

Much confounded, the man beat a retreat amid the laughter of a large congregation, who felt the widow had surely and effectively silenced the infidel.

TERMS AND NOTICES.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER is published weekly, at the Office of Messrs. BARNES & CO., 58 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

TERMS—\$2.00 per year, in advance.

The postage is paid by the proprietor. No Post-Office Way Bill is required for collection postage on the delivery of the INTELLIGENCER.

All Communications for insertion should be addressed, Rev. Joseph McLeod, Box 51, Fredericton, N. B.

All Exchanges should be addressed RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, Fredericton, N. B.

Subscriptions may either be paid to Messrs. BARNES & CO., St. John, or remitted to the Editor, at Fredericton.

Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH MCLEOD, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1873.

PRACTICAL PREACHING.

A correct theology is a necessity. Able exponents of a correct theology are a necessity. The Christian pulpit has many men of culture and scholarly habits, who are an honor to it, and to whom the church is and ever will be indebted for their able and constant defence of sound Christian doctrine. The church will never be able to live without such men. But then there are not the greatest and most successful preachers; nor are they the ones most needed. Though they can ill be spared, there is another class that cannot be parted with without much greater injury to the church and the world. The truly great preachers—those who have been most efficient as winners of souls—are the men who have been in direct sympathy with human life, and who have talked to and striven with the men with whom they have had to deal, as became servants of God, who had "to give account." Learning, eloquence, rhetoric, are all good; and we would not even think of disparaging them; but then they are only good as collateral influences. No man can be a successful "fisher of men," who does not feel the throbbing pulse of his congregation, who does not know their wants, who does not study their lives, who does not know how to take the primary precious truths of Christianity, and apply them faithfully and tenderly to the hearts and consciences of their hearers, as bearing upon their every day business and domestic life. Preachers who do this, are the ones who most benefit their race, and get more glory to God. Such preachers the world needs more, perhaps more than ever before. Men are comparatively little for dry discourses on knotty doctrinal points, however scholarly such discourses may be. They need something fresh and warm, that comes home to their hearts, and touches the lives; something that not only reveals the wrong in them, and induces them to do it. People love to hear intelligent truth uttered by one who is not only in sympathy with the truth, but with those to whom he preaches it, as well. Dry homilies and sermons about theologies have but little of the element that awakens and holds the interest, while there is nothing that interests men so much as religious truth applied to their real lives. Let preachers keep this fact ever before them, and be it their ambition to bring the living truth to bear upon men's hearts and lives that shall control them, making them good, honest, pure, useful, and meet for heaven.

A WOMAN'S MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

Last week we referred to the revival of interest in Foreign Mission work, which seems just now to be affecting nearly every branch of the Churches in the United States. The latest number of the *Star* tells of a movement looking to the enlistment more fully and systematically of the women of the F. B. churches in the Foreign work. A Convention of all ladies interested in the Free Baptist Foreign Mission work is being held in Sandwich, N. H. this week, for the purpose of taking measures for the organization of a Woman's Missionary Society. We think the movement cannot fail of being a success; and we bid the good sisters God speed in their blessed undertaking. Why might not something be done whereby the influence of the sisters of our churches could be more effectively given to the good work. The following is the appeal which a number of the ladies addressed to their sisters in calling the Convention:

DEAR SISTERS:—In addressing you upon the subject to which your attention is now called, we are encouraged by the conviction that your interest is already enlisted. There is little need of appealing to your hearts, they are already pierced by the cries to which we weekly listen, and to which you, as well as we, are longing to respond. We will, therefore, only make a plain statement of some of the reasons which have influenced us to issue this call.

In the early history of the F. B. For. Miss., the women performed a large and important share of the work, both in founding and supporting the mission; and since they ceased to labor in an organization by themselves for this purpose, there has been a marked diminution of general interest in the subject; so that, although, wealth and numbers in our home churches are largely increased, we have no corresponding increase in the number of laborers in our foreign field. Meanwhile the women of several other evangelical denominations have arisen, and within the last four or five years, have been doing a work so magnificent for the evangelization of heathen women as to excite and greatly encourage all Christian hearts; one such society beginning very small, and raising, during its third year, by the simple method of memberships at two cents a week, from \$5,000 to \$7,000 per month. Does not this method commend itself to your judgment, since even the poorest churches can participate in the blessed work? And then, where in all heathen lands, is there a mission that more clearly demands energetic action and sacrifice on the part of its friends than ours? Our small, but most heroic band of missionaries, all honor to them—is working, oh, how strenuously, far beyond their strength, both to keep the ground already gained, and to meet the pressing demands of their constantly expanding field of labor. Are they not calling with the intensest anxiety for immediate help, assuring us "that the doors of access to heathen hearts were never so open as now?" Is it not the result of many years of anxious toil in seed-sowing and waiting for the fruit of the labor? Besides, there are the Santals in our field, to whom we afford no missionary aid; and they are stretching out their hands to us, pleading for the Bread of Life, in accents which we are in danger of hearing at the judgment, if we will not heed them now.

