

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

REV. DR. ARMITAGE, who a year or two ago retired from the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church in New York, after a service of forty years, was a few days ago presented with a fine residence by his late parishioners.

CALIFORNIA has 2,675 of its giant trees still left, and of these the largest is thirty-three feet in diameter. Let every one of them be preserved. They are among the greatest natural curiosities in this country, and should be preserved.

THESE ARE appalling figures, showing the extent of crime and misery in Great Britain:

700,000 criminals, 22,000 juvenile thieves, 100,000 fallen women, 500,000 drunkards, with an annual mortality of 60,000; annual cost of liquors, \$750,000,000; suicides last year, 2,297; found dead last year, 2,137; annual death rate of children from violence or neglect, over 10,000; the absolutely homeless in Great Britain, over 100,000; the wretchedly poor of Great Britain, over 3,000,000; out of work, 100,000; in workhouses, 190,000; London's official charity expenses, about \$5,000,000 a year.

ROME is fast becoming the headquarters of atheism and free thought. The *Manchester Courier*, of England, says, the shop windows are full of shocking caricatures of the Deity, license is allowed for blasphemy, and its indecency has never been surpassed in history even during the French year of 1793. The Romanists say this is the natural consequence of their treatment. As in France, so in Italy, such cases are the natural consequences of the long reign of such extortions, inconsistencies and vices as Rome maintained. This is the time for Protestants to work in those countries.

A QUAINT WRITER tells of a very good prayer which was once offered: A brother was once praying with much noise for faith,—"soul-saving faith, sin-killing faith, devil-driving faith." There was a quaint friend near him, to whom the noisy brother owed a large bill. "Amen," said the friend. "Amen; and give us a debt-paying faith, too." Amen!

A RUSSIAN EXILE, Stepaniak, is in the United States to lecture on the wrongs which his people suffer from the absolute despotism of the Tsar. He is thirty-nine years old, is the son of a Russian nobleman, and followed for a time the military profession. He resigned from the army more than fifteen years ago to engage in revolutionary propaganda. He has not visited Russia since 1880.

THE FOURTEEN MILLIONS of Hungary are divided says the *Christian Standard*, into a number of Religious sects of which the Catholics, Protestants, Greek Christians and Jews are chief. Mixed religious marriages are numerous, and the law provides that of the offspring of such marriages the boys shall be baptized into the father's church and the girls into the mother's. This is one of the many evils arising from mixing Church and State, and the Hungarian Parliament is sorely exercised over the matter. The more radical members are in favor of having marriages performed by the civil officers without taking any amount of the religious status of the parties, leaving them to settle the question of membership of their children between themselves.

PERU is not in a very flourishing condition, according to Theodore Child in *Harper's*. He says: "Two and a half millions is supposed to represent the present population of this vast territory, which has 1,200 miles of coast-line, and a superficies of more than a million square kilometres. This population consists of Creole governing, proprietary and official classes, ordinary Peruvians, Indians, cross-breeds, Chinese coolies, and negroes. There are the rich and the poor, both apparently satisfied with the existing decadent state of the country, or, at any rate, making no effort to improve it. Truly, the field is not a tempting one for colonists. As for commerce, there is just a little inducement as there is for colonization."

THERE IS MUCH discontent and indignation among the farmers of the Western states. The richest agricultural districts claim that they cannot

pay their way and reap a very moderate profit. One of the chief causes of discontent is the crushing railroad rates. Governor Boies, of Iowa, who made a most determined speech at a New Year's banquet in New York, advocated such national and state control over railroads as would necessitate a reasonable proportion between the rates of transportation and the value of the product transported. Speaking of other causes of depression he said: "I want now to say to the business men of the nation, and to the politicians as well, that some plan must be devised to get this industry on a different basis or this nation must prepare for a storm, the consequences of which—in both a political and economic sense—no man can measure."

The High Priest of Homer.

