

Religious Intelligence.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

It is well for us to be constantly reminded that a union of Church and State necessarily leads, in a greater or less degree, to religious persecution. In Russia there is a State religion—in Russia there is persecution. The *Quarterly Reporter*, Mr. Oncken's paper, says:

Our friends will all rejoice to hear that the circulation of the new version of the New Testament, ordered by the present Emperor of Russia, is already producing the most powerful and saving effects on the minds of many amongst the emancipated millions of serfs. The following communication came from a devoted brother, who was in Hamburg for a year for missionary labors, and who was ordained by me as pastor of the church at Alt-Dantzic, South Russia. He writes as follows: On behalf of the brethren imprisoned in Russia for the truth's sake, I beg the earnest prayer of all Christians. When the persecution broke out a memorial was at once presented to the governor of the circle in which the brethren resided, but without result. The clergy of the village forbade our brethren to read God's Word, and they were summoned and asked what they meant by such conduct? They replied, "We mean to steal no more, and to live no longer in sin." But they answered, "You had better steal than read the Bible. It contains heretical doctrines. If we allow you to teach it, you will mislead the people." Crucifixes were then handed to them, and they were required to kiss them. This they refused to do, saying they could not worship the work of man's hands. Orders were then given to flog and imprison them. Their Testaments were to be taken from them, and their meetings broken up. Four sisters were beaten with rods, twenty-five stripes each, and another, seventy years old, had eighteen stripes on her bare back. Four brethren had also twenty-five stripes each. The mayor came himself to the meeting, drove out the congregation, and allowed the windows to be broken. Another official struck brother Sison in the face with his clenched fist because he was reading the Bible in his cell, took it from him and had him tied fast to a post. The same was done to another brother and four sisters. When they were bringing food to the prisoners, their dishes were broken and the food taken from them. A memorial to the Governor-General produced no effect. Two brethren have now been a year in prison, and nine others and a sister six months.

NO SOCIAL LIFE IN HEAVENDOM.

There is no good society, no arrangement that brings out families into a sweet, social life. Governor Seward remarked to Professor Seelye a short time before he died, "Social life you will not find, for there is none anywhere save in the Christian world," which he found literally true in his own experience. Family life, on which all good society rests, is without meaning to the Chinese, Japanese, and Mohammedans.—There is no coming together of friends and neighbors to spend an evening in social converse. The whole phenomena of social life, which plays so important a part in God's great plan of Christianity, is utterly wanting. In some regions of China, Japan, and India, families herd together in a single room, but in those of the wealthy class there is no eating together of husband and wife, brother and sister. In Shanghai, invited to an entertainment by one of the nobility, he was received by the host, who was smoking alone in his rooms of Oriental magnificence, and on leaving, the women were seen peering out from the lattice-work upon the departing guest. This lack of high, holy family life is most painful. Each man is a unit, with no social ties of trade or family life, seeking alone to gain his ends as best he may.

More than a thousand young men were licensed to preach the gospel in the Methodist denomination last year. This is a larger body of men than composed the whole ministry of that church in America in 1816.

The *Advance* reports that the Fifth Baptist church of Chicago, stimulated by the example of George Muller, undertook to build a sixty thousand dollar church, when the estimated property of the whole membership was not worth as much. Some awkward hitch having occurred in the carrying out of the plan, the church dissolved, and reorganized under the Temple Baptist

church; and now the pastor having, it is said, acquired a fortune by an interest in a Missouri iron mine, has taken hold of the enterprise, bound to see it established.

An idea of the scarcity of the foreign missionaries in India may be gained from the estimate of the Rev. Thomas Evans, of the London Baptist Missionary Society, that if the same proportions were maintained in Great Britain there would be but sixteen ministers for all England, eight for Scotland, four for Ireland, and two for Wales.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church in London employs 18 colporteurs, who hold cottage meetings, Sunday services, Bible classes, and night schools, besides distributing religious books, of which they sold over \$6,000 worth in 1872.

RETROGRESSION.—It seems that the Japanese authorities have forbidden the students in the Government College to attend the preaching of one of their Christian Professors on Sundays in Yedo; also that the change in the Japanese calendar, by which a day of rest was declared for every seventh day, has been revised anew, substituting instead a rest on every fifth day—on the first eleventh, sixteenth, twenty-first and twenty-sixth of each month; and finally, the employment of religious teachers and missionaries is disallowed as instructors in public or private schools in the empire. This intelligence would indicate that some influence adverse to Christianity is at work among the Japanese authorities, and that the congratulations which were indulged in because of their tolerance were in a degree premature.

