

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1824

## FEBRUARY RENEWALS.

A large number of renewals was received in January. We thank them all. Their promptness, and also the hearty words of commendation of the paper by many of them, were greatly encouraging.

February should bring us an equal number. A good many due the first of the year have not yet been received. From all these, as well as from those falling due now, we hope to receive during this month.

We do not want to part with a single subscriber. We trust all present readers desire to read the "Intelligencer" during 1889.

Prompt renewals from all will be regarded a great favour.

Send by the next mail if possible.

Make February even better than January.

Do not delay.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS

**A GOOD PLAN.**—There is a movement on foot, promoted by John V. Farwell of Chicago and others, to open reading-rooms in all the cities of the United States especially for homeless boys. In some places the plan has already been tried with gratifying results. A fund of \$100,000 is being raised with which to start the work. Success to the good undertaking.

**NOT ANNULLED.**—A case arising out of the marriage of two Parsee children, aged seven and five, twenty years ago, has just been decided by the Bombay High Court. The parties had never lived together, the husband violently disliking the marriage, although the lady never objected but greatly approved of it. At this rather late hour the husband came into court to get the marriage set aside. The case was decided according to English law, modified by the fact that custom makes a marriage under seven valid among Parsees while the English law draws the line above seven. The finding of the Court was that the husband had delayed too long and that therefore the marriage could not be annulled.

**A CONVERT.**—Among the converts under the preaching of Mr. Moody in Portland, Oregon, is a leading politician, ex-Attorney General Williams. In one of the meetings he said:

"I have made a great many speeches in my life, and some from this platform, but this is the first time I have ever spoken at a religious meeting. For months I have been troubled very much on the subject of Christianity. I have been looking forward to the meetings of Mr. Moody, and determined I would attend them. When I first came I thought I would sneak in and take a back seat; but I changed my mind and said I would go onto the platform and identify myself with these meetings. This I have done, with the exception of one evening. This was the first victory over my pride. Then, yesterday, Mr. Moody came to my house, and I joined with him in prayer, the first time I ever bowed my knee to God or man in my life. This was my second victory. Last night I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. This was my third victory. I feel now perfectly satisfied the burden is rolled off and all is gone, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ. This is my fourth victory. May God give us all strength to be true to our convictions!"

**THE NAZARINES.**—The small sect of the Nazirines, descendants of the early Christians, have a few adherents in Serbia. They are opposed to military service and for this offence twelve men and seven women have just been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three to sixteen

months. The Nazirines regard war as in all cases unlawful.

**THIEVES' DINNER.**—They have (says the Christian Standard) an interesting custom in London which was established a few years ago by a reformed criminal. He founded a Mission to look after convicts as they are discharged from the prisons. Every morning its representatives are on hand to invite the freed thieves to breakfast. After the meal each one is asked to sign a temperance pledge. About one-third sign, and one-fourth of these keep the pledge. Those who earnestly set about reform are assisted and places found for them. In 1887 over 15,000, out of 18,000, accepted the invitation to breakfast. The New York Sun says the Mission gave its annual thieves' dinner the other day, at which the Lord Mayor presided, and 200 thieves sat down to feast. In his speech the Lord Mayor said that in ten years the inmates of London prisons had been reduced from 20,833 to 14,536, and he attributed the fact to such work as this St. Giles Mission is doing.

**A NOBLE UTTERANCE.**—The following is printed concerning Senator Wilson of Iowa. In the midst of an exciting election campaign, when men were being weighed in the balance on the great question of prohibition, he said in a political speech:

"If every political aspiration of my life goes down this moment I will go down also, with a clear conscience. So help me God, no drunkard's pale-faced wife shall point to me as I pass by and say, 'There goes a man who contributed, by word or act, to my sorrow. No half-clad and hungry child shall shiver in the cold as the result of any act of mine. I am in favor of rational, consistent, persistent prohibition.'"

