

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A CINCINNATI MAN has instituted proceedings for divorce because his wife smokes cigarettes. But, supposing the wives should apply for divorce for the same reason, how busy the courts would be, and how the price of tobacco would fall.

HARSH TREATMENT. A sad story of distress from poverty and the harsh enforcement of law comes from the Irish coast. The fishing season has been bad, and many of the dwellers on Blasket Island, off the Kerry coast, were unable to pay their rent at the appointed day. A gunboat thereupon landed the sheriff, thirty bailiffs, and a hundred police on the island, and the posse seized the boats of the unfortunate fishermen. As the gunboat departed with the only means of livelihood of the half-starved population, the scene was a heartrending one. The despairing fathers and husbands gazed gloomily after the receding vessel, while the children and women folk wailed and cried aloud in their anguish. An eye-witness says that the people are absolutely destitute, and many must perish unless relief is sent.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY in Switzerland has declared the Salvation Army there to be entitled to protection, and to be free to observe its own mode of moralship, so long as it does not disturb public order.

LOVE FOR NATIVE LAND does not die. And as men grow old, though they have been long absent from the scenes of childhood, the love grows strong and yearning. Dr. McCosh, who has spent many active years in America, expresses his feeling touchingly:

"I should like to see Scotland again, dear old Scotland, with all her great associations and grand and noble men! I can never forget her. In memory I revisit her every day of my life. I had my ticket bought not long ago for a voyage to her shores. But I was not able when the time came to go. Scotland—I hope yet to see Scotland once more."

ENGLISH SPEAKING. According to the New York Sun, at the beginning of this century 21,000,000 persons spoke English, 31,500,000 French, 30,000,000 German, 31,000,000 Russian, 26,000,000 Spanish, and 16,000,000 Italian. Now, 125,000,000 persons talk English, 50,000,000 French, 70,000,000 German, 40,000,000 Spanish, 70,000,000 Russian, and 30,000,000 Italian. These foreign notes of the Sun appear to be obtained by a search of the leading European papers. If approximately correct they go very far toward justifying the prophecy that English is destined to be the language of the largest proportion of the Caucasian race; for England still surpasses the world in colonization, and the language, when in competition with others, supercedes them for business purposes.

SALT LAKE CITY has a society of young Mormon women who have pledged themselves not to marry a polygamist.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL NIGER COMPANY has prohibited the importation or sale of intoxicating liquor in its African territory north of the seventh parallel of north latitude. The officials of the company state their conviction that the profits growing out of the liquor traffic are much more than cancelled by the pecuniary losses resulting from the demoralization among the natives and whites caused by the use of liquor. They do not claim to be actuated by moral motives, but are proceeding on business principles.

THE AREA OF CANADA. According to the latest estimate from data supplied by Government Surveyors to the Department of the Interior, Canada's area is 3,519,000 square miles, the land surface being estimated at 3,379,000 square miles. These figures are less than those which have passed current for some years, the estimated area up to last year being 3,610,000 square miles. It must not be supposed, however, that our territory is decreasing. It is, of course, impossible with such a vast Dominion to give the extent of our country, and it is probable that as surveys are made and measurements corrected, all the estimates made for some time to come will vary more or less from one another.

Canadians will be satisfied to know that their country consists of one-fourteenth part of the earth, that the Dominion is nearly thirty times as large as the whole of the United Kingdom, and that Canada is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States, without Alaska.

A GREAT BURDEN. What a terrible load the German peasant has to carry in the burden of maintaining the army. The official figures for the current year show a cost of \$91,726,293, or about \$1.98 for every man, woman and child in the empire.

PERSONAL LIBERTY. Ruin men, especially, like to talk about "personal liberty" being interfered with by restrictive and prohibitory laws. They may not know it, but they talk nonsense. This extract from a recent speech is to the point:

"I haven't all my personal liberty. If I carry a revolver in my pocket in Kentucky I am fined for it. I can't ride in the ladies' car there if I don't have a lady with me. If I should sign my name 'S. D. Hastings' I could be sent to the penitentiary for it. If I wear my wife's clothes I would be arrested. If I hitch up my horse and drive too fast on the street a policeman arrests me and fines me ten dollars. I go home and build a high plank-fence around my lot to keep my horse in. By and by my horse dies. A policeman comes around. He suspects something. 'You've got a dead horse there,' says he. 'That makes no difference; it's a public nuisance, and it must be removed.'"

