

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE SABBATH in Sydney, Australia seems as secularized as in any continental city. An Australian paper gives an appalling picture of the way the day is used. Not only theatrical performances but all sorts of private entertainments—smoking, concerts, dances, lawn-tennis parties—fill up the time not devoted to boating and Sunday Excursions. This is what comes of the perversion of the Sabbath from what God gave it for.

IN UPPER BURMA, on the western border, is the savage tribe—the Chins—who have, says the Herald, a superstition that human sacrifices are necessary for the success of their crops, and who raid their neighbors for victims. A few months ago, in one of their expeditions, they carried away 120 Burmese as prisoners for their horrible rites, after killing twelve persons and wounding many others.

A ROME despatch says: "The Pope has ordered that the property of all cardinals who die and leave no relatives be bequeathed to the propaganda. Those having relatives must make generous provision in their will for the same institution. These and all other funds devoted to the use of the propaganda will be invested in foreign countries. This last regulation is to prevent seizure of the papal revenues by the Italian Government."

"INEBRIETY AND CRIME" is the title of a paper by Prof. Kinkade in a recent quarterly, in which he says: Inebriety, insanity, and crime are an unholy trinity, intimately, inseparably bound together as mutual cause and effect. Drunkenness produces insanity, insanity often begets drunkenness, crime is frequently the product of both. The direct connection between inebriety, insanity, and crime is universally recognized; their indirect relationship is not so clearly perceived.

CAPTAIN MURRELL, of the *Missouri*, rescuer of the ill-fated Danmark's passengers, has just received another distinction in the form of a magnificent gold medal awarded to him by the Norwegian Government. Captain Murrell now wears upon his breast six gold medals and one silver one.

LEGISLATION regarding child-labour has, within a few years, greatly improved the condition of working children. In Great Britain the work of all children under ten is prohibited, and work by those under thirteen is limited to half-time attendance at school half of each week being required.

A New Hampshire law compels working children of from fourteen to sixteen years to go to school three months of the year.

A LAW-SUIT has just ended, after twenty-three years' litigation, establishing the claim that a free-holder owns the minerals under his property and the earth to any depth. The action was brought by a Welsh firm of colliery proprietors against the Old Tredegar Company, to recover damages for alleged trespass in working a seam of coal which was under the estate of the plaintiffs. The original decision has been upheld, whereby the plaintiffs were awarded £9,600 damages. As this amount was due for an alleged act of trespass under the property twenty-three years ago, the defendants are ordered to pay compound interest, bringing the total up to £40,000. The expenses have been an additional £20,000.

COMPRESSED AIR is being used as a motive power in some of the cities of France. It has started a new industry in the manufacture of plant for the purpose.

"I CONFESS I am sometimes sorely perplexed," said the father, with a heavy sigh, "when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them." Through the open window came the voices of two of the lads at play. "Look here!" loudly exclaimed Johnny: "that isn't fair! You've divided these marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag." "Didn't I have the trouble of dividing 'em?" reiterated Willie, hotly. "Think I am going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing?" "So far as Willie is concerned," resumed the father, after a pause, "the task of choosing a voca-

tion is not difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him."

HERE IS ANOTHER CASE. At an inquest at Worthing, Eng., it came out that a consumptive young lady was sent to 'Bethshan, a faith-healing house in London.' She was not cured, but went afterwards to Worthing and died. The father, Aaron Bentall, is a farmer at Felstead, in Essex, and he, his wife, a cousin, and the charwoman, all 'trust in the Lord' to heal their diseases. You have no medical knowledge of your own?" the coroner asked Mrs. Bentall. 'No Sir.' 'You have never treated any cases of consumption?' 'No Sir.' 'And do not know what remedies to apply?' 'No Sir.' 'I take it from the Word of God.' When will these people learn that God helps those who help themselves, and that no amount of faith can make up for wilful ignorance, and the neglect of natural preservatives?

THIS IS AN AGE of great benefactions for religious and charitable objects. Chicago has furnished the latest instance. Mr. John Cramer, a wealthy Presbyterian layman of that city, died leaving an estate valued at \$3,500,000. He left a magnificent bequest of \$2,000,000 for the establishment of a free public library, and \$500,000 to various churches, charities and hospitals. There is a true ring about the words he uses in describing the character of the literature he wishes to be found in his library: "I desire that books and periodicals be selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy, moral and Christian sentiment in the community. I want the atmosphere of the library to be that of Christian refinement, and its aim and object the building up of character."

