

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

FREDERICTON N. B., MAY 16 1900

W. HOLE No. 2450

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Birth of Scotland correspondent  
The British Weekly gives an account of the interest taken in the day school class the question asked, "What river is meant in the hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?'" The answer came from a seven-year-old girl: "The Modder."

day last week, after the judge charged the jury in a certain Essex county, a member of the devoutly arose and calling and jury alike to pray, and a fervent petition of the of all the earth to guide them in all its deliberations. There some people, too, who regard as of doubtful propriety. The jury prayed fewer juries blunder.

There is in the Doucater Work an old woman named Bridget, aged sixty-nine, who has sons all serving the Queen in the Militia, and waiting to go out to Africa; another in the South St. Florida Regt., and received medals for the Cuban campaign; three of the others are in the 2nd North Borneo, two being on their way to the front, and two others are with the first Royal Scots

woman, Mrs. Laura A. Alderman, the largest orchard in South Borneo, that State of enormous size. According to W. N. Morrison, chief of the division of pomology of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, Mrs. Alderman has near Hurley, Turner county, 150 acres in which are 100 trees, two acres being given to plums. Besides the trees are 1,000 currant bushes, 100 gooseberry bushes, 500 grapevines, and three acres of straw berries.

Ship captain captured a young boy near Anacapa Island, Cal., and took him on board ship. As the vessel started the boy was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The captain barked responsively. When reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied up in a sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the boy responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all up as it was in the sack. The mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.

The automobile is a dangerous machine. It runs on rubber tires, almost noiselessly; it is very heavy, and when it strikes a pedestrian, is pretty sure to finish him. In addition to the danger, the machine goes backwards as well as forwards, and makes most unexpected turns. The horse has some sense, and prevents many accidents which would otherwise occur. Granted that the majority of men who use automobiles know how to use it, there will always be a considerable number who are incompetent or careless, or who lose their heads. Streets crowded with automobiles are dangerous places for people on foot.

## Ministers' Sons.

There is a mistaken notion in some circles that the sons of the clergy are among the successes of life, but a study of the facts often reveals striking evidence of the satisfactory nature of the positions attained by them. Says the Capetown Methodist: Of the 670 members of the present British House of Commons, fifty-two, or one out of thirteen, may claim to be the sons of ministers. Of these seven hold, have held, Government office, five are members of the Privy Council and have reached Cabinet rank. The eminent of the ministers' sons in the House is Sir William Harcourt, besides being a son of a Church of England clergyman, is also a grand-son of a former Archbishop of York. Henry Fowler, Secretary for India in the late Liberal Government, is the son of a Wesleyan minister, while the present Cabinet contains two members in the persons of Mr. Henry Chaplin and Mr. Akers-Douglas, who are the children of clergymen.

## From South Africa Letters.

We print below some extracts from letters received from Norman P. McLeod, of E Battery Royal Canadian Artillery. From the telegraphic reports we learn the Battery is now at the front, in General Ian Hamilton's division, and is having its full share in the movements now going on. The letters were not written for publication, but for family reading. It has been suggested to us that, as among the readers of the INTELLIGENCER, for which he has occasionally done some work, he has a considerable number of friends who may like to hear from him, we print some of the things he has written.

The first letter received from him was written on board ship, when about half way between Halifax and Capetown. It was then thought there would be a chance to mail letters on a passing ship. The opportunity for mailing did not occur till they reached the Cape. The letter dealt in an interesting way with sundry incidents of the voyage. The second letter was begun the day after the "Milwaukee" reached Africa, and was finished in Camp, April 2nd. From it we quote the following:

Table Bay, S. A., March 22.  
At last our sea voyage is over. We dropped anchor under the shadow of Table Mountain at precisely four o'clock yesterday, the 21st, twenty-eight days from Halifax to the minute. Our mail, with a letter for mother, went away last night.