NOT HOPELESS. Insane persons are often spoken of as "hopelessly insane." The N. Y. Advocate, whose editor has given considerable attention to investigation of cases of insanity, says this expression should rarely be used, claiming that even a quarter of a century of mental aberration may be followed by years of entire sanity and great usefulness. He cites cases:

When the French laws upon divorce were revised, it was moved to make insanity a cause. All the best experts in the case testified upon the subject, and the agreement was general that in but very few cases is it safe to conclude that the patient cannot possibly recover. Some of the most distinguished men in every profession in this country have been insane. A noted layman of our Church died within the past ten years, who, after having been of distinguished service to his church and country until he was more than sixty years of age, became insane, was confined in an asylum for seven years, then recovered, and for ten years did some of his best work for the church. The celebrated Augustus Hemenway, one of Boston's eminent merchants, was an inmate of an asylum for fifteen years, then recovered, and resumed the management of his affairs, never having a relapse.

The worst cases sometimes recover. Only two weeks ago the superintendent of an institution told us of a young lawyer who lost his reason. None of them supposed he could recover; the superintendent doubted it; but the patient's devoted wife kept saying he would and must recover, encouraged them all, and a short time afterward he came to himself, addressing the superintendent in a rational way for the first time in many months, and soon resumed his profession.

Stanley in Africa.

Mr. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" gives the world a full and authoritative account of the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Of course it contains a vast amount of information regarding Africa, but the critics have been somewhat surprised at the literary quality of the volumes. Even the critical Spectator (London) says: "It is a satisfactory book. The writing is always clear, and rises when the author is excited, as in the much-quoted description of the forest-trees, into passages of high literary merit,—passages in which accurate description is penetrated with that impression of weird horror which is, we take it, the first note of tropical African scenery."

We do our readers a service in calling their attention to some of the interesting passages of these remarkable volumes.

Among the annoyances and perils of the expedition Mr. Stanley refers to venomous insects, and says that among them—

"We may mention the 'jigger,' which deposited its eggs under the toenails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a 'goe-goe,' and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle that lived underneath the skin and picked one as with a needle; the mellipona bee, that troubled the eyes, and made one almost frantic some days; the small and large ticks that insidiously sucked

one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung one into a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slugs, that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attached the caravan half a score of times on the march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet tree, and dropped on us when passing underneath, and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants, that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half a dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach membranes perforated and blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneers covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends, the mosquitoes, in numbers in the greater clearings."

He gives us this description of the pigmies, concerning whom so much interest has been aroused. Two of them, a man and a woman, talked with the explorer by signs. He says:

"And all this time the coppery face of the little nut-brown maid was eloquent with sympathy in the emotions of the male pigmy. Her eyes flashed joy, a subtle spirit glided over her features with the transition of lightning. There were the same tricks of by-play; the same doubts, the same hopes, the same curiosity, the same chilling fear, was felt by the impressive soul as she divined what feelings moved her kinsman. She was as plump as a Thanksgiving turkey or a Christmas goose; her breasts glistened with the sheen of old ivory, and as she stood with clasped hands drooping below—though her body was nude—she was the very picture of young modesty.... A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from 2,000 to 2,500 souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians, within, and by a slight movement, the shed falls, and the animals are captured. Along the tracks of civets, mephitis, ichneumon and rodents are bow-traps fixed, which, in the scurry of the little animals, are snapped and strangle them. Besides the meat and hides to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives and arrows. The forest would soon be denuded of game if the bigmies confined themselves to the few square miles around a clearing. They are therefore compelled to move, as soon as it becomes scarce, to other settlements. They perform other services to the agricultural and larger class of aborigines. They are perfect scouts, and contrive by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends. They are thus like voluntary pickets guarding the clearings and settlements. Every road from any direction runs through their camps. Their villages command every cross-way."

Here is another description of some of the antics of these curious people: "On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four head men were at once ordered to return with the Sudanese corporal to recover the box. Arriving near the spot they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, woman and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irresponsible delight at the find; and the tiny women, carrying their tinier babies at their backs, vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man put a light pole and laid it through the grummet, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along

the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength, and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize. We saw the little Jack Horner, too fat by many pounds, but the story belongs to the headmen, who delivered it with infinite humor."