But there is still another consideration, the conversion of heathen women. Worse is it by far in every respect, than that of the men. Socially, most degraded; intellectually and religiously, in darkness the most profound. For years, missionaries have proclaimed the gospel in India, but only to the men. No woman, so rigid is the custom, is found in the crowd that listens to the Christian preacher in the Bazar. But of late, by the providence of God, a wonderful revolution in this respect has been going on; so, to-day, lady missionaries are welcomed to the zenanas and harems of all that benighted country. What an effectual door is thus opened for Christian women of this day to enter! Let us, for one moment, consider what boundless blessings we enjoy, all flowing from the gospel. And we, too, are the daughters of an ancestry once, and even until the sixth century of the Chris-

tian era, in heathenism! Surely the gospel message has proved to us "glad tidings of great joy." But it is estimated that there are not less than two hundred and fifty millions of women who never heard the glad tidings! Is it not high time that we aroused ourselves, to do what we can towards fulfilling the prophetic announcement!

And we have special inducements to labor for the conversion of heathen women. A missionary, who has had years of experience in India, said, in a recent speech in London, "He believed that when the women of India were converted they would be among the most zealous propagators of Christianity; in fact, he considered the conversion of one woman as equal to the conversion of twenty men, so far as influence was regarded."

Our own missionaries urge us to set about organizing a woman's society. May we not reasonably rejoice that for just once we were in advance of their appeals?—that before these letters came, this movement was fairly in progress? This week in which three of these letters were written was the very week in which taken initial steps in this movement, with the solemn conviction that the Lord himself, in answer to prayer, suggested the plan of action and gave its first impulse. They across the seas, and we at home in various places, were looking up for wisdom, and the same answer came to us all.

It seems that these eastern churches are to be left entirely without a pastor. The people have done all in their power to obtain and keep a minister, but a variety of circumstances over which they had no control has several times deprived them of ministerial aid. It seems strange that there never has been a minister in the denomination, who felt the Divine Spirit call him to this field of labor for life. Many ministers cling to the St. John river most tenaciously, but not one has settled in this section with the determination of making the upbuilding of the Free Baptist faith and practice in this part of the province his life work. If some young man would come and settle here, say at Petitcodiac, or Salisbury, and devote his whole energy to this work, it would not be many years before the F. B. Baptists would, as it were, possess the land and become as strong as in King's Co. When I look over the history of the denomination and see how many places were visited by a few of the first missionaries of our faith, and see how the seed they sowed has maintained the ground, I wonder that our present ministers do not follow their example more, and go to places where there are no F. B. Baptists and evangelize the people who are without any religious teaching by any denomination. But I am taking too much space; and must not forget that laborers are very few and many of them feeble.

PRESENTATION.—At a meeting of the Parishioners of Rev. Mr. Parsons, Thursday evening, he was presented with a purse of \$140, and voted three weeks' vacation.

VICTORIA COUNTY.—Rev. J. Noble writes that he is now making a tour of the churches in the First District prior to the District Meeting. He finds the cause of religion quite low in many places. More labour is much needed. A few weeks ago Bro. N. paid a visit to Grand Falls where he baptized an old acquaintance.

TROUBLESOME MINORITIES.

There is hardly any one thing, says the *Watchman and Reflector*, bearing upon the peace, growth and usefulness of our churches which should so claim our earnest and prayerful consideration as that of minorities. It is the source of untold troubles, depression and losses to our churches every year. We all know that a few members of a church, or even a single person, unscrupulous in the employment of means to gain an end, and by constant agitation, can disturb the peace and retard the progress of any church.

This is one of the most prolific causes of short pastors, pastoral resignations and failures. Settle pastors when destitute, that has any bearing upon these relations at the present time; and it is high time that churches came to a realizing sense of the magnitude of the evil, and subject it to prompt, decided, yet Christian discipline. It is not the duty of any church to allow its good name in the community, its prosperity and usefulness, all to be destroyed by the turbulence of a small minority.