Too much cannot be said of the pleasant time we have had on our voyage here. Every day was a picnic, and every night a moonlight excursion. We passed numbers of vessels, school upon school of fish—such as porpoise, sea salmon, dolphins, and a few sharks. Three times we were greatly refreshed by the sight of land, viz: the Island of Fogo, of the Cape Verde group, Ascension and St. Helena islands, in the order named. We were very close to Ascension, and signaled "All well." I presume that is the first word that got to Canada of our whereabouts. [That word did not reach Canada.—Ed.]

It has fallen to my lot to do a good deal of clerical work since we started, as was the case while we were in barracks at Halifax. I have, also, been a member of the signal corps during the trip, being one of the three chosen from our detachment for the service. Morrison and Ross are the other two. We have had a fine drill in signalling. You will, I am sure, be surprised to hear that I have developed into a marksman, for the time being, at least. I was fortunate enough to win the prize given for the best shooting in our party. The range was equivalent to 500 yards, and the ship was rolling a great deal, making shooting difficult for us all.

Military Camp, Capetown, March 27th.

"We got in here only yesterday. It was four days from the time we first dropped anchor in the Bay until we pulled up to the dock. There were so many vessels at the wharves and ahead of us that we had to stay outside. You will probably smile at my own not very pleasant experience during the delay. All the time we were waiting for a chance to land I was struggling with a raging toothache. I dosed it with every conceivable thing, hoping to get it filled when we got ashore. But the wait was so long, and the plaguey thing was so persistently bad and so distracting that I became desperate and had it pulled—at least I thought I had, but discovered later that it was another tooth, a well behaved one, that had been taken from me. Yesterday I went to a dentist in town, who found the troublesome one, and relieved me of it. . . . Yesterday we all worked hard at unloading. It was a quarter past nine last night when we got our horses all picketed and fed. Last night we slept in the open, and we may have to do that as long as we remain here. We do not care so long as there is no heavy rain. But the dew last night wet through our great coats and blankets. I was on picket, and about midnight, when it was my turn to lie down for a little, I found my blankets as wet as if a pail of water had been poured on them. I have been interrupted in my writing by a lot of soldiers from the front coming along, with whom, of course, I was

glad to have a talk. Among them were four Canadians, and one Seaforth Highlander. One Canadian, Harvey, from St. John, was wounded just below the waist: he is better and expects to go to the front again. The Seaforth was wounded through the right thigh; he, too, is ready and anxious to return to the front. . . . Everything that we have read about seems right at hand. A traction engine is just passing, with a string of trucks full of baggage and the like. The same engine and its train came across the country from Durban a short time ago. Four of the guns captured with Cronje are just below us. Three thousand Boer prisoners are near here in the cycle track. They are hard looking fellows, but, as the Highlander says, "They are no farmers at fightin'." I am writing this under part of Gatling gun Howard's latest gun.

In Camp, April 2nd.

It seems as if I will never get a chance to finish this letter, the days are so filled with duties of various kinds. I would do it at night if I had any sort of light. A candle is the only thing that breaks the darkness in our tent, and that does not give light enough to write by. We are still on the "bum," no hats or new khakis have been issued to us yet. They are said to be at the stores, but are evidently covered so deep under the mass of stuff there that we must wait, and meanwhile broil under Africa's hot sun. Although winter is coming on it is hot—very hot sometimes. Johnson had a sunstroke while on guard today, and is now quite sick. I hope it may not run into fever. The Milwaukee, our ship, left tonight with Boer prisoners for St. Helena. Of the prisoners remaining here many are dying; two of them died early this morning; nearly every day there is a burial. We are gradually getting the horses into shape, and expect to leave on Thursday for the front to join our Battery. All are anxious to go on. Troops are coming and going every day. A Battery of Royal Artillery, with heavy 5 inch siege guns, leave to-morrow, to be in readiness for the siege of Pretoria. . . . Quite a number of the first Canadian contingent wounded are here. Some of them gave us vivid descriptions of what they had passed through. . . . To-day we had our first touch of a sandstorm. The fellows who have been here for some time say it was not much of a storm, but it seemed a fairly vigorous one to the newcomers. I am doing orderly duty just now, and while it lasts am freed from caring for horses and from doing guard or picket duty. Speaking of guard duty, two or three more of the Boer prisoners have been shot while attempting to escape. About two hundred more prisoners were brought in to-day. . . .

