

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

**The largest hospital in Europe is at Moscow, and has 7,000 beds. Its staff consists of 96 physicians and 900 nurses, and about 15,000 patients are cared for every year.**

**All the funerals in Paris are conducted by a single syndicate, which is a licensed monopoly of the business. There is a regular tariff of rates, a first-class funeral costing \$2,000 and a cheap or ninth class \$5.**

**In 1,300 places in Chicago five-eighths of a bushel of coal is sold to poor people for a bushel. Two hundred dealers give three quarters of a bushel, and three honest weight. Inspector Quinn asked that new ordinances be adopted.**

**It is an infamous state of things in which brandy-drops have been sold to hundreds of Brooklyn school children as chocolate candy. In one instance, the store selling them was next door to the schoolhouse. One can scarcely conceive of a more devilish scheme to debauch childhood.**

**By a canvass of a Western city, made on one Sunday, it was found that 18,000 people were in church, and 38,000 attending ball games and in dives and places of sin. Such facts as this should burn into the consciousness of Christians until they awake to their awful responsibility.**

**Henri Dagan, a Parisian journalist has gathered the opinions of leading men among the European nations on the question of the regard in which the Jews are held. He finds that hatred of the Jews is almost universal among all the Continental nations. It is only in Great Britain that they are treated with consideration.**

**The engineers and workmen on the Jungfrau Railway, who are obliged to remain a considerable time at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above the sea level, are apt to develop a disagreeable complaint. After eight or ten days they are seized with violent pains in several teeth on one side of the jaw, the gums and cheeks on the same side becoming swollen. The teeth are very sensitive to pressure, so that it is painful to eat. These symptoms increase in severity three days and then generally disappear. All newcomers appear to suffer from the same complaint and they do not have any recurrence of the trouble.**

**The mummy of Ramesses II., generally believed to be the Pharaoh of the Oppression, has lain for years in the museum of Gizeh, but that of his thirteenth son and successor, Merenptah, usually supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, has only just been discovered. According to a communication of Professor Sayce, referred to in the current number of The Expository Times, a mummy brought recently to that museum, which was found in the tomb of Amenhotep II., has been ascertained to be that of Merenptah. The features of the father have been often represented and described. It will be interesting to compare them with those of his less notable but more notorious son.**

**Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is very modern in her ideas. Some time ago she decided to learn a trade, and selected bookbinding as the one which best suited her abilities. Since then she has worked hard and to so much purpose that the jury of an exposition held in London for the purpose of displaying the work of bookbinders all over England conferred a prize upon an unknown Miss Matthews, who turned out to be the Princess Victoria. Her mother, too, has spent some time in acquiring a useful art, as proved by the chair and two tabourets exhibited by the Princess of Wales at the World's Fair in Chicago.**

**The Young Men's Christian Association in Rome is about six years old. It began its work in crowded, rented quarters. It now owns a building adequate to its needs with gymnasium, hydraulic appliances for shower baths and other improvements. King Humbert is deeply interested in the work done for Italian young men. Night classes, lectures, concerts, social gatherings, Biblical studies and religious meetings are all actively pushed.**

## DR. RAND.

The death of Dr. T. H. Rand in the midst of the University celebration cast a gloom over the assembly. The first meeting in the Legislative Assembly Chamber had just been opened. Among those who were to receive degrees was Dr. Rand than whom none was more worthy of the distinction. Those sitting near him noticed his head drop forward as if he were fainting; they quickly carried him out of the Chamber. He never recovered consciousness, and in less than five minutes he ceased to live. To very few was the sad event known until, an hour or more later, Chancellor Harrison announced it, asking Hon. Geo. E. Foster to speak of the tragic occurrence. Mr. Foster, whose feelings were deeply moved, spoke most fittingly as follows:

