

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE MASONIC Grand Lodge of Mississippi in session a few weeks ago at Vicksburg voted: "It shall be an offense against Masonry for any Mason not now so engaged to continue in the business of selling intoxicating liquor to be used as a beverage after the first day of January next, and the penalty therefore, shall be expulsion."

GENERAL DA FONSECA, the leader of the late revolution in Brazil, is dead. This revolution overturned the last throne in America, and it is hardly probable that another will ever be established. Da Fonseca was only fifty-seven, but had long been popular with the people, and the head of a democratic military club, which was the nucleus of the revolution. He was chosen the first President after Dom Pedro's banishment, and is sure of a conspicuous place in history.

THE CENTENNIAL of the Republic following the Revolution in France was celebrated on September 23rd, with a brilliant entertainment at the Pantheon, with parades in the city and by decorating various monuments. At the Pantheon, addresses were made by President Carnot, Premier Loubet and others. Similar festivities were observed in other cities.

THE PRESIDENT and the six Judges of the Supreme Court of Japan were charged with playing cards in a tea-house, with dancing girls for partners. Public opinion was so aroused that some sort of an investigation must be attempted. A special "Administration Tribunal" was organized for the purpose, which, after conducting the investigation for some time with closed doors, finally decided that the dignitaries were beyond the reach of prosecution. That comes breathlessly near to an admission of their guilt. The Japs are evidently fast learning the ways of civilization.

THE STUNDISTS are to be still further harassed. The commission appointed to consider the means of checking the progress of heresy recommends that all religious meetings and assemblies of the sect shall be forbidden, "since they are calculated to promote false teaching and to produce a state of nervous exaltation among the ignorant classes of the people." Prominent Stundists are to be removed from their place of residence, while the extraordinary recommendations are made that "those who have exhibited mental aberration as the result of this teaching" are to be placed in the nearest hospital for the treatment of mental disease, and that the ecclesiastical authorities should compel those suffering from "undue religious excitement" to enter a monastery "till they are restored to a healthier and more normal state." If such recommendations are sanctioned it needs no great sagacity to predict that prejudiced priests and police will speedily discover that most Stundists are lunatics, or likely to become so.

THE PROGRESS of Christian missions in Central Africa is not all that was hoped. There has recently been a setback. The Arabs have determined to rule the country. Mohammedanism allows slavery, and its adherents welcome and support missionaries of their own faith; and they influence the natives against Christian missionaries. The Congo Free State does not contain white settlers enough to exert much influence, and the success is less than was expected. The Arab merchants are still getting nearly all the ivory, and compelling the natives to carry it to the coast; and when they get them there the poor creatures are sold to traders. Unless something is done by European interference against the Arabs "Darkest Africa" will not be improved by the discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley.—*Ex.*

MORE THAN ONCE has it been the boast of the Roman Catholics of Germany that they evince more zeal for the interests of the Holy See than is shown in Rome or in Italy. It certainly is the case at present. Ultramontanism nowhere has more determined defenders than in the land of Luther, and just in the past few months the leaders have been moving Heaven and earth to arouse sympathy for the Prisoner of the Vatican and the restoration of the temporal power. A

national pilgrimage to Fulda, to the resting-place of St. Bonifacius, the apostle of the Germans, was inaugurated and carried out on a grand scale. Tens of thousands responded to the appeal. The Catholics of Germany feel keenly the disappointment at the defeat of the School bill in the Prussian Parliament, and this is the way they are exhibiting their hostility. At Fulda Representative Dr. Lieber bitterly condemned "the power of revolution," "the liberalism" of the day, and declared that this spirit was nourished in the lecture rooms of the universities as nowhere else. Among the demands most loudly applauded at the Catholic assemblies that are held everywhere in Germany is that for the return of the orders, including the Jesuits. Fortunately, however, this propaganda finds opponents, too, within the ranks of the Center Party. Its leader, Count Schorlemer-Alst, successor to Dr. Windthorst, denounced the appeals of the *Moniteur de Rome* and the *Osservatore Romano*, appealing to the German Catholics to use their power to break the Triple Alliance, and thus aid the Pope in securing Rome again. There are still many in the Fatherland who are good Germans as well as good Catholics.—*Independent.*