There is talk among the C. M. R. that they are likely to leave on Wednesday. We are all anxious to get away as soon as possible, and would be glad to be at the front. The week we have spent here has seemed like a month. Besides our regular duties, the most we have done has been to eat fruit of every kind, of which we have had an abundance, and drink ginger beer—i. e. the temperate ones. . . .

Everybody in Capetown is badge hunting. The Canadians are, apparently, the most sought after. They receive much attention. But some of the hospitality offered, though doubtless well meant, is not good for those who accept it. . . . A youngster gave me a couple of stamps of the South African Republic—"Kruger's stamps," he called them. I enclose them and some other kinds I got here. I also send some ostrich feathers, etc. . . .

This letter must close now, as other duties are demanding attention. My next will, probably, be from some other point in Africa, as we hope to move on very soon. The following are extracts from a third letter—the last received:

On Train en route to Front, 2.15 a. m., April 10th.

At last I get a chance to again write a few lines. We left Capetown about 5 p. m. Sunday, on our way to Victoria West to join our Battery. All the "Milwaukee's" party left last Wednesday, except our detachment and a troop of Mounted Police whose squadron is with our boys. Since the others

left and took the cooks with them I have been acting as head cook; and the boys seem to agree that I am a success at it. We have to turn our hands to almost everything, and in this cooking business I am profiting by the kitchen drill mother used to give me sometimes. Everything one has learned even a little of, comes in handy here. . . . When "C" Battery, to which we were temporarily attached, went away they took all their tents, some of which we occupied. So we were left without shelter; even Capt. Mackie had none, but he managed to get in with Lt. Moodie of the C. M. R. We had to sleep in the open air, which was not particularly pleasant on account of the dampness. To add to our comfort a nice little sand-storm blew up in the night and almost buried us. We will surely have lots of "grit" after a campaign in this country. People at home have no idea what a sand-storm is like, nor can they form an idea by reading of it. The worst dust gale we ever have at home, is about as much like it as a gentle zephyr is like a cyclone. The air seems full of little sharp particles like glass, which fairly cut into one's eye balls. Many of us have purchased sand glasses; the glasses are slightly tinted, are set in leather frames, and they fit in close to the nose and eye-sockets, preventing any of the particles from getting inside. They certainly contribute to our comfort. . . . We were in Capetown thirteen days, which gave us ample time to see everything. It is really a fine city in the matter of buildings. I have never seen any finer such as the Depot, the Standard Bank of S. A., the Post Office and Customs, the Museum, Parliament House and other government buildings. They are simply huge grand structures, most of them of a very light sand stone, some of brick with stone trimmings. Nearly all the buildings, dwellings included, are of stone. Scores of the business blocks are not surpassed, if equalled, by anything to be seen in many of the large American cities. This is one of the things which impresses a stranger. The street cars are similar to those in "the old country," or "at home" as they say here. The cars have two compartments an open and a closed one, the former being above the latter and reached by a narrow winding stair at each end. . . .