Mr. Chancellor—Truly this is a heavy task you have imposed upon me. That tears lie very close to joy in this old world of ours has been shown by the sudden cloud that has darkened the exceeding brightness of our centennial day. Yet as the fullness of life underlies both joy and sorrow, so beyond shadow and cloud burns the eternal sun. A strong man has passed from our very midst, within the sound of our voices, within the reach of our hands. And yet, though all wished it, none could hinder his sudden going. In one respect the time and place of his death are singularly appropriate. On the very threshold of a new century his spirit has walked forth unhindered by material clogs to the glorious spaces where time is uncounted and where centuries pass unmarked. And he laid down his mortal tenement here in the very shadow of the place where he did his best life work. Do we ask for his monument? Behold, we dwell about it. And our children, and our children's children to far distant generations, shall daily enter and worship in the temples of education reared on the architectural lines which this master builder laid down.

Dr. Rand was a man singularly endowed with clearness of vision, and strength of purpose, and as a specialist in educational work had few equals. With him an essential element of strength has been the rugged mind and religious fibre that ran through his being. His aims were high, and he marched straight towards them with a Christian manliness which compelled respect even when it provoked opposition. We who knew him personally valued his true and healthful friendship. We mourn and long shall weep for our loss. And the full warm wealth of our heartfelt sympathy flows out to her who a moment ago was his loving wife, and now is his grief-stricken widow, that she may have strength given her according to her great need.

Dr. Rand was well known in this Province, where for twelve years he was Chief Superintendent of Education, having inaugurated and established the Free Schools system. He had done the same service in Nova Scotia before coming to New Brunswick. He was a man of marked ability, thoroughly conscientious and intense in his devotion to the work in hand. The good he did for the Province—and did in the face of great difficulties, is understood by only a few. His latest educational work was in the establishment of McMaster University, the fine Baptist institution in Toronto. For three or four years he has been in poor health, suffering the breakdown resulting from enthusiastic devotion to the great undertakings he had in hand, and which he so well accomplished. His country and the world is vastly better for his great and good life.

Mrs. Rand was with him, and was in the Parliament building when he was stricken. Much sympathy was and is felt for her.

Prior to taking his body to Canard, N. S., his old home, for burial, a funeral sermon was held in the Baptist church, addresses being made by the pastor, Dr. Goodspeed and Dr. Inch; Drs. Black and McLeod also took part in the service.

Financially the Presbyterian Church in Montreal was never in a better condition than it is now, but spiritual prosperity, it is asserted, has not gone hand in hand with outward prosperity. Family religion and family worship are on the decline; prayer meetings are poorly attended, especially by the men, and it is very difficult to get men to work in the Sabbath School. What is true of Montreal in this respect is applicable also to the Presbyterian Witness says, to the Maritime Provinces. Committee in presenting annual reports to Presbyteries need to urge these matters strongly upon their attention, and decisive action should be taken.

## BROTHER, DON'T BLOW.

By Knoxonian, in The Westminster.

Don't blow about any prizes, or scholarships, or honors of any kind that you may have taken in college. Some ill-natured person may be tempted to wonder how it happens that a man who did so much in college does so little when his college days are over.

Don't blow about the length of your college course, or say anything about your post-graduate course, if you took one in Germany or elsewhere. A young man once talked to a farmer in that way, and the farmer told him a story about giving the milk of three cows to one calf, and the more milk he gave the animal became the greater calf!

Don't blow about the number of calls you have received. A most estimable lady in one of our congregations complained almost bitterly to her pastor about the conduct of two clergymen who took dinner with her and spent the dinner hour in blowing about their calls. They were not much worse than some of their brethren. Calls are engineered in various ways in these modern days, and some of the ways are no credit to the parties chiefly concerned. Even when calls come in perfectly legitimate ways a clergyman should boast about them. We have heard men talking somewhat loudly about calls they declined, and we personally know that some of the people who signed the calls were quite glad the men called did not come.

