

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1822

NOW IS THE TIME!

During this month we are expecting a very large number of renewal subscriptions.

We do not want to part with a single subscriber. We hope all present readers desire to read it during 1889.

Prompt renewals from them all will be regarded a great favour.

Send by the next mail if possible.

Do not delay.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS

RUM-SHOPS IN SIBERIA.—In his Siberian paper in the December Century, George Kennan says: There are thirty rum-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five rum-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia, and in a country where there exists such a disproportion between the facilities for education and the facilities for intoxication, one cannot reasonably expect to find clean, orderly or prosperous villages.

ANNEXATION.—The Toronto News says:

If annexation became an issue, which it is not likely to, and was in such a position that the people could get a fair blow at it, either through the ballot-box or by open vote, it would be left in such a condition that few would own it. The tone of the country press (and Canada has a vigorous country press that any young land might well be proud of), the reports from the workmen's associations and the councils of the people everywhere bear out this view that annexation has few friends and none of sufficient ability to give its advocacy any prominence.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.—Some illustrations of the confused ideas that children are apt to derive from their teachers and lesson books are given in some 'Studies of Elementary School Life,' in Longman's Magazine. A Biblical paper is instanced which commenced: 'The man Jacob was by trade a patriarch.' But he didn't bring up his sons to be 'patriarchs, for they didn't take to it,' except Joseph. He had twelve sons, and behold there was a famine in the land. In them days people lived on 'corn, like horses do now; not on 'vittles and tea. The patriarch Jacob never ate scarcely nothin, except 'when there was a famine.'

Another youthful essayist related that 'Samson became very sinful, for he got courtin' a young woman who was a relation of the wicked Phillistins.' From this he drew the moral 'that men should never court young women from other countries, except they are good. Never mind about them being nice-looking, if they are 'not good. Why,' he added, as by way of a climax, this young woman 'actually worshipped them ugly little images wot yev seed missionaries 'bring in bags and put in a row on the 'table.' A still more original writer remarks that 'cats have nine lives, but which is seldom required in this 'country cause of Christianity.'

NOT SETTLED.—The Negro question in the United States is far from being settled. Indeed there is a feeling that the question is likely very soon to cause serious trouble. The treatment of the negroes in the South is in many things very bad. In education, in social opinion, in the exercise of the franchise, there is a general, deep-rooted resolve on the part of the white population of the Southern States to prevent the negroes from an equal share of right and advantage. Granting their theoretical equality in point of law or political recognition, there are racial considerations which make a solution of the problem very difficult. Not to mention the feeling of contempt for the political rights of their former slaves, the whites will not assimilate them by intermarriage. There is no question which presents greater difficulties to American statesmen than the future of the negro.

HUXLEY ON 'SPIRITUALISM.'—Professor Huxley denies the soft impeachment that he is disposed to judge spiritualism more or less favourably. He has been present at various spiritualistic manifestations, and his 'deliberate judgment' is that the mediums 'were each and all utter impostors, and with one exception not even clever at their shameful trade.' He once sat at a table which was to be moved by spirits. There was a tall lamp on the table, and he kept his gaze fixed on a particular pattern of the wall-paper, just covered by the globe. Suddenly the medium said, 'There, did you see the table move?' and there was a general cry of wondering assent. But the sceptical Professor had not seen the shadow on the wall move. He pointed out this little difficulty, and by dint of persistence got an admission even from the medium that there was some doubt about the matter.

As to rapping, he experimented himself with such success that he could produce a series of startling raps with the second toe of each foot. He simply had to bend the toe, and then suddenly straighten it. A celebrated lady-medium once informed a friend of the Professor's at a country house that the spirit of his sister Mary wanted to communicate with him. A very touching conversation followed. Afterwards the medium privately asked Did you ever have a sister, 'Mary?' He: 'No.' She: 'I thought not.'

Evangelization In France.

The following is a letter from a christian colporteur in France, published in the Canada Presbyterian. It furnishes interesting incidents of the work. The opposition to this christian mission is great and persistent, but God is using the means employed to enlighten the people.

