

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. L. NO. 23

FREDERICTON N. B. JUNE 4 1902.

WHOLE NO. 2557

NOTES AND CLEANINGS

Of the seventeen thousand Jews in India, ten or twelve thousand claim to be descendants of Israelites who emigrated from Judea to India in the days of Solomon.

Not more than one Chinese man in a hundred, taking the Empire through, can read, and still fewer can write a letter. Of the women, not more than one in a thousand can read.

The old Bible sold a few days ago for two thousand and twenty-five dollars is said to be the only known copy of the first Bible printed in the English tongue. The date of its printing was 1752.

One of the queerest streets in the world is a thoroughfare in Canton. It is occupied exclusively by dentists and apothecaries, is entirely roofed with glazed paper, and contains more signs, cards, and billboards than any other street in the world.

Four years ago Dawson was a place unmarked on any map, a few tents, with gold-seekers, alone forming the place. Now it is a city with an assessment of \$12,000,000, electric lighting, telephones, public halls, and handsome residences.

In the Atlas mountains of north-ern Africa there are goats which climb trees to browse on the foliage. Some of them have been seen standing erect on the branches 30ft. from the ground, while others were lazily reclining on the boughs gently rocked by the wind.

Infuriated by systematic ill-treat-ment a cart horse turned on its driver when unharnessed at Rennes, France, and revenged itself by biting, kicking and finally deliberately rolling on him. It took ten men to subdue the animal and rescue its victim, who was taken to the hospital in a dying condition.

Paul Kruger has had several sons credited to him during the war, but as a matter of fact he has no sons living. His first wife died very young, and her niece, whom Kruger next married, had sixteen children, but those living are all daughters. The Caspar Kruger who has taken the oath of allegiance at Pretoria may be a nephew of Oom Paul.

The recent earthquake at Sham-akha, in which thousands of persons were killed, has had a curious effect on the level of the Black Sea and the Caspian. Ridges of rocks have appeared at points where the chart formerly marked fathoms of water. As a result of this the harbor of Krasnovodsk, from which the Central Asian Railway starts, has been rendered unapproachable by large vessels.

A priest asked a young man who had come to confess how he earned his living. "I'm an acrobat, your reverence." The priest was non-plussed. "I'll show ye what I mean in a brace of shakes," said the penitent, and in a moment was turning himself inside out in the most approved acrobatic fashion. An old woman, who had followed him to confess on, looked on horrified. "When it comes my turn, father," she gasped, "for the love of Heaven don't put a penance on me like that; it 'ud be the death of me!"

U. N. B.—The graduating class of the University this year numbered twenty, their names being—Thomas Jackson Allen, Agnes May Alward, Henry Burns, Henry Stratford Devlin, Horace Merriam Eastman, George Paget Owen Fenwick, William Frederick Barker Fradshaw, Joseph Amedee Legere, John Stephen Lenihan, Mary Hill McBeath, Chester Bailey Martin, Archibald Ernest Graham McKenzie, Frank Norton Patterson, George William Harold Perley, Perry Blaine Perkins, John Ernest Porter, William Ober Raymond, James Hale Thomas, William Leighton Tracy, Edward Colpitts Weyman. Ralph Freeze, of Sussex, a member of the junior class, won the alumni gold medal, also the Brydome Jack scholarship for proficiency in classics.

SOME MINISTERS I HAVE KNOWN.

No. 2.

If any persons imagine that the ministers of fifty years ago—a dime were not as well fitted for their work as the ministers of to-day, because they were not "college-bred," they are very much mistaken. Man for man, they were better qualified for their work than the ministers of to-day are for the work of this day. They were men who were called of God; and they did not enter upon the full work of the ministry until they were sure that such was God's will. They were trained in schools that are being closed to the students of to-day. When there were no regular pastors, and the evangelists' visits were far between and irregular, the churches were dependent upon themselves for their meetings. Men and women, to whom christianity was a life, not simply a creed or a name, took part in every meeting. This training developed not only their spiritual but their intellectual life. The leader (generally the deacon) would read a chapter and comment upon it; others would comment upon some other passage, or on some thought suggested by one of the speakers. In this way, and "taught by the Spirit," they got at the heart of the lesson. And in such schools, and under such methods, men were trained for the ministry, who became "mighty in the Scriptures," and with the sword of the Spirit they went forth to conquer the strongholds of sin.

There were Miriams and Deborahs in those days in every community—"mothers in Israel," who were powerful in prayer and testimony, and did quite as effective work in revival meetings as the brethren.