**FLOODS AND FAMINE.**—China is suffering from floods and from famine in its severest form. Dr. Nevins, a missionary, reports having visited districts covering an area of 6,000 miles, with a population of 1,500,000 people and this is only a small portion of the ruined district. He found considerable towns in which nine houses out of ten were swept away, and the inhabitants, who had saved themselves in trees and on high walls, reduced to hopeless beggary. The surface earth is wholly carried away in many places; in others the ground is too wet to plough. The only food in some districts was the seed of grass that the people gather and eat ground into powder mixed with chaff, but this affords scarcely any nutriment. Two thousand daily were fleeing from the stricken district, but many returned, finding it impossible to get food by begging. Dr. Nevins estimated that a halfpenny a day, in addition to what the people can do themselves, would in most cases support life till the next crops are gathered. The money, however, should be distributed by missionaries, for it cannot be entrusted to Chinese officials. Funds are being raised in England to help the suffering.

**RECALLED.**—It is stated that the Emperor of China has issued an edict recalling all Chinese subjects from the United States. It is likely, however, to be some time before they leave this continent.

## Uncle Newell's Notions.

### CRYSTAL BROOK.

Mr. Editor: I ain't mad, but I'm mighty near mad. The way things go on is enough to worry a better saint than ever Uncle Newell said he was. If you ever get out in the neighbourhood of Crystal Brook church, and will enquire for Uncle Newell, anybody will tell you where to find me. And when you get to my house, I'll show you that people can be happy and not rich either. But I got off and came pretty near cooling down, thinking of my home folks. It always rests me to think of them.

I ain't no writer, and never expect to be. It has always been my lot to take papers and pay for 'em, not to write for 'em. I had as soon steal butter-milk from a blind pig, as not to pay for my paper which has so much good reading in it for everybody in the family. Why, sir, when I get about three of the children up on my lap after an honest day's work and a supper of such biscuits and butter-milk like Sallie can fix up—when Sam gets on one knee and Tom on the other,

with the baby between, and Sallie begins to read from the INTELLIGENCER, with two of the girls holding to the back of her chair and a lot of the other youngsters round her feet on the floor, one look at her face will pay for the INTELLIGENCER a year.

But I got off again. I am nearly mad. I say, What are you getting mad about? Some one will want to know. Well, I'll tell you. My gall rises when I see long pieces from some fellers in the paper and nothing said. It always did rile me to see a man fooling at a thing. I am no scholar, but I can tell when a man has got anything to say.

It puts me all out when a writer begins to cipher round with "I thought I would like to give expression to a few thoughts," "I wish to give my opinion on a few subjects," etc. and so forth. Why not go on with the subject and be done? With so many things to do and look after, I have no time to wait on men who have to go back and get a running start to say what they might put in ten lines. They remind me of Sam's pet billy-goat, he runs back ten steps to make a dash at Sam, but only just touches his head when they come together. That's all right for funning, but it worries me when I want to read my paper. Maybe some one will say Uncle Newell is not the right man to give his opinion? Well, I don't care what they say. And though there is plenty of people what's ben to school more than me, they don't act much like it. I'll put a peck of common sense agin a bushel of Greek and Latin and such like that's got no sense mixed with it, any time. I'm talking about slack talk that is put in some papers, because the fellow wants to say something and can't get to it.

But about the Crystal Brook church and its doings, gracious I've got off the track. I guess I ain't got no time to do it now, and will have to write another letter.

Truly yours,  
UNCLE NEWELL.

## Two Siberian Miles.

The following pathetic passage is from Mr. K. Han's article in the February Century: "Two of the most interesting political events we met in Irkutsk were Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Cherniavski, who were banished to Siberia by administrative process in 1878. I became very well acquainted with them, and for Mrs. Cherniavski especially I came to feel the profoundest pity and regard. Few women, even in Russia, have had before the age of thirty-five so tragic and heart-breaking a life, and still fewer have maintained through hardships, sickness, and bereavement such cheerfulness and courage. She was arrested in Odessa in the early part of 1878 at the age of about twenty-five, and after a long term of imprisonment was sent by administrative process to the province of Tobolsk. In the city prison of Kiev, on her way to Siberia, she was detained for a few days, and while there was forced to be an eye-witness of the assassination of her dearest friend. A young man of English descent named Beverly, whom she had known since childhood, had been arrested shortly before upon the charge of living on a false passport and carrying on a revolutionary propaganda, and he was at that time in the Kiev prison. The night before Mrs. Cherniavski was to resume her journey to Siberia, Beverly, with a comrade named Izbitski, attempted to escape through a tunnel which they succeeded in digging from their cell to a point outside the prison wall. The prison authorities, however, had in some way become aware of the existence of the tunnel, and had posted a squad of soldiers near the place where the fugitives must emerge from the ground. Late at night, when they made their appearance, they were received with a volley of musketry. Beverly was mortally wounded, and as he lay writhing on the ground he was dispatched by a soldier with several repeated bayonet-thrusts. Izbitski, taken back into prison. Then next morning when Mrs. Cherniavski started with her party for Siberia she had to march past the bloody and disfigured body of her dearest friend, which was still lying where it had fallen, in plain sight of the prison windows.