As romantic a life as ever was written will be that of Henry Schliemann, the poor grocer's boy, who rose to the same pre-eminence among explorers of the old world's bowels which Livingstone and Stanley have achieved among explorers of its surface. His father, a poor Protestant minister in Mecklenberg-Schwerin, caught the boy Latin, inspired him with interest in the wonderful discoveries then being made at Pompeii, and gave him a 'Universal History' which contained a picture of the burning of Troy. Then and there, though only seven years old, Henry Schliemann announced that one day he would unbury Troy. His classical education was cut short, however, by a still further narrowing of the family income, and at eleven Henry Schliemann entered a technical school to learn the art of bread-winning. Between the ages of fourteen and nineteen the lad sold groceries in a little shop from five in the morning till eleven at night. This drudgery drove most of his learning out of his head, but his boyish ambition was kept alive by at least one incident during those miserable years. A young man who had been well educated, but had fallen through drink, came into the shop and recited about a hundred lines of Homer. "From that moment," young Schliemann wrote later, "I never ceased to pray God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek. In 1841 he had to quit groceries—having hurt his chest while lifting a heavy cask—and not long after was on his way to Venezuela as cabin-boy on a small vessel. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Holland, and Schliemann found his way to Amsterdam. He was utterly destitute. In the Dutch capital he found employment as a merchant's clerk. He only got £32 a year at first, and half of that little income was spent on his studies. While living in a wretched fireless garret, he taught himself thoroughly Dutch, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. In 1844 he changed masters, the new one giving him £48 and afterwards £80 a year, and sending him to start a branch business at St. Petersburg. He had before then added Russian to his many tongues, and presently he started making money on his own account. He must have been as able in finance as he was in language; and, helped by exceptionally large profits earned in the time of the Crimean War, he speedily became a rich man. Now at last he would seize the dream of his childhood and make it real. It was in 1858—though several years before he had paid a visit to California and become an American citizen—that he set out on a journey through Europe preliminary to the opening of his true life-work. Swedish, Polish, and ancient and modern Greek had before now become familiar to him, and when he entered Africa he soon picked up Arabic. Twenty years ago he began those excavations in the mound of Hissarlik which brought to light a rich pre-historic city that had been destroyed by fire, and a quantity of gold ornaments which—believing the city to be Troy—may well have been the treasure of King Priam. While at Mycenae he discovered the royal tomb, where the conqueror of Troy, the great Agamemnon himself, is said to have been buried. The honours heaped upon him by the learned were well earned, not only by the heroic struggle of his life, but by the results of his explorations, whether he was right or wrong in explaining his discoveries on the ground that

Homer wrote history. Dr. Schliemann would have been sixty-nine on the 6th of January. He had just undergone a successful operation for deafness at Halle, and was on his way to his Greek wife and family in his Athenian home, when he was taken suddenly ill at Naples and died without recovering consciousness. He leaves a fortune estimated at about £480,000.

The Passing Year.

Time, O how fast it flies, and in its flight, it brings on youth, manhood and old age in rapid succession. It seems but as yesterday we were welcoming in the year 1890. It came amid the ringing of bells and the many congratulations of friends. But O, how soon it passed away and with it, many of our cherished hopes have fled. We look around and we see them scattered down life's river, like wrecks along the distant shore. It brings a thrill, a shudder, increased by the fact, that cold winter again is here. Yonder from the heaving bosom of the North comes the piercing winds and howling storms, and now,