Hon. Francis Wayland, of Connecticut, the President of the National Educational Convention, held in Philadelphia, last May, said in a speech made during the proceedings of that meeting, that it was easy for a few discontented men in any society to unsettle any minister if he has any sufficient perseverance. An able, honest, worthy and most faithful clergyman can in six months be ejected from his church and turned drift upon the world, without a dollar in his pocket and with a family to support, for no other reason than the enmity of two or three men. I have seen it over and over again. I never knew it tried thoroughly where it failed. Now, this certainly is not the fault of the clergyman.

Multitudes of pastors—good men, able, efficient men—men who were held in high esteem by the community, men under whose labors the church was prospering—have been driven to resign by the unchristian conduct of a small minority, when nines tenths, or even more, of the whole church and congregation were their warmest friends and admirers, and earnestly desired the continuance of his labors with them. Frequently, too, the men composing these minorities have but little Christian character, are strangers to the social meetings of the church, but they have a little money or social position, are merchants, lawyers or teachers, and the church will consent to sacrifice the pastor, or let him be sacrificed instead of disciplining these agitators. I know of churches whose reputation in the community has been greatly tarnished, and prejudices awakened that years will hardly efface, because

they would allow such minorities to rule, and let their pastors leave, when they ought to have said to the minority, "Behave or you must leave." I know of other churches that have kept pastorless month after month, constantly losing ground, when they could have secured the services of good men, who have been successful leaders of Christ's flock, but a small minority was not pleased, or were determined to have their own way, regardless of right or the best interests of the church. Such instances are not so rare as we might suppose or wish them to be.

It is the cleric that is eating out the life of many a church. If it cannot be cured, ought it not to be cut out? May not churches bear too long with such parties and influences within their enclosures? Do not both the honor of the Master's name, and the honor and usefulness of the church require promptness and decided action with these troublesome minorities?

There are churches that will never command the respect or influence of the communities in which they are located, until they cease to allow one man or a handful of men to settle and unsettle pastors; in short, control the church.

CONTINENTAL JOTTINGS.

THE sunlight streaming in through the little round window of my cabin, and the merry sound of waves, lightly dashing against the ship's side, awoke me from pleasant dreams. Last night, when I lay down in my berth, the vessel was moored close and fast to Leith dock; now we were already several hours from port. Impelled either by the strong force of habit, as an early riser, or by that curiosity so natural to man to know his whereabouts, I was soon dressed and on deck. As far as the eye could reach, stretched the dark green water, over which the morning sun flung his rays, lighting it up here and there with flashes of silver and gold, which rose and fell with the slight undulation of the waves. A few soft clouds, white as snow, hung in the far away blue; and from the south, the fair sunny south, came the heralding breath of spring. One might well know on such a morning that the rule of winter had passed away, and his sceptre given to a milder hand. Edinburgh, the island, gemmed forth, the bold coast of Scotland, all had faded from view, and the little steamer was making her way rapidly across the north sea, en route to Rotterdam. The sailors were, as sailors usually are, busy, busy, and happy. The captain was a type of the genuine Scotch kind, burly, red-faced, sagacious, and with a hearty, outspoken manner, that made one feel quite at home. The stewardess, a good specimen of the ship culinary article, very kind, and anxious to know if you wanted breakfast; and the passengers, two in number, with one of whom I have enjoyed a tolerably long acquaintance, also have some of my readers; and the other shall remain undescribed, as I perceived nothing extraordinary or abnormal about him which merits special mention. Having made these and sundry other mental notes and observations, and soon exhausted all the novelty, and despatched after the breakfast, there was nothing for it but to read, or, if curious, to dream the long hours away. What a curious phenomenon is this day-dreaming—leading us, as it were, captive at its will; yet built from and returning to the dreamer. Gazing out on the long distance, a wandering confusion of all conceivable thought, objects as before flitting about us, but the mind receiving no impression; we are away in the dear land, in orange groves, on an island decked with palms, silvered in the orient sea; gorgeous visions, such sounds, wondrous forms are all about us; we sing, or talk, or walk blissfully silent, till a slight shock, a voice, an unfamiliar object arouses us—all the fairy land has vanished, and here we are again in real flesh and blood. Whence came this vision of beauty; whether has it gone? What a wide experience in those few moments. What a poem, never to be written; for, when we try to grasp it, behold it is no more.