The interest which you take in this work of God in my country leads me to give you briefly some news concerning it.

In the church in which I labour we have had great encouragement this year. Notwithstanding the furious opposition of the priests, we have taken from them nearly a score of families, which have joined themselves to our Church, and, in earnest, entered on the path of life. The movement began after the funeral of two miners who were killed. During the service we made an appeal, and some souls were touched. Two young men, in particular, gave up their worldly habits, attended our meetings, and by conversation with each other and the reading of the Bible, found the peace of God to keep their hearts in the midst of the dangers which constantly threaten their bodies.

On the occasion of another funeral, that of two old men who died almost at the same hour, in the same faith and joy in Christ, we spoke before a great number of Catholics, of the death of the righteous, and his glorious hope. The last days of one of the old men were a perpetual feast. He lived in a miserable cottage, and the room which contained his bed was so small and low that I could not sit, and I had difficulty in going in by the door. It was too low for one to stand upright. Yet what a glorious abode: it was the dwelling of the Kings of kings. There Christ revealed Himself, spoke, and laid hold on hearts by the testimony of our brother, which was so powerful. I never saw before such a strong and glorious proof of the reality of Christian happiness.

I have thus described the impressions made on me in the chamber of this aged brother who was so ill-used by fortune, and so privileged by God. In the burying ground, at the edge of the grave, the contrast between the ruin of the body and the wondrous elevation of the soul, was striking. The other old man wrote on a piece of paper, as all he had to give to the pastor, 'Psa. xvi. 11: In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' My heart was full of these testimonies. God blessed my word after He gave me it. As we were going out, a Protestant said: 'That was not a burial. It was a banquet.' Catholics added: 'That is not death.' At first, three Catholic families joined themselves to the Church. They were followed by two others. What gives us hope is the eagerness which these converts show to come to hear the Gospel, and the thirst which they manifest for the word of God. They read it every day, during all their spare moments. They are greedy to know and understand it.

We have still more interesting instances of the work of God in hearts. I have been told that a woman who was accustomed to attend our meetings had to submit to receive blows with a stick from her husband every time that she had been at one. She persevered; she found rest to her soul, and she won over her husband to a certain degree, for he consented that I should visit him in his house.

Again, there is a man who has been the means of leading his wife to Christ. At first he was a thoroughly worldly

man, a gambler, a lover of the tavern, without God, one who never went to church. A year ago he began coming to hear the Gospel; he continued, and found the way of salvation. From that time one could see him often reading the Bible and other religious books. One could hear him singing hymns before his wife and his father-in-law, who were Catholics. His conduct abroad and at home was wholly changed. He had two children to be baptized. His wife, though a Catholic—moved by the change in her husband—had them baptized in the Protestant Church. And soon she herself was won over to the Gospel. She was once a bigoted Catholic; she became a servant of Christ. Now she astonishes even the Protestants by her love to the Saviour. She has, besides, passed through the fire of persecution. His father-law, in whose house she stayed, tormented her in every way, and ended by driving her out with her family. She remained steadfast, and is quite joyful on account of the lot which God has assigned her.

These triumphs of the Gospel have put the priests into a fury, and in the nuns' schools some little scenes have taken place which clearly show the spirit of Rome. Converted women removed their daughters from them. When the mothers went for them their effects—books, copy-books, etc.—were refused them. The good nuns had fits of holy rage, and called them names too disgraceful to put on paper here. Then they said to them that Satan had driven them to the Protestants. They replied that it was the Spirit of God which had won them.

