

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XXXV.—No. 17.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL 25, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1783

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CHINESE ALMANACK.—In China the almanack is the most important book published, as it gives information for selecting lucky times and places for performing all the acts of life, great or small. Every act is supposed to depend for its success on the time in which and the point of the compass towards which it is done. Recently the Chinese minister to Germany refused to sail for his post on an unlucky day, and the departure of the German mail steamer was delayed in consequence.

WON'T PAY.—The Free Baptist has on its list of subscribers the name of a minister who has taken the paper since it was started, and will not pay for it. The editor says,—"We have decided to leave his name on the list, as an experiment to decide the question of total depravity."

ITS BOAST.—New York is always ready to boast of being ahead of every other place. The value of things there is judged by pecuniary standards, and so it boasts just now that the storm that recently paralyzed the city was a \$12,000,000 blizzard, and not like the cheap affairs which other places have.

LEAP YEAR.—The Leap Year privilege is said to be six hundred and sixty years old, having been established in 1228 by an act of the Scottish Parliament, in these words: "During the reign of her blessed Majesty, Margaret, every maiden lady of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes. If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free."

ALL WOMEN.—Oskaloosa, a Kansas town, recently elected the Mayor and city council all women. The reason of this action is stated as follows: "There has been a vigorous kick from the law and order element in Oskaloosa on account of the lax manner in which former administrations have managed municipal affairs, especially in regard to the enforcement of the prohibitory law; and so advantage was taken of the state law permitting women to vote and hold office in cities of the first, second and third class, and a ticket put in the field and triumphantly elected composed of representatives of the gentler sex. Mrs. Mary D. Lowman was chosen as mayor, and five ladies were elected as members of the city council. They are representative women, the wives of well-known citizens. The papers are making merry over the matter, with recitals of humorous incidents more or less true; probably the latter. For the parties chiefly concerned, however, the affair is serious enough. It is stated that the ladies manifest a perfect willingness to assume their novel duties, and they will have abundant encouragement in the experiment now tried for the second time in the country."

THE LONELY MAN.—Burdette has surely discovered the man who thinks the whole world of journalism will collapse if he revenges himself by crying, "Stop my paper." He says:

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when we lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because, perhaps, ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.

SHORT TERMS. It is stated that there are in New York city 175,000 families living in tenement houses whose period of rental expires every month. They are unable to give security for the rent, and so have to submit to the short term arrangement. They have to live in a wretched condition.

WELL DONE.—A subscriber of the *Presbyterian Witness* fell arrears. His bill was sent from time to time as a reminder. Recently he remitted with the following lines:

"This is the cash you long have sought, And blamed me that I sent it not; Please set it down against your bill And call the balance nihil—nil; And send the paper to me still!"

Owning Up.

"Knoxonian" in the *Canada Presbyterian*, has some good and bright things on the art of owning up. He says:

A man who understands the art of owning up has a powerful weapon which he can use at times with great effect. By simply saying "yes" to an opponent you sometimes knock the ground from under him in a way he never expected. He expected you to say "no." He expected a big fight. He comes down on you with great bluster. Quietly say "yes," if you say "yes" truthfully, and see how quickly the breath leaves him.

Sir John Macdonald is a master of the art of owning up. Somewhere in almost any of his platform and after-dinner speeches you find a paragraph of this kind: "Gentlemen, I know I have my faults and failings. I have made many mistakes in my long public career. I never pretended to be infallible. I never professed to be perfect like these Grits." What more can you say? The man owns up, and by doing so disarms his opponents.

Mr. Mowat can own up quite as skillfully as Sir John. When he brought on the elections rather suddenly in December, 1886, his opponents charged him with trying to embarrass Sir John, who was also getting ready for an appeal to the free and independent. In his opening campaign speech Mr. Mowat said, in effect: "Gentlemen, they say I have brought on the elections to embarrass Sir John. It is my duty to embarrass him. It is your duty to embarrass him. It is the duty of all Liberals to embarrass him." That was a fine rhetorical shot. A less skillful manager would have given a long argument to show that the Government had a constitutional right to appeal to the people at any time, provided they took the risk of so doing. He would then have quoted a string of English precedents to prove that there ought to be an election after every enlargement of the Franchise. Mr. Mowat did all that too, but he did it in another part of his speech. He knocked the breath out of his opponents, first by pluckily owning up, and then he argued the constitutional question.

All successful men understand and practise the art of owning up. Some young men and all weak men think the right way is to fight everything and every body. One of the principal points of difference between a strong man and a weakling is that the strong man knows when and how, and how much to own up, while the weakling thinks he ought to fight on every trifling issue. Men who don't understand the art of owning up never become Premiers.

