

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

FREDERICTON, N. B., AUGUST 29, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1801

VOL. XXXV.—No. 35.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

**LEPERS.**—135,000 is the number of lepers estimated to be in India. There is a Society devoted exclusively to the relief of their sufferings and preaching the Gospel to them. There are several hospitals in which those suffering most from the dreadful disease find shelter and care.

**WOMEN MINISTER.**—A bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church—Dr. Tallows—is reported as expressing the relief that the time has come for the setting apart of women for the work of the Gospel ministry. It has already been done in several cases.

**FERMENTED OR UNFERMENTED.**—Pennsylvania has a Presbyterian congregation which recently divided on the question of what kind of wine should be used at the communion service. Some contended strongly that it should be fermented, while others as strongly stood up for the unfermented. The battle waged fiercely, and twenty-six of the latter withdrew and organized a new church. No blame is attached to them.

**UGHT TO BE FLOGGED.**—There has of late been an attempt to agitate against the 'in humanity' of the law which applies the lash as part of the penalty of certain crimes, those, for instance, against women and little children. The *Canada Presbyterian*, referring to the plea of those whose sensibilities seem to be shocked by this mode of punishment, says: It would certainly be disagreeable to stand by and see the infliction of the lash; it is not pleasant to read graphic reportorial descriptions of the scene, and it must be painful in the extreme to the poor wretch who by his abominable crime has brought this form of punishment down upon himself. Suppose that some scoundrel has been found guilty of the kind of offence for which the punishment is inflicted, and is instead sentenced merely to a term of imprisonment, what happens? He has friends and relatives. After the people have well nigh forgotten the circumstances of his crime, they send round a petition, signed as a petition, the signers are numerous. Men in public positions use their influence with the authorities, a mitigation of sentence follows, and the man is set at liberty. This does not increase the respect for law and order. The popular sense of justice is outraged, and the ex-criminal has less respect for the law than ever, and is confident in the idea that his friends have only to work the oracle in order to save him from punishment he deserves. Retain the lash, lay it on firmly but dispassionately on all who make vile assaults on helpless women and little children. When these crimes cease it will be time enough to discontinue the use of the cat-o'-nine tails.

**CANADA—AUSTRALIA.**—Stanford Fleming and those interested with him in the scheme say that the cable from Canada to Australia will be completed within eighteen months. All that is now required, they say, before work is begun is to secure a guarantee of £75,000 per annum, equal to four per cent. on an investment of £2,000,000. Aid is expected from the British Australian and Canadian Governments the subsidy from the latter, it is estimated, being between £7,000 and £10,000 per annum.

**HE HAD TO.**—They were talking of a close fist man, just deceased. 'Did he leave anything?' asked Smith. 'He had to,' was the laconic answer of Brown. There are too many like him, who never leave or give him anything till they have to.

**FORTUNE TELLING.**—In spite of the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century, mankind—at any rate in France—seems to be as credulous and as willing to be duped as ever. A certain Madame Moreau exercised the calling of a fortune-teller by cards in Paris, and the extent of her clientele may be judged from the fact that she died the other day worth about £24,000 sterling. It is not very flattering to the common sense of the Parisians that this audacious person could make £1,000 a year by telling them their fate as revealed by such indications as the King of Hearts turning up with his head at the top of the card or the reverse. Chiromancy or palmistry, a favourite study of English ladies with more leisure than brains, is reason itself compared with the bare faced imposture dignified in France by the name of cartomancy.

## The "Telegraph" Angry.

The *Telegraph* man is angry, very angry, mad. It doesn't look well in one in his position and of his pretensions. It is unseemly, very. And his ravings are quite undignified, shockingly so, not at all what might be expected from one so great and strong and wise—in his own conceit. He should control his temper. A few more such exhibitions might injure his reputation—perhaps, and that would be sad, he has so much to injure—so rare a reputation.