The Baptist Publication Society proposes to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary next May by raising \$200,000.

Rev. George Kerry, an English Baptist missionary, writes of a kind of religious awakening spreading all over Bengal, among both Hindus and Mohammedans; while Rev. R. Eion, of the Dacca Mission, avows his conviction, with regard to the wide region over which his journeys extend, that "the number of those who secretly believe in Christ is as great, if not greater, than the number of baptized believers in all our stations put together."

The colored Baptist communicants of Florida number some seven or eight thousand gathered into about fifty churches. One of these that at Tallahassee, numbers over fourteen hundred members; the Fellowship Church, Monticello, about eight hundred; the Bethel Church, Jacksonville over six hundred. Quite a number have two, three, and four hundred members.

Kentucky has a Baptist Governor, a Baptist Treasurer, and Baptist Auditor, with more Baptists among its citizens than all other sects put together.

Near 4,000 conversions have occurred in East Tennessee since 1870 under the labors of evangelists and missionaries sent out by the Baptist Domestic Board.

RESIGNATION OF REV. DR. LORIMER.—Rev. Dr. Lorimer has resigned the pastorate of the Shawmut Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, with the design, it is understood, of accepting the call to the pulpit of the Tremont Temple church to become its pastor a position of great importance in the religious work of that city.

"A GOSPEL BELLMAN."—A correspondent of the *Salford Weekly News* writes:—On Tuesday evening of last week, about half-past seven o'clock, in one of the streets of Salford, a bell was heard sounding forth a strong invitation to any who might feel disposed to come and hear what the bellman had to say. Who was the bellman? On arriving at the place where he stood, I found, to my surprise, that it was the Rev. David Rhys Jenkins, minister of the Great George-street Baptist Church, Salford. Since his settlement in Salford, which took place a few months ago, the rev. gentleman has found that there are scores of families in the immediate neighborhood of his chapel who never attend any place of worship, and who therefore seldom hear the Gospel's saving news. This was a source of grief and great sorrow to Mr. Jenkins. He is an ardent Welshman, and he has labored for some years in his native country, where the great majority of the people attend the different places of worship. Mr. Jenkins was determined to reach the Salford people by some means or other. The thought occurred to him that a bell would be a capital instrument to arouse the people, and this he at once proceeded. So soon as Mr. Jenkins put in an appearance in the street, all the children who are out gathered around him at once. The ringing of the bell is the signal for a goodly gathering of men and women, and such was the case on Tuesday evening last. At the close of the sermon Mr. Jenkins gave all who were not in the habit of attending any place of worship a hearty invitation to attend Great

George street Baptist Chapel; if they did not choose to come in their cloth, to come in their fustian jackets—they would be abundantly welcome. Mr. Jenkins is an acquisition to the power of the pulpit in Salford.

ROMANISTIC.—A Roman Catholic priest has been sentenced in Prussia to two weeks' imprisonment for preaching that marriage among Protestants is no more than concubinage.

A despatch from Berlin states that the Roman Catholic Bishop Koltz has been sentenced to pay a fine of 400 thalers, and Ledvesowski one of 200 thalers, for infraction of the Ecclesiastical laws in appointing clergymen without obtaining the sanction of the State authorities.

The Jesuits are in trouble in South America. In one section they strove to control the schools, in another the press—in each they were beaten, and we would not be surprised to hear of their expulsion from several South American countries.—In Brazil, where the established religion is the Roman Catholic, they are in such disfavor that their speedy banishment is predicted.

Italy, Germany, and Switzerland have serious trouble with the priests of the Papal church, and are resolutely asserting their prerogatives and forcing them to submit to the supremacy of law.

Rev. W. N. Cote writes from Rome to the *Watchman & Reflector*:

"If mere wealth could prolong the days of an ailing octogenarian, Pius IX. would have little reason to be apprehensive of his approaching end. Huge, strong boxes, laden with gold and precious stones, not infrequently pass through the Italian custom-house on their way to the 'apostolic captive.' The Pope, so the story goes, has little cups and saucers lying on his writing table before him, filled with unset gems of great value, out of which he occasionally takes small pinches to give as presents to his most favoured attendants and visitors, making as free with the glittering baubles as if he were merely dispensing pinches of snuff. Well may he dispense with the 3,200,000 francs allowed him by the Italian Government, and well may he afford to refuse the additional 400,000 francs voted by the Italian Parliament to defray the expenses of the heads of religious orders. The Pope is rich, immensely rich, richer than he ever was when he disposed of the revenues of his ill-governed State. The treasure which the rich send from all the countries of Europe and America are unbounded, and whether the givers and the receivers of all this wealth like it or not, the 'ungrateful populace' of Rome are none the worse for it. The pilgrimages projected by the clerical party, for the sake of exciting, if possible, popular agitation in favor of the restoration of the temporal power, have been interdicted, owing to the present unhealthy conditions of several provinces in the peninsula.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ACADIA COLLEGE TELESCOPE FUND.