An impertinent fellow told Henry Ward Beecher that he intended to count the number of grammatical slips that the great Brooklyn orator made in a sermon an hour long. "Do," said Beecher, "and let me know the number at the end of the service." Next Sabbath evening the fellow counted. At the closing of the service he came up smiling with an air of triumph, to tell Beecher the number. "How many did I make?" asked Beecher. "You made thirty," said the impertinent fellow. "Thirty, thirty," said Beecher, "was that all? I thought I must have made about three hundred." Taking down a man like Beecher is a rather heavy contract. That impertinent fellow will perhaps be careful about taking another contract of the kind.

A pastor is met at the door by a good lady parishioner, who thinks she has been neglected. She has been nursing her wrath to keep it warm. She has succeeded. She always does. Lovingly she says, "Dear me Mr. A. is this you? Have you really found your way here? I thought you had forgotten us. You have not called for six months. 'My dear madam,' says the pastor, 'is that all? I thought it must have been four or five years.'"

"Your steak is tough," growls the good man as he begins his dinner. "Yes dear," mildly answers his good wife, "it is very tough. I

thought of sending some of it down to the shoemaker's to be used in half-soles the children's boots." Better own up even in that exaggerated way than have a quarrel over the dinner table.

"This account is larger than I expected," says the customer, forgetting that accounts nearly always are larger than one expects. "These bills do run up rather fast," mildly answers the merchant. Better say that than have a wrangle over the bill, ending in a lawsuit.

The art of owning up ought to be cultivated. There are thousands of cases every day in which people might own up without the slightest sacrifice of principle or self-respect. As a rule only strong men own up, and that is one reason why there is so little of it.

The King's Daughters.

A Richly-dressed lady leading a shabby little waif of a girl, bearded a train at Hartford, one morning last summer, and led her little charge through the long train, looking inquiringly into the faces of the passengers. Evidently she was seeking some kindly person to whose care she might consign the child, whom she was sending into the country for a season. Seeing no face which inspired her with confidence to ask so great a favor, she retraced her steps to put her charge in care of the conductor, when a passenger beside her, a lady, removed her wrap and revealed over her heart a tiny silver Maltese cross tied with a purple ribbon. Instantly the lady approached her, touched the silver cross, whispered the mysterious words, "In His name," and told her all her need. "In His name," answered the traveler softly, and tenderly lifted the child on her lap, and cared for and amused her through the journey as lovingly as though she were her own.

An impatient "rat-a-tat-tat" of a pencil on a counter at Macy's was not answered as quickly as usual, and when the delinquent cash girl made her tardy appearance she was greeted with a sharp reproof. The angry words sprang to her lips in reply, but another "Cash" quickly touched the little silver cross she wore on her neck, whispered softly the mystic watchword "In His name," and instantly the angry words were hushed, while the quick tears sprang to her flashing eyes.

A lady, whose elegance of attire and beauty of person attracted the attention and awakened the admiration of all who saw her, stepped out of one of the large and fashionable stores of New York to her carriage, which stood waiting at the door. The wild March wind caught her fluttering silken draperies, and rudely tore her cloak from about her. As she struggled against it a little silver cross fell from her dress and went tinkling down on the pavement. A mite of a girl with a scrap of a shawl over her head darted out of the shelter of the doorway, picked up the silver trinket and drew its counterpart from her own shabby little frock. "It is the badge of the King's Daughters," said the lady softly; "are you one, too?" She held out both her hands with a smile so gentle and tender that it was more precious to the shivering little girl than the money the lady left in her half frozen hand, "In His name."

On one of the hot, dusty days last summer a richly dressed woman entered a store on Broadway. Beneath the flashing diamonds that fastened her collar gleamed the Maltese cross of silver, fastened with the royal color. The same silver symbol hung at the neck of the shop girl who served her. "Oh! you wear the silver cross," said the lady; then we are sisters "In His name," and swiftly the delicately gloved fingers sought the shop girl's tired hand and clasped it closely over the mass of shimmering silk on the counter, while sympathetic inquiries elicited the following: "Oh, yes! it is a hot, hard day, but so many of the lovely 'King's Daughters' have spoken to me so kindly that I've almost forgotten to be tired."

Who are these royal daughters of the king? What is their mission? What is the significance of the silver symbol they wear and the potency of the mystic motto: "In His name?"