After we had steamed on for about twelve hours, I had my first sight of the English coast; the long, steep headland of Falmouth, on which many a fleet has gone to pieces, and of which all mariners are wary. With the exception of the chalk limestone, this English coast was very much like the high sea coasts—the peculiar sensations which arose on my first beholding it, being, I suppose, from historical sources. By and by the sun goes down behind western waters, another night is followed by another fair day, in the afternoon of which the low, hillless coast of Holland comes in view; no cliff, no mountain, but an endless stretch inland of plain, varied only by the tree-studded canal banks. The first continental town that met my eyes, was Helvoet, which lies at the head of the canal, through which our vessel goes up to the Maas. How odd! It was Sunday, and all the people were out walking, and crowded the pier and banks of the canal. There was the little town squatted among the willows; one storied, red tiled, with queer little windows sticking up all over the roofs, in the distance looking like great eyes. Here were the people—the genuine, low country type. The memory of old pictures, at which I had looked so wonderingly in my geography, when I mind instantly. Here I found the originals. The broad face, light haired, thick bodied, and short statured men; the women, wearing huge white head-dresses, the flap of which extended far down the back, like our own country sun bonnets; while on each temple curled a curious brass ornament, very like a diminutive horn. The style of head-dress, and the horn, differs in each province in Holland, so that one may easily tell from which part of the country the women come, merely by a glance at these. Here, too, were the odd looking children, sufficiently broad and short, one would think, by nature; but dressed in long clothes, which increased their size laterally, and combined with their peculiar waddling gait, was irresistibly comic. Here, too, I saw the veritable wooden shoes—not the Scotch clogs, but pure wood from toes to sole. I will not take it on myself to say positively whether they are lewed out from the tree, but think it probable; nor yet, whether they are used for any other purpose, and such like; but can certainly affirm, that when a heavy Dutch figure is encased as to his pedal extremities, in a pair of wooden shoes, he seems firm and immovable, like a piece of statuary, or a luxuriously growing plant. Yet they walk about in these without seeming inconvenience, and girls and boys run in them along the canal bank, as fast as our steamer went. It would be a mistake to suppose that all the people were men; only the very poorest classes use them. The people seemed happy and contented. Family groups sauntered here and there, with glad children, neat and clean, and merrily chasing each other along the canal bank. Farther out from the crowds, one could see the young people in twos, looking and speaking the world-wide language of a world-wide human heart; for the love of parent and children, of husband and wife, of lover and beloved, is bounded by no climate, but is as wide as is man, with his longing and aspirations. Taken altogether, it was a novel and pleasant picture, on this pleasant, sunny Sabbath of the opening spring. Once into the canal, away we go for eight miles,

through this same flat country, with the same ever recurring patches of willow, intersecting canals, red tiled villages, and huge wind-mills. Most of this land has been reclaimed by the industry of man from the realm of the sea, and every spring is covered with water; and these wind-mills that one sees standing in every direction, are used to pump off the water from the lower places into the canals. Now we enter the Maas, pass fishing boats, pleasure boats, and small towns—one of which, Schiedam, has achieved an unenviable notoriety, as possessing about two hundred and forty gin distilleries; and after fourteen miles sailing, about seven o'clock on the Sabbath evening, make fast to the wharf at Rotterdam. Here baggage is inspected; and no less than four parties quickly seize, one an umbrella, another a coat, a third my hat-box, and the last my valise, and kindly offer to show me to a hotel. Very good of them, indeed; but once arrived, they all demand full pay, as if each carried a full load, and clutter around my ears with their Dutch jabber, till I am glad to refer them to the landlord, who speaks English, and escape to my room. This is a foretaste of that endless feeling and petty robbery which awaits one all over the Continent. A porter takes your baggage to your room, deposits it carefully, then turns to you for his *almos*. A waiter stands at your back at table, hands you all sorts of things that you don't want, and is superfluously polite; but expects an acknowledgment to be left beside the plate. Boots put the shine on your shoes, and brings them to you; and stretches out his hand for his *fee*. In your bill is an item for *service*. A lad opens the cab door for you, but does not close it, till his hand has enclosed a small coin. The railway porter seizes your luggage, and gets it ticketed, but doesn't give you the check till your hand has gone into his pocket, and a silver bit has made its appearance. After a time, a timid person finds himself convulsively clutching a coin at the approach of every official, getting a peace offering ready; or, eyeing objects of interest fervently, lest some one should approach with a demand for a *fee*. Every one knows a stranger, and is prepared to make something out of him, charge him double prices, volunteer as guide &c.; so that it is quite true that a foreigner's journey through the Continent, may well cost him twice as much as it would a native. Add to this the difficulties of the coinage, which one finds different in every State, and of a fractional character, which defies computation, and one's ignorance of their language, and you can easily imagine that there are many things in life more pleasant than for a stranger to travel on the Continent.