"The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound." But then, there is a sublimity in winter, a grandeur, even in the piercing storm. The snow sweeps over the plains, nestles among the trees and soothes the sleeping earth. A little while and it too will have passed away. Thus it is that the seasons chase the earth over in many a fitful round, and in their flight remind us that all things earthly are rapidly passing away—youth, friends, strength, time, and opportunity. We stand, like the Roman Janus, looking forward and backward and ponder as in a reverie, over the past and look anxiously toward the future. What emotions leave our bosoms as we look upon the bright morning of life. How the rainbow of hope looms up in the distance. We see it gleaming like an arch of glory, in beauty arrayed, in glory resplendent. But soon there is a change. Spring with all her loveliness is followed by summer, bringing those long days of intense light and heat. In this we are reminded of strong and sturdy manhood, with fervency of spirit bearing the burdens of the day, and battling with the stern realities of life. But then, how very soon, and another change takes place. Autumn quickly follows loaded with rich fruits and golden harvests. It is the time, too, that we are strongly impressed with the decline of life. We see the leaves all around brown and yellow, falling to the ground. Many are the mournful thoughts that continually rush in to the halls of memory. Many, too are the sighs we heave as we see the glories of the summer passing away. The flowers, one by one, droop beneath the keen blast, and the leaves of the trees, in eddying circles, fall sadly to the earth. There is, indeed, a dirge-like cadence in all the voices of nature anticipating the approaching storm. It is truly the autumn of our pilgrimage reminding us so forcibly of old age, decay and death—that period when the spirit has flown, and the tired hands closed forever. As we stand gazing upon the scene what thrills vibrate the heart from centre to circumference. We pause and meditate. A trembling sensation creeps over us and we push aside the dim, frail curtain, pierce the covered up tablets of the future and strive to read its mystic lore. We turn and with a hush upon our spirits, we hear the phantom footsteps, and a voice from out the past is heard saying:

"Man never is, but always to be blest." Here pass in panoramic view the seasons in their turn, accompanied by youth, manhood, old age, decay and death. On the brink of the borderland we rest, and witness the approaching storm. The hoary locks are bleached by many a winter's frost, and the blooming youth, once so gay, now with palsied limbs is only waiting to cross the tide. No wonder Prentice should have said in regard to the departing year, and the welcoming in of the new,

"'Tis a time for memory and tears." Just look back one year ago and see how many who were then buoyant with hope, now hushed in death. We know that with many this will be the last year. Still, we flatter ourselves it will not be the last to us and consequently fail to make the preparations that we should for the enjoyment of a

better country. Let us then endeavor to survey the year that is ended, repent of its follies and look forward to the future, resolving to spend it to the honor and glory of God.

"We are passing away, but let us not grieve, The changeable scenes of this world to leave, But O, let us cherish that hope whose light Will guide us in safety through death's dark night, To the regions of changeless and fadeless bloom, Beyond the tide and beyond the tomb." W. K. BURR.

Ameliasburg, Ontario.

Not a Failure.

Sir Chas. Elliott, in a missionary meeting lately held in Bombay, restated some facts about the numerical gains made by Christianity in Hindustan from 1870 to 1880. The figures showed that while the general population of India increased by eight per cent during the ten years closing with the year 1881, there was an increase of thirty per cent during the same period in the number of Christians. In some portions of India there was a still larger relative increase. In the province of Bengal, while the increase in the number of Hindus in ten years was thirteen per cent, and that of the Mohammedans eleven per cent, that of native Christians was sixty-four per cent. In the province of Assam, in the extreme northeast of India, while during the decade already mentioned the general increase of population was eighteen per cent, there was an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent in the number of Christians in the eight valley districts, and in the Khasia hills, where a devoted band of Welsh missionaries are doing a grand work, the increase had been at the rate of two hundred and fifty per cent. Another decade has passed since then. Soon the results of missionary work during it will be known. There can be no doubt that a much larger relative increase will be shown. The facts of great gains are so plain that he who says missions are a failure declares either his ignorance or a determination not to recognize the truth.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

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

A Cent A Day.

For some years past we have strongly advocated the idea of a cent a day for missions. Mr. S. F. Wilkins, a Boston banker has been urging this same thing in the United States, and the *Missionary Review* draws attention to the fact that if the thirteen millions of Protestant Christians in the United States would give at that rate, instead of the \$6,000,000 now raised for foreign mission work, there would be given nearly \$60,000,000. A cent a day is a very small sum, but that is one reason why we have such faith in it. No one can say, "It is not for me; it is even within the reach of most, if not all, of our children. Try it, brothers and sisters.—*Missionary Outlook*.