Stanley's New Discoveries.

Stanley is evidently quite enthusiastic over the discoveries of his last expedition. A cable letter from him to the *New York Herald* is interesting reading though it does not do more than hint at the fascinating story he is sure to tell before long. The following is an extract from his letter:

Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries. I always suspected that in the central regions, between the equatorial lakes, something worth seeing would be found but I was not prepared for such

A HARVEST OF NEW FACTS.

This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but, nevertheless, guided and protected us.

What can you make of this, for instance? On Aug. 17, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march to follow our track, they decided to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere. The results are that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. Their commander is murdered and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and is obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the survivor is found in such a fearful pest hole that we dare not describe its horrors.

On the same day, 150 miles away the officer of the day, leads 333 men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic; his white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of the veil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals and poison-tipped arrows threaten their numbers. Meantime I, in command of the river column, anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them

but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

Taking the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, on August 17, I listen, horror-struck to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Bartelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening.

On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, Aug. 18, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists. Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrived a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only.

CARRYING OUT A HIGHER PLAN than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. I gave as much good will to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet everyone who started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures, is here to-day safe, sound and well. This is not due to me, Lieut. Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow, like others, but others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart 18 months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me. These officers have had to wade through as many as 17 streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours. They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they bestowed to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

The vulgar call it luck. Unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling that, of verity, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

The Salvation Army.

The Methodist Recorder tells of a recent performance of the Army in Brooklyn. The whole force, in full uniform, chased one of their number, rigged out to represent the devil by proxy, up and down the streets and alleys, and around the squares of the city, to the music of drums and tambourines and hallelujahs, must certainly have been most amusing to the thoughtless than edifying to the sober-minded, or assuring of the speedy overthrow of his Satanic Majesty by use of such methods. As compared with beating the tom-tom and making the air hideous with unutterable vocal discords, practiced by the dervishes of the African wilds to exercise evil spirits, the Brooklyn methods have little to recommend them. It is not quite as bad as burning witches to get

the devil out of them, but for silliness is off the same piece. Isn't this thing of fighting the devil by proxy being overdone any way? Where is the need of incarnating him in a human form, or in any one particular form of evil or abuse of society, when he has already taken up his abode in millions of men around us? Isn't it a trifle absurd to make a crusade against him in any mythical resort of his, when the route takes us past the doors of his real dens a dozen times? Fight the real devil in the hearts of men, and waste no ammunition on a proxy devil hidden in some abstract thought of speculation.

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.]

Thinking of writing something for our column, we were impressed with God's faithfulness in answering prayer, by the following sketch in the *Helping Hand*.

In the year 1828, Mary Reid, widow of Marblehead moved up to Brooklyn, Mass. to live with her son-in-law, Wm. Ropes. Mr. Ropes was a wealthy merchant, doing business with Russia, and had resided in St. Petersburg for many years.

She was a very religious woman, at a time when religion was at a very low ebb. On her arrival at her new home in Brooklyn, Mrs. Reid then over eighty years of age, started a woman's prayer meeting. After the prayer meeting had been going on for some time, one of the attendants noticed a handsome ornament in Mr. Ropes' parlor, and inquired about it. She was told that it was of Japanese origin and that Japan was a heathen country, that had entirely isolated itself from the rest of the world. At once it was proposed that they should change their prayer meeting to one for Japan; that God would open it to Christian influences. A week or two later it was proposed that they take up a collection for Japan. They were told that it would be useless; that for two centuries Japan had shut itself out from the rest of the world, and it was death for a foreigner to enter Japan; or for a Japanese to go to another country.

Notwithstanding these statements, the good ladies took up a collection for Japan, at every meeting, and sent it to the treasury of the American Board, to be used when God's Providence should prepare the way.

In a few years Mrs. Reid passed away and the prayer meeting came to an end.