The minister to do successful work in that day had not only to be spiritually strong but physically strong too. He had to endure hardness. The people were poor, the fare was of the coarsest, and the beds were of the hardest. The young theologian, fresh from college, with his soft white hands—and head, and thin chest, and an appetite requiring to be "coaxed," would not have got through his first winter as an evangelist in New Brunswick fifty or sixty years ago. The minister that could not snowshoe, and fish, and swim, and pole a canoe, and live on salt herring, potatoes and Johnny-cake, and sleep on the floor, or under the rafters, and not complain when the snow sifted through the roof on his bed, was not a popular preacher, and could do but little good—at any rate not in the country.

The minister that I knew best lived just opposite my father's home for many years. He was large and strong and had a powerful voice. In the summer we could always hear him when he prayed. He never really preached, and never pretended to. I never knew him to take a text. He would exhort, and sometimes with power. But it was in prayer that he excelled. It is told of him that his prayers convicted one of the roughest, swearing, fighting, drinking men in the country, and he, too, became a preacher, and did much good. He was as good a fisherman as Peter, and if Peter could beat him in a sail boat, he could easily beat Peter in a canoe, for he could pole a canoe faster and farther in a day than any man on the river. He was one of the most dexterous spearsmen to be found, and many a night I have watched his flambeau while he speared salmon, for the upper St. John teemed with them sixty years ago.

Colts and calves and boys were not of much account when I was a boy. They got little care and attention, and if they got through the winter it was "the survival of the fittest," for the weak went to the wall. The men of olden time evidently did not know that colts became horses, that calves became cows and oxen, and that boys became men—if they did not die. They were not noticed—if they were not in mischief. And so there are few men whom the boys loved; and the minister I spoke about was not one of the few. It was not until I had grown to manhood, and the minister was old, that I began to find out his worth and his work. I had stood too near the picture to see it. I needed the perspective of the years to see it, as it was. In my ignorance I had called it "common." But the time came

when I reverently bared my head in his presence, for I came to know that he was one of God's workmen. ANON.

THE CANADIAN TEACHERS.

LAST DAYS IN LONDON.

FRIDAY NIGHT, 9TH MAY.

This is our last night in London. We certainly have had a very good time. Yesterday morning we visited a London Board school. It was exceedingly interesting. There were 800 in the primary department alone.

A few minutes were spent in Miss Stanley's Home for the Feeble-minded, and then we hurried away to catch the 1.20 train for Knebworth, Lord Strathcona's home, about an hour's ride from London, and formerly the home of the Lyttons. Lord Strathcona provided a first class carriage for us, and we wondered whether the people would take us for royalties or millionaires—the only classes who think of travelling first-class here. Carriages met us at the station, and took us up to the House—quite a little drive. Knebworth House, on the outside, is finer than Hatfield House; it is just a mass of stone towers and turrets, covered with ivy. Part of the House is Norman, but most of it was built in 1513. The church and the park and the gardens are all very interesting. We walked down to a little lake, beside which is a cottage where Bulwer Lytton did much of his writing. The Lyttons are too poor to occupy the place, now, but the present Lord Lytton spent his honeymoon there. . . . I almost forgot to say that Mrs. Howard, Lord Strathcona's daughter, received us. We had luncheon as soon as we arrived. . . . The inside of the House is very grand, with lots of historical associations and fine paintings. . . . After tea we were off to London again, arriving in time to get to the opera to hear Nordica, and see the King and Queen. The orchestra did not play till the Royal party arrived, and then played God Save the King, which was followed by cheer after cheer. I was glad to have so good an opportunity to see the King and Queen, who were accompanied by the Princess Victoria and her husband. The King is just like his pictures. . . .

This morning (Friday) we went first to the Colonial Office and transacted some business; that done, some of us spent the balance of the morning in the National Gallery. At two o'clock we met Lady Buller at the Tower, and spent the afternoon there. From there we took an underground to West End, the fashionable quarter, and had tea with Lady Buller. She is very pretty and just as nice as she can be. If her husband is at all like her, I am more sorry than ever that his South African experience turned out so unpleasantly for him. Lady Buller told us that Sir Redvers was exceedingly sorry that he had to be out of town that day. . . .

I'm not sorry to be off to-morrow, though I have enjoyed it all so much. It has been such a rush, though, that we are all pretty well tired. The weather has not been good. Nearly every day there has been rain, and I have felt the cold much more than at home, and I have had to wear more clothes than I did most of the winter. . . . We will probably be at sea twenty-one days, and then have some days of rail travel from Capetown before we reach our destinations. . . .

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.—The graduating class of Acadia University this year numbers twenty-five. Six of them are from New Brunswick, viz., Miss Minnie A. Colpitts of Elgin, F. G. Goodspeed of Penniac, Leonard L. Slipp of Sussex, John S. McFadden of Johnson's Mills, W. H. Smith of Elgin and Kenneth G. Haley, son of R. G. Haley of St. John.