Among these women who were ill-used by the nuns, there was one who was specially so. She attended all the Catholic services, and was on every account worthy of esteem and respect. Her daughter was one of the first, but not the first, in the nuns' school. But one day she comes to our meeting, listens, and is converted. She continues to attend. The priest hears of it, he cries lustily, it is said that he even wept. They came for her, she replies that now she is enlightened. The nuns become angry. Then they entreat her to, at least, leave her daughter with them. The mother is immovable, the daughter must leave the school. The prizes are about to be given, that is of little consequence. Instead of being in her place at the distribution of the prizes, she will go to the Protestant Church. Her name will be struck off the roll. The nuns, the good Catholics, return to the charge. They entreat her, then they abuse her. All around this woman is drawn a net work of persecutions. To those who urged her, she mildly said in answer, 'If you should set before me a tub full of gold, and offer me it instead of what I now have, I would not change.' She was very happy, and so joyful, that it gave her great pain not to see her husband of the same mind. But God wrought on him also. When his wife was not there he took the Holy Gospel and read in it. His wife, when she looked through the window, saw him several times in this attitude. She did not go in, in order not to disturb him, and to give him time to lay hold on something. At night he also prayed. At last he agreed to a meeting for edification being held in his house. But his comrades found it out. They began by ridiculing him, then they drove him from his work. He belonged to an association of workmen, who, for the sake of greater gain, undertook work together. They would have no more to do with him. However, he continued steadfast, and now he comes regularly to church. His wife says that she would far rather endure privations than see her husband far from God, and without hope.

We are doing a work among the miners in black and low-sized houses in which the light of the Gospel shines, however, with enlivening strength. Please think on us and recommend us to the Christians of America. People often forget us because we have some connection with the State, but we have also a committee and we cause expense. We are struggling in a Catholic country against a powerful clergy. We ask the sympathy the prayers, and the gifts of more favoured Christians. If you have an opportunity of speaking of us, say that in a country of darkness, the theatre of all kinds of troubles, where sickness and hunger frighten us on all sides, we reckon on the support of all those who labour for the glory of Christ.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Home.

His residence is delightfully situated on one of the hills at Upper Norwood, to the southeast of London. It may be described as a spur or continuation of the hill on which the Crystal Palace stands; from which building it is situated about a mile. From the house and grounds can be obtained superb and extensive views over the weald and hills of beautiful Surrey—from Wimbledon, with a peep at Windsor on the right, round to Kent on the left. The strong sou'wester has free course here, and sweeps straight from the sea over the pleasant country. When it is strong, it brings the salt spray with it; and Mr. Spurgeon assures us that the salt is driven on to

his study windows, and he has tasted it from them himself.

It is the fresh air that Mr. Spurgeon needs, and he rejoices in it here to his heart's content. 'Fresh air is more than medicine to me,' said he. And he can sit in his study, with the glass door open to the grounds, or make his way to a summer-house near, or, if the weather be bad, he can retire to a conservatory.

The house stands in its own grounds, which are both beautiful and extensive. It is approached from the main road, leading to Streatham Common, by a carriage-drive, which is so flanked and shaded between trees and shrubs as to form almost a continuous avenue right up to the house.

Between the fencing and trees on the right we catch glimpses of the beautiful garden and grounds, and, presently, of the commencement of a sheet of water, which winds blow away below the slope of the hill on which the house is built.

The portico, beautiful with greenery, is at the foot of a tower which rises above the house-roof. The front door will probably be found open, if the weather be favorable, and a light, but strong, wire 'trellis-door' closed instead. This is, no doubt, to permit free ingress to plenty of fresh air, while affording an effectual barrier to any 'stranger' who may have found his way in past the lodge at the entrance gates. The same trellis-door is to be found in the study, opening on to the lawn.

The hill slopes downward on two sides of the house, and is clothed with beautiful trees. Down below are the kitchen-garden and lawns, on one of which the students of the college sometimes disport themselves at bowls. In the kitchen-garden is the well of medicinal water, known as the Beulah Spa, from which Mr. Spurgeon permits his neighbors at the hydropathic establishment to draw. It is curious to think of the great preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as the proprietor of a Spa; but such is the fact. We are inclined to think, however, that he holds a far higher opinion of the exquisite fresh air on the top of the hill, than of the unpleasant-tasting Spa-water.—The Quiver for December.

Baptizing a Noise.