In 1853 Japan was opened to foreigners by force of arms, shortly after which Rev. D. C. Green and two other families went to Japan as missionaries and the money contributed long years before by this one missionary prayer meeting of women, and its accumulated interest paid the expenses of all three families till they were settled at their missionary work in Japan; and to-day a great great grand-child of Mrs. Reid's having been head of a girls boarding school in Kyoto, with 130 pupils, nearly every one of them Christians, is still, as the wife of a missionary, laboring to redeem the land to Christ.

Thus has prayer been answered and the heaven of gospel truth is still working in a marvelous manner. Japan is justly considered one of the most encouraging mission fields. No other country has yielded so great results in proportion to the Christian efforts expended. There are 24 societies represented in the Sun-rise Kingdom. At the commencement of this year there were 443 missionaries and 25,514 members of churches, with 16,634 scholars in the Sunday Schools. Of these missionaries a large proportion of them are ladies, a number of them being missionaries' wives. These women are doing a grand and noble work in teaching the schools and in uplifting their sex, and emancipating the people from superstition and idolatry. In the capital city, Tokyo, there are 60 protestant churches. Last year there were 6,959 converts baptized. The churches contributed (64,000 yen) or \$48,000. 92 are self-supporting and

157 are partially so. In 1872 the translation of the Bible was commenced by protestant missionaries. The New Testament was completed in 1880, and the Old Testament in 1887. Dr. Verbeck, a missionary whose history has long been associated with the progress of Japan, says:—that an enlightened Japanese will laugh at Buddhism, that you meet Christians, in the train, on the boat, everywhere.

Japan is an important factor in Christianizing those countries of the east; already what she is doing has had an effect on China.

R. J. A.

AFFLICTED ROYALTIES.—The death of the late King of Portugal leads a European correspondent of *The Evening Post* into a description of the various maladies that afflict different royal personages. The Czar of Russia, it seems, is the victim of his nerves, and his wife is subject to long periods of intense prostration. The Empress of Austria is a martyr of sciatica and rheumatic fevers. She belongs to the Wittelsbach family in whose blood there is the taint of insanity, which broke out in King Louis of Bavaria and is now manifest in the present King Otto. The King of Wurtemberg is more than half crazy, and ex-King Milan, of Serbia, is also a prey to his nerves. His nervousness, as well as that of the Czar and the Sultan, is due to his fear of assassination; the predecessors of these three having disappeared in that way. The German Emperor has an impotent left hand and suffers from periods of suppurating of the left ear. The King of Spain is a baby, and it has not yet appeared whether his health will suffer by inheritance from the excesses of his father, Alfonso XII. The King of Holland is an irritable invalid always whining, suffering, grumbling, and now in his dotage. The King of Italy is afflicted with a gastric derangement. The Queen of England and the Kings of Sweden, Denmark, Rumania, Greece and Belgium are the only sovereigns of sound mind and body. To what extent these pictures are true representations we cannot say, but one turns from the collection as from Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors."

The Greatness Of London.

Doubtless you are quite accustomed to the statement that London is a great city. But possibly the following figures will help you to appreciate the statement:

Every four minutes marks a birth. In the next two hours after you read this thirty babies have been born, and twenty deaths have taken place. Think of it! the evening paper that records the births and deaths of the preceding four-and-twenty hours must give 300 separate items. Verily, its joys and sorrows are a multitude. London has 7,000 miles of streets, and if you walked them at the rate of twenty miles a day you would have to walk almost a year, and more than a year by nearly fifty days, if you would rest on Sundays. And if you were a thirsty sort of a traveller, and couldn't pass a public house, don't be alarmed—the 7,000 miles have five-and-seventy miles of public houses; so you need not think of thirst. In a year London folks swallow down 500,000 oxen, 2,000,000 sheep, 200,000 calves, 300,000 swine, 8,000,000 head of fowl, 500,000,000 pounds of fish, 500,000,000 oysters, 200,000,000 lobsters—is that enough to figure on! If not there are some million tons of canned provisions, no end of fruit and vegetables, 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. But how they wash the food down you might feel glad to know. It takes 200,000,000 quarts of beer. But more than this, they drink 10,000,000 quarts of rum and 50,000,000 quarts of wine—the wine, the rum, the beer, 260,000,000 quarts.

How Papers Are Read.

"It is peculiar how personal characteristics manifest themselves," said an elderly gentleman in the elevated car to his equally elderly companion, "and perhaps not the least noticeable is the way different people read newspapers, especially in public conveyances. Everybody has his own pet way. Take the way they hold them. Did it ever strike you in how many different ways this can be and is done?"

