

# Religious Intelligence.

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

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WHOLE No. 2486

## THE BEST WAY.

Quick renewals, and payment of arrears if any exist, show practical interest in the INTELLIGENCER. Our friends will help us very much by remitting promptly.

## NOTES AND CLEANINGS

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

One of the most interesting discoveries last year was by Andrew J. Stone, of the American Museum of Natural History, that three hitherto unknown native tribes inhabit the northernmost coast of North America.

Sir Henri Joly the Lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, with the assistance of the Natural History Society of that Province, is taking steps to import large quantities of song-birds from England and eastern Canada. It is believed that they will be rapidly acclimated, and will thrive in British Columbia.

The locomotives on the Northern Pacific Railroad are equipped with electric head-lights, and incandescent lights are also provided on the under side of the running boards and beneath the boiler, thus enabling the engineer and fireman to examine any part of the machinery with ease.

A Detroit paper publishes a list of 68 of the most prominent business houses in Detroit which forbid employees under the age of 21 from smoking cigarettes either in or out of the store with the knowledge of the management, under penalty of dismissal.

Who can deny that the hand of Providence is stretched out to the starving people of India, for on the trees of the bamboo forests has appeared a palatable gum that is being consumed as a food. The story is like the Bible story of the manna in the wilderness. This is said to be the first time in history that these trees have been known to exude this gummy substance, which is sweet and is also nourishing, and is abundant in several provinces, where the scarcity of food is extreme.

In view of the increasing use of rubber, a process for extracting this product from the hule plant, which was discovered about a year ago by a Mexican doctor, may have important bearing upon the rubber industry. The hule plant, which contains about 40 per cent. of rubber, grows in the mountain districts of Mexico, as well as in certain localities of Texas, Wyoming and Nebraska. It is a species of sage brush, and grows to a height of about three feet. The cost of production is said to be slight.

The first people to halt the twentieth century were the Friendly Islanders, with whom it was January 1 while England was still in the middle of December 31, according to The New Penny Magazine, which in ninety-six pages describes and illustrates the progress of the dead century. The first second of 1901, however, adds the writer, occurred in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, in longitude 180 east or west of Greenwich, where no human being save perhaps some mariner, could welcome its entrance.

The fact that a young woman in La Porte, Ind., is in danger of death from a joker who removed a chair on which she was about to be seated should be a warning to the numerous idiots of this class. It is said that the joker will be held criminally responsible for her death if the injuries prove fatal. This is the proper course, since nothing but the fear of a term in the penitentiary can penetrate the thick skulls of such men.

## THE MAN WHO HAS NO AMMUNITION.

BY KNOXIAN, IN THE WESTMINSTER.

Capture or defeat of British soldiers in South Africa has been many times explained by saying they had "no ammunition." The other day it was reported that the famous "Fighting Fifth" had been taken prisoners. In a short time the old explanation came along—they had "no ammunition." The British lion is getting ready to roar—why have the men no ammunition? There are some things John Bull cannot stand, and one of them is putting his soldiers without ammunition in front of the enemy. If the "no ammunition" excuse does not suddenly stop there will be trouble in the War Office, and there should be.

Nearer home civilians suffer too often because men who try to shoot oratorically have no ammunition worth firing. Canada is in the formative period. The Church and State are self-governed. Local self-government is found everywhere. Societies of all kinds abound. All this means that a certain proportion of our people are continually on their feet addressing their fellow-citizens. If we had a Czar to govern the state, and a Pope to govern the Church, this oratorical firing would not be allowed to exist. But we have neither Czar nor Pope, though we have lots of men who would willingly take either position. As matters stand the best thing we can do is to insist that every man who shoots oratorically shall have ammunition worth firing, and that he cease firing when his ammunition is exhausted.

See that brother who rises in the Church court and pulls himself together for a long speech after the question in hand has been thoroughly threshed out. Hear him as he says clumsily what others have said tersely. He throws out no light; gives no leading. What is the matter with that man and brother? Simply this, he has no ammunition.

Listen to the man on the platform who begins by saying he is glad to be here. He talks about himself, and perhaps tells what his wife said to him as he was leaving home. Then he says he is reminded of some little anecdote he just heard or read, and when he tells the anecdote it proves mouldy with age. Then he tells the audience he has nothing to say, and uses up half an hour in proving that this statement is true. Anybody who knows him would take the truth of the statement for granted. That man has no ammunition and he should not waste precious time in firing blank cartridges at the people.

