

The Religious Intelligencer For 1893.

Nearing the end of the year a few words about the INTELLIGENCER for next year are in order.

With next month it will complete forty years of life. During all these years it has kept steadily about the work, and rejoices to believe that it has not lived and laboured in vain.

It has sought to be a faithful witness for the truth; it has, from week to week, carried news of the progress of the work of the Lord to the people; it has advocated and defended the doctrines and usages of the denomination of which it is the representative; it has presented the claims of the several departments of our work and has urged their generous support; it has furnished a vast amount of sound teaching concerning right living, for old and young; it has been the helper of pastors and Sabbath school workers; it has vigorously advocated the temperance reform, and given support to every moral and christian enterprise.

That these things have been done perfectly is not claimed, but that there has been a fixed purpose, undeterred by any influence or consideration, to do these things, we are sure, and for the degree in which they have been done, and the success which has attended the work, we are profoundly thankful to God.

For the favour shown the INTELLIGENCER by the people we are grateful. It has the support of a large circle of warm friends, and the number has, we are glad to be able to say steadily increased. There is reason to believe that it never stood better with its readers than now. The many kind words said of it by those who read it regularly, and the hearty commendations of its course by the recent Conferences are very gratifying.

In days when the work presses hard and the difficulties multiply, the kind words said will be remembered, and will give cheer and stimulus. And our readers may feel assured that no effort will be spared to make it all that they can desire.

The Comforter.

Orphans are our souls and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter divine.

Like the dew Thy peace distill,
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

—Selected.

Some Curious Automata.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

PART I.

The young people who have read Hawthorne's "Wonderful Tales"—and I hope that most of you have enjoyed that privilege—will remember his version of the old Greek classic story of "Talos, the Man of Brass." Talos was a huge construction made in the shape of a man eighteen feet in height, fashioned all of brass, and armed with spear and shield, that was said to make the circuit of the Island of Crete once in the twenty-four hours, hailing all approaching vessels and guarding the coast from foreign invasion.

The singular mechanism was so skilfully made that it seemed a real giant marching around the island; and the ignorant people of the time came to believe that Talos was a live, breathing man, and regarded him with fear and wonder combined. He passed into legend as one of the wonderful beings of that half-fabulous age; and Hawthorne tells us the old story in the most charming way in which it was ever told.

This brazen man of Crete was the first automaton of which we have any mention. It was the contrivance of Daedalus, the famous Greek artificer and builder, whose invention appears to have been prolific in automata; for he fashioned a wooden cow and a set of female dancers which contained within themselves the moving power. Doubtless the marvelous ingenuity of these constructions has been exaggerated by lovers of the wonderful; but there was enough of the surprising that was true.

About four hundred years before Christ lived Archytas of Tarentum, who constructed a wooden pigeon

that would fly—considered a wonderful mechanism at the time. The dove of Archytas and the moving figures of Daedalus are the only instances of automata that are authentic before the Christian Era; but during the Middle Ages numerous cases of the construction of these curiosities are recorded.

Regiomontanus, a German mathematician and astronomer who flourished 1436-76, constructed an iron fly which would flutter around the room and return to his hand after a certain time. He also made an eagle which at the time of the entrance of the Emperor