It ought, perhaps, be said in explanation of his show of violent temper, that the provocation was great. He was told the truth. His whole being revolted against it. Under the deep feeling it provoked, he had to utter himself; and what so natural for him, as that he should seek to show his abhorrence of the hated thing by telling as much of its opposite as he could. Knowing the exasperating effects of simple facts on him, we ought, perhaps, to be sorry for having provoked him to wrath. If it would help the matter any, we could say that we are sorry he is that kind of a man. We are, very. And we could hope that some time he might be persuaded that truth is better—even when referring to people whom he does not love with all the ardour of his great nature. What a change that would be! Let us hope.

As our readers may desire to know how deep his feeling is, and how well he expresses the surgings of his protest against the hateful facts that so grievously offend, we quote a few of his most striking phrases:

"Who doubts that these statements made by the editor of the *INTELLIGENCER* are untrue?"

"We know very well that many of them (*INTELLIGENCER* readers) feel disgusted by its constant party leanings and support of the party in power. It takes this ground under the hypocritical pretense of giving its support to temperance and prohibition."

"The fact is that a public man, or a cabinet minister, he a Tory, may be stooped to the backbone in whisky without incurring the reproof of the *INTELLIGENCER*."

"Out upon such transparent hypocrisy."

"Its large vocabulary of billingsgate is poured out copiously at times, but a liberal is always selected by it as the party to be thus assailed."

"A vituperative mouth-piece for Toryism. This it (*INTELLIGENCER*) has become, and in the party service it has descended to defamatory libel, with such coarseness and violence of language as are disgraceful."

"It is convenient to have some one to do the dirty work of the party, and the *INTELLIGENCER* brings ready hands and a congenial spirit to the task."

These are samples of the elegant and thrilling sentences in which the *Telegraph's* latest article abounds. How well they sound. They glow with the fire of genius—the genius of the fishwife. And they are so overwhelming. What chance has he who is armed with naught but simple facts in a contest with one who wields such formidable weapons? What chance!

If we might be permitted we would—rash venture, though it be—humbly and respectfully suggest that the editor of the *Telegraph* omitted—in the fury of his indignation forgot, perhaps—to take any notice of the several little facts which we brought to his attention. It is to be feared that this kind of forgetfulness has become chronic in his case. He seems to rely chiefly on his imagination, his genius for inventing substitutes for facts. He is, certainly, not a novice in the business.

We had hardly dared hope he would depart from his usual method—the leopard does not change his spots. We did think, though, that he might, possibly, pay the facts the compliment of some treatment in detail—it would afford him such an opportunity of displaying his superior skill in mutilating truth. It seems that we had no right to expect so much. And as he is a professional, we must conclude that it is quite according to the code of his class to deal with such trifling things in general rather than in particular, especially when a master does it as in the ringing, annihilating sentences we have quoted.

Through the several articles of the *Telegraph* devoted to the *INTELLIGENCER* and its editor, there has been a plain plea for the sympathy of Free Baptists; and it has been sought to

evoke it by persuading Free Baptist liberals that the *INTELLIGENCER* is a political paper of the Tory class. There is no reason to believe that any of our readers will accept the *Telegraph* as authority in this matter. They are intelligent people, they read the *INTELLIGENCER*, and even so remarkable a man as the *Telegraph* editor cannot convince them against their knowledge.

It is possible, though, that the "tory patronage" of which it has several times made mention may not be quite understood. By "patronage" the *Telegraph* means Government advertisements, which, for many years, have from time to time appeared in these columns. There are two in now. The facts are these: There are four religious papers published in the Maritime Provinces—the *W. A. M.*, the *Presbyterian Witness*, the *Messenger and Visitor* and the *INTELLIGENCER*. All these papers receive some Government advertising. So far as we are able to judge, they receive about an equal amount; if any receive more than the others we should say that the two published in Nova Scotia are the ones; we do not know, however, that there is any difference. The advertisements are received as any other proper advertisements are, and are given insertion and charged for in the same way. That they appear in these papers has no political significance whatever; not one of them is a political paper, nor takes any part in the contentions of the political parties. When a Liberal Government was in power they received them just as they do now; and their attitude towards the political parties was then as now—neutral. The editor of the *Telegraph*, of course, knows these things; but he must be true to his instincts, and so he seeks to give a false impression.