It is just as well not to say too much about long pastorates. Blowing along that line may tempt people to say that the man of long pastorate would have left many a time if he could. There is not any too much professional honor among the clergy, and it is not wise to tempt ministers who have moved several times to count the number of vacancies in which the man who never moved has preached. Too much talk about a long pastorate seems to imply a reflection on men who have moved, and nine-tenths of the ministers in the Church have moved once or twice. Besides it is scarcely consistent to preach on Sabbath about our lives being ordered by God, to say good Scriptural things about the sparrow's fall, and the numbering of the hairs of our head; to quote Shakespeare about the Divinity that shapes our ends, and then on Monday speak as if we arranged all these things ourselves. If, as Dr. Bushnell says in his great sermon, "every man's life is a plan of God," both the short and the long pastorates are in his plan, and therefore we should not blow about either.

Never blow about the number of alleged distinguished people in your congregation. Some of them may not be specially distinguished for piety. Blowing about even the intelligence of a congregation is somewhat risky. People may know a good deal about some things and stick fast in their efforts to find a text in Nahum or Hosea. Above everything never blow about the wealth of a congregation. Consecrated wealth is a great blessing, but a good deal of the wealth of most of our congregations is not consecrated to any great extent. The New Testament has something about being "rich in faith," but so far as we know the modern phrase "large and wealthy congregation" is not found in the Good Book. In fact, the phrase "smells to heaven" and the odor is the odor of funkiness, of toadyism of voluntarism run mad, and of several other bad things.

Perhaps, the most disgusting kind of blowing is the eulogic kind practiced by the clerical prig who speaks patronizingly of men whom the master is signally honoring in the great work. There were men in Scotland who said "poor Chalmers," men in Ireland who said "poor Cooke," and men in England who said "poor Spurgeon." We have ministers in Canada who say, at least by implication, "poor Patterson" and "poor McKay," meaning the Formosa man of Toronto. The starchy imbecile who talks in that way ought to have his white necktie taken off and his license to preach torn before his face. The man who preaches in a down town church every Sabbath of the year to over 2,000 people might well be envied. The missionary who Christianized Northern Formosa is one of our most honored men. May a kind heaven give us more men of

genuine enthusiasm for gospel work. What is the sense of all the talk about classes in the Church? To get a living in this new country every man must work or steal.

Brother, don't blow too much about the superiority of this generation over the last one. It may be quite true your father was a fool, but a good many of us are not prepared to make any such admission about our ancestors. On the contrary we think that some of them could read better, and write better and spell very much better than many of their descendants can. Some of us can remember old Scotsmen who knew more about free trade and protection than is known by three-fourths of the members of the Ontario Legislature. We remember, too, good men who could put more rich gospel truth into a "grace before meat" than some modern preachers put into a sermon.

Blowing is a contagious kind of a habit. If one man begins to blow, somebody else is sure to begin, too, in order to keep up his end. If you hear a minister blowing about his calls, or his congregation, or his sermons, or his speeches, or his revivals, don't you begin to answer him in kind. Say "indeed," or "wonderful," or "oh, dear me," or "you don't say," or "humph," or some intelligent thing of that kind.

## REV DR. CUYLER'S STIRRING SPEECH.

AT THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AGAINST CARRYING LIQUOR TO THE PHILIPPINES

"Fellow-soldiers for Christ, all hail!" began Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, amid the warm applause of the ecumenical conference. This conference, on which God has poured eight days of sunshine, has worked on many of the problems of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, but there is another problem, very important, on which I have been asked to address you to-night; and although it is not allowed to present resolutions to this conference, if I were to do so I would phrase one something like this: "Whereas, one of the most serious obstacles to the spread of the gospel among many native races is the importation of alcoholic liquors by Christian nations; Resolved, That our Christianity needs a little more Christianizing at the core," and I am sure that our beloved and honored Christian statesman, ex-President Harrison, would second this resolution.