"I can bear my own personal torment," she said to me with a sob as she finished the story of this tragedy, "but such things as that break my heart."

"I need not recount the hardships and miseries that she, a cultivated and refined woman, endured on the road and in the roadside etapes between Kiev and the small town in the Siberian province of Tobolsk where she and her husband had been assigned a residence. They reached their destination at last, a child was there born to them and they lived there in something like comfort until March, 1881, when Alexander III. came to the throne, and Mr. Cherniavski was required to take the

oath of allegiance. He refused to do so, and they were sent farther eastward to the town of Krasnoyarsk. A second refusal to take the oath of allegiance resulted in their being sent to Irkutsk. By this time winter had set in, and they were traveling in an open tarantula with a delicate baby thirteen months of age. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Cherniavski could keep her baby warm, and at the last station before reaching Irkutsk she removed the heavy wrappings in which she had enveloped it and found it dead. With the shock of this discovery she became delirious, and wept, sang pathetic little nursery songs to her dead child, rocked it in her arms, and prayed and cursed God by turns. In the court yard of the Irkutsk forwarding prison, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, Mr. Cherniavski stood for half an hour waiting for the party to be formally received, with his wife raving in delirium beside him and his dead child in his arms.

"Mrs. Cherniavski lay in the prison hospital at Irkutsk until she recovered her reason, and to some extent her strength, and then she and her husband were sent 2000 miles farther to the north-eastward under guard of gendarmes, and colonized in a Yakut settlement known as the Bataruski ooloo, situated in the 'tiaga,' or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, 165 miles from the nearest town. There, suffering almost every conceivable hardship and privation, they lived until 1884, when the Minister of the Interior allowed them to return to a more civilized part of Siberia.

"Mrs. Cherniavski when I made her acquaintance was a pale, delicate, hollow-cheeked woman, whose health had been completely wrecked by years of imprisonment, banishment, and grief. She had had two children, and had lost them both in exile under circumstances that made the bereavement almost intolerable; for seven years she had been separated by a distance of many thousand miles from all of her kindred; and the future seemed to hold for her absolutely nothing except the love of the husband whose exile she could still share, but whose interests she could do so little in her broken state of health to promote. She had not been able to step outside the house for two months, and it seemed to me, when I bade her goodbye, that her life of unhappiness and suffering was drawing to a close. I felt profoundly sorry for her,—while listening to her story my face was wet with tears almost for the first time since boy-hood,—and hoping to give her some pleasure and to show her how sincerely I esteemed her and how deeply I sympathized with her, I offered her my photograph, as the only memento I could leave with her. To my great surprise she sadly but firmly declined it, and said: 'Many years ago I had a photograph of a little child that I had lost. It was the only one in existence, and I could not get another. The police made a search one night in my house, and took away all my letters and photographs. I told them that this particular picture was the only portrait I had of my dead boy. The gendarme officer who conducted the search promised me upon his word of honor that it should be returned to me, but I never saw it again. I made a vow then that it should not be possible for the Russian Government to hurt me so a second time, and from that day to this I have never had a photograph in my possession.'

"I do not know whether Mrs. Cherniavski is now living or dead; but if she be still living, I trust that these pages may find their way to her and show her that on the other side of the world she is still remembered with affectionate sympathy."