Noise is a good thing when it is well attended. Noise alone is dead. There are some however, who put a high estimate upon noise for its own sake. On the other hand, there are those who too greatly decry noise simply because it is noise. We never could object to the noise of a well-arranged mill, which produced the delicious and life-giving flour. But we have observed that many of the best mills are often almost noiseless. We never could object to the noise of the locomotive which pulls the train of cars over mighty mountains and across the great plains, all bearing their burdens of freight and hundreds of human lives. But we have noticed that many of these, when making the best time, make least noise. It is this puffing and snorting and hissing and blowing and rattling of these engines in the car-yard which seem not to get a mile on the track that we dislike.

A Christian lady of our city one day, during the holidays called, with a basketful of Christmas remembrances, upon a pious old colored woman over eighty years of age. The old lady was not at home; but some persons soon ascertained her whereabouts, and she being informed that Mrs. — was at her house, hastened home. After the most hearty welcome given by the old colored woman, she said, 'I was just over to get my dog baptized.' Now she had a son who lived near, who is a Baptist preacher. The old lady observing something of a smile on the face of the lady visitor, and a grin on the countenance of a colored young man who sat in the room, remarked, 'You don't seem to understand' dat. Why, dat dog's got religion. Dis mornin', when I was layin' in de bed, and I get happy and was praisin' de Lord an' a-shout-in', dat dog he made more fuss dan I did. Bless your souls, dat dog's got religion, an' I just done took him over to get him baptized.'

And so it is that the religion of many is to be estimated by the 'fuss' they make. If a man lives for God and his cause, let him shout loudly if he wants to do so. If he gives his efforts and toil for the cause of the Master, let him shout if the cause of God prospers. If a woman lives for Christ, and her toil in the church gives evidence of her love for Christ, let her sit at the feet of Jesus and bless them with her tears, or let her shout her praises as she may. The church wants all this, but it does not want a baptized noise in its ranks. A dog can make a 'fuss,' but the Master says, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard.'—Religious Telescope.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

'Rise up ye women that are at ease.'

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Miss Lydia J. Fullerton, Carleton, St. John.]

A First Visit to a Zenana.

(Continued from last issue.)

The woman and her little girl were both pupils, and reading from primary books, hence their Bible lesson was given orally, both listening with fixed attention. When the child was examined on the previous lesson, given two weeks before she was found to have forgotten much, but the mother had retained the whole. She, too, had begun to learn a little English and I heard her read her lesson while the little girl read Bengali to her teacher. Then came the fancy work. Wishing to save her teacher the trouble of selecting colors for her, as she usually did, she had sent out and bought zephyrs of a dozen brilliant colors and shades to make the boy a pair of socks. Her teacher was fairly puzzled to know how to combine them. Their ideas of beauty seem to be very much the same as those of Jacob in the selection he made of his favorite son's coat.

We staid nearly two hours at this place, then went to another close by which was built in the usual fashion—a hollow square for the men, beyond which was another for the women. A mother and two daughters were the pupils here. The elder, daughter, about fifteen, was herself a mother, carrying a child perhaps a year and a half old, on her hip, the invariable mode among them. She had married a man of poorer family than her own, hence he had come to her home instead of taking her to his according to the usual custom. The teacher and mother gave the younger daughter, about eleven years old, a bad name. She would not be controlled by anybody, would lie, steal, and had been caught teaching her sister's baby to steal pie from its mother. Her mother said she could do nothing with her, but her friends had been asking her why she didn't marry her to some one; so now the matter was settled and she was to be married in a week. Two young men had been offered; one well educated and a nice young man, but rather poor; the other ignorant but rich; so he was chosen as the favorite one to marry the little vixen. I had heard all my life of this marrying of children; but to see it with my own eyes, and to hear of a woman of twenty-four being a grandmother made it seem deplorable in a way I had never realized before.

HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

RAMABAI.

Speaking of the International Council of women held in Washington last March one writer says:—Among the notable women who appeared at the International Council was a little high-caste Calcutta lady, whose father gave her an excellent education, and who talks English fluently. Married at sixteen to an educated man, she became a widow at eighteen. The hard lot of the thousands of child-widows of her own land has stirred her to efforts for the improvement of their condition. Her visit is intended to awake an interest among American and Canadian women in behalf of a school for Hindu Widows.