The above clipping came into my hands a short time since and I at once thought, this is a good suggestion for us New Brunswick workers. "One cent a day," only a trifle, but it is the cents that make the dollars. Can we not now at the beginning of the year 1891, lay aside one cent a day, each, just for the Master's use? Would it not be well to place a "can't be opened" box on the mantle, or in some place where it may be readily seen, and, as each morning dawns on us, drop in a cent, and teach the children that it is better to drop their cents in this box than to eat it up in candy or nuts. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required." How great things will be required of us in return for the abundant mercies lavished so freely upon us.

Were it possible to enumerate our blessings, time would fail, for they are beyond count. Then out of our abundance let us give freely, willingly, yes, gladly that those who are bound with the chains of idolatry may have those chains broken and may be made free in Christ Jesus.

We beg leave to call attention to Section 3 in bye-laws of District Woman's Mission Society page 10. Would it not be well dear sisters to commence, even thus early in the year to gather in the lilies, that our dis-

trict meetings may not overtake us and find us with our work unfinished, as has been the case too many times. We think, if our sisters knew just how hard it is for the Treasurers and Secretaries to get their Reports prepared for the yearly meeting held in October, they would be more prompt in sending in their reports, as it is from the reports of the District Society the Corresponding Secretary's report is made up. Dear Sisters will you not get your Societies in working order, early in the year and be ready with your reports as the times for your district meeting comes round.

May our dear Father bless all our weak and struggling societies, and give us large success all along the line. H.

The first Presbyterian Board of Missions was organized on the 11th July 1844. This movement of the Presbyterians is understood to have originated with Rev. John Geddie who afterwards became the first missionary under the direction of the Board. In September 26th, 1845 the Board met for the purpose of receiving tenders when the Rev. John Geddie of New London, P. E. I., offered and was accepted. The Board decided to appoint an assistant and companion for Mr. Geddie. Mr. Isaac Archibald a native of Nova Scotia was accepted. In Nov. 30th, 1846 they left N. S. and sailed for the Sandwich Islands, from there they went to the Samoan group which was occupied by agents of the London Missionary Society, with whom they spent a considerable period. In July 1848 the mission families were conveyed to the Island of Anietum, New Hebrides and entered immediately upon their allotted duties.

Mr. Archibald resigned his connection with the mission in 1850.

Scientific Miscellany.

A LONG FALL.—An unbroken fall from the top of Eiffel Tower is not the kind of descent our experience thus far would lead us to seek, yet a French idea is that a falling cage would best meet the requirements of persons wishing to come down from the summit of the Columbian Fair tower. It would save time, and give a novel and exciting passage through space at a speed that can be approached in no other way. The fastest descent into mines does not exceed 50 feet per second, and the fastest railway train travels only about 100 feet per second; but at the end of the first 100 metres (328 feet) the falling cage would have a velocity of 148 feet per second, at the end of the second 100 metres a velocity of 213 feet per second, and at the end of the third 100 metres a velocity of 282 feet per second. M. Ch. Carron, an engineer of Grenoble, has studied this rather startling project, and concludes that passengers could fall safely from a height of as much as 300 metres in the cage he has designed. This cage, calculated to contain 15 passengers, is a shell with a very long point, and would fall into a well of water shaped like a wine-glass with a hollow foot. The top of the shell is a passenger chamber 10 feet in diameter and 12 feet high, beneath the floor of which is a cushion of spiral springs and a large inverted cone 35 feet long containing several smaller cones to form air springs. The shell weighs 11 tons, and, when entirely immersed, would displace 31 tons of water. The well is 185 feet deep, 170 feet across at the top, and 17 feet in diameter from a depth of 90 feet to the bottom. Before descending, the passengers would be fastened in cushioned chairs.

LUNAR AND STELLAR HEAT.—The delicate radio-micrometer of Mr. C. V. Boys has been used for studying the heat of the stars and the moon. Though so sensitive as to be influenced by the heat of a candle at a distance of a mile and three-fourths, the instrument gave no perceptible indication of heat from the brightest stars. The indications produced by the moon, however, could be detected if only one 150,000th as great.