The railroad, on which we are now making our way to the front, runs through a sandy, low-brushed barren, with numerous steep grades, sharp curves, and stone cuttings. At various distances, on both sides, line upon line of copes (copies) are seen. If one should judge from appearances, no animal or human being could get a living off such soil. But we have seen goats, sheep and mules in large numbers grazing, and looking in good condition. The train passes through a number of very pretty little villages, at all of which, and also at the bridges, troops are stationed to preserve the line of communication. At certain stops the government has put up great tanks in which to keep hot water for the use of the troops in making tea and coffee. It is a capital idea, and facilitates cooking very much, a fact which is appreciated by the often hungry and thirsty "Tommy." . . . At different stops we have talked with soldiers on guard duty, some of whom relate quite interesting episodes. At all the stations the people have been very kind to us. At Beaufort West young ladies brought us hot tea and coffee, which was refreshing. I got into conversation with the Station Agent there—a Mr. Morton. He was the embodiment of kindness, and could not do too much for us. He gets a Canada paper, which he offered to forward to me. But as two are on the way to me every week—though none have reached me yet—I did not need to accept his kind offer. He furnished me with the paper on which this letter is written, and with the envelope, also, and the stamp. I send you an O. F. S. stamp, which he gave me; it will be valuable later. He was glad to get one of our badges—a maple leaf, which I gave him. . . . This has been a skimming and hurried letter, but it can't be helped; I want to mail it at the next stop, so that it will catch the Wednesday mail steamer. It is now 3.45 a. m., and we were warned to be ready to turn out at 4. . . . You will, of course, have heard that last week's mail boat, the "Mexican," was wrecked. I sent mail on it. It is reported that nearly all the military mail was saved. I hope mine was, and that it has reached home. . . .

## Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

"Base up ye women that are at ease." Isaiah 32: 9.

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Mrs. J. McLeod, Fredericton.]

## WOMEN IN THE GREAT CONFERENCE.

The editor of the Presbyterian Witness, who attended the Ecumenical Conference, says that the work of women in the extension of the blessings of civilization and Christianity was well shown forth at the various gatherings, by accomplished women who have given their lives to the cause. The clearness and force with which these women spoke were wonderful. They know their purposes, they know their plans, and heart and intellect are in the service. India, China, S. Am, Turkey, and other fields were represented. Of the earnestness the sagacity, the devotion of the women-missionaries there can be no doubt. "Woman's Work for Woman" in the foreign field has really doubled the force of the great Christian invasion of heathendom.

These women understand the principles of education and of Christian training; and these principles they are carefully carrying into effect. What a bank there would have been in our own missions had not our missionaries been blessed with good wives and had not other devoted ladies gone into the field as teachers and as physicians and zenana workers.

One of the most notable papers was that by Mrs. Isabella Bishop, of London, the great traveller, who has seen more of missions and missionaries than any other living woman, and whose interest in the work has been caused by what she has seen of need, and of the blessed effects of christian missions. Though now 65 years old, and not in very good health, she has recently travelled thousands of miles in unexplored lands, exposed to hardships and dangers. A paper by her was read in the women's meeting by Mrs. Joseph Cook. The following is an extract from it:

"The study of these Oriental creeds and their fruits compels me to the conclusion that there is no resurrection power in any of them, and that the sole hope for the religious, political and moral future of the countries of Asia lie in the acceptance of that other and later Oriental creed which is centred in that Divine person to whom, in spite of her divisions, Christendom bows the adoring knee.

"Among the prominent and outstanding fruits of these religions which have fallen so low are shameless corruption and infamies of practice past belief in the administration of the government, which have obtained the sanction of custom. Law is simply an engine of oppression, and justice a commodity to be bought and sold like any other, and which the poor have no means of buying. Lying is universal and no shame attends the discovered falsehood. There are polygamy and polyandry, with their infinite degradation, and the entronement and deification of vice, many of the deities of India being the incarnation of unthinkable wickedness. There are unbridled immoralities and corruptions, and no public opinion to condemn them or to sustain men in doing right. Infanticide is openly practised. There is no truth and no trust between man and man, and no man trusts any woman. Every system of medicine in the East is allied with witch-craft, sorcery and demonolatory. Immorality prevails universally. Some of the nations are given up to unmentionable infamies, and nearly always the priests and monks are in advance of the people in immoral practices.

"Let us steadily bear in mind the fact that, though during this century nearly 4,000,000 persons won by missionary effort have been baptized into the Christian church, there are now more than 100,000,000 more heathen and Moslems in the world than when the century began. We must face the truth."

