

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1786

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

**ONE SEED.**—It is stated that when John Williams, afterwards martyred at Eromanga went to the South Seas as a missionary, he carried with him a few choice bananas. On arrival they had become a mass of rotten pulp and were thrown away on a heap as utterly worthless. Out of them, however, there sprang one plant of vigor and fruitfulness; and the product, being re-sown, was the origin of the now common banana of the South Seas, that still holds its own though a more recently imported kind is also marketable. A fit type this of how mission work finds its issues—from many failures at first, with one or two successes, till the whole district is covered with the knowledge of God.

**HUMAN SACRIFICES.**—There have recently been human sacrifices on the west coast of Africa in consequence of the death of the son of a native king. The selected victims were obliged to drink a poisonous liquor, and were then flung into the sea. As they were washed ashore men and women hacked them to death with knives.

**GUMPTION NEEDED.**—The New York Observer very truly says that "evangelists need gumption as well as grace," and cites this case in illustration. At a special service held in Eastbourne, England, the speaker requested "all who were saved to leave the room, and all who were not saved to remain. The effect of this analysis was magical, for the congregation arose en masse and left, none, apparently, caring to be singled out as 'unsaved'.

**COLD.**—The coldest spot yet found on the face of the earth is, according to Russian climatic observations, is Werchojansk, Siberia. The Russian weather observing system is the most extensive on the globe, and embraces remarkable climatic contrasts. It has two principal observatories and 255 subordinate stations, and its latest report gives rainfall observations for 669 localities. Many of the stations have lately been added, and one of these is Werchojansk. The mean temperature at that spot for the year 1885 was 2.9 deg. below zero. (29.1 deg. Fah.) For January and December it was 62.9 deg. below, and for July it rose to 60.6 deg. above zero. The lowest temperature in July was 39.2 deg. above zero, while in January a fall to 38.6 deg. below zero was experienced. Werchojansk is in latitude 67 deg. 34 min. N., longitude 133 deg. 51 min. E.

**RAILWAY SPEED.**—How fast can a railway train go? Many people seem to think that the speed is limited by the danger of leaving the rails, and we frequently hear tales of trains reaching a speed of 80, 90, and sometimes 100 miles an hour. A well-informed writer in one of the commercial journals assures us that these tales are pure myths. Engines are built to combine high speed with drawing power, and 60 miles an hour on the level is as much as an ordinary train can run. With a very powerful engine, and a very light load, 65 miles may be reached, but that must be regarded as the maximum speed on the level. Downhill, the maximum rate may be placed at 75 miles an hour. An engine, with no load, was once tried down and in line of 1 in 100, and no device could coax it beyond 78 miles an hour. The back pressure of steam in the cylinders is the obstacle to greater velocity, and at very high pressure it is often the case that increased speed may be attained by slightly reducing the head of steam. The fastest long run in the world is said to be made by an English train. The timetable requires 105½ miles to be run in an hour and 57 minutes, which is at the rate of 54 miles an hour.

**SOMEWHAT SLOWER.** Compared with the foregoing, the speed of Russian trains is such as almost to induce the disgusted travellers to 'get out and walk.' Twenty miles an hour is the present maximum rate, but a special commission has been sitting for some weeks to decide whether the speed of the mail trains throughout the Empire may safely be increased to twenty-three miles. No wonder that the prospect of such a breakneck pace gives the commission pause, and

involves weeks of anxious consideration!

**CHEAP.**—The wife of a Chinese missionary tells a curious story of child marriage in that country. It seems that a boy and girl were betrothed in their infancy; the girl, who has now grown up, has become a Christian. The bridegroom has recently claimed her, whereupon the missionary induced him to forego his claim for the moderate sum of five dollars.

## "The Mother Of God."

The following correspondence we find published in the Halifax papers: To the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

My Lord—At the execution of William Millman, in the Charlotte-town jail, on the 10th. inst., I said the following committal:

"The Glorious Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the mighty intercessions of the Mother of God and all the Saints, be between thee and thy ghostly enemies at this the hour of thy departure, and the blessing of God," etc., etc.

