

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

STILL OFFERED. "Our Family Physician" is still offered as a premium to both old and new subscribers to the INTELLIGENCER.

The offer, however, cannot be continued indefinitely. We are not able now to say positively how long it will be made, but possibly not longer than the first of March. Those subscribers who would like to get this valuable book had better do so at once.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD. Adulteration of articles of food has been carried to such an extent in Russia that to check it, very severe punishments have been provided for those guilty of it. The courts have been given power to inflict from three to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of from 300 to 600 roubles for a first offence, while a second conviction will deprive the offender of his civil and political rights in addition to fine and imprisonment.

WHERE THEY ARE. It is stated that of the one hundred and twenty young Chinese who were sent to America to be educated, all but about a dozen have obtained positions in their own country in different departments of the Government, as civil engineers or as naval officers or teachers in the naval school. Of the few who returned to America the majority are Chinese Consuls; some are attached to the Chinese Legation. One, Hong Yen Chang, a graduate of the Columbia Law School, is striving for admission to the Bar in New York.

STOOPING TO CONQUER. Though he may never have read "She stoops to conquer" the *Guardian* suggests that the Pope seems to know quite well how to do the thing named. He gives bits of taffy occasionally even to the Queen of England and the English people, recently, replying to an address presented by the Duke of Norfolk and the English pilgrims, he said he felt grateful for the interest Queen Victoria took in her Catholic subjects, and prayed for her prosperity, with that of her nation, whom he loved and admired.

THE CROWN PRINCESS. Dr. McKenzie, who has been treating the Crown Prince of Germany, speaks in high terms of the wife of the Prince, the daughter of Queen Victoria. He says she "is a model nurse, having all her feelings under strict control and suffering without making any sign. I do not think I can be accused of flunkeyism, but it is the simple truth, that she is the most remarkable woman I have ever met. Her knowledge of science is something quite extraordinary, and she is now thoroughly posted in the pathology and surgery of the larynx. I consider that very few medical men—not specialists—would be able to acquit themselves satisfactorily if examined on these subjects by the Crown Princess. She discussed the opinions of all the physicians and the various suggestions for treatment, criticising each with the most perfect knowledge and judgment. Yet there is no speck of 'blue' about her. Her manner, when she cares to please, has an indescribable fascination about it, which makes one understand the devoted feeling of personal loyalty that has sometimes been felt for princes. I can only say that if all royal personages were like this exalted lady and her gallant husband, Republicanism would soon be an extinct tradition."

When Will The Revival Begin?

God has no stereotyped ways of working. As he makes no two leaves or blades of grass or human faces alike, so he makes no two religious experiences, that come either to an individual or to a church, exactly alike. No two seasons of religious interest start at exactly the same point, or are carried on in exactly the same fashion. Last year, hundreds of revivals started in the many societies of Christian endeavor throughout the country. This year, we believe it will be true in many hundreds more. In the Sunday-school prayer-meeting, held for twenty minutes after the session of the Sunday-school, is another place where very frequently the Spirit has been outpoured. Still another most fruitful meeting has the Sunday evening "after-service" proved to be. The place of the beginning is a

matter of comparatively little consequence. That the revival shall begin somewhere and somehow, is the important thing. Let us whisper once more in the ears of our young friends who read this editorial, a very serious word: It may begin in your prayer-meeting next week, if you desire it. It may begin in your hearts to-day.—*Golden Rule.*

A Hideous Picture.

In a sermon before the Social Purity Alliance, Archdeacon Farrar drew a hideous picture of London morals, declaring that there were in the city 80,000 professional court-essans, 600,000 drunkards, 6,000 public houses and 4,000 clubs which initiated young men into the ways of vice. This club mania is becoming epidemic among us, and many good people fail to see its evil tendency. There may be clubs, of course, for praise worthy purposes, but, as they are now being established in all our cities and some towns, they are generally for the indulgence in those amusements which are by common consent thought unfit for the home. Here fathers, sons and husbands, free from the restraints of home associations, indulge, under special fascinations, in things of more than doubtful propriety, while mothers and wives are left to the loneliness of the long evenings. If these could settle the matter, the whole business would be abolished instantly and almost unanimously. Even if the things done at the club were innocent in themselves, the system is evil, and that continually, because it does not permit those whom business claims during the day to return to the family in the evening; but in most clubs the things done are grossly evil—gambling, drinking, lessons in libertinism, etc.

Cigarette Smoking.

Dr. T. M. Coan in *Harper's Young People*, writes as follows about the pestilential practice of cigarette smoking—to which plain talk we invite the special attention of all parents and guardians, all clergymen and college officials and all others who value good health, a robust constitution and sound morality:

"The boy who buys cigarettes is sure to injure himself.