It may be added that so far as the *INTELLIGENCER* is concerned its editor, during the more than twenty-one years of his connection with the paper, has not, except during about a year and a half of that time, had anything to do with the advertising department. It would not have made any difference, however, if he had had the management of the advertising all the time or none of the time. The *Telegraph's* course may be, doubtless, influenced by advertising patronage—its rum advertisements, for instance—but the *INTELLIGENCER's* never is.

The *Telegraph's* silly attempt to win Free Baptist sympathy is sure to be wasted effort. He may as well look elsewhere. They know him, or of him, too well to be caught with his chaff. He does not compliment them very highly by his evident belief that he can wheedle them into believing him their particular friend who would save them from the corrupting influence of the denominational paper. The people of a denomination for which he has, in his littleness, shown all the contempt of which one of his calibre is capable, are not ignorant of his attitude and aims. They are not likely to receive instruction from him as to their duty towards their own, at least not till he shows himself a more trustworthy leader—one who, for the accomplishment of his ends, uses less falsehood and more fact.

We have done, Mr. Editor of the *Telegraph*. When you show signs of improvement we shall be glad to note the fact. Till then we have no more time nor space to waste on you. Good bye.

## Mesmerism.

### A HYPNOTIZED MAN TURNING ROBBER.

May one who is free from vicious tendencies be made to commit a crime, while hypnotized, which he or she, with full command of faculties, would regard with abhorrence? Experiments both here and abroad have abundantly illustrated the wonderful power possessed by the operator over his subject; the latter wholly subordinating his will: acting, speaking, and, to all appearance, even thinking and seeing as directed. A recent investigator, M. W. A. Croffut, would seem to have gone a step further on the road to practical accomplishment by inducing his subject to actually rob a house; a pre-arrangement, of course, the agent, however, having no knowledge of this. This agent, whom Mr. Croffut describes, in a recent paper, as of

known probity, set out, while in a hypnotic state, to rob a neighboring house, which, together with the means of entrance, was fully described to him; being told that a heap of gold was to be found in a certain apartment. The operator's assistant accompanying him declares that, after gathering up the imaginary treasure and putting it in the bag provided him, the subject proceeded to purloin other articles, so thoroughly aroused was his cupidity, and getting safe out evinced an inclination to fly with the treasure instead of returning and dividing with the operator, as was agreed. Another subject, under similar influence, took a pistol, supposed to be but not really loaded, and, aiming it at his heart, as directed, pulled the trigger. If from these and similar investigations it should become apparent that all manner of real crimes may be committed by innocent persons while in this hypnotic or mesmeric condition, and if the vicious, having such power as that evidently possessed by Mr. Croffut and others, should actually employ the unsuspecting and unsuspected as their agents, how would society protect itself? How could the innocent agents be distinguished from those not under such influence, but setting up the claim when caught only to avoid punishment? A really honest clerk, with the keys of his employer's office and safe in his possession, might be made, should he fall under such influence, to commit a burglary; the heir to an estate might be induced to kill himself; a trustworthy servant to commit murder or arson.

These are interesting psychological questions; and questions, it may be said, which are by no means beneath the dignity of science to inquire into.—*Scientific American.*

## Christian Work in Brazil.

In Brazil, as elsewhere, it has been the common people who have heard the Word with gladness, and the missionaries have hitherto found their converts almost exclusively among the middle and lower classes. The fact that at last the Gospel is entering in the upper social strata, would seem to indicate a long step ahead toward its final triumph. At all events, some very interesting conversions have recently occurred among the wealthier classes.