Some of the members of the class of 1871 of Acadia College, and others who have aided the class, may wish to know what has become of the telescopic enterprise.

For certain causes the matter has been delayed, but there is not, as far as I know, any intention to abandon the undertaking.

At the request of a number of the class I have consented to act as Treasurer, and am ready to do all I can to make the undertaking a success.

The amounts paid in by members are as follows:—S. J. Neily, \$12, W. A. Spinney, \$21, J. B. Mills, \$12, J. W. Longley, \$12, J. B. Oakes, \$16, W. H. Warren, \$20, H. Morrow, \$4, and A. Cohoon, \$32.—Besides these contributions \$135 was received the night of the concert, making in all \$264 raised by the class.

In addition to this \$125, or near that, has been placed in the hands of the governors, by some friend of the College, for the same purpose, so that including interest there is now \$400 or upwards in the funds.

The members of the class with whom I have conversed think we ought to aim to make up \$500 by June next. Shall we not do it classmates? We cannot forget or neglect our *Alma Mater*. Owing to the delay the time is already past when the amounts pledged became due. Shall I not be able soon to acknowledge the receipt of your donations?

A. COHOON, Treasurer.
Paradise, Sept. 25th, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

xi.

CANTON—MACAO—YANKEES IN CHINA—ASIATIC YANKEES IN AMERICA—POPULATION EXAGGERATED—CONTRACTS—COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

The Pacific Mail Steamer would not be due for twelve days, too long a time to give to Hong Kong alone. The great and purely Chinese city of Canton is near at hand—can be reached in less than a day. Then, too, equally near, is Macao, the last resting place of the Portuguese poet, Camoens.—The decision between the two is not difficult. Europe in China is sufficiently illustrated by the British Colony. The mournful relics of departed greatness and effete civilization to be found at Macao do not present very strong attractions. A well appointed American river steamer runs daily from Hong Kong to Canton. Freight and passengers both are principally Chinese. This investment of American capital and enterprise is suggestive. No one supposes that the avenues to wealth are few or overcrowded in the United States; why, then, Yankees in China? Evidently because enterprise and capital find, in some directions at least, a quicker return there than at home. It is easy enough to understand why China should send thousands of her sons to America. No easier, no more promising relief could be desired for her plethora of population. So the cry of the Asiatic Yankees is "Eastward Ho!" Now what a pleasant picture might be imagined of the meeting between Jonathan and his "Celestial" neighbors. Eater Jonathan on the Pacific slope, welcoming with bland smile of patronage and superiority the hosts of coming pigtailed! With majestic wave of the hand he bids them go where they will be happy and contented under the generous flag beneath whose shadow "all men are free and equal." So in imagination. But facts show a different picture. The Chinese in America have been subjected to relentless persecution. They make exemplary citizens, are quiet, inoffensive, and proverbially industrious. In all kinds of labor they underbid the Irish, and this constitutes their unpardonable offence. That stubborn and obstructive element in American life, the Roman Catholic Irish, will not endure it. They clamor for Disability-Enactments against the Chinese. To the shame of Americans their cry has been listened to. Politicians dare not disregard the Irish vote, and so it has come about that in Christian America San Francisco the Chinese are so persecuted, their hands so tied, and their liberties so curtailed that their position is intolerable. They must either starve or return to their own country. "Barbarian" is no longer simply a Chinese sneer. Americans themselves have made it a fact. Until recently the Chinese have been content with passive resistance. But the latest laws passed against them are so gallingly oppressive that the Chinese have felt goaded to protest. They have sent up to Government a memorial which should make every American's cheeks burn with shame. Intensely indignant, it is yet calm, keenly logical, and gravely dignified. You complain, they say, of our coming to your country, amassing fortunes, and returning to enjoy them in our native land. And then, with withering and unanswerable logic, they point out how the Americans, not the Chinese, first sought commercial reciprocity and intercourse, how American steamers ply on Chinese rivers, how American merchants make fortunes in China and spend them in America. Now, they say, withdraw your merchants, your steamers, and all the capital you have invested in China, and, without a murmur, we too will return to our native land.

