and hurry is often not to gain the necessities, but the luxuries of life. Yet what adorning of art or taste can equal the scene of parents and children grouping to worship the Father of all, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift? Thousands of gold and silver cannot buy a picture that sheds beauty like this, which may be made in the humblest home.—*Chris. Standard.*