One of the most notable is that of a doctor, who left his home in Casa Branca, for a few months in stay in Caldas, because of his wife's poor health. He was there a guest in the house of a Brazilian gentleman, a member of the church. Most of these Brazilian doctors are unbelievers—quite without religion. This one was a rare exception, being a firm believer in the Romish Church, whose precepts he faithfully practiced.

He was much impressed by the family prayers, and the interest aroused thereby led to his reading the Bible for the first time in his life. He is a man of high intelligence and ardent nature, and the new study completely absorbed all the energies of his being. He soon found how completely he had been deceived by those whose guidance in matters of religion he had always followed without hesitation or investigation.

The veil was lifted. Old delusions lost their power. The first Friday of his visit he said to his host, "Well, I am forty years old, and I never ate meat on Friday; but I commence to-day." After three months of earnest and prayerful study of the Scriptures, under the faithful guidance of Rev. Miguel Torres, he and his wife were admitted to the church. Returning home—a year ago now—they were met with general persecution and contempt, but have been steadfast and faithful in their testimony and labors in the Gospel.

## Missionaries and Rum.

Margaret E. Stewart, in the *Herald and Presbyter*, writes: "A few years ago, in a lonely hut in Central Africa, a worn-out man died upon his knees, praying in the fervor of a consecrated, loyal soul. 'Oh, let Thy kingdom come!' He had opened, he thought, the great dark continent to the onward march of Christian civilization and the light of God's truth. Christendom shouted for joy and the procession started across the sea. Watch it. One missionary, 70,000 gallons of rum; one missionary,

70,000 gallons more of rum; another missionary, another 70,000 gallons; and so on and on it goes, rum and missionaries, missionaries and rum. Thus we touch the great Congo-State. Watch again. One convert to Christ, a hundred drunkards; one more, a hundred more. The missionary's heart grows sick, it cries out, 'Oh, Christians at home, for the love of Christ, stop the rum.' But as the climate does its exhaustive work, and one by one the brave workers sink beneath the burning sun, hearts at home are discouraged, and the next ship goes only with rum—without the missionary.

Under the madness of intoxicating liquors sent from Massachusetts, two hundred of those people (of Congo) slaughtered each other in a single day. Again we are told of a single gallon of this drink causing a fight in which fifty were killed. Judas sold his Lord for seventeen dollars, but America hurries fifty souls to the bar of God for ninety cents. 'Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged upon such a nation as this?' (Jeremiah ix. 9).

## A Mormon Sunday School.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, spending "A Sunday at Salt Lake," looked in upon a Sunday school, an institution which is worked by the Mormons for all it is worth. "In the morning, at nine o'clock, we went to a Mormon Sunday school in the Thirteenth Ward. The rooms were large, and, although not remarkably attractive, convenient and clean. The scholars seemed bright and happy. There were not far from two hundred present. The school is in three departments, primary, intermediate and theological. The superintendent said that the primary school, which had rooms for itself, was in charge of two sisters, who had cared for it a long time, and that the theological school was for the study of the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrines and Covenants, etc. This class we were asked to join. Its purpose is to train men to be missionaries and to defend the truth. The time spent in the study of what may be called the lessons of the day is not far from thirty minutes. Then, as at the beginning, all the schools meet in the large room, and spend an hour or more in singing, in recitations, and in listening to brief addresses from a good many persons. During the opening exercises (in which the Scriptures were not read at all), the bread and water of the Mormon Sacrament were distributed, one brother asking the blessing on the bread, and another on the water. The 'elements' were carried around by little boys, and, with the exception of the visitors, every one in the room, even children not two years old, partook of them. The superintendent said that they were anxious to make the lessons of this service prominent, and therefore they observed it nearly every Sunday in the way we had seen. The hymns sung were quite like those we hear in our own schools, although the collection, which is published by the Deseret Sunday School Union Publishing Society, contains hymns with all the distinctive Mormon tenets. The prayer seemed orthodox, except toward the close, where mention was made of Brother Woodruff, and the twelve apostles, and the missionaries who are laboring, without purse or scrip, wherever sent, and when the petition was offered that all might see the truth as they saw it, and thus obtain eternal life. There are twenty-one of these ward Sunday schools in Salt Lake alone, and hundreds of them throughout the Territory. They are evidently well managed, and are, therefore, a source of great power. They occupy the morning of every Sunday. The afternoon is set aside for the union meeting in the Tabernacle, while the evening is devoted to what the Mormons call prayer and conference meetings. These meetings, which are not always large, are held in the the rooms where the Sunday schools gather."