Mr Stanley's speeches at various banquets in Cairo and London have given the world a vivid idea of the African forest. But perhaps the following description does more than any reported speech to help us realize the horrors of that desert of trees. Here is a picture of it in a storm:

"The fifth rain of this month began at eight A. M. Had we not enough afflictions without this perpetual rain? One is almost tempted to think that the end is approaching. The very 'floodgates of heaven' seem opened, and nature is dissolving. Such a body of rain is falling that the view of all above is obscured by the amazing fall of raindrops. Think of the countless numbers of leaves in this forest, and that every leaf drops ten to twenty times per minute, and that from the soaking ground rises a gray cloud of minute rain in vapor, and that the air is full of floating globules of water and flying shreds of leaves! And add to all this the intense fall of rain as the blast comes bearing down the top, and whips drowning showers on us, and the countless branches, and rushes waiving through the glades with such force as though it would wrench the groaning trees out of the earth. The moaning and groaning of the forest is far from comforting, and the crashing and fall of mighty trees is far from assuring, but it is a positive terror when the thunder rumbles above, and its sound reverberating through the aisles and crooked corridors of the forest, and the blazing lightning darts spitefully hither and thither its forked tongues and sheets of flame, and explodes over our heads with overwhelming and deafening shocks. It would be a vast relief for our sick and wounded to be free of such sounds. A European battle has no such variety. And throughout the day this has continued unceasingly. It is now about the tenth hour of the day. It is scarcely possible daylight will ever appear again, at least, so I judge from the human faces steeped in misery. Their owners appear stupefied by terror, woe, sickness, loss of friends, hunger, rain and thunder and general wretchedness. They may be seen crouching under plain-leaf-sheds, native shields, cotton shelters, straw mats, earthen and copper pots above their heads, even saddles, tent, canvas covers, blankets, each body wreathed in vapor, self-absorbed with speechless anguish. The poor asses with their ears drawn back, inverted eyes and curving backs, captive fowls with drooping crests, represent abject discomfort. Alas! the glory of this earth is quite extinguished. When she finally recovered her beauty, and her children assumed their proud bearing, and the growing lakes and increasing rivers were dried up, and how out of the chaos the sun rose to comfort the world again, I know not. My own feeling of misery had so exhausted me that a long sleep wrapped me in merciful oblivion."

Mr. Stanley has this frank estimate of Emin Pasha's character:

"Our natures were diametrically opposed. So long as there was no imperative action in prospect we should have been both capable of fully enjoying one another's society. He was learned and industrious and a gentleman, and I could admire and appreciate his merits. But the conditions of our existence prohibited a too prolonged indulgence in these pleasures. We had not been commissioned to pass our days in Equatorial scientific talk, nor to hold a protracted conversation on Lake Albert. The time has come as appointed, to begin a forward movement. It was not effected without that episode in the square at Kavalli. Now that we were on the journey, I discovered, to my regret, that there were other causes for friction. The Pasha was devious with a desire to augment his bird collections, and thought that, having come so far to help him, we might 'take it easy.' '.... Now, all this made me feel as if we were engaged in a most ungrateful task. As long as life lasts he will hold me in aversion, and his friends, the Felkins, the Junkers and Schweinfurths will listen to querulous complaints, but they will never reflect that work in this world must not consist entirely of the storage in museums of skulls and birds and insects; that the Continent of Africa was never meant by the all-boastful Creator to be merely a botanical reserve, or an entomological museum."

The following analysis of Emin Pasha's character, in the same volume, indicates a large degree of spiritual discrimination in Stanley. He says:

"The Pasha is in his proper element as naturalist and meteorologist. He is of the school of Schweinfurth and

Holub. His love of science borders on fanaticism. I have attempted to discover during our daily chats whether he was Christian or Moslem, Jew or pagan, and I rather suspect that he is nothing more than a materialist. Who can say why votaries of science, though eminently kindly in their social relations, are so angular of character? In my analysis of the scientific nature I am constrained to associate with it, as compared with that of men who are more Christians than scientists, a certain hardness, or rather incapacity of feeling. They strike me as being somewhat unsympathetic, and as being of only cold friendship, coolly indifferent to the warmer human feelings. I may best express what I mean by saying that I think they are more apt to feel an affection for one's bleached skull and frame of unsightly bones than for what is divine within a man. If one talks about the inner beauty which to some of us is the only beauty worth anything, they are apt to yawn, and to return an apologetic and compassionate smile. They seem to wish you to infer that they have explored the body through and through, and that it is waste of time to discuss what only exists in the imagination."

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.]

THE MASTER'S PRESENCE.
Over against the treasury this day
The Master sits; whilst unaware
Of that celestial presence still and fair,
The people pass or pause upon their way.

And some pass, gaily singing, to and fro,
And cast a careless gift before His face,
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim;
They touch His shining vesture as they pass,
But see not—even through a glass—
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He who, on an awful day
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,
Having given Himself our mighty debts to pay.