"Now I will take the most favorable case of all, and the rarest. Suppose a boy has a lot of good cigarettes, and smokes a few of them every day. Is there any injury in that?"

"I can tell you, for I have had such boys for patients. Such smoking, even in so-called moderation—as if there were any such thing as moderation in stimulants for the young!—will do three things for him: 1, it will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute; 2, it will reduce his weight below the healthy standard; and 3, it will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

"If this is true of boys' smoking under the least injurious conditions, how much truer is it in the more frequent case where bad and adulterated tobacco and excessive smoking combine in their attack upon the delicate tissues of the growing lad? The physiologist will tell you that the effect of stimulants in general is to check the changes in tissue. In a growing animal of any kind this means to check the growth. The dog-fancier is said to give whisky to the puppy when he wishes to stunt its growth. I do not know whether he has taught puppies to smoke, but it would be a good way to keep them from growing.

"It is of no use, of course, to point out the trials and troubles of learning to smoke. No youngster but is cheerfully willing to brave them, for nothing gives him so much a sense of 'manliness,' as he imagines it, as the mastery of this accomplishment....

"In conclusion: Cigarette smoking is one of the worst of habits, physically, that a boy can form. It injures the heart and the digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company. I am not of those who think that severe measures are often necessary in the management of children that receive a careful and affectionate training. But if, in some cases, nothing else will do, it is well to consider that a switch in time saves nine.

Mr. Wanamaker's New Enterprise.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian Observer* says:—The Hotel Walton, elegantly fitted up by Mr. John Wanamaker, for such of his female employees as do not have a home in the city, was thrown open last Monday to the inspection of the ladies. They found the place and its appointments eminently satisfactory. Mr. Wanamaker made an address, explanatory of his intentions in regard to the establishment. It is designed to offer a cosy and select retreat for homeless lady employees, at a cost within the compass of a slender purse. The location, convenient and respectable, is the north-west corner of Broad and Brown streets. The building contains seventy-six single and eight double bed-rooms, all furnished in oak. The parlor is sixteen by forty-nine feet. Three pianos and a cabinet organ are among the decorations. A gymnasium is in the basement, "fitted out with the latest appliances, and a swimming bath, thirty-two by sixteen feet, lined with marble, and surrounded by a marble diving gallery, with a nickel hand-rail for the use of the bathers. The third floor is a pleasure apartment, with games of all kinds, a bowling alley and room for other mid sports." Mr. Wanamaker is a philanthropist of the sunshiny type. One of those who believes that

"Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less."

He brightens everything he touches. Hotel Walton is likely to be soon full. When the comely shop-girl gets fairly domiciled there it will be no use for one while to ask her, as ingenious Mr. Barkis did Peggoty, "Are you pretty comfortable now?" Are you sure you're comfortable?" Still if the thousand dollar clerk only remain "a willin' and waitin'" long enough, he may see her tire of all this prosy comfort and begin to take interest in his descriptions of "a dinner of herbs where love is" and a romantic little cottage. She may be somewhat slow to admit it at first, but will come at last to the universal conclusion, "It is not good for the man to be alone."

A Pleasant Interview

The other day a gentleman, a stranger to us, dropped into our office, and after a few passing remarks, spoke as follows:

"I came in to congratulate you," he said, "on the way you are taking this year to get folks to subscribe for your paper. As a rule, I don't go much on premium schemes, so many of the things offered are no manner of account; but this you are giving away is a first-class thing, something, really, that no family ought to be without.

"You see I can afford to say this, because I speak from experience," he went on to say.

"I live in Sioux City, Iowa, and last year *The Tribune* there used the book just as you are using it now.

"I didn't think much about it, but my wife saw a notice of the book, and wanted to get it, so I subscribed for the paper and got it for her. I'd always had a kind of prejudice against *The Tribune* before, and so had never taken it, but it went in with the book, all for the same money, so I let it come.

"Well, when the book came, it surprised us all, for it was so much larger and better than we had supposed it possible for a paper to give as a premium.

"Wife began to read it, and to learn how to use it, and the more she saw of it the better she liked it, till one day she told me that it was the best thing of the kind that she ever saw, though she had several books of similar sort in the house before. She said that the thing about it that made it better than all the rest of them was that it had a Table of Symptoms in the back part, that told you how to find out what the matter was when a person got sick, and so let you know whether it was necessary to send for a doctor or not.

"Well to be honest, I didn't more than half believe her, for the thing seemed almost beyond belief; but it wasn't very long till I found out that the little woman knew what she was talking about, and that I wasn't half as smart as I had thought I was in doubting what she said.