In consequence of this I have been charged with invoking the Virgin Mary, and making requests to her, thereby acting disloyally to the church of England. I beg, therefore, to lay the matter before Your Lordship, requesting that I may be allowed to publish this letter and your reply.

Believe me, Your Lordship's obedient servant.

JAMES SIMPSON.

HALIFAX 30th. April, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR—The words which you quote in your note of 27th. inst., are not an invocation of Blessed Virgin Mary, and therefore in using them you have not laid yourself open to the charge, which you say has been brought against you, of acting disloyally to the church of England. The church has not, so far as I am aware, asserted or taught that the children of God in the invisible world cease to pray for those on earth, or that such prayers are less efficacious than those which we offer for one another; and therefore the pious desire and aspiration that the whole of such prayers might be an aid to a criminal at the point of death for the defeating of his spiritual foes is no other than right and fitting. The one thing which, in my judgement, is liable to misconception, on the part of hasty and ignorant persons, is the special mention of the "intercessions of the Mother of God," which, to such people, might seem to imply an assumption of the Mediatorship of our Blessed Lord, and an infringement of His right "who ever liveth to make intercession for us." While, therefore, I do not think you justly open to blame for the use of such a phrase, I would, if I were you, avoid it on any other occasion, as being likely to cause you to be misunderstood and wrongfully accused. I cannot close this letter without expressing to you my sincere sympathy with you in the discharge of so painful a duty as the attending upon and ministering to a man condemned to die, and my regret that any one should have felt called upon to accuse you, at such a trying time, of disloyalty to the church of which you are a hard-working and earnest servant. I remain, yours very faithfully,

F. NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. James Simpson,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

"F. NOVA SCOTIA" is the newly elected bishop of the Church of England in Nova Scotia. It may be surprising to some good Church of England people to know that the new bishop approves of seeking the intercessions of "the Mother of God." To some it will not be very pleasing, we think. The bishop thinks "the priest" did right to pray to "the Virgin Mary" and "all the saints" to be between the condemned man and his "ghostly enemies" whoever and whatever they may be, but thinks he had better not use the same phrases again lest he be misunderstood by "hasty and ignorant persons." It smacks of jesuitism. That, however, ought not to be surprising as things now go among the heads of that church. More's the pity.

## "Holst With His Own Petard."

[From the Boston Herald.]

The persons who have been eager to see how Mr. Gladstone would answer Col. Ingersoll in the North American Review will now have

their curiosity gratified. There has been something ghastly in the spectacle of the "grand old man" accepting the challenge of an American free-thinker who has, for a decade of years, amused the scoffers against Christianity with a rehash of what can be said against the shortcomings of its friends; but he has performed his task, as he has often performed similar tasks, with the ease with which one brushes away a fly from his face. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Gladstone as serious in his effort, because he is not able to pin his antagonist down to anything definite. Col. Ingersoll carries the method of the platform into his written papers, and indulges in assertions which have not a particle of proof behind them. Mr. Gladstone is obliged in his paper, which is simply mastery in its method, first, to construct a place for his antagonist to stand on, and then to show the absurdity of the position. The fault of Col. Ingersoll is that he constantly mistakes the particular for the universal. Mr. Gladstone modestly says: "I do not remember ever to have read a composition in which the merely local coloring of particular, and even very limited, sections of Christianity, was more systematically used as if it had been available and legitimate argument against the whole." This point has constantly been made. The foolishness of Christian people has been Col. Ingersoll's stock in trade. Mr. Gladstone pricks this bubble at the beginning of his essay, and all through the discussion shows that there is no vital attack upon Christianity in Col. Ingersoll's statements.