At one stage of the meeting there were presented on the platform a number of "jewels" won by women's mission work—converts from India, China, Armenia, &c. One of these, the little daughter of the widow Ramabai, spoke briefly with absolute correctness of idiom, and wonderful compass of voice. She ended with a verse or two which she sang with rare sweetness. These girls were some of the "Jewels" gathered from heathen lands. Where they have come from there are millions waiting to be redeemed. Events—results—appear to vindicate "women's work for women." All that is wanted is its extension and expansion, so as to influence for good the twenty-five millions of child widows in India and countless millions more.

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## PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY.—Sir Charles Tupper called attention to the destruction of the Kidy paper mills and the Laurentide pulp mills. The result had been that Canadian mills were not able to supply the home demand for paper. There would be a large importation of paper and a large increase of price. He asked whether it would be possible for the government to suspend for the time being newspaper postage.

Others spoke in the same way. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said the government appreciated the position, but had taken no action yet. The resolution extending the subsidy to Pacific steamship service for another period passed. The house went into committee on July's apple barrel bill, which makes the barrel six and a half quarts smaller than the barrel legalized last year. After some discussion the bill stood over.

Mr. Fisher moved the house in committee to authorize the government to enter into contract with the Redfords and Allan companies to continue cold storage contracts at \$28,750 a year.

Dr. Montague held that if the government had acted promptly the ten shilling rate would have been continued instead of fifty per cent increase. Sir Wilfrid Laurier gives notice that hereafter Monday will be taken for government business.

WEDNESDAY.—Replying to Mr. McMillen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier read the names of the members of parliament appointed to office by the late government in eighteen years. He added the names of all who had been appointed after retiring from the house.

Mr. Blair replying to Mr. Taylor, said free annual passes on the Intercolonial were given by this government as by its predecessors to eight Roman Catholic bishops, seven Anglican bishops, the Methodist general superintendent, and the president of the N. B. and P. E. I. Methodist conference, and to one Presbyterian moderator.

Mr. Fisher informed Mr. Powell that no hay was purchased by the department of agriculture in Westmorland county for imperial service, as Westmorland had not filled the requirements calling for three-quarters timothy and not more than a quarter clover and grass of any other kind. Sir Hibbert Tupper asked a number of questions respecting the alleged hold up of the steamer Yukoner at Dawson, whereby it is alleged that the collector of Dawson and ex-Commissioner Wade, improperly and illegally forced the owners to pay a large sum of money.

Mr. Peterson declined to answer, and Sir Hibbert moved the adjournment of the house and went into a discussion of the whole matter. The discussion continued till midnight.

THURSDAY.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposed his resolution to take Monday hereafter for government business. Mr. Flint objected that this would shut out his amendment of the Scotch act and his prohibition resolution. The premier said he would give the prohibition resolution a chance.

Mr. Charlton read from a despatch that the United States section of the Paris exhibition would be closed on Sundays, but the British and Canadian would be open. He protested against this.

Mr. Fisher said the Canadian commissioners had been asked to secure the closing of the Canadian exhibit on Sundays, but Mr. Tarte had recently informed him that he found it impossible to get it closed. Mr. McMullen would go in for a resolution in favor of bringing the exhibit home.

The afternoon was devoted to a discussion of a bill concerning seed grain indebtedness in the Northwest. In the evening the house went into committee on the pilotage bill, a measure to provide for the establishment of a pilotage court for the pilotage district of Montreal.

FRIDAY.—Mr. Fielding moved the house into supply and Mr. Borden of Halifax took the opportunity to discuss the West Huron and Brockville election cases. He recited the facts, and moved that the case be referred once more to the committee of privileges. "Bobs."—It is told that some school girls were discussing the meaning of the letters "G. C. B." after Lord Robert's name. One girl settled the difficulty by saying that the initials stood for "Generally called Bobs."