In January, 1886, a circle of ten ladies, consisting of Mrs. Margaret Bottomo, Miss Hamersley, Miss Dickinson, Mrs. Theodore Irving,

Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Cortland de Peyster Field, Mrs. Ruggles, Miss Schenck, and Miss Libby, met in answer to Mrs. Bottomo's invitation to discuss and arrange some plan which should unite all Christian women in one grand sisterhood of service. Adopting the system of Edward E. Hale's "Ten Times One" clubs, they constituted themselves a "Central Ten," around which should crystallize other tens of workers, not assuming any authority or responsibility over them, but simply to form a nucleus around which they might cluster, and from which might radiate encouragement, advice and guidance. Of the various names proposed for the order, that of the King's Daughters, suggested by Mrs. Irving was most favorably received, and finally adopted; the badge of the society was selected in the small silver cross tied with the royal color—the watch word chosen was the simple "In His name" of the apostles of old, and the mottoes of action selected were:—

'Look forward and not back.'
'Look out and not in.'
'Look up and not down.'
'Lend a hand.'

Tidings come of the continued organization of tens upon tens of King's Daughters, until 8,600 silver crosses have been sold and 10,000 members have enrolled their names among the King's Daughters, although the society has been organized only two years.

As for the kind of work accomplished by this remarkable sisterhood, it is too varied and extensive to be recorded in detail. There are Tens that visit the sick, Tens that supply the hospitals and homes with flowers, Tens that support foreign missionaries, Tens that sing and Tens that sew, Tens that endow beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply "bridle their tongue" and endeavor to live in love and charity with all men "all 'In His name.' The cash girls in Macy's are known as 'the little doorkeepers,' whose unique motto is, "Lord keep thou the door of my mouth," and there are heartsease Tens of little children who cultivate pansies for the hospitals. There are the quiet Tens in schools, and the Courteous Tens, who claim that "King's Daughters should ever display the manners of the court," the Old Maids' Tens of helpful unappropriated blessings, and the Old Ladies' Ten, whose youngest member is more than 80 years old, and whose oldest member donned the silver cross on her 100th birthday; the faithful Tens in guilds, the Look-up Tens in deaf mutes' homes; and even in the Home of Incurables the patients waiting for death have organized themselves into a Considerate Ten, who shall endeavor to make their nurses' labors as light as possible. One of the young ladies' Tens in Boston sent loads of sand to the tenement yards in the city for poor children to play in, and the graduating class of a fashionable boarding school calling themselves the Continuing Ten have adopted a little girl, and intend to provide for her and give her all the advantage of culture and education which they have received. Musical Tens of the most cultured and gifted ladies in the city devote their talents to the entertainment of the poor, and also through their use in charitable concerts, accumulate funds for the support of various missions, thus bringing into use the talent of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor.

The rapid growth, harmonious unity, ceaseless activity, varied and unique charities, and sympathetic co-operation of this society are said to be unparalleled in the history of any organization known. Within two years it has girdled the globe with the gleam of its silver crosses "In His Name."—*New York Sun.*

Religious Cranks in Russia.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following information, gathered from a recent Russian work, upon the extent to which curious and eccentric forms of religion prevail at the present time among the half-civilized and ignorant hordes of European Russia. If it be true, as stated, that nearly one fifth of the inhabitants are under the influence of such wild and fanatical ideas as here mentioned, the effect of which must be disastrous to the discharge of their duties as citizens of the Russian Empire, the harsh and unfriendly attitude of the Russian government toward the introduction

of new forms of religion can be readily understood:—

M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has just published an interesting work upon curious religious sects in Russia. It appears that in the empire there are no less than 15,000,000 of devote followers of insane and cranky notions of Christianity; and new religions or sects are constantly springing up, in spite of all the Russian authorities.

One of these sects is called the Runaways. They fly from their villages or towns. They believe in returning to a wild state of existence, destroying their identity as much as possible, and living like savages. Civilization they regard as the great curse of humanity. They also carry on a sort of brigandage, and one of their most sacred duties is to rob churches.

There is another sect calling themselves Christs. They adore one another. Crazy dancing forms part of their religious ceremonies.

The Skoptsy, another religious body, believe in self-mutilation. They are also expert dancers and tumblers. Barnum would be proud of such a set of acrobats.

There is another sect that never speak. They make signs skillfully. Bloody sacrifices form part of the religion of other fanatics, and the butchering of sons and daughters to appease the wrath of the deity is getting rather too common. There are also missionaries who go around preaching the glories and beauties of suicide, and absolute necessity for salvation. A Mr. Souckhoff is the leader of this gang. He was arrested for murder some time ago but managed to escape, and turned up in a village where he preached so hard in favor of murder and suicide that several of his followers cut one another's throats, and others shut themselves up in their houses and burned themselves to death.

Startling Facts.