Somebody with a turn for statistics should form an estimate of the amount of money more than wasted in Ottawa and Toronto by Parliamentarians who try to fire without ammunition, or fire with ammunition that is worse than none at all.

Is there any reason why a preacher should not stop when his pulpit ammunition is for the time being exhausted? If the ammunition gives out in fifteen minutes why not stop at the end of fifteen? If there is ball and powder enough for thirty, fire for thirty. If he feels reasonably sure he has enough in the locker for forty-five minutes, and can keep up a steady, hot fire for that length of time, reasonable people will not complain. Is it not possible that the complaints about long sermons arise in part from firing after the ammunition is exhausted? We say in part, because there are people who would complain about any length of a sermon, simply because they do not want to hear preaching at all.

Sometimes we see articles in the press that are clearly spun out after the ammunition of the writer has become exhausted. He set out to write a column with enough of good ammunition for half a column. The result was "space writing," not by any means the most edifying kind of literature.

There is a kind of Boer warrior called a "Sniper." The business of the sniper is to hide in holes and behind rocks and fire at British soldiers. Some brave fellows sleep in the South African veldt who met their death at the hands of these cowardly snipers.

A few members of Parliament at Ottawa, and a few members of the Legislatures of the Provinces, are Parliamentary snipers. They skulk behind their privileges as members and fire poisoned arrows at outsiders who cannot defend themselves. By some old Parliamentary fiction slander uttered in Parliament is not slander; a lie uttered in the House while the House is in session, is not a lie. Hence the Parliamentary sniper has full swing to indulge his cowardly sniping propensities. The courts cannot punish a Parliamentary sniper.

Never fire at any man unless he has a fair chance to defend himself. Sniping is for a Boer not for a Briton.

If you have no ammunition never try to fire at all. Words are no ammunition.

Cease firing the moment your ammunition is exhausted.

How would these do for new century resolutions?

## THE MINISTER THEY WANTED.

The Interior scribe tells of accepting a deacon's invitation to the week-night prayer meeting of a church without a pastor. The meeting, he says, was not very well attended. "The brethren spent most of the time praying that the Lord would direct them in the choice of 'an under-shepherd' who should 'go in and out with the flock,' who should 'care for souls,' and, as 'a steward of the mysteries of God,' give to each his portion in due season." The fact is that the church has been without a pastor for three or it may be nearly four years, and the brethren have become quite glib in the use of Biblical phrases supposed to apply to the situation. On our way home I told Deacon Philip that I was deeply affected by their depression and wished it was in my power to help them a bit. I suggested that I had heard the Rev. John Zebedee very well spoken of and thought he "could be moved" from Ephesus if "certain measures were taken; but I learned that Mr. Urbane had been to hear him and objected to any one who had such evident reminders of his early sea-faring life in his manner. Mr. Urbane is not very particular whom the church shall call provided only he is a "gentleman." "How would Dr. Peter do, who is just now at Babylon?" "Never in the world," said Deacon Philip; "why man, he is past forty-five, almost fifty, in fact." "Well, I do not think you would make a mistake if you were to call the Rev. Simon Zealotes." "He will do well enough for the Salvation Army," was the reply, "but we must avoid calling a man who is too radical." "Brother Apollous is a very eloquent man," we ventured. "Yes, but he has not been out of the seminary more than three years." We did not say anything rude. We make it a point of conscience never to say anything rude. But we turned the corner somewhat abruptly and went our way thinking what a precious lot of unconscious humbugs some people are, who pray the good Lord for things they have no intention to accept. Ministers are called, it seems, for reasons which have not one thing to do with their usefulness; rejected for reasons in no way connected with their spiritual life, or peremptorily dismissed for some trifling difference of opinion in spite of their fidelity or their success. Stop praying for a pastor, brethren, or else put a little more genuine piety into your search for one. No, thank you, Brother Philip. We do not care to go to prayer-meeting to-night. We mean to stay at home and read the third chapter of First Timothy; and we suggest the same to you, if we may.

WHAT HE WANTED.—A Western editor has received the following letter: "Send me a few copies of the paper which had the obituary and verses about the death of my child a week or two ago. You will publish the enclosed clipping about my niece's marriage. And I wish you would mention in your local column, if it don't cost me, that I am going to have a few extra ball calves to sell. Send me a couple of extra copies of the paper this week, but as my time is on you can stop my paper, as times are too hard to waste money on a newspaper."

Editors other than those in the west have acquaintances with the same kind of people.

## RUM TRAFFIC NOTES.

A CYCLONE.