Since there is nothing new in Mr. Gladstone's arguments, because no new points of attack are presented, there is no use in travelling his ground. The interest in this essay is in its method of parrying Col. Ingersoll's pretended argument, which is nothing but a verbal bombardment of a point by throwing against it everything that he can put his hand on. Mr. Gladstone asks for an antagonist, for a man who would command the acumen of Pascal in the "Provincial Letters," who really has something to say. He is forced to say that the paper which he has been asked to answer, "worthy as it is, leaves on his mind the impression of a battlefield where every man strikes every man, and all is noise, hurry and confusion." Point after point is taken up, and shown to be entirely beside the mark, the issue being unreasonable, or against the known facts or conditions of human experience. Darwin is lugged in as a witness for atheism, and Mr. Gladstone quietly explains that the doctrine of evolution is only a question of method, which is, as yet, imperfectly understood. Col. Ingersoll makes an apparent point about Jephthah's daughter, and Mr. Gladstone quietly shows that the author has "galloped, not through, but about, the sacred volume, as a man glances over the pages of an ordinary newspaper or novel." Col. Ingersoll makes an argument out of whys, and Mr. Gladstone answers: "Now, exaggeration by mere suggestion is the fault, the glaring fault of these queries. One who has no knowledge of mundane affairs institute the conception they institute would assume that, as a rule, evil has the upper hand in the management of the world. Is this the grave philosophical conclusion of a careful observer, or is it a crude, hasty or careless overstatement?" Col. Ingersoll is quoted as teaching that "there is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion," and Mr. Gladstone demonstrates that "the doctrine that belief, as a general, nay, universal, law, is independent of the will, proves, when examined, to be a plausibility of the shallowest sort."

These illustrations of the defects in Col. Ingersoll's reasoning processes are presented with such provoking seriousness that if Mr. Gladstone were a man of humor, which he is not, it would seem as if he were laughing in his sleeve all the while he is pointing out the merciless way in which the American scoffer violates all the principles of sound argument in order to gain his end. It is believed that a more searching piece of satire never proceeded from Mr. Gladstone's pen. You feel so much pity for him that you are ready to pray for him. There is not left so much as the space of a pinhead on which to

fulminate new terrors against Christian believers. You think of David and Goliath, or, rather, you feel that it was too bad for one of Mr. Gladstone's abilities to waste his strength upon such a blatant demagogue about matters of belief. His quiet, serious method is so effective, that there is nothing for his antagonist to say, except to kick dust in his face, which he will undoubtedly do as soon as he has an opportunity. Mr. Gladstone sums up the results of his severe, though gentlemanly, censure in the following sentences: "Whereas we are placed in an atmosphere of mystery, relieved only by a little sphere of light round each of us, like a clearing in an American forest, which the writer has so well described, and rarely can see further than is necessary for our own conduct from day to day, we find here, assumed by a particular person, the character of an universal judge without appeal. And whereas, the highest self-restraint is necessary in these dark, but, therefore, all the more exciting inquiries, in order to maintain the ever quivering balance of our faculties, this writer chooses to ride an unbroken horse and to throw the reins on his neck." This paper will do good, and deserves the widest circulation, but it leaves Col. Ingersoll, though it treats him like a gentleman, wounded, if not dead, by the roadside.

## The New "Science."

One of the latest of "new things" is the so-called *Christian Science*. It is a new theory of the healing art. It has queer notions and does queer things. It upsets all systems of theology, and plays havoc with much of the world's best philosophy. If not a new revelation, it is a new interpretation of God's Word, for it makes claim to be founded on that Word. Strange that this great light should have been hidden under a bushel, or something else, so long. Its teaching puts all the herbs in the field, all those merciful resources of nature, as well as the entire medical profession, out of the sphere of providential appointment; for it claims that there is no need for the one, and that the other is wholly superfluous. The lawyer may stay; he will be needed to collect fees from obstreperous patients; but the doctor should straightway turn his attention to the real estate business, or to some other like lucrative occupation.