This peculiarity had never struck his companion, so the elderly gentleman, who wore a shining silk hat, a pair of gold spectacles, and a white lawn tie, continued his aphorisms. "Just look across at those men on the other side. No two are reading their papers in the same way." The eavesdropper at his side also looked across, and the observation proved true. One man had doubled the sheet, another had made it into a quarto, still another had folded it in three straight sections the full length of the column.

"I have found," continued the oracle, "that a large proportion of the men read the papers folded in half, the quarter section men come next, and the full length sectionists next. It is rarely you find two men sitting side by side reading a paper the same way." There was a momentary pause filled by the rustle of some assenting newspaper, and the oracle again remarked:

"The way of holding a paper shows the man as surely as the way he walks. The refined, educated man, carefully creases his paper, sees that it is in compact shape, and then goes systematically through it, passing from column to column and page to page with ease and facility, whereas the shiftless, uncouth man bunches it into wads and goes through it as if hunting for something in a rag-bag."—*New York Times*.

MISS WILLARD ON DRESS.—Frances E. Willard knows how to be graphic when occasion requires. She recently inveighed against what she calls the "everlasting befrilled, bedizened and bedagled style of dress" now in fashion. This grieves and disappoints us, for we have felt like congratulating "all the world and the rest of mankind" on the great waste, the picturesque and dramatic appearance of the gentler sex. Miss Willard explains her meaning more fully, however, in the following crisp appeal to the imagination:—

"Catch Edison and constrict him inside a wasp waistcoat, and be sure you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismark, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause."

On the whole we freely admit that we should be mighty sorry to see these gentlemen in any such rig. —*New York Herald*.

Temperance Notes.

—Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice.

—Drunkenness means peculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder: for it leads to all these follies.

—A boy five years old was treated in a private hospital at Berlin last year for delirium tremens.

—Alexander Hogeland, president of the Boys' and Girls' National Home association, makes the startling statement that there are 60,000 boy tramps in the United States.

—The temperance society of the Free Church of Scotland, though it has only been three years in existence, includes already 632 personally pledged ministers and has a membership of 63,979.

—An Episcopal rector recently opened a temperance meeting by reading the ten commandments, prefacing the act with these suggestive words, "I will read the Decalogue, every one of whose commands is constantly violated in the saloon."

—Germany's own papers and statistics refute the claim that little drunkenness exists in that beer-loving country. Witness the following current item from the German press: "Germany annually spends 430,000,000 marks for its army, but not much less for its alcoholic drinks, which cost 406,000,000 marks. Statistics show that the temperate class furnishes thirty per cent. of all the insane, fifty per cent. of all the poor, and seventy per cent. of all the criminals."

—Judge Guthrie, of Topeka, Kansas, in charging a grand jury with special inquiry as to the enforcement of the prohibitory law, emphatically endorses the law as follows: "For nearly five years there has not been a saloon or any place where any intoxicating liquors were openly sold or given away in this country. The law on this subject has been as strictly obeyed as the statute providing for the punishment of murder, robbery or larceny. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested here in this city by strangers on the conviction that public sentiment favored an honest, fair enforcement of the law prohibiting the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors, and it is believed that these conditions have induced thousands of families to change their homes in other States to this city and State, so that they might, with their children, escape the effect of the saloon."

Among Exchanges.

NEVER WORRIED.

The man who can't get credit is never worried by duns. —*Boston Courier*.

A SURE CURE.

How to cure a dude? Subject him to a good siege of sea-sickness. There is no such thing as "putting on style" while vomiting. —*Telegraph*.

A REAL DANGER.

There is a great danger in the present day of our being occupied with the means of sanctification and various theories—scriptural they may be—about holiness, and yet forgetting the one great end in view—namely, that we may become like Christ. —*Standard*.

WANT NOTICE.

Two men were at variance. One of them was disposed to be quarrelsome, and tried to put himself in his neighbor's way. This was purposely avoided by the other, which served to aggravate the case. At length they met. The noisy quarrel, crossing the path of the silent quarrel, cried out: "Notice me! I want to be noticed!" —*Earnest Christian*.