Rev. Joseph Cook, Edward Everett Hale and many other celebrated men are espousing her cause.

She says, 'As a Hindu widow, I am supposed to be just fit for sweeping the streets of India, and that is just what I intend to do—to sweep and sweep until the cobwebs and rubbish of old superstitions and customs are swept away.'—Missionary Outlook.

ALL THE WORLD.

China has only one ordained missionary to 1,000,000 people. India, with five times the population of the United States, has but 700 ordained missionaries. Stanley eleven years ago traveled seven thousand miles seeing no man who ever heard the Gospel. Yet Christians talk of 'heathen enough at home,' and object many times to sparing the best men for the foreign field. They forget that the 'field is the world,' and that 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every

creature' is Christ's own command. There is no doubt about the results of such command, nor need any be discouraged by the largeness of the field. 'Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,' has many times been fulfilled to earnest Christians spirits. Robert Moffat went to Africa and in fifty wonderful years translated the whole Bible into the Bechanna tongue. In 1835 Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Noyes sat two dreary nights in a boat, in an uncivilized country where 'the wild beasts had their lairs on either side,' waiting for their husbands who had gone to seek aid, not knowing as they should ever see them again.

Compare this with a private letter from Miss Coombs describing the hearty greetings and many arrangements made for her comfort, which awaited her, and the early visit to the flower-covered grave of Mrs. Lawrence.

The history of modern missions is a history of modern miracles—manifest workings of divine powers as convincing in their way and as peculiarly adapted to the present age as any miracles wrought in the days of the apostle. 'Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.'—Missionary Helper Jan, 1889.

One of the Indian government inspectors of schools declares that the labours of women missionaries in the zenanas are of greater importance than the establishment of government schools for girls. The success which has attended missionary zenana work has so stirred the Mohammedans that they have issued a warning; against the admission of Christian teachers. —Helper.

HONORS.—The University honor examinations resulted as follows: Senior class—Mathematics, C. P. Steeves, W. Mathews; English, Miss Tibbitts; science, W. Mathews, J. Fisher, M. Mott, H. Henderson; philosophy, H. Henderson, M. Mott, Miss Tibbitts. Junior classes—Mathematics, W. V. V. Coburn, Miss Henry; English, H. F. McLeod, W. Mowatt, A. Shipp, D. Mitchell. Freshman class—Mathematics, B. Baxter Dickinson; English, Miss Peake; French, Alfred Garden.

Among Exchanges.

OUR CAUSE.

Much of the irreverence observed in the churches is due to the modern method of raising money for religious purposes by means of entertainments. These exhibitions are usually held in some part of the church building, often in the prayer-meeting room. It is unreasonable to suppose that young people will witness the ridiculous shows which are sometimes presented at these entertainments without losing their reverence for the place. To what deplorable lengths this entertainment business can be carried many congregations have lately discovered to their sorrow.—New York Advocate.

GO-AHEAD WOMEN.

Eight sisters who, with their father, live near Buftast, Me. are now enjoying a share of newspaper attention. Their mother is dead, but their father is yet able to do chores about the place. The sisters carry on the farm, keep several cows, a horse, four oxen that are never yoked, from three hundred to five hundred hens, hogs, a brood of ducks and thirteen cats. They get up their own wood in winter, at which season only two of them are at home, the others being employed in Boston, where two of them are teachers in the public schools. All spend the summers at home and enjoy themselves, as well as carry on a good farming business. The reason given for the keeping of the oxen for which there is no work is that the sisters raised the calves and hate to part with them for beef.—Independent.

NOT IN GOOD TASTE.

The custom of publishing a 'card of thanks' for kindness shown to the family upon the death of a member is no longer considered in good taste and for excellent reasons. Persons assisting in caring for sick or deceased neighbors are only doing what common humanity demands of them and their reward will come when they are obliged to accept like service.—Printer.

A POOR BARGAIN.

To purchase intense attention at the expense of moral power is, for a minister, above all men, a poor bargain. It is done by slang, extravagance, topics without dignity, levity, discussing novels and in many other ways now common.—Chris. Advocate.