The time spent in the study of what may be called the lessons of the day is not far from thirty minutes. Then, as at the beginning, all the schools meet in the large room, and spend an hour or more in singing, in recitations, and in listening to brief addresses from a good many persons. During the opening exercises (in which the Scriptures were not read at all), the bread and water of the Mormon Sacrament were distributed, one brother asking the blessing on the bread, and another on the water. The 'elements' were carried around by little boys, and, with the exception of the visitors, every one in the room, even children not two years old, partook of them. The superintendent said that they were anxious to make the lessons of this service prominent, and therefore they observed it nearly every Sunday in the way we had seen. The hymns sung were quite like those we hear in our own schools, although the collection, which is published by the Deseret Sunday School Union Publishing Society, contains hymns with all the distinctive Mormon tenets. The prayer seemed orthodox, except toward the close, where mention was made of Brother Woodruff, and the twelve apostles, and the missionaries who are laboring, without purse or scrip, wherever sent, and when the petition was offered that all might see the truth as they saw it, and thus obtain eternal life. There are twenty-one of these ward Sunday schools in Salt Lake alone, and hundreds of them throughout the Territory. They are evidently well managed, and are, therefore, a source of great power. They occupy the morning of every Sunday. The afternoon is set aside for the union meeting in the Tabernacle, while the evening is devoted to what the Mormons call prayer and conference meetings. These meetings, which are not always large, are held in the the rooms where the Sunday schools gather."

The time spent in the study of what may be called the lessons of the day is not far from thirty minutes. Then, as at the beginning, all the schools meet in the large room, and spend an hour or more in singing, in recitations, and in listening to brief addresses from a good many persons. During the opening exercises (in which the Scriptures were not read at all), the bread and water of the Mormon Sacrament were distributed, one brother asking the blessing on the bread, and another on the water. The 'elements' were carried around by little boys, and, with the exception of the visitors, every one in the room, even children not two years old, partook of them. The superintendent said that they were anxious to make the lessons of this service prominent, and therefore they observed it nearly every Sunday in the way we had seen. The hymns sung were quite like those we hear in our own schools, although the collection, which is published by the Deseret Sunday School Union Publishing Society, contains hymns with all the distinctive Mormon tenets. The prayer seemed orthodox, except toward the close, where mention was made of Brother Woodruff, and the twelve apostles, and the missionaries who are laboring, without purse or scrip, wherever sent, and when the petition was offered that all might see the truth as they saw it, and thus obtain eternal life. There are twenty-one of these ward Sunday schools in Salt Lake alone, and hundreds of them throughout the Territory. They are evidently well managed, and are, therefore, a source of great power. They occupy the morning of every Sunday. The afternoon is set aside for the union meeting in the Tabernacle, while the evening is devoted to what the Mormons call prayer and conference meetings. These meetings, which are not always large, are held in the the rooms where the Sunday schools gather."

## A Case in Which "Mind Care" is Needed

Aunt Huldy Giddings, an excellent elderly lady, enjoyed, if she only knew it, a very fair state of health; but she thought it her duty to be like the rest of the world, and so always complained of her share of inward ailments. She had read an adroit reading-matter advertisement some time or other in which 'that tired feeling' was magnified into a serious disorder—as if every healthy person were not at some time or other entitled to 'that tired feeling!'—and had bought and commenced taking, in obedience to the kind suggestion of the advertisement, a patent medicine called 'Swipe's Liverine, the Great Anti-Bilious Remedy.' The doctor questioned her, and made up his mind that nothing in particular was the matter with her. But an opportunity to try an interesting experiment flashed into his mind.