After refreshing the inner man, I took a walk through the town. Canals run in every direction, and one is continually crossing over bridges. The streets have no sidewalks, so one must take the middle, and run his risk of being abruptly met by a cab or cart. The houses are built mostly of wood; and masts of vessels stick up in every direction. There are a public park at one end of the town; but one looks in vain there for the wealth of foliage and sturdy thickness of trunk and limb, which make our own forests so grand and beautiful. Yet, the interesting canals; white glimpses of which even here meet the eye, with small vessels lying calmly at rest, or little boats parting the soft waters; the wide Maas, stretching out before one, armed by the rising moon; the dark weird-like armies of trees by the canal banks, and church bells clattering and clanging through all, form an aggregate not possible at least in our American towns. But what a bustle! Every body seems to be out, and all intent on enjoying themselves; for here Sunday is a grand holiday. One looks in vain for the peaceful quiet Sabbath of the Scotch cities, or our own Canadian towns; here it is a festive day, a common joyous holiday. The places of amusement are open, and the park crowded with men, women and children, all chatting and laughing, and often boisterously merry. Not many shops are open; rather because it is Easter, than that it is Sabbath. Returning to my hotel I am accosted on the steps by a well made up young man, with a Jewish cast of countenance, who speaks English fairly, knows the whole town thoroughly, has a special recommendation to English travellers, and would be ever so happy to show me the town, guide me to the opera, hire a boat, in fact can do anything in that line, and, *charge very moderate*. I accept his inventory of his capabilities and accomplishments as all right, credit him with all honorable and philanthropic intentions, but decline his rather intrusive offer with thanks; glad to find in the quiet of my own room a refuge from the outside noise and bustle.

WHO COMMITS THE DRUNKARD'S CRIME? The *Providence*, in a vigorous article commenting upon the strenuous efforts that were made to secure Executive clemency for Foster, the car-bomb murderer, on the ground of his intoxication, says: "Suppose we grant the point for a moment. Where do we find ourselves? The corners of our streets are mostly occupied by the shops of drunkard makers. On every side we see men reeling along. They are on the street-carts. They are everywhere. It is proposed to concede the claim that these drunkards cannot commit murder. They may shoot us, may stab our children as they return from school, may invade our houses as burglars armed with pistol and knife. But if those Thugs are only careful to drink well, if they are careful of being stepped in run; if they go from the scene of their slaughter reeling to their homes, and there sleep out their drunken craze; if they are only caught with the demon of drink still enthroned, they are not to be held responsible. We must pity them, acquit them, appeal for them, and in some way ward off the stroke of punishment. We do not stop just now to discuss this position. Grant it for the sake of argument. But now the stern question returns. Who does commit the drunkard's crime? There is surely responsibility somewhere. We can hardly consent to be shot down and murdered on the sidewalks, and nobody can be held responsible for the crime, then let us make the drunkard, who makes the drunkard. The sellers of strong drink, who put every temptation before their fellow-men, knowing that the price of every drink may be the price of blood—these men who by the riot and murders, the widows and orphans which are created by their horrible traffic. If the doctrine that drunkards are not responsible is admitted in our courts, then let rum-sellers take warning that incitation for blood will come to their doors, and they will have to face the consequences of their own selfish acts. This is a result which we could not account for. The man who makes his living by the ruin of his neighbors ought surely to meet the consequences of his accursed business."