A SERIOUS LOSS.—Mr. Ira D. Sankey and wife were among the guests at the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium when it was destroyed by fire recently. Like the other guests, they lost most of their belongings, but the most serious loss to Mr. Sankey was the burning of the manuscript of his book, "The Story of the Hymns," upon which he has spent his leisure for some years, and which was nearly ready for the Press.

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. S. McLeod, Fredericton.]

FREDERICTON JUNCTION SOCIETY.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Fredericton Junction was organized last January, since which time meetings have been held monthly at the home of the Pres., Mrs. F. S. Hartley.

We have not a large membership, but the interest is good and the meetings well attended. We have tried to make them both interesting and instructive.

We believe that "knowledge is the true and substantial basis of an interest in missions. Vague perceptions of duty may help a flagging interest to survive, but the zeal that endures, the zeal that grows, the zeal that rises to the level of consecration, is the zeal that is according to knowledge. We believe that a large part of the indifference of our christian women to-day is due to ignorance in regard to the real work of our mission fields. It is the duty of every Free Baptist woman to make herself familiar with that part of India occupied by our denomination, to know the names of our stations, and where they are, just what missionaries are at each station, the work of each, and just as much about each one personally as we can possibly learn. And do not forget our new mission field in Africa. Take the Helper, it is truly a most helpful little magazine for only fifty cents a year; read it carefully each month, and you will be well informed of what is being done in our field. Then you will want to know what other denominations are doing, your interests will become world-wide, your life will be broader, richer and fuller because you will have something to think about besides the petty round of daily duties. Mothers, not only learn about these things yourselves, but talk about them in your homes, teach them to your children. Tell your little ones of the needs of children in other lands, create in them a desire to help these in every possible way. Do this, and even by the end of the next decade, we shall not have to be asking ourselves all the time, "Who shall we send?"

Sincerely believing all this we are trying to practice what we preach, and are making a systematic study of India. First we took "India, our corner of it," and learned just as much about the field in general as we could; then Balasore, it's beginnings, workers, mission-schools and High school. At one meeting Miss Myrtle Hayward had a paper on "Sinclair Orphanage and The Widows Home," our Pres. gave a map-talk on Balasore, and Mrs. Hartley Smith sang, "Holy, Holy Ever Holy," a hymn translated from the Orija. At our last meeting Mrs. Currie read a paper written by the Pres., on "Dr. Shirley Holmes Smith," our newest missionary, who is now practicing at Balasore; our Pres., gave a talk on Santipore, illustrating by a diagram of the city. A letter was read from Mrs. Wyman describing a week day in Santipore, one from Mr. Wyman telling about a Sabbath in Santipore, and an article by Helen Phillips, entitled "Children's services" gave us a glimpse of a Sunday School in India.

We are not forgetting the financial part of our obligation.—We have four dozen mite-boxes distributed among the members of our congregation. With these and the money raised by our sewing circle, we hope to largely increase our contribution this year. MRS. JAMES HARRIS, Sec.

May 27th, 1902.

GRAND HARBOUR SOCIETY.

We have been much interested in reading the reports of Missionary Societies in the INTELLIGENCER. They have been helpful and encouraging to us. We sincerely hope that a brief report from Grand Harbour Society will be interesting and helpful in return. We are still at work, feeling that God had wonderfully blessed us. We have rapidly increased in membership and have now enrolled 46 members. Each member having been presented by the President of our society with a mite box into which, when we have been made thankful, we are expected to drop in a few pennies. Our first thank-offering and roll-call meeting was held May 21st, at 7.30 p. m., the Mission Band being present with us. Each member brought in her mite box, containing a verse of scripture and a question answered. What are we most thankful to God for and an offering. The meeting was very successful, both as an entertainment and financially. \$12.00 was the amount of money raised. The meeting was conducted as follows:

President, Mrs. A. H. McLeod, in chair; opening chorus, "Take my life and let it be," by choir; responsive reading, selected texts, by President and members; prayer by the pastor; roll call, by Secretary, 27 being present; chorus, by choir, Let us go forth; reading, by Mrs. Owen Green; recitation, by Miss Edna Cheney; reading, by Mrs. George Nelson; Quartette, by Mr. Fulton Ingalls, Mrs. Flora Perry, Mr. Lloyd Dakin, and Miss Florence Holmes, entitled Thanksgiving and Praise; recitation, by Miss Belle Foster; drill, by ten little girls; solo, by Miss Lydia Brown, I'm hiding but please sir, don't tell; chorus, by choir; a missionary lesson, by the light-bearer's; recitation, by Florence Holmes; children's march and offering; blessing on the offering by children; reading, Scripture texts, by President; closed by Doxology and benediction. Let us pray more earnestly for each other.

If we cannot cross the ocean, And these heathen lands explore, We can help to send the message, God will bless us more and more.

Let us not grow weary in well doing or in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

LYDIA K. BROWN, Secretary.