THE INEXORABLENESS of German law is plainly revealed by the fact that a cavalry officer was discharged for reaching from his saddle and saving the life of a little girl who was about to be run over.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Whittier's genius is not complex, and in its simplicity lies its strength. Unswayed by all fierce passion, nor exalted on the wings of a lofty imagination, he has sung his songs into the people's heart. His achievement perhaps does not justify his widespread popularity in his native land, for the mass of his countrymen, who read him at all, appreciate him where his poetry is at its poorest, in the dull inspiration of the "Voices of Freedom," or in the laboured products of his religious muse. It is astonishing how many qualities that render other poets great, in Whittier are lacking. There is no lyric fervour in his song, no passion of despair, no haunting sense of life's mysteries.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show the secrets of the heart and mind, to drop the plummet line below Our common world of joy and woe. A more immense despair or brighter hope to find.

Sometimes dark questions of life's whence and whither, and of man's mission upon earth rise up within him, but the bright sunshine of his trustful quaker faith dissolves all clouds of doubt, and he is well content to do battle for the truth, nor dream of the unknown.

Yet, denying him these qualities, and many more, and seeking in vain for artistic finish in his verse, there is something present in the best of his poetry which justifies his fame and links his name to Wordsworth and to Bryant. With a voice of smaller volume than Wordsworth's and with less poetic beauty of detail than Bryant, he never relapsed into the inanity of the former, and surpassed them both in narrative power, in his delicacy of touch, and in the musical flow of his verse.

His ballads are exquisitely told, with an unflinching energy of narration and the delicate natural touches that give charm to his better poems. His earliest efforts were in the realm of Indian legend, but his best work was done upon New England themes, echoes perhaps from his childhood. With a tale he cometh to us, that draws the old men from the chimney corners, and who can resist the charm that flows through "Amy Wentworth," the pathos of "Marguerite," or the weirdness of the two splendid poems, "The Garrison of Cape Ann" and "The Wreck of Rivermouth."

In the newspapers we have already seen the details of the poet's life, but it is better to read its spirit recorded on his pages. In "Snowbound," that beautiful idyll of his home, we get pleasant glimpses of the quaker household, and animated descriptions of the inmates, with such beautifully pathetic reference to the sister whom he had just lost, that quotation becomes a temptation not to be resisted.

The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills The air with sweetness; all the hills Stretch green to June's unclouded sky; But still I wait with ear and eye For something gone which should be nigh, A loss in all familiar things, In flower that blooms, and bird that sings. And yet, dear heart! remembering thee, Am I not richer than of old? Safe in thy immortality, What change can reach the wealth I hold? What chance can mar the pearl of gold Thy love hath left in trust with me? And while in life's late afternoon I walk to meet the night that soon Shall shape and shadow overflow, I cannot feel that thou art far, Since near at need the angels are, And when the sunset gates unbar, Shall I not see thee waiting stand, And, white against the evening star, The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

His religious sympathies are expressed in many poems, but nowhere with more effect than in "Tauler" and "Abraham Davenport," the sturdy old member who spoke so calmly on An Act to amend an Act to regulate The shad and alewife fisheries,—when the impending wrath of God was lowering in the skies, and the last day seemed at hand. "The Voices of Freedom" tell their own tale of how the poet strove against the power of slavery for many years, and though they savour to us of the newspaper office, and seem utterly devoid of inspiration, they spread the poet's name more widely than his better verse. While upon the subject of his individual poems, it may be interesting to some to know that the late Professor Young cherished as his favourite poem Whittier's "Eternal Goodness." Invariably upon evenings when students had been invited to his house, he produced his favorite volume, and read with deep feeling and exquisitely modulated voice those memorable lines. Whittier's touch is simple and direct, and felicitous lines are more frequent than verses of metaphorical splendour. He has never surpassed these verses from "Evening":—

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night

Make rival love, I leave ye soon, What time before the eastern light The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines, And the young archer, Morn, shall break

His arrows on the mountain pines, And golden-sandalled, walk the lake.