'Yes,' she had said to the doctor, 'I have to take that Liverine. If I don't, I have a kind of an all-gone sensation all over, and my liver gets torpid, and I feel considerably headachy, and I

don't relish my food. I can't get along without my Liverine.'

'Well, I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Giddings,' said the doctor; 'leave off taking your Liverine, and I will give you a remedy of my own that will take the place of it—something that will serve the same purpose. I want you to try my medicine.'

'Well, I'll try it, doctor,' said she; 'but I'm afraid it won't do the work of my Liverine.'

The doctor went away and got a bottle of Swipe's Liverine of Aunt Huldy's apothecary. He took it home, poured it out of the bottle, and rebottled it in small, plain vials. These he marked, 'A table-spoonful before each meal and before retiring'—the same doses that were prescribed on the bottles of Liverine—and left the vials for Aunt Huldy.

'I'll try it faithfully, doctor,' said she, 'but I'm afraid I shall miss my Liverine.'

A few days afterward the doctor called on Aunt Huldy.

'Well,' said he, 'and how does my medicine work?'

'O dear, doctor,' said Aunt Huldy, shaking her head, 'it ain't a-going to do at all! I've taken it faithfully just as you described, but it don't relieve me the way my Liverine does, and I shan't be able to set up another day unless I go back to it!'—*Boston Transcript.*

## Value of a good Voice.

There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the house through lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Leaky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest buildings and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a heavy conch had been resounding in his ears. Garrison used to say that he would give 100 guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the resonance of a silver trumpet.

## Temperance Notes.

—The city of Pasadena, Cal., has not a saloon, not a policeman, and its jail has no occupants.

—Lucknow, India, has one W. C. T. U., one Blue Ribbon Society, one Juvenile Temple, and three or four Good Templar Lodges.

—It is said that the temperance people in England are preparing a list of the ministers of all denominations who hold shares in brewing companies.

—The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Philadelphia has passed a resolution that it is inconsistent with the pledge of a member to sign a liquor dealer's petition for license or go on his bond.

—One of the delegates to the recent National Convention of the Prohibition party was Father Mahony, a Catholic priest, who pledged \$100 from his salary of \$500 per year, to the campaign fund.

## Among Exchanges.

### THE "CHURCH RAT."

A rat is not a very large animal, but a company of them succeeded in making a hole through the bank of the Erie canal and delaying navigation for some days at a large cost. Steady gnawing and pawing did the mischief. The "church mouse" is proverbial. Is there not also a church rat, capable of much larger mischief than his size would warrant?—*The Standard.*

### "GOSPEL OF FUN."

The *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, in an article on the "Gospel of Fun," which is so popular with some evangelists, and in the entertainments of some churches, very justly and appropriately says: "The Spirit of God does not work in an atmosphere of laughter and fun. Contrition and penitence are not begotten by frivolity and humor. Faith is neither kindled nor strengthened by lightness. Prayer, reverence, sorrow for sins, are not to be companions of hurrahs, clapping of hands and ripples of laughter. The gospel of Christ is the gospel of tears."

The gospel of humor is not the gospel of Christ. The ministry of humor was never inspired by Gethsemane or Calvary. It is not along the paths of humor that we know Jesus Christ, that we feel the power of His resurrection, come into the fellowship of His sufferings, and are made conformable to His death."

### FROZEN CHURCHES.

Preaching to sinners across back-slidden pews is like fishing through a hole in the ice. There is little play for the line. The fingers freeze. There is no purchase to pull. The fish get against the ice, and deadens the cord. The angler falls in and gets chilled to the bone. The frozen church is smooth and serene. The revival—a little orifice—soon closes over with a cold crust, and a floor of hard frost protects the game.—*Richmond Advocate.*