WESTFIELD MISSION SOCIETY

Having read the reports of the other societies in the INTELLIGENCER and having never reported the one at Westfield, I thought a few lines about it would be interesting. It was organized Jan. 6th, 1902, by Rev. J. N. and Mrs. Barnes, with seven members. The following officers were elected: Mrs. W. S. Bonnell, President; Mrs. Isaac Bonnell, Vice President; Mrs. J. W. Neal, Secretary; Mrs. James Linton, Treasurer. In our meetings we have singing, reading of Scripture, prayer, roll-call, reading of missionary articles, and remarks on mission work. We have been holding our meetings the third Wednesday in each month at the homes of the members, but since the warm weather has come we have decided to hold them in the church. We were much pleased and encouraged by having with us at our last meeting our pastor, Rev. S. J. Perry and his wife. They had not been able to meet with us before on account of being busily engaged in other parts of the field. They gave us some needed information on mission work, and encouraged us to keep on in the good work of trying to do what we can to help send the gospel of Jesus to the benighted heathen. MRS. WILMOT NEAL, Secretary.

MISSION BAND.

The Westfield Mission Band was organized by Rev. J. N. Barnes, Jan. 6th, 1902, with eleven members. Since then others have joined, and now we have a membership of twenty-two. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Wilmot Neal, Supt.; Mrs. James Linton, Ass't. Supt.; Susie Linton, President; Garfield Johnson, Vice President; Odbur Bonnell, Secretary; Hattie Harrington, Treasurer. We meet the third Saturday in each month. We have singing, reading of Scripture, prayer, roll call, answered by Scripture verses, recitations and readings. We hold our meetings at the homes of the members. We enjoy them very much. SUSIE LINTON, President.

MRS. HILLYER'S BIT OF GOLD. A shining bit of gold, a coin fresh from the mint, lay in Mrs. Hillyer's hand. Somehow, it represented more to her than the amount it stood for in bills, it seemed distinctly more precious, and as she looked at it, she made a resolution. "This shall go into my mite box for Syria," she said. "They brought gold, frankincense and myrrh when they came to the manger, led by the Star in the East. I too will give Him who came to save, the myrrh of my tenderness, the frankincense of my prayers, and all the gold I receive for the next twelve months as my offering at His feet." Mrs. Hillyer took down her Woman's Work and read in their order, following Syria the different fields. "I do hope," she said, "yes I pray, that I may have a good piece for every month in the year. Her home was not one of wealth, merely of comfort, but she earned her own pin money by embroidery and painting on china. An aunt for whom she had finished a linen order had partly paid her in gold. Sometimes her mother sent her a present, and now and then her husband dropped a dollar or two over the housekeeping money into her little purse. All gold this year I bring Straight to Thee, Oh, Christ, my King, she sang softly. In came her niece Molly with a rush and a wave of outdoor freshness and life. "There's to be the most beautiful concert," she said, "tickets only a dollar each. I wish you and I could go. Mrs. Hillyer smiled. "I have given up concert for this winter, Molly. I have other uses for my money." Molly pouted—"Missions, I suppose; you send all your surplus over the sea." "Yes, darling, if it were only more, I can do so little, and the need is so great!" You would never believe if you had not seen it how that year the stream of shining gold poured through Mrs. Hillyer's hands. She told nobody of her pledge, but Jesus knew about it. He moved the springs that started the welcome treasure in its trend toward her. Every month, a golden gift dropped into her mite box, and by the end of the year Mrs. Hillyer's contribution to the Woman's Board was fifty dollars. And singularly, never was any year so blessed, never had she so many luxuries, never was her good man so prospered. For there was One who acknowledged her gift and poured back into her lap of the things she needed. "Fear not, little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." We can never doubt His goodness, We may always trust His love, —Woman's Work for Women.

SOME SOUND WORDS.—The late Dr. George M. Grant asked, "What threatens the life of Canada most seriously? answered briefly, wrong ideas and low ideas. Amongst these he enumerated the following: Increase of population without regard to general standards of living and thinking; Increase of wealth, without regard as to how it is obtained or saved; The vulgar and insolent materialism of thought and life, which eats into the heart of the people; An aggressive commercialism which penetrates to the innermost courts of the sanctuary; Contempt for and evasion of law; Slavery to and self-seeking in party machines, and the corruption and insincerity of political leaders who plead in their defence that they dare not go too far in advance of the people; Mutual distrust instead of hearty co-operation between employers and employed; Readiness on the part of labor to take unfair advantage of capital when it sees a good chance, and a still greater willingness on the part of capital to treat the laborer as a "hand" and not as a partner; A growing tendency in the church to put its trust in external things, which can be always measured by statistics, instead of in those spiritual ideas of which it is the custodian, and the influence of which no statistics can measure.