## Crime And Its Cost.

Commenting upon the magnitude of the "Criminal Problem" of the United States, the N. Y. Tribune invites public attention to some ominously significant facts and estimates lately given in a sermon by Rev. F. H. Wines, Secretary of the National Prison Association. It appears that the census of 1880 showed nearly 60,000 prisoners in the various prisons of the United States. To these are to be added 11,000 inmates of reformatories, virtually prisoners, making an aggregate prison population ten years ago of about 70,000 persons. Mr. Wines estimates that the next census will show 75,000 to 80,000 prisoners, and 15,000 inmates of reformatories, or a total of 90,000 to 100,000 men, women, and children, under legal restraint and in prison costs of maintaining these prisons is fully \$15,000,000, and that the cost of the police departments is an added \$15,000,000 annually; to which must still be added the cost of all the judicial machinery, and of the litigation, requisite for the prosecution and conviction of this enormous criminal class. It is safe to assume that seven-eighths of the crime of the country owes its origin directly or indirectly to intoxicants. Waiving the moral aspect of the problem, does the legalized liquor traffic, at a high or low rate of license, pay?

## THE ONLY WAY

The way to "rest in the Lord" is to keep hand and feet, heart and tongue, busy in right ways and pursuing right things. The Christian man must not halt in doing his duty. Exchange.

## WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

"Rise up ye women that are at ease." Isaiah 32: 9.

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Miss LYDIA J. FULLERTON, CARLETON, ST. JOHN.]

### A Bit of Experience.

For a long time the intense desire to do more had been chafing and weighing my spirit. The call for help had been rolling in from every corner of our Mission field. Not only one burden, but many seemed to rest upon my mind. I thought of one demand, another plea, a third necessity, until scores—yes hundreds of them all faced me with equal importance. Oh how I longed to reach what seemed far beyond my limits. Mind and body really suffered over the apparent inability. Plans became blurred, and thoughts quite confused. This day a hurried walk under a scorching July sun had increased weariness; and, sinking into an unawaited chair, I determined on an hour's solitude and rest; but the tired mind refused such a treat.

I seemed to see the millions of souls going into dark graves and a darker eternity, while the enlightened world sips its draught of amusement and drains its cup of selfishness, seemingly all unconscious that "I am my brother's keeper."

Oh women of christian lands, when shall we awake to a due conception of our responsibilities and privileges? 1,000,000,000 souls in heathen lands to be brought to Christ. Dare we say our duty ends with laying our pennies, dimes, dollars upon the altar? Just here one lady's words come to my mind. "It is no use to talk to me of missions and the heathen; I don't want to hear anything about them; you cannot excite an interest in my heart; I pay my dollar into the treasury of the Mission Society every year; and with that my duty is done." Poor soul!

How thought I, my sisters, is it about the estimate that of the 700,000,000 women in heathendom, each christian woman of America has clinging to the skirts of her garments 200. How almost futile seemed effort in the face of such vast numbers. I noticed a recently arrived "Missionary Helper." Turning its leaves, one sentence absorbed my attention—"Just the duty lying next do." How inspiring, how invigorating; and in my heart I thanked God and Sister Nellie Phillips for them. After all, I said, the lives of those who are privileged to do such great things for the Master, are made up, at least in part, of little every day duties, in obedience to the command "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Now I began to think of the "whatsoevers." Surely it does not mean what I cannot reach, but "just the duty lying next." My time being engaged at W— here then lay my first duty. Someone asked, are the people at W. interested in Missions? "Oh yes! the women have a society, and each pays her dollar annually." So far, good. How about those at C. and B. I? "Oh they have no missionary spirit, it is no use trying to interest them." Are you willing I shall work among your children? "Yes, oh yes, only we are all paying now what I think we ought to, and we cannot afford that the children should give any more." Here was food for thought. A writer of the present day says: "We are not responsible for the generations past, nor of the future, but for those with whom we are walking side by side to the common ber of judgment are we largely accountable." I cannot agree with that statement as a whole. Surely we are responsible, and in a large degree, for the habits and minds of the generations to be. Lord Bacon said puts it in words something like these—"The children of today are the trustees of futurity."