"You see, here's how it happened," he went on.

"One night our oldest boy—he's thirteen, and a boy from the ground up—had been out skating, and, just like a boy, when he rode home with his chums he never put on his overcoat, and they sang and holed all along the road, just as boys always will.

"When he got home, about eleven o'clock, I was sitting up reading, and he shivered round the stove for a while, and finally went to bed. I was afraid he had taken cold, and about midnight I went into his room to see how he was. He was breathing heavy and his face looked mighty red. I waked him up and asked him how he was, and he told me he was hot, and that his throat was awful sore just at the top of his breast-bone—said 'twan't sore at the top of his throat at all, but only just deep down.

"Well, I thought likely it wasn't anything but a cold that he'd probably sleep off before morning, but when I went to bed I told wife about it, and says she, 'George, you go and get that new doctor book that we got with *The Tribune*. I'm worried about that throat, for it's so different from an ordinary cold, and maybe I can find out what it means.'

"I went and got it quick for when anything gets the matter with my big boy it scares me pretty near to death.

"Wife sat up in bed, and I held the lamp, and the first thing she did was to turn to the Table of Symptoms, in the back part of the book. You see, things are all arranged together there, so that you can get right on to them without turning through the whole book.

"For instance," and he came up to the desk and opened a copy of "Our Family Physician" that was lying there, and turned to the part he was speaking about. "You see, all the disease of the throat and lungs are arranged together, and wife turned right to these, as a matter of course. The first thing she struck was 'Bronchitis'—you can see here how it is," and he pointed to the page.

"Now I didn't know any more about bronchitis than a cow does about her grandmother, and I thought it was all nonsense reading under that head anyhow; but wife began to read, and here's what she read: 'Bronchitis commences with chilliness, fever, cough, pain, and soreness at the upper part of the breastbone.'

"Well, you may believe that hit me—struck the thing the first time and hit it square. Wife went on reading, and found that the cause was 'talking or shouting in the open air, or letting very cold air strike the throat'—just the case of my boy exactly. It said, too, that the disease was a very dangerous one, and you know the advice of the book always is, in case of a dangerous disease, to send for a doctor as soon as you can.

"So I lit out for the doctor, and made time in getting there. It was awful cold that night, and we live three miles in the country, and our doctor is an old man. I woke him up, and he said he wouldn't come unless it was a case of necessity.

"Well, doctor," says I, 'it's a case of acute bronchitis, and I want you to come.'

"How do you know?" says the doctor.

"He's got a high fever, and his throat is awful sore, deep down, almost into his lungs," says I.

"Then there's no doubt about it," says the doctor, 'for that's a never-failing symptom of the disease, and the sooner I get there, the better.'

"So we came out, double quick, and the doctor spent about two hours with the boy before ever he let up, and when finally he got ready to go, he said: 'It's very fortunate that I came out to-night, for if the disease had run a few hours longer without check, the chances would have been one hundred to one that the boy would never have got well.'

I am his father, I think I know a first-class article in the line of boys when I get my eye on one, and he's one of the finest.

"So now you see why I think well of the book, and when I saw that you were using it as *The Tribune* did, I couldn't help coming in to say a good word for it.

"I wouldn't take fifty dollars for my copy if I couldn't get another. I couldn't afford to, because, you see, it saves me a good share of that every year. Don't make much difference what the matter is, when one of us gets sick, wife always finds out what it is by using the book, and in most cases it's some little thing that she can cure up easy enough by the directions the book gives. And then, when it comes to a case of old business, like that of my boy's, that I was telling you of, why, it gives you fair warning in time for you to do something before it is too late.

"It's the best book of the kind that I ever saw, and if my saying so'll be any help towards letting the folks in this part of the country know what it is, why you're welcome to it, for the fact is, you are doing a kindness to every family that you give the book to, and I wish you could use ten thousand of them. It would be a blessing if there could be a copy in every home in the country.

"You may think I am a little enthusiastic about it, but if your boy had been saved as mine was, you'd feel as I do, and I know it. Good morning!

"Oh, about *The Tribune*? Why, I keep on taking it, right along. A paper that will do me the good turn that it did is worth taking; and the fact is, it's a mighty good paper, too, only I didn't know it. Now I've found it out, I shan't forget it. Good morning!" And with a kindly shake of the hand he took his leave.

The above is clipped from an exchange, but it applies so directly to us that we give it to our readers. There is no doubt that the book we are giving as a premium, namely, "OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN," is all that is said of it, and we trust that all our old subscribers, and multitudes of new ones will avail themselves of the opportunity of getting a copy.