Now that Whittier has passed away, preceded so shortly by two famous poets of his own land, the curious will compare their work. Is his as great? We think not. Richly equipped as was his mind, it moved within more constrained limits and touched the spirit of the times at fewer points than theirs. Yet his gift of song was a true one, and his name will not swiftly fade.—*Pelham Edgar in The Week.*

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 MRS. J. S. McLEOD, FREDERICTON.]

Extracts from "Do Not Say."

In glancing over the INTELLIGENCER to-day, we observed an extract, stating what organized effort had accomplished. In less than twelve hours, the 250,000,000 of India were enrolled by the British government in February 1891. How it flashed upon me, that these souls could quickly be reached by the Gospel also, were Christian people as deeply in earnest, and would combine, organize, and push this business—their King's business. More than half the people in the world never heard the Gospel. A command has been given. It has not been obeyed. What can we say if our Master returns and finds that after nineteen centuries, more than half of the world is unevangelized. Millions who have never heard the Gospel—a simple fact.

Do not say "The Heathen are acting up to their light, why should we trouble them to change their religion? They have very good religions of their own."

The Heathen are not acting up to their light.

They have very bad religions of their own, religions that will not save them and oh! how they need a Saviour.

Do not say, "But God is very merciful. He will not be hard on the Heathen. The Lord He is God, He

will see that it comes out all right in the end."

God is just as well as merciful. The Heathen are sinning wilfully every day. And the wages of sin "is not all right in the end, but death."

True if we neglect our part God can find some other way of carrying on His work. But that will not lessen our guilt, nor can it do away with our loss.

Do not say "For one who receives the Gospel there will be a hundred who reject it. If you go to the Heathen you will only increase their condemnation. It is kinder to stay away and leave them as they are."

Then we had better pull down our churches and Sunday-schools, burn our Bibles, import a few idols from India (for the people will want something), and bring up our own people as heathen, for by giving them the Gospel, we only increase the condemnation of those who reject it.

Surely God knows as much about it as we do! Would He tell us to go to them and preach the Gospel, if it were "kinder to stay away."

Do not say "What a stirring address that was! It was just what our people needed. I hope it will lead some of them to support a missionary, or to go themselves."

That is all very well. But what is it going to lead you to do? Why do you not support a missionary, or have your share? Why do you not go? Almost every letter written by the missionaries contains an earnest call for more workers.

We talk of the light, and consecration, enthusiasm and interest in missions of the present day. But with it all Satan is able to lull the consciences of God's men and God's women, with beautiful excuses, and keep vast districts, perfectly accessible to us, and full of our perishing fellow-men; free, still free, from the ambassador of Christ—all undisturbed in his own power.

But how can he say "Well done"? Imagine your Lord turning to His church to-day, and saying, "Well done good and faithful servants." Why there would be millions of sad, neglected heathen standing by who, with one accord, would testify "Well done!" to know of a Saviour themselves, and never to give us a chance? "Well done!" to stay at home and feast themselves and their children to the full, and not bring us and our little ones even a crumb? "Well done!" to keep singing of the joy of being saved from Hell and of giving to Heaven, and never so much as tell us there was a Hell to be saved from, or a Heaven to go to! Well done? Nay disgracefully done! He cannot say it.

Oh! it is hard to leave these our brothers and sisters in misery, and darkness, and sin, with no one to tell them of the Saviour's pardoning love, without any voice, from the time they are born to the time they die, to speak one word to them of welcome to God's Home of Peace!