It is so common to speak of the population of China as enormously swollen and most inconveniently plethoric, that imagination sees the unfortunate people jostling one another for standing room, and compelled to take refuge in boats on the rivers and canals. It gives one an enlarged idea of the possibilities of exaggeration to observe that in the one hundred miles between Hong Kong and Canton villages are few and far between, and quite small when they do occur. Whampoa is the only town of considerable size in the whole distance. Keep the eyes shut until Canton is reached, however, and you would be ready to confirm all that writers have said about the population. For here are a million of souls, and two hundred thousand of them living entirely in boats. Now you begin to realize some of the wonders of this marvellously wonderful land and people. The intense adjectives and enthusiastic superlatives of Marco Polo seem absurd no more. What

passes before the eyes might be a dream of a thousand years ago. The sharp contrasts and inconsistencies in customs and character seem more appropriate to dreamland than to reality. Commingled in droll and endless confusion are seen the grotesque and the beautiful, clumsiness and neatness most exquisite, intensely practical utilitarianism and absurdly useless dillitaneism. Fine, delicate carving, beautiful exceedingly, is often found surrounding some hideous monstrosity in the shape of dragon, or demon, or some other savage whimsicality, known only to the Chinese imagination.—And, as the nearest possible approach to absolute inutility, might be instanced the cumbrous Examination System of the Empire. This system might be described as mnemonics gone mad, for it makes the ability to memorize enormous quantities of useless literature the standard of qualification for Government service.

The stir and bustle, push and activity, the laborious alertness of the mechanic and the laborer, and the restless energy of all, remind one of New York; the narrow streets, scarcely wide enough to admit two hand carts abreast, the quaint shops and houses, the air reeking with evidence of the thousand unseemly luxuries of the "flowery kingdom," carry the mind back to the times of Kublain Khan or some other period remote enough to seem mythical.

A. R. R. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CATHERINE MCLEAN,

wife of Murdock McLean, and daughter of the late Murdock Ross, of Margaree, and sister of Revs. Hugh and Malcom Ross, aged 50 years, came to her death in a very melancholy way on the evening of the 15th of August. Bro. A. J. Stevens had been to tea with the family. A little before sunset the family were proceeding to haul in hay. When the cart was two parts loaded the horse, being young, made a start to run. The deceased seeing her little boy on the load, rushed after the horse and caught him by the bridle, but sad to relate, the horse ran some distance with her, until her hold gave way, and the cart wheel instantly passed over her body, leaving her in the agonies of death. She spoke but little, as she lived only about an hour after the accident, in extreme agony, until she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, to awake, as we are assured, to a nobler and more exalted life, there to range the fields of immortality and glory. Sister McLean was a faithful wife and mother, stern yet tender in her family, a kind and true hearted neighbor, though not possessing much of this world, yet her hand was readily stretched out to the poor and the needy. A Christian at home and abroad, in the darkest hour she was always cheerful, she lived above the world like a true Christian. Sister McLean became the subject of divine grace in the spring of 1847, and was baptized by her brother, Hugh Ross. In reviewing the life of the deceased fond memory takes me back to bygone days when we were young. We professed religion and were baptized at the same time, and have ever since lived near neighbors, so that I can testify of what I do know. Her religion was an every day religion. True, she had her gloomy and dark days of sorrow and affliction, yet she had the Christian's noonday views of Canaan from Pisgah's top. One trait in her character is worthy of note, her punctuality in family worship in the absence of her husband, never known to omit the calling of her family around her for morning and evening worship. There might be much more said praiseworthy of the dear departed, but space will not permit. The sad accident has cast a gloom over the neighborhood. Her funeral took place on the 17th, being the Sabbath it was attended by the largest concourse ever witnessed in this place. The occasion was improved by the Rev. A. S. Hunt from the text, "To die is gain," *Phillippians* i. 21, a very solemn and appropriate discourse. The deceased has left 9 children and an affectionate husband to mourn their sad loss, yet they do not mourn as those that have no hope, but are looking forward to a happy reunion where there is no more parting. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We will not weep for thee; One thought shall check the starting tear, It is that thou art free.

The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine,
O! may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine,

JOSEPH TINGLEY.
Margaree, Sept. 22nd, 1873.