Christian Science claims that there is no such thing as matter—thought only is real. Still, when the enchanting touch of our Christian Scientists is laid on some confiding patient, there is "matter" enough in the jungle of the silver dollar, and if they are not paid, there is still an additional display of "matter" in the case. Nothing is real but thought—pain is imaginary. It proved otherwise with both the patient and his pretended healer, in the following instance of which I read: A victim of pain had waited on one of the professionals of the Christian Science school until the experiment had amounted to the "matter" of \$40; and growing none the better, but rather the worse, he remonstrated against so large an outlay without any benefit, whereupon the "mind cure" advocate charged him with having no faith, and bade him depart and surfeit his material part with obnoxious drugs. This disturbed the mental and moral balance of the long-suffering patient, and, being a matter of fact sort of a man, he hastened to show the emptiness of the new healing theory by a well-aimed blow at the upper end of the material structure which, in the role of a Christian scientist, had extorted \$40 from him, as he maintained, unfairly. Having repeated the concussion sundry times, he mopped the floor with the prostrate form, and then, bidding him rise, complacently said: "Never mind your bruises; pain is imaginary; there is no such thing as matter; thought only is real." People say "if there is no good in this thing there can be no harm in it." That is just the mischief about it. There is harm in it. There are grains of truth in it, but, wrested from their proper relations and purposes, these grains of truth become dangerous errors. It will not pay even to be healed at the sacrifice of a faith God has owned from the days of Christ until now.—*Lutheran Observer*.

The sale of liquor has been prohibited on the property owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

## A Peculiar People In Greece.

Salonika may be termed a New Jerusalem, as there are no less than 70,000 of the seed of Abraham within its walls; almost all the business of the place is carried on by them; the quays are gay with them in their quaint costumes, the men with their long robes lined with fur over a tunic of striped cotton or silk, whilst the women are decked in the gayest colors possible and adorn their heads with caps of green or red, closely bound over their foreheads, and hanging down behind in a thick tail embroidered with gold thread and terminating in a fringe of gold, whilst around their necks hang strings of pearls and other jewels. These Jews of Salonika are perhaps the most fervid adherents of the quaint rabbinical doctrines to be found anywhere nowadays. During the days before the Passover you may see Jewish women at the tombs outside the walls, in their long red cloaks and white mantles round their shoulders, wailing over their dead; turbaned rabbis stand at the gate of Karamilla to conduct families, for a consideration, to the graves of their relatives, there to excite them to frenzy by reading portions of Scripture, and finally to drive them home again like sheep when the ceremony is over, with lacerated arms and faces, uttering bitter wails. Their cemetery the Jews call "the house of the living;" for the dead they look upon as alive, and passing the first eleven months after their departure in Gehenna, when they can intercede for the living; consequently during this period the death wails are continued, which are in point of fact in many cases more intercessory than the outcome of genuine grief. If a rabbi of distinction dies, you see Jewish women rush forward to thrust letters into his hand for delivery to departed friends, as he is carried on the bier to the house of the living.

## Dunning Letters.

A State Street gentleman was complaining to a friend this morning that a house in New York had sent him a dunning letter. He said: "I have been trading with that house for 15 years and for the first time I have received a dunning letter." "How much do you owe?" inquired the friend. "Not a very large bill," said the merchant, "but I have owed it only since last March. It escaped my attention entirely." "Well," said the friend, "I don't see how you can find fault that your attention has been called to your negligence. You ought to be grateful for the letter. You received the goods. The merchant in New York has not received his money, and one of his clerks has, in plain language, notified you of the fact. Don't you think you owe him an apology as well as the bill?" Thinking the matter over a few minutes, the State street gentleman said: "Well I don't know but you are right. It had not struck me that way, but it is a fact that I owe the man and ought to have paid him. It never occurred to me before that one ought to be grateful for a dunning letter; but that is because I am not used to them. I suppose the man who gets one every day doesn't kick."—*Albany Journal*.