AN INSECT-DESTROYING APPARATUS.—The *Kon Bulletin* reports great destruction in the pine forests of Bavaria by the *Nonna*, the caterpillar of a certain moth (*Liparis Monarcha*) which at intervals has appeared in vast numbers in Europe. The creatures are eaten by birds, and by wasps and other insects, but the most effective destroyer has been found to be an air-exhauster operated near a powerful electric light. The moths are attracted by the light, and a strong exhaust current of air drawn into a huge funnel sucks them into an underground chamber, where they are effectually buried. A similar destruction in East Prussia in 1853 is said to have been relieved by a great storm, which drove the moths to sea, from which they were afterward thrown up as a huge bank several miles long.

AFRICAN EARTHWORMS.—Mr. Alvan Millson, the Assistant Colonial Secretary of Lagos, traces to earthworms the astonishing rapidity with which land recovers from exhausting cultivation in the Yoruba country, West Africa. In the dry season the worm casts may be seen closely packed over scores of square miles. A careful estimate shows that a total of not less than 62,223 tons of subsoil, rich in plant food, is brought to the surface by the worms every year on each square mile of the cultivable land, and that every particle of the earth to the depth of two feet is brought to the surface once in 27 years. It is to this activity of the humble workers in the ground that the natives owe their subsistence.

A CORRESPONDENT OF NATURE points out that a better notion of our isolation from the fixed stars can be had by considering that each light-year of distance represents a mile on a scale giving one inch to the sun's distance from the earth. Thus, the light of 61 Cygni is $7\frac{1}{2}$ (7.464) years in reaching us, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ (7.499) miles will represent this star's distance on a scale giving one inch for the sun's distance.

DIAMOND-MINING in South Africa has revealed the existence in the earth's crust of circular or elliptical chimneys, from 30 to 500 yards in diameter and of considerably greater depth. M. Daubre believes that these were produced by gases at high pressure, and he has imitated the phenomenon.

SURPRISING SIMILARITY.—The great resemblance of twins is not confined to personal appearance, but extends to mental characteristics, and even to daily experiences. The biography of one of a pair is very likely to read much like that of the other. In his efforts to trace the respective parts played by nature and by education in heredity, Mr. Francis Galton has sent out lists of questions concerning twins, and has received about 80 answers, with 35 sets of minute details. He is struck by the similarity between twins in the association of their ideas, as shown in not less than 11 of the 35 cases. "They on the same occasion," he says, "make the same remarks, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence a sentence, and the other would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced on her by two such twins whom she had met casually. She said: 'Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike, and together, and said the same things, and seemed like one person.' One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin, A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne-glasses which caught his attention as a surprise for his brother B; while at the same time B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins."

BRITISH CLIMATOLOGY.—A recently published table shows that Bombay is the hottest station on record for 1889 in the British Empire. The mean temperature was 80.5°. The highest extreme, however, was reached, as usual, at Adelaide, where the mercury rose to 109° in the shade on Jan. 13, and climbed to 170.7° in the sun. This station was also the driest, its mean humidity being 63 per cent. The coldest station was Winnipeg, where the temperature fell to 42.6° below zero on Feb. 23. This station had also the least rainfall, 14.95 inches. The greatest rainfall was 73.79 inches, which was recorded at Trinidad. The cloudiest and dampest station was London, with a mean humidity of 81 per cent.

Among Exchanges.

ARE NOT LED. Some do not discharge any moral or religious duty unless they "feel led" to do so. They need to be led even to pay their debts.—*Standard (Phil.)* TELL HIM.

Never flatter your pastor, or speak an insincere word of praise; but if his sermon has helped you, tell him so gratefully.—*T. Herold*.

THE LINE OF DUTY.

The Christian may be confident that he is in the line of duty when he opposes what sabbon-keepers advocate, *United Presbyterian*.

NEEDED PRAYER.

A ministerial friend was remonstrating with a brother. The bore said, "Pastor, I will pray for you." My friend said: "The pastor who has a trial like you needs prayer."—*Phil. Standard*.

WORRY NOT WORK.

It is not work that kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body, and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and the world, and want things to go right in your home and your business do not worry. If you want to size up 100 cents on the dollar, do not worry. *Journal*.