Why look at our churches, all over the country, costing thousands of dollars, when places of worship, if not so magnificent, yet quite as convenient, and quite as large, might be built for smaller sums! Let us have our hand-some churches if we will, but not at the expense of millions of neglected souls.

Again, look at our houses, our lands, our possessions, our entertainments, our amusements, our recreations, our comforts, our luxuries, our extravagances! Surely as long as we have all these for ourselves, we can scarcely plead with any honesty,—"We would help the poor Heathen if we could, but really we have no money. If we liked to give the money we should find we had it to give. If we wanted to send out Missionaries, we should find some way of doing it."

Oh, yes, if it would secure social advantages, or if it were something we cared for, Christians would soon be busy writing out their checks, and pouring their silver and gold into the treasury.

Ye say:

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small, Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

And then we give Him for Foreign Missions but a small pittance of our income and expect Him, who gave His life for us, to be satisfied with that.

Are we Christians? If so do let us think! If we think, we shall be bound, a great many more, to go to the

Heathen, and to let our children go, and to give our money—if we are in earnest. It is an awful time, for any servant of God to be forgetting the Heathen, when God knows, if he chooses he could give liberally, and himself be supporting several Missionaries in the mission field.

Bear with me beloved ministers, if I address a word to you. How great the work you could do in this regard if thoroughly awake! Do let it be one of your chief duties to preach missionary sermons, to circulate missionary literature, to have missionary prayer meetings, and seek out from among your people faithful young men and women for the mission field.

Are you not responsible for teaching the people "observe all things whatsoever things I have commanded you?" Has He not commanded us to preach the Gospel throughout the world?

Let us remember an unnecessary horse and carriage would eat up a missionary. Extravagant dressing smothered not a few. A fire you could "do without" burns up his clothes. Many missionaries are frittered away in odds and ends. Some are worn on ladies' fingers, and locked up in jewel caskets. And many are smoked away in Christian's tobacco-pipes. What can be done to rescue some of these?

Who will organize something? Fellow Christians! This is our responsibility. There are means enough, and there are enough of us to evangelize the world. But we are not awake. The world is dying without God. And we might go to them. We might, but we don't. Oh why do we not lay it to heart? Why do not these things move us? My brothers and sisters will not you do something? Will you not go and settle this with God, Fellow Christians, Awake! Awake!

COM.

St. Martin's Seminary.

I have only words of wonder and gratitude. The School year opened on the 15th of this month, with a most interesting and impressive service in the Assembly Hall. From eight in the morning till six in the evening we were busy enrolling the students, who have come to us in a great body from all parts of the province. Every department of the work is moving forward prosperously. One can hardly speak in too high praise of the band of young people who compose our school. They are bright, earnest, full of purpose. The Literary departments are under the care of admirable teachers. In the study of Expression Prof. Robinson has 30 private pupils, besides his class-work. Several of the students will probably go from us, when their course is completed, to the Boston School of Expression, where, according to the arrangements just concluded, they may enter the third year without examination, on presentation of their certificate from Prof. Robinson.

Between 30 and 40 pupils have enrolled themselves in the musical departments, and we have had to provide two more pianos, to meet the increased demand. The total enrollment of students thus far is 74, of whom 50 are boarders.

The Lord has led us marvelously. It seemed as though the one crowning blessing that we needed, as the seal of all our effort, was the direct outpouring of the Holy Spirit. And at the second prayer-meeting of the year, one week ago, two of our young people rose for prayers. It was a season of power. Last night four others took a like stand. The desired Presence is with us. Brethren of all the churches, remember us earnestly at the Throne of Grace.

AUSTEN K. DEBLOIS.

TOBACCO SMOKE VERSUS BACILLI.—It is claimed by a physician that he has proved that tobacco smoke will kill the germs of cholera, and anthrax, and pneumonia. The method of research is to line the interior of hollow balls with gelatine containing the germs of the disease named, and then pass the tobacco smoke through these globes for from ten to twenty minutes. That does not prove that smoking will kill them in the living person. If all the germs could be concentrated in the nose, and the nose could be lined with gelatine, it is quite possible, if this be at all true, that something might be done. But until a method of drumming up bacilli from different parts of the system and concentrating them

can be devised, tobacco smokers should hardly think by increasing the amount of their smoke that they can prevent these diseases.