For how many years have ships from Christian ports carried missionaries in the cabin and rum and firearms and opium in the hold! Even Britain and America have held out to the heathen races the Bible in one hand and the bottle in the other, and the bottle has sent 10 to perdition where the Bible has brought one to Jesus Christ. Four years ago the Christian chief of Bechuanaaland went to London on an extraordinary mission. He went there to tell that he had made a prohibitive law for his tempted subjects, who are negroes, and with it was the smuggling in of liquor by British subjects, and he implored her majesty to second his efforts to make prohibition successful. Think of it! A converted African savage on his knees before a Christian queen imploring her people not to poison his own nation.

We have something nearer home than that. Of all the honored heads of mission work who have been here upon this platform, none has been looked upon with more reverence than John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides. No one since Livingstone went from his knees to God's throne in Africa has been more revered than he. My old friend Paton came here a few years ago. What for? To implore the American government, yours and mine, to prohibit the importation of whiskey and firearms among the new Christians of the New Hebrides. The cross had saved them from cannibalism but the question was, Could they be saved from the importations of Christian America?

I am coming home closer than that. All political subjects are properly quarantined in this conference and you may be certain that I am not going to handle the hot potato Philippine problem in any of its political aspects; but whatever the future rulers

of our country shall be to those multitudes of human beings, we are, now, before God and before man, responsible for their condition as much as any mother in that gallery is for the child that she kissed good night in the crib.

If there is anything a true American adores next to his Bible, it is the blessed old stars and stripes. But mark ye! it is a most terrible truth that that flag, "Old Glory," as it is called here, floats to-night over 400 American drinking dens—slaughter houses of body and soul—in the town of Manila. (Cries of "Shame, shame!") "Yes, shame, shame, shame!" thundered Dr. Cuyler, as he continued; "then for heaven's sake hang it at half mast."

What is to be done? Abraham Lincoln once by a single stroke of his pen swept away the darkest blot on our national escutcheon. That same pen can be found to-day in the president's mansion, and our honored president with the same dashing stroke should extinguish this terrible stigma on our character and our Christianity. If he does we will give him a shout that will make the ovation he received on this platform last Saturday night appear out the murmur of a zephyr. Let this great conference send a protest to all Christian peoples, imploring them to prohibit the importation of alcoholic intoxicants among these temptable native races of the earth.

Eight years ago 16 nations, our own among them, I am happy to say, enacted a treaty forbidding the introduction of alcoholic drinks in the Congo country of Africa. All right. That established a principle. Now, what we want to do is to make an enlargement of it. This conference should ask, should implore, the Christian nations of the earth, in the name of a common humanity, out of pity for the weak races God has bidden us to treat as our brethren, for the principles of Christianity and glory of God, to pass such legislation as shall sweep out of existence this terrible curse of humanity, this destruction of God's children.

## Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

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

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

## ECHOS FROM THE CONFERENCE.

Two sisters in Australia, hearing of the need of missionaries for one of the worst islands of the sea, decided to go. The only other member of the family, the mother, was asked to accompany them. This she would not do as a paid missionary but said that as soon as she could dispose of her property she would join them on her own account. They left their home and were almost immediately massacred upon reaching the island. When this was told the mother, she uttered no repining word but said, "I must hasten to that country myself. I want to tell those bad people how much Jesus loves them."—Eugene Stock.

When I was asked to go to India to work among the heathen, I had the usual number of doubts and fears as to my fitness, my duty at home, my ability to stand the climate, and other hardships. Some of these worries clung to me till I was sailing up the little Indian river on the last stage of my journey to my appointed station. When I saw the temples, shrines, ignorance and filth of the natives all my uncertainty about my duty to India fell into this river, and I have never had any since.—Miss Thoburn.