## Hebrew Butchers.

The Hebrew butcher is no unimportant personage. Generally he does not begin to exercise the duties of his profession until he is twenty-five years of age, for he cannot secure a certificate before that time. The first requisite is that he shall be a man of good character. He is obliged to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible and the Talmud, more especially of those passages which have a bearing on his duties. For at least a year he would be shochat serves a sort of apprenticeship at the butcher's shop under two shochatim, and finally, on their recommendation, he receives a certificate from the Chief Rabbi. He must be an expert in preparing his own knife. It must be so sharp and smooth that a microscope will not reveal nicks in the edge. Sometimes the rabbi, professing not to believe that the candidate for shochat has prepared the knife himself, takes it up and jabs the edge so as to make a nick, returns it, and bids him sharpen it anew. At other times he denies that the knife is in good condition, and if the shochat is doubtful about it he gets no certificate. He must "have a

mind of his own," and be able to stand by his assertions as against any other man. Years ago a St. Louis shochat informed a reporter the knife was tested by being drawn through water. Even a slight nick would cause a ripple on either side, and if that ripple followed the course of the blade, the latter was pronounced unfit for use. After the shochat has received his certificate it is good for a lifetime, unless a blemish comes upon his character, when his certificate is taken away. He has to be different, even in appearance, from other men. Orthodox Jews observe the injunction, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard," but his beard must be a little longer than the others, and so must his coat. He is even forbidden to dance with maid or matron. In short he must be orthodox of the orthodox. They generally are employed by butchers at fixed wages, but when the individual brings a fowl to the shochat to kill, he pays him 5 cents for a chicken and 10 cents for a larger bird. It is told with a thrill of horror among old orthodox residents that many years ago one of the Jewish families which then lived in the block on Sixth Street, between Carr and Biddle, had an Irish servantmaid, whose duty it was to take a chicken almost daily to the shochat for killing. With the fowl she received a nickel to pay the religious slaughterer. Moved by a love of gain in a small way, she was wont to pocket that nickel and kill the chicken herself. After about a year her employers discovered how they had been made the victims of Hibernian treachery, and had been defiling themselves with trefe meat.

—*St. Louis Globe*.

**BUT HE SUCCEEDED.**—This story emphasizes the fact, that it is not well to judge too hastily nor by first appearances of a man's capability. A veteran railroad conductor tells it thus: One morning just before the war, as my train drew up at a southern station, a chap in a butternut suit and home-made wool hat rushed up and addressed me as I stepped to the ground: "Is you th'r clerk or this yer kyar?" "I'm the conductor; what do you want?" I answered. "I want'er go ter Washington on this yer kyar." "Well, get aboard," I said. He climbed the steps and rapped on the door. When he rapped a second time, some wag inside called out, "Come in!" There were at least 50 passengers in the car. He began at the front seat, shaking hands with every one clear to the back end, and asking each, "How d'yr do?" and then "How's yer folks?" Of course it was a regular circus for the other passengers. He lived 40 miles in the country and had never seen a train before. When he stepped off the car here in Washington I felt sorry for him, but, will you believe it? that greenhorn is to-day one of the first merchants in Washington, and is reported to be worth over \$200,000.

Albert Fraser, a convict in the Michigan penitentiary, escaped, and a reward was offered for his capture. He communicated with his wife, who was having a hard struggle with poverty, and induced her to deliver him up and get the reward. So she did, and Fraser is happier than he has been for years.

## Among Exchanges.

**HIS CAPITAL.** A man for whom we have always had the highest regard said in our hearing recently, "A man's friends are his capital," a truth to which we heartily assent. One may have honor, position, great wealth or learning, but if he have not friends, of what avail are they? There is no treasure so precious as a life-long friendship. How few such friendships there are!—*Christian Instructor*.

**A LIE.** You cannot apologize for a lie! Your lie will go where your apology can never follow it.—*Ex*.

**WHICH?** A candidate for priest's orders preaching his extempore trial sermon before Bishop Tait and Dean Stanley, in his nervousness began stammering: "I will divide my congregation into two,—the converted and the unconverted." This proved too much for the Bishop's sense of humor, and he exclaimed, "I think, sir, as there are only two of us, you had better say which."—*Home Journal*.