THE report of the Binghampton Asylum for Inebriates for 1872 has just come to hand. It appears that there was paid to the patients or their friends the sum of \$42,346.79, while other sources of income brought up the whole to \$53,537.54. This was all expended except \$445.24. In January, 1872, there were 85 patients of whom eighteen were free. During the year 249 were admitted, and of these, 30 were free. The highest price charged for board and care is \$20 per week. If the patient or his friends cannot raise this sum, then the charge is graduated according to the available means; and if there are no means, when there is evidence that it is a fit case for free admission, the patient is admitted. The average price per week was \$8.65. There are eleven similar institutions in eight of the States, and one in the Province of Quebec, while another will soon be in operation in Ontario. Australia and Britain are in the same direction. Of the 249 patients admitted in 1872, 128 had received a common school education; 90 an academic; and 31 a collegiate. 122 had intemperate habits; 156 had been constant drinkers; 23 had smoked or chewed tobacco—only 13 not having used tobacco in any shape; 46 were bookkeepers and clerks, 17 lawyers; 62 merchants; and 5 clergymen.

JOURNALISM is indeed looking up in Japan. The *Yokohama* has started a daily paper, and he announces that he will be very able-bodied "Jap," who does not subscribe at all, and he hopes to pick up quite a list of subscribers and make his "mark from the start." Native merchants who do not advertise have their property confiscated.

RECENTLY a recent boat accident in Halifax harbor resulted in the death of a boy named Francis Brooks. The coroner's jury in their verdict said that Thos. Dryden and Danl. McDonald, who sailed the boat were incompetent to manage it, through the effects of liquor. Only one more victim to rum!

THE *Temperance Lecture* by Dr. Jewett, delivered in the Academy of Music on Sunday night, was perhaps the most practical and effective ever delivered in the city. He will no doubt do much good in Prince Edward Island, where he has gone to deliver a course of temperance lectures.

ACADEMIC COLLEGE.—The anniversary exercises of the Baptist Institution at Wolfville, N. S., were held on Thursday. Thirteen young men received degrees, and prizes were presented for proficiency in several branches. The Rev. Dr. Crawley, president of the College, was the chief speaker, presented with a valuable house in the village by one of his friends. A grand concert came off in the evening.

THE BIRTS.—Rev. J. W. Pope, of the State of New York, is now supplying the pulpit of the Leinster Street Baptist Church in this city. . . . The Annual Conference of the British M. E. Church, has just been held in St. Philip's church (coloured), in this city. Bishop Nazrey presided. . . . The Annual Session of the Congregational Union of Quebec and Ontario, has just been held in Brantford, Ontario. Rev. Enoch Barker (formerly of this Province), was elected Chairman for the ensuing year. . . . Rev. W. S. Neales (Episcopal), of Miramichi, has had to resign his charge on account of ill health. He is going to Europe.

TO SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.—The General Conference Sabbath School Agent, requests us to say, that he wishes the Superintendents to report their schools to the District Meetings, so that he may be able to get full information concerning all the schools, from the Clerks of the D. Meetings. We hope the Superintendents will attend to this request.

Pen and Scissors.

THE *theatres* are now used in London for special religious services for the masses, and during the past season, were attended by two hundred and forty thousand persons. This movement originated fourteen years ago, and is still well sustained. Its friends are making an effort to raise fifty thousand dollars as a fund for opening districts where theatres and halls are not obtainable.

Among the things which will become the property of the Italian Government, in case the bill for breaking up the convents becomes a law, are the monastic libraries. The proper disposition to be made of these has already been made subject of discussion. The library of the convent of the Minerva church contains 200,000 volumes; that of St. Augustin Friars 150,000; and numerous others have large and valuable collections. Taking them all together, a library of probably half a million volumes could be formed, and it is not unlikely that such a disposition will ultimately be made of them.

What liberality Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Sheffield, England, was conspicuous for during her lifetime, does not appear, but upon her death, recently, we find that her bequests, to religious and educational institutions, amounted to over three hundred and seventeen thousand dollars. Her gifts seem to have been bestowed without regard to denominational lines, as the missionary societies of the Church of England, Independents, Baptists, Presbyterians, and other bodies, all come in for a goodly share of her almost boundless charity.

In his annual report the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society estimates that during the present century about one hundred and sixteen million copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been put into circulation by Bible societies alone in various parts of the world. Translations have now been made in 287 languages. During the past year the English Society has found a marvellous opening in Russia for the sale of its Scriptures, and gets it ticketed, but doesn't give you the check till your hand has gone into his pocket, and a silver bit has made its appearance. After a time, a timid person finds himself convulsively clutching a coin at the approach of every official, getting a peace offering ready; or, eyeing objects of interest fervently, lest some one should approach with a demand for a *fee*. Every one knows a stranger, and is prepared to make something out of him, charge him double prices, volunteer as guide &c.; so that it is quite true that a foreigner's journey through the Continent, may well cost him twice as much as it would a native. Add to this the difficulties of the coinage, which one finds different in every State, and of a fractional character, which defies computation, and one's ignorance of their language, and you can easily imagine that there are many things in life more pleasant than for a stranger to travel on the Continent.