Subscribers to the INTELLIGENCER, both old and new, may have it for almost nothing. Read the terms in another column.

Concerning Women.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, is the only lady in America who has the freedom of the House of Representatives.

—A Boston woman of brains has invented a new way of making herself useful and making money at the same time. She studies the newspapers, posts herself on what's going on in the world, uses the scissors freely, pastes, writes, and revises carefully until she has a condensed digest of the live topics of the day. This she reads to a class of wealthy women, who pay her well for furnishing them with information concerning what they ought to be able to talk intelligently about.

—Mrs. Mary A. S. Cary, the colored female lawyer, of Washington, D. C., who was in New York recently, came purposely to attend the Congress of the Society for the Advancement of Women, of which she is a member. She was a conspicuous figure in the congress. Mrs. Cary and Miss Ray are the colored women who belong to the legal profession. Mrs. Cary is a very intelligent woman, and is an able debater on politics. She is of slender build, rather tall, with a pleasing countenance, and is endowed with extraordinary conversational ability. She was the originator and editor of the *Provincial Freeman*, a temperance paper published in Canada about thirty years ago.

—Several years ago three Russian lady doctors started, at Tashkend, a consulting hospital for Mussulman women. From the beginning the experiment proved a success, and the popularity of the hospital has been increasing ever since. During the last twelve months fifteen thousand consultations have been given.

—A Woman's Jubilee, to celebrate the progress of the female mind in knowledge and the female character in its progress and leadership in great benevolent activities in the United States, during the last half century, will begin in Washington, March 25, 1888.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and some other philanthropic persons are about to establish workshops in London furnished with sewing machines, where poor seamstresses can go and use the machines at a very low charge.

THE CORK TREE is a species of oak which grows in Spain, Portugal, Italy and the northern part of Africa. It grows to a height of from twenty to forty feet and has long evergreen leaves. When the trees are four or five years old, the bark acquires a fungus appearance, and the outer parts crack off in large flakes.

Cork intended for the market is generally stripped off a year or two before it would naturally come off, and the process is repeated at intervals of six or eight years. If this useless bark is removed with proper care it does not injure the tree but rather promotes its growth, one tree often yielding crops of cork for one hundred and fifty years. The cork is taken from the tree by means of a curved knife with two handles, is soaked, pressed flat, dried and superficially charred to remove decayed parts, packed in bales and sent to the market.

GERMANY'S PLAN.—Germany practices a summary method of dealing with the pretended virtues of patent medicines. The law governing the trade requires that an analysis of each compound shall be printed upon the label under which it is sold. All such analysis are subject at any time to verification by Government chemists, and fines are imposed for falsification. All imported medicines are analyzed and labeled by Government essayists. A much advertised nostrum which contains nothing of a medicinal quality beyond a small proportion of wintergreen would have small chances of success under this system.

Among Exchanges.

LAZINESS.

The brother always excuses himself from religious responsibilities and duties because of excessive humility, but it's excessive laziness that ails him.—*Michigan Advocate.*

CONSECRATION.

Oh, for a spirit of consecration to Christ in all our churches! Our work as a church will have the blessing of God and success just in the proportion that we put ourselves on the holy altar of our Master. *Telescope.*

COMPLAINTS AND CRITICISM.

We recently saw two men mending a water pipe while a score of idlers stood around in idle curiosity to criticise the work done and to complain of hard times. We were reminded of a church of two hundred members in which twenty do practically all the work, while the others find fault with the course of religious affairs or bemoan the low estate of Christianity. One to work and nine to complain is about the proportion.—*Central Baptist.*

WHO ARE PREPARED.

Only those whose hearts are right with God are prepared for the Master's work. There is a vast amount of latent unused talent in the Church, because there is not faith and love enough in the hearts of the members to consecrate it to God's service. Love makes duty easy. We recently heard a Church member justifying himself in staying away from a prayer-meeting on the ground of his having attended certain other religious services. This excuse overlooked three facts: That his presence and co-operation might help the meeting—that the attendance on the means of grace should not be regarded as a mere duty to be performed—that it was highly probable that he needed the help and inspiration that such a meeting was adapted to give. The one supreme need of the Church is more of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. This would infuse new life into every department of Christian work.—*Christian Guardian.*

WHAT IT MEANS.

Armed peace in Russia and Austria means ultimate war. It is very much as if a man were to go around with his coat-tail full of torpedoes during the people to kick him.—*Phil. Press.*

THE SPONGE.

The man who, being in ordinary health and having the usual powers of our common humanity, seeks to sponge the means of subsistence out of others, without contributing anything to the good of others, deserves a whipping-post and if it were not a barbarism, we should favor lashing him to exertion.