A good woman in England was resolved to go as a missionary. She was objected to on account of her age, but go she would. After being some time among the heathen she found it to be true, she was too old. Bent on being useful she took charge of the younger missionaries' home and after becoming very useful in this way she wrote home, "It was true, I am too old to learn the language, I can't talk with the natives, but I'm trying to help those who can. I am washing the pots and the pans for the Lord."—Eugene Stock.

## A VISION OF CHRIST.

The following incident, related by a zealous missionary in India, reminds me the "Faithful Witness" that the Lord sometimes works in the present day, in ways mentioned in the Acts of the apostles. She says: "In the midst of much that is sad, I have a piece of good news to pass on. In visiting one of my houses lately, the old mother said, 'I also wish to read; do you think I could learn? It is that I may get to know more about your religion.' So she began. I had several talks with her, and one day, when I was telling her about a young bibi who was rejoicing in sins forgiven and deliverance from an evil temper, she said, 'Yes, I know what it means. I have accepted Him and have forsaken all besides. He has set me free from my old thoughts and life.' 'But,' said I, not knowing how much she understood, 'even if you follow Him from now onward, what about the past, that has to be accounted for?' 'Oh,' she said, her dear old face shining, 'it is all gone; the past is all forgiven, all swept away.' Then she told me of a kind of vision which she had had. Looking up, she seemed to see a great powerful figure come into the house. After saluting the household, he sat down and began to speak, and handed each a book. She said, 'I will keep this book, and show it to my Miss Sahiba when she comes again; but I have my own books, and these are enough for me; I do not wish to hear you.' 'Whose books are they?' asked he. 'They are Jesus Christ's.' 'I am He!' said the visionary figure; and she clasped her hands and worshipped. The thought that Jesus is coming again for His own seems to fill her with joy."

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, whose expert knowledge of tenement-house conditions in New York City is practically inexhaustible, contributes to the Review of Reviews for June an interesting forecast of the work of the new commission recently appointed by Governor Roosevelt.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett writes, in the Review of Reviews for June, on "Automobiles for the Average Man," summarizing the advantages and disadvantages of the various models and methods of motive-power.

The frontispiece of the June St. Nicholas is by Rembrandt, though no one knows who was "The Little Unknown," whom it portrays. "The House-boat on the Sands" is a plot-boat that went ashore on the beach at Nantasket in the great storm of November 26-27, 1898; the wreck has been fitted up as a house, and partly furnished with nautical and other relics. "A Camera in Mid Air" is illustrated with a view taken from over 328 feet above the water. There are fairy-stories, and other stories more or less true; humorous and serious pictures; and, in Nature and Science, seasonable accounts of the doings of birds and reptiles, plants and trees.

## AMONG EXCHANGES.

### NOTORIETY.

It is not difficult to win notoriety. One can easily "be talked about" if he is willing to pay the price.

### HOW DO YOU VOTE?

Friend, what kind of a ticket do you vote religiously? Is it for Christ or against him? Do you say, "Neither"? That cannot be. Our Lord says, "He that is not for me is against me." There are but two candidates in the religious field soliciting your vote—Christ and the devil. Every day, by your life and influence, you are depositing a ballot. In whose favor? You have been voting five, ten, thirty, perhaps forty years—ever since you attained to moral accountability. For whom have you been voting? Better stop and think. "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." "By thy works (votes for Christ) thou shalt be justified, and by thy works (votes for Satan) thou shalt be condemned." Serious business, this thing of living in a gospel land. Better stop and think.—The Telescope.

### HOW THEY ARE KILLED.

Here are a few nails from the coffin in which missionary enterprise and church activity have not infrequently been carried to their place of burial. "One church is as good as another," which is equivalent to saying every other church is better than my own. "Charity should begin at home," which is equivalent to saying that charity should never wander from its initial point. "Let other people help themselves, as we did," which is equivalent to saying, after our grandfathers bought the church lots and our fathers built the present beautiful church, we, their children, propose to have a period of rest in the enjoyment of something that cost us nothing.—Herald & Presbyterian.