Sixteen years ago, says the *Sandwich Island Friend*, away nearly 2,000 miles to the S. E., from Honolulu, there were living 30 or 40,000 natives, on the Kings Mill or Gilbert Group of Islands. There were living in the very lowest state of heathenism, without a written language, reported very cruel and savage, dwelling on low coral islands, without any commodity except coconuts of their industry for articles of civilized life, and having no desire for trade except for tobacco. Their clothing consisted of the very best of the arrangements made by the pandanus leaf. Among such a people, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham took up their abode in 1857, and commenced the study of their language, and now after sixteen years have rolled away he has completed the translation of the entire New Testament, which was finished on the 11th of April, 1873.

WORTHY IMITATION.—The Tabernacle church, Jersey City, had a pastor to whom the society was greatly attached, and who was very successful in his ministry. He was taken sick and his physician said he would be able to preach no more. He might live a year; his sickness would be a blessing one, but its termination was certain. The pastor resigned. The church immediately voted him an income of \$1,500 a year during his natural life. This was paid every quarter-day promptly for eighteen months; then the church gave the money to a teacher a fitting burial. The effort but not only they loved their pastor all the better for what they did for him. A few cases of this kind would do very much toward removing the terror with which talented young men look upon the ministry. They see men, once very eminent, who, having given their best strength and life to the church, are turned adrift in want and sorrow, because they are sick, infirm or aged.

THE *Marquis of Lorne* and his wife, the Princess Louise, have lately taken up the cause of the poor, very stricken curates of the English Church. The former has written to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, proposing that the laity of the Church be called upon to raise a central fund large enough to provide each curate with a living of at least one thousand dollars per annum. His Grace has laid the proposal before the Bishops, and they approve, so that the Marquis and Princess are now at full liberty to stir up the liberality of the English public, according to their expressed wish. The subject has brought out some interesting figures, respecting the number and salaries of the curates in England and Wales. Together, they present a body of 19,500 clergymen. Of these the receipts of 19,333 do not exceed \$1,000; of 1,700, \$1,000 to \$1,500; of 1,854, \$1,500 to \$2,000. Such living in the Marquis's opinion, can only support a condition of genteel starvation, and are a disgrace to the nation. If his Grace's plan is carried out, surely his name will never be forgotten at the hearths of thousands of English rectories, wherever else he may win no monument.

THE report of the Binghampton Asylum for Inebriates for 1872 has just come to hand. It appears that there was paid to the patients or their friends the sum of \$42,346.79, while other sources of income brought up the whole to \$53,537.54. This was all expended except \$445.24. In January, 1872, there were 85 patients of whom eighteen were free. During the year 249 were admitted, and of these, 30 were free. The highest price charged for board and care is \$20 per week. If the patient or his friends cannot raise this sum, then the charge is graduated according to the available means; and if there are no means, when there is evidence that it is a fit case for free admission, the patient is admitted. The average price per week was \$8.65. There are eleven similar institutions in eight of the States, and one in the Province of Quebec, while another will soon be in operation in Ontario. Australia and Britain are in the same direction. Of the 249 patients admitted in 1872, 128 had received a common school education; 90 an academic; and 31 a collegiate. 122 had intemperate habits; 156 had been constant drinkers; 23 had smoked or chewed tobacco—only 13 not having used tobacco in any shape; 46 were bookkeepers and clerks, 17 lawyers; 62 merchants; and 5 clergymen.

JOURNALISM is indeed looking up in Japan. The *Yokohama* has started a daily paper, and he announces that he will be very able-bodied "Jap," who does not subscribe at all, and he hopes to pick up quite a list of subscribers and make his "mark from the start." Native merchants who do not advertise have their property confiscated.

RECENTLY a recent boat accident in Halifax harbor resulted in the death of a boy named Francis Brooks. The coroner's jury in their verdict said that Thos. Dryden and Danl. McDonald, who sailed the boat were incompetent to manage it, through the effects of liquor. Only one more victim to rum!

THE *Temperance Lecture* by Dr. Jewett, delivered in the Academy of Music on Sunday night, was perhaps the most practical and effective ever delivered in the city. He will no doubt do much good in Prince Edward Island, where he has gone to deliver a course of temperance lectures.