The track of the rum shop is the path of a cyclone around the world, and in that wide swath of death are the wreckage of homes and hopes, the bodies of dead and dying men and women, young men and maidens and children, slain in guilt and innocence alike.

A PROPHECY.

The men of the rum traffic see its overthrow coming, if temperance men are faithful. The Liquor Trade Review says: "Both prohibition and local option, liberty curtailing ideas and plans, are gaining ground with the people, especially in country towns and villages. If the present ratio of progress is made during the next twenty years, we shall expect to see, if alive, the liquor trade confined to the larger cities." It is to be hoped the Review correctly estimates the drift of this.

A NATION'S WASTE.

This is the way an exchange utters its indictment against the drinking habit of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales: "The United Kingdom last year spent for alcoholic drinks about \$800,000,000, which is equal to the total rental of all lands and houses in those islands; it is twice as much as was spent on bread, ten times as much as was spent on education, and eighty times as much as the Christians of the United Kingdom spent on foreign Missions." Such a record should cover the people of the United Kingdom with humiliation; but it is not any worse than that of our own fair land.

IS IT RIGHT?

Is it right to preach salvation to men and women and then vote to perpetuate an institution that brings damnation to them?

Is it right to teach your boy to be honest and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach your boy to restrain his passions and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be inflamed?

Does it show good sense to build churches to save men and license rum hells to destroy them?

Is it right to preach justice and charity and then vote to license a thing to rob wives and children of their bread and bring lasting disgrace and misery upon them?

ECONOMICS OF DRINK.

Suppose four farmers came into town, each with \$30 in his pocket. One goes to a dry goods store, one to a hardware store, one to a boot and shoe store, and the other to a saloon, and each spends his money in the place he visits.

After two weeks I come to you and say: "Let us go and see those producers; see what they have received for the money they gave those non-producers." We drive to the home of the man who spent his money at the dry goods store. "What did you get?" "Do you see that dress which Nellie is wearing and the coat that Tom has on? Well, I gave the merchant \$30, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off; we are better off." Exchange of value; both are benefited.

We go to the man who traded at the hardware store, and we say: "What did you receive?"

"Do you see the stove, and the axe, and those kettles?" "Yes." "Well, I gave him \$30, he gave me these. We are better off; he is better off."

We go to the man who spent his money at the boot and shoe store. "What did you receive for the money you paid?" "You see these boots which I am wearing, and the shoes Nellie has on and the boots that Will Dick and Harry and the rest are wearing? I gave that merchant \$30 for them. We needed the boots and shoes, he needed the money, and we traded." An exchange of value; both are benefited.

Now we go to the man who spent the \$30 in the saloon and say to him: "Sir, you paid that non-producer \$30. What did you get back?" "Come here and I will show you." Will he say that? No; he will hang his head and say: "I got this flaming nose,

and have been sick ever since."

"My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the \$30 in the fire and burned it, and never had gone to the drinking-place at all? Yes; because you would have had a clear head, hard muscles, and could have gone to work at once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquor dealer took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth."

## 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. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

## INDIA LETTER.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER,

Our yearly meeting has come and gone. It was held with Midnapore church, from 11th. to 17th., inst., inclusive. It was my privilege to attend a part of the time. I had given up the idea of going, when, the day before they began, a letter from Miss Barnes was received expressing the wish that I would attend and at the same time offering to remain with the girls, so as to make it possible. Her kind offer was gladly accepted, but I thought it only right that she should have part of the time, so sent her word that I would return by Wednesday's mail, in order that she might leave the same evening for Midnapore. On Saturday afternoon, in company with Rev. and Mrs. Hamlen, their two children—Avery and Charlie, Phulla, one of the Bible women and Chundrie, one of my big girls, I left Balasore. At the station we unexpectedly met Mrs. M. R. Phillips, also bound for the seat of Conference. When we reached Khargpur, where we change for Midnapore train, we learned that we could make no connection that night, so we got into our carriages, unstrapped our bedding and composed ourselves for the night. About 4.30 a. m. our slumbers were disturbed by the hissing of steam, changing of carriages and puffing of engines. Half an hour later found us steaming out of the station. In about 20 minutes we were at the end of the division, (the line is not completed.) A temporary bridge for passengers is constructed; crossing it we found Mr. Wymans gaily in readiness to take us into Midnapore, a distance of more than two miles. I had my bicycle and got in early and took my host and hostess by surprise.