The heathen are dying at the rate of 100,000 per day and Christians are giving them at the rate of one-tenth of a cent a day. Every tick of the watch sounds the death knell of a heathen soul. Every breath we draw four souls perish never having heard of Christ. About \$10,000,000 a year is spent by the church to evangelize the heathen whilst in United States alone \$100,000,000 are spent every three months on popular amusements alone and many times that sum every year on strong drink. Nine-tenths of the contributions to Foreign Missions are given by one-tenth of the church membership, while only one-half give any thing. The average amount per member is 50 cts. per year, only the seventh part of a cent per day, for the conversion of a thousand millions of heathen. Is there not something wrong in the way and manner which we give to missions? God does not need our money, but we need to practise liberality, to deny ourselves for Christ's cause for the benefit of our souls. Under the old Testament dispensation when brass was required for a laver in the tabernacle the women readily gave their burnished metal mirrors for this purpose. Who is ready now to sacrifice superfluous ornaments, that the Lord's treasury may be filled? For Christ's sake let us give. He was rich yet he denied himself and became poor. Our giving will do but little good unless it comes to the point of self-denial.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

Progress.

On the west coast of Africa, at the station on the Ogovi river, a region only recently added, as one might say, to the known world, there have been displays of divine grace in connection with the labors of our missionaries such as have never before been witnessed during our forty years of labor on that coast. Fully eighteen months ago the letters from our brethren there began to contain allusions to the increasing interest in religious truth manifested by the natives. This interest rapidly increased. Soon Mr. Good was writing of 160 added to the roll of their catechumens. The number has since been still further enlarged, until not less than 200 of the Galwas have been earnest inquirers, and many have been hopefully converted. Scorn, poverty, dangers on every side, await these poor Africans on the avowal of their faith; and yet Mr. Good writes of more than a hundred and sixty who have decided for Christ.

Among these there are many women. This is a new feature in religious affairs at Kangwe. It has for years been the lament of the missionaries at that place that so few women seemed to have been reached by the gospel message. Only four had been received to the church. The number of women among the inquirers, as mentioned in the last letters, was 63. This development of deep religious interest at Kangwe is the more remarkable for the reason that in no other places have the Roman Catholic priests opposed and reviled our missionaries more bitterly, or done so much to bewilder and frighten the natives. The Bible they have torn up before them with every sign of rage, and have threatened the people with the ill-will of the French powers, who rule the coast. The French officers themselves have not stopped with the closing of our schools because they were not conducted in the French language—a language which neither missionaries nor natives could understand; they have subjected the few native preachers and helpers to all sorts of restrictions, hampering and annoying them. Yet the very spot where the difficulties a short time ago seemed most disheartening has been chosen as the scene of the most cheering proofs of the power of the Holy Ghost.

FREE.—When Brazil declares her slaves free, as she will at her next Legislative session, then the Continent of America will be free of the disgrace of human bondage. Only Cuba and some of the West India Islands will then recognize slavery. Strange that these, the first points in the Western hemisphere to be visited by the white man, should be the first to introduce slavery and the last to continue it.

Among Exchanges.

FEATHERS VS. TEMPER.

'I would rather wear feathers than wear the bad tempers some show who object to them.' That was a remark we recently overheard. There is a sharp point in it—and a point well taken. If we criticise the outward adornment, let us never display a bad spirit in doing so. Let both be laid aside. Let us have plainness of dress—and, under it, a sweet and considerate spirit. While we are excusing our ill-natured sharpness under the plea of 'plain talk,' those whom we criticise are excusing their gay dress under the plea that it is not as bad as our bad humor.—*Chris. Standard.*

THE SABBATH.

Centuries of experience show that the religion of Christ must keep or lose spiritual power in almost exact proportion as the scriptural Sabbath is hallowed or profaned. As we learn to fill consecrated time with secular thoughts, like those of the Sunday newspaper; with unnecessary secular works, like those of many corporations; with secular pleasures we so far agree to abandon the Sabbath, and to content ourselves with the low type of Christianity so widely prevailing on the continent of Europe.

NEW POSSESSIONS.

Great Britain has added three 'of the Polynesian Islands to her possessions. For size none of these islands are important, though two of them, Fanning and Christmas, are by far the largest group of coral islands known as the Central Polynesian. The latter is represented on the map as a horse-shoe shaped island, larger than any one of the Samoan islands. It is their position which gives these islands their value. They are all nearly due south from Honolulu. Fanning 1,200 miles, Christmas 1,400 miles, and Penrhyn 2,150 miles. Fanning lies in the direct route taken by vessels between Honolulu and New Zealand from which it is distant 2,800 miles. It is about half way between British Columbia and New Zealand or Queensland. Penrhyn island is about 1,700 miles from the Fiji Islands which are about 1,700 miles from Queensland. These islands will, therefore, form pretty convenient coaling stations in the mid-Pacific. Christmas is about three degrees north of the Equator, Fanning somewhat under five degrees, and Penrhyn about nine degrees south of the Equator. They are the only possessions of Great Britain west of the Fiji group, until America is reached.—*Montreal Witness.*