Oh, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves and all we have to Him alone?

—"Woman's Work."

NOTES.

—Idolaters, whether from fear of their false gods, or from the hope of physical, pecuniary, or social gains, give far more to support heathenism than Christians give to maintain and propagate the true faith. Dr. Scudder, long a missionary in India, says: "The offerings made by the heathen to support their idolatry, are far greater than those made by Christians to honor their Divine Master."

—Rev. J. L. Douglas, writing from Rangoon, Burmah, says: "The whole length and breadth of the land is consecrated to idolatry. The people spend thousands of dollars for pagodas, and only tens for their own homes."

—Rev. Mr. Noyes, of China, reports that in addition to the vast sums paid for the support of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, more than two hundred million dollars are spent annually by the Chinese for the worship of ancestors.

—Converts in the foreign mission fields give more to the cause of Christ in proportion to their means than Christian people at home.

—"Heaven Woman's Friend."

RESULTS.

The disintegration of Hinduism is admitted by thoughtful people in India. The work in and around Calcutta plainly shows this. A pamphlet has recently been published there of which the following is a summary: "The life-blood of our society is fast

ebbing away, owing chiefly to the influence of Christianity. As the result of national apathy, Christian missions are in a fair way of accomplishing their object, by slowly changing our ideas with regard to our moral, social and domestic life. The systematic efforts of these bodies, unless counteracted, will cause a mighty collapse at no distant date. Access is now obtained to our households by female emissaries, and our little girls in schools are taught absurd Bible stories and to believe in Jesus. It is impossible to hold our own if we do not in determined opposition rise up as one man."

—Helper.

WOMAN'S DAY AT THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the International Missionary Union, held June 12-18, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., had many charming features that will long keep its memory bright and pleasant in the minds of all who were there. One of these was the presence and cordial co-operation of so many missionary ladies. Of the sixty-seven missionaries present from Asia, Africa, America and Europe, thirty-five were ladies, several of whom had seen twenty years or more of service; and of the seven secretaries of missionary societies present six were ladies, all of whom were accorded equal privileges with missionaries.

"At the top I've written 'Woman's Day,' but to be honest with the reader I must confess at the outset that there was none, save that one afternoon our noble sisters occupied more time than their brothers. 'Woman's Day' as such must go, I believe, as we get on, and not many years hence, it won't be heard of, any more than man's day; for in Christian work men and women are to join hands as never before. Every day at Clifton Springs was woman's day as much as man's day, the ladies of the convention freely participating in devotional exercises, business and public addresses. Let us drop that false phrase, 'Woman's work for woman' and talk more correctly of her beautiful and broadening work for all human kind.

On that afternoon a large and interested audience listened to brief accounts of woman's work in many lands. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, one of the vice-presidents for China, occupied the chair and we had a model meeting; the praying, singing and speaking occupied two hours and a half. The lady who made the opening address took ten minutes, those who followed not over seven each.

Those admirable addresses from ladies of different churches and societies illustrated the essential unity of all Christian effort. It is always and everywhere the same, finding the lost, helping the helpless, feeding the hungry, comforting the sorrowing, relieving the distressed, sheltering the unfortunate, and teaching all the way of life and peace. And one other thought must have come over and again to the minds of all who heard those missionary ladies that afternoon; that is, what happy hearts they carried through all their work. Every field has its peculiar trials. I could speak of some of the special sorrows of some of those fields. But how bravely and cheerfully these women toil on for the Master's glory in the enlightenment of pagan lands. There is no happier life anywhere than that of the missionary who loves his work.

—Helper.

LEOPOLD.—Among the reigning sovereigns of Europe none will pass into history with a brighter lustre upon their memory than that of King Leopold of Belgium. Before his accession to the throne he had traveled extensively, and had, indeed, made a wide knowledge of the geography of the earth his own peculiar specialty. His journeys included one to Africa, and his interest in that country becoming awakened, upon his ascent to the throne he poured out the resources of his immense private fortune in the development of the Congo State with its forty million people. The Congress of Berlin in 1885 granted him immense concessions and rights, making him the sovereign of that State. He it was who so grandly supported Stanley in his explorations. He has just been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign, and he has taken the occasion to cede to his countrymen all the rights he personally has acquired at a vast cost to himself in the Congo State. The gift is a magnificent one, nobly conceived and grandly executed. When Africa takes her place among the nations of the earth, among her benefactors none will deserve a more honorable remembrance than King Leopold of Belgium.

—Z. Herald.