The meetings were good and a good interest in them was manifested by the native brethren. Every morning after the prayer-meeting Bible readings were given. The afternoon sessions were devoted, respectively, to the High School, Bible School, Churches Sunday Schools, Industrial, C. E. Societies and Temperance. To me the most helpful feature in the meetings were the Bible readings. The Wednesday morning reading led by Sachhi Babu, was marked by a spirit of deep devotion. The thought that came to me with force was the humility of our Master, who "made himself of no reputation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Dear sisters, are we willing to be of no reputation, to be nothing—in order that Christ should be exalted? Pray for me that I may be a ready learner of the Master.

Before Conference closed the new missionaries Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, arrived. They will be stationed in Midnapore, to assist Rev. H. E. Wyman.

Mrs. M. R. Phillips is stationed in Santipore. We are glad to have the dear little woman among us.

There is very much more that I would like to write, but must close with wishing you all a good Christmas and a bright and happy New Year.

Yours sincerely  
L. E. GAUNCE.

Balasore,  
Nov. 28th, 1900.

GIFTS FROM MISSIONARIES' SONS.

A striking illustration of the sort

of Christians, Missionaries' children make, was given at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissions, of Foreign Missions. The Missionary Herald says: "One of the dramatic moments of the meeting came at the Thursday evening session, when Hon. Peter C. Jones of Honolulu, a corporate member of the Board, who had travelled all the way from the Sandwich Islands to bring the greeting from our new possession, especially from the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, was introduced. After some kindly and fitting expressions of fellowship, he presented as a token of affection, a check for \$9,000, the combined gift of various children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren of the Board's missionaries to the islands. And when the applause had subsided, which grew louder as the separate gifts were announced with a few explanatory words concerning the giver, he added, on his own authority, a pledge of \$3,000 for the new year, \$1,000 for the Twentieth Century Fund, \$1,000 for the debt, and \$1,000 for the emergency needs in China."

A WONDERFUL NEWSPAPER.—The only newspaper in Europe that can claim an unbroken existence of 180 years, and substantiate the claim with a complete file, is The Northampton Mercury. The story of this long life is told in a sixpenny book issued by the journal. In 1720 Robert Raikes (father of the founder of Sunday-schools) and Edward Dacey founded the paper at Northampton. It is still published on practically the same site, but the old wooden hand-press has been superseded by the most modern machinery, driven by electricity. For 165 years the paper was controlled by Diceys, but in May, 1885, Alderman S. S. Campion, who is, by the way, son of a Baptist minister, became sole possessor, and has since developed it wonderfully. The Mercury was the first paper to print the most important news item of the last century: "The invasion of England (by Prince Charles) is ended." Through quite half of England the paper had a better sale than the London journals. In those days of no copyright it boldly extracted everything worth reading from its contemporaries, and the paper, with full local, London and Continental news, was on sale in Northampton and northwards as soon as the London ones were. This was only managed by hiring a man to ride express from London with papers fresh from the press, who arrived, of course, long before the stage coaches could. The enterprise was costly, but paid splendidly.

—The highest altitude in the world at which religious work is carried on, so far as is known, is at Li'ang, Bh't. India, near Tibet. Biliang is 15,000 feet above the level of the sea; D'aver, C. I., is something over 5,000 feet. At the late Tibetan encampment at Bidang during several months of the year a native preacher and his wife carried on the work under the general charge of Dr. Martha Sheldon, a missionary in the Flora Home at Bhot.

## AMONG EXCHANGES.

NEVER. The devil never yet made a man do wrong despite the man's own will.—Free Baptist.

SOME PRAYER MEETINGS. Our prayer-meetings are too often like the mimic prayer-meetings of children. We sing and pray and read and talk in a cold, perfunctory manner, and seem neither to desire nor expect a blessing.—United Presbyterian.

THE GREATEST MENACE.

The Drink Problem is one of the most menacing, both socially and industrially, we have to face in Canada to-day.—The Westminster.

WHY NOT SEND THEM?

We have heard a good deal about enlisting Canadians for the South African hostilities, which seem to be far from an end, but we have heard no more of Canada, as a nation doing anything. If we mistake not, Australia and New Zealand are still sending noble contingents of their own. With all our glory and with all our imperialism we seem to be dropping out. We are, no doubt, encouraging imperial enlistment; that is, we are facilitating the removal of our best young men from under the direct agency of the maple leaf, possibly to lose them altogether, while our land is being flooded with alien blood. But in giving our due share to aid the Empire we are lacking. The pang with which we see our young men leaving the country perhaps never to return, is not lessened by the comforting consideration that they are going to war in the discharge of a debt which their country owes the Empire. We think the Canadian people would be greatly pleased if those Canadians who go to Africa could be sent there by their own country.—Montreal Witness