ACADEMIC COLLEGE.—The anniversary exercises of the Baptist Institution at Wolfville, N. S., were held on Thursday. Thirteen young men received degrees, and prizes were presented for proficiency in several branches. The Rev. Dr. Crawley, president of the College, was the chief speaker, presented with a valuable house in the village by one of his friends. A grand concert came off in the evening.

THE BIRTS.—Rev. J. W. Pope, of the State of New York, is now supplying the pulpit of the Leinster Street Baptist Church in this city. . . . The Annual Conference of the British M. E. Church, has just been held in St. Philip's church (coloured), in this city. Bishop Nazrey presided. . . . The Annual Session of the Congregational Union of Quebec and Ontario, has just been held in Brantford, Ontario. Rev. Enoch Barker (formerly of this Province), was elected Chairman for the ensuing year. . . . Rev. W. S. Neales (Episcopal), of Miramichi, has had to resign his charge on account of ill health. He is going to Europe.

TO SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.—The General Conference Sabbath School Agent, requests us to say, that he wishes the Superintendents to report their schools to the District Meetings, so that he may be able to get full information concerning all the schools, from the Clerks of the D. Meetings. We hope the Superintendents will attend to this request.

A PRAISEWORTHY COURSE.—The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec has in connection with it an Indian Missionary Society. At the recent annual session a communication was made to the Government (whether the Dominion Government or the Government of Ontario and Quebec is not stated) offering \$100 per annum to each of the day schools in connection with the society among the Indians. Several of the subscribers energetically protested against any arrangement whereby their schools, in which denominational instruction was imparted or under denominational care, should receive aid from Government on the ground that it tended towards connection between Church and State. On motion by Rev. Prof. Cornish of Montreal, it was

Resolved, "That it be an instruction from this meeting to the Board of Directors not to receive money, for any purpose of the society, from any Government department."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. M. Starkey: The order was given several weeks ago. H. C. Guphill: Have instituted inquiries.

The News and the Press.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 13, 1873.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The new boat of the People's Line has commenced running. She is called the *Andover*. . . . News from Hellertop, the Danish Settlement, is encouraging. The settlers are satisfied, and will do well. . . . The *Sentinel* says that, while up river last week, Inspector McMillan discovered that a lad employed in transporting the mails across the river at a certain point in this County was in the habit of robbing the same. . . . The Inspector caused the young culprit to disgorge. . . . The New Brunswick corps of volunteers left Fredericton en route to Manitoba on Monday. . . . M. B. Palmer, Esq., is talked of as a candidate for the representation of Albert in room of his deceased brother, Dr. Palmer. . . . John F. Grimmer, of St. Andrews has failed. . . . Liabilities, \$30,000. . . . There were two deaths at Point DuChene last week from spinal meningitis. . . . A wharf, &c., for the deep water terminus of the Intercolonial, is now being constructed on the Memramook, opposite Mr. Chapman's shipyard. . . . Tattan's house, on Bel Brook Farm, Grand Mannan, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 2d inst., supposed to have originated from a defective flue. The furniture was all saved. The house was insured in an American office for \$600 U. S. Currency; it was valued at \$1,000. . . . Capt. Brown, who was instrumental in bringing out the Kinecardine colonists, has been on a visit to the North Shore with a view to selecting a location for a colony of Swedes, and colonies of North of Scotland men, that he proposes bringing out. . . . Reports from different parts of the Province say the crops promise to be good. . . . A pair of horses attached to a sledge ran away on Monday and knocked down a young lady named Miss Brien, injuring her considerably. . . . The *Union* Jack, a paper started in Fredericton a few weeks ago, has ceased to exist for want of support. . . . The workmen in the Railway shops at Moncton struck for higher wages and shorter hours. An arrangement was made by which most of them resumed work. . . . Mr. J. S. Gross, of the firm of Gross & Vail, barristers of this city, has been detected in forging the names of several well-known gentlemen, to notes of hand, which he has been getting discounted by the curbstone and other brokers. On Sunday last Mr. Gross fled to the United States. The case is a bad one, and much sympathy is felt for his wife and relatives. . . . Hon. S. L. Tilley was in the city this week. . . . A misplaced switch caused the train to run off the track at Hampton on Saturday. Fortunately no one was hurt. . . . Four lumber mills in Carleton are shut down