A merchant of this city, whom we never saw, in an acquaintance of twenty years, without a cigar, died of pneumonia in a little less than ten days. Cholera seems to be spreading now in regions where nearly everyone smokes, and in one of the epidemics of this country we conducted the funeral services of a man who, if tobacco could have saved them, would have laughed at the pestilence. Many of these methods of killing bacilli are effectual on the bacilli, but also destroy the man in which the bacilli have made a temporary home.—*Chr. Guardian.*

All Sorts.

The wife of John Delane, of the London Times, suggested the obituary column of which her husband playfully allowed her the income that finally grew to an enormous sum.

That once famous beauty, the Countess of Castiglione, is still living in Paris, but in the greatest seclusion, having exiled herself from the world as soon as her charms began to fade.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only American woman who has ever been honored by the Queen of England with the order of the Crown of India.

Mrs. Holt of Beatrice, Nebraska, whose late husband was clerk of the district court, has been elected by the board of supervisors to fill the vacancy caused by his death.

Two plain, ordinary citizens visited West Point for the first time, and were deeply interested in the blithesome cadet. With the assurance that they were on Government ground, and they were finite parts of the same government, they went where they pleased and were not interrupted. As the day waned, however, they drew their forbidden ground—a plot sacred to the embryo generals. As they stepped across a line, ignorant of the awful trespass, a mild youth, with spotless uniform and heavy musket, ran up. "No citizens allowed here!" said the sentry. The citizens turned sadly away. "I feel like the sunset gun," remarked one. The sentry stopped to listen. "Why?" inquired the other citizen. "Because I've just been fired off," was the answer, and to the citizen's delight the sentry smiled.

Among Exchanges.

SPREADS IT.

For a long time the problem with electricians was to find some substance offering sufficient resistance to the electric current to produce the incandescent light which now lights so many homes. As long as the substance was a ready conductor, the current glided over it without friction, and there was no light. But when the right substance was found, and resistance was brought to the required point, the electricity blazed out with its penetrating light. So with the Gospel. The very force that opposes it, helps to spread it farther and wider.—*Zion's Herald.*

MEN OF FAITH.

The man who doesn't expect to succeed not only is unlikely to succeed himself, but he is liable to keep others from succeeding. The earlier he gets out of the lead, and goes to the rear, the better for all concerned. One man of faith is worth a thousand men of doubt, and two are worth ten thousand, when it comes to the chasing and putting-to-flight business.—*Ex.*

GOOD.

"It was a noble thing for the youthful Daniel to refuse the king's wine, but we lately saw a young telegrapher, holding his first position on the road, decline to drink with a superintendent who proffered it to him as a courtesy. And we doubt if the young man remembered the fact twenty-four hours. Character and fixedness of principle are under the power of the Gospel taken for granted. Mrs. Browning was right when she said that there is more of chivalry and more of romance in our parlors than ever upon field of knightly arms. Heroism under the Gospel becomes not a meteor, but a polar star.—*N. Y. Observer.*

IT CAUSES DOWN FALL.

The utter and humiliating downfall of John L. Sullivan long considered the champion pugilist of the world, is probably the most powerful object lesson which could be given on the value of temperance and the ruinous effects of debauchery. No moralist could have done as much in years as Corbett, the new champion, did in less than two hours, to drive home upon the youth of America the truth that sobriety and right living are the only hope of the greatest success in any field of effort. When Sullivan, crying with the chagrin and pain of defeat, declared that "booze" had been the cause of his ruin, he gave what time out of every ten men who pay any attention to prize fighting will agree is the true explanation of the sudden and complete collapse of a man long believed to be peerless as a pugilist.—*Cleveland Leader.*