Well, we could work with the children even though it meant "don't touch the purse of the parents." This was a privilege, for the object was not so much the raising of money, but the instilling in the minds of the little ones, a pity, sympathy and unselfish love (the rudiments of a Missionary Education) for their sad-hearted little heathen sisters. One little girl, her pretty face half buried in soft lace, and her form clad in garments of delicate shades, one morning after an appeal for the filling of a box for India, came to me with a few broken or soiled cards and pamphlets which must have belonged to the previous generation. I said, "how nice it would be to send the sad little children some of our very prettiest cards and treasure." "Oh, I want all my nice ones myself; mamma won't want me to give them away." Contrast this with a timid child whose father filled a

drunkard's grave, and whose worthy mother spent her days in toil and care for her little ones, always guiding their tender feet in the narrow way, who donated her only "ten cents"—a real fortune to her. Here was a key to the home training. Thank God for such mothers. Would that our land were filled with just such noble spirits. Another child whose interest had been awakened sent her mite and I kept remembering that the Lord set over against the treasury. A little one living some distance away was overheard asking her mother if the children at N. could not have a Mission Band, etc. E— seems very interested remarked the father. Quickly she replied, "Why shouldn't I be interested papa? we children want something to do, too." I need scarcely say that they found something to do before a week had passed. I leave you to judge whether that mother had "first a willing mind," through the voice of the eight year old child. One evening when our "Little Helpers" were to have a public meeting, I called at a home, and seeing the father, said, "Hope we shall see you with us this evening, and you know we are to have a silver collection." How quickly his countenance changed (perhaps because he divorced himself for a few moments from his chosen companion—the tobacco-pipe), and he answered, "All very well in some cases, but I do not believe in robbing one's self for such objects." A little later the timid wife came in and said, "Yes, May shall go and do a part." I fancy some one is saying, "what trifles." Try it my courageous sister, and if you do not sometimes find the heart grow faint it will be quite a miracle. Well, something was accomplished. One evening I had gone forth to the work with unusual timidity, though the eye of faith rested upon one sweet promise. I came home with a heart too full for words; all I could do was hold tightly the well-filled purse and weep out my thanks of love to the fulfiller of the promise. Now a word about C— The "open letter" of Jan 2nd spoke of "one live woman in each church." I think there must have been one, just one, at C—, for she wrote that she had spent one whole day in canvassing the village, with one dollar (given by herself) as the result. My heart ached over such a state of affairs. But live members were found at other places, although too many cases there in, I fear, "only a name to live." Let me quote an utterance of Dr. J. L. Phillips: "Let the Great Bridgroom but possess the heart of his bride, and her hands will cheerfully do his work. Personal consecration to Jesus Christ is the first thing." We often feel timid concerning our efforts, yet let us try the "stirring up the gifts that be in us." My sisters, if the heart has love for the Master, we will not lack zeal. Giving of our time, interest and care, will be easy and a joy when we have "first given our own selves to the Lord." Try it.

R. A. P.

## Among Exchanges.

### A VALUABLE HINT

A Newark pastor lately had a poem addressed to him, but it was accompanied with a purse of gold. Some people who send poems to newspapers would do well to take a hint. Really an editor who often views with alarm poetry which comes to him in an unfamiliar handwriting, would be able to consider it more favorably if it had such a welcome attendant. *Chris. Inquirer.*

### TWO KINDS

There are two sorts of pastoral leadership. Both are of God, for by their fruits we know them—recognize them. They are intimately in that remark which has been made regarding two great generals of modern times. Napoleon was a leader at the front of his army, Von Moltke is a leader at the rear; both of them consummate generals. *Standard.*

### THANKFUL FOR A FELON.

An irritable man, who was aware of his peculiar infirmity of temper, is said to have congratulated himself upon having a felon on his finger, since it gave him a justifiable occasion for "letting off the steam" when he felt like it. The better way for such a man would be to have the felon opened down to the bone and covered with a warm poultice, and then keep the steam in. Letting it off would not cure the felon, or help him in bearing the pain. *Independent.*

### THE MEANEST.

The champion mean man has been found in Vermont. A young lady went into a dentist's office a few days ago and had her teeth examined, the doctor reporting them badly decayed, but by quite an outlay of money he could put them in good shape. The young lady departed, saying she would report to her husband and call again in a few days. She did so, and on her second call she was accompanied by her father, the latter telling the dentist to go ahead with the job, and he would pay the bill. Thinking the dentist might wonder why he was paying the bill, the father explained that the husband had said his wife's teeth decayed before he married her, and he was not going to pay for fixing them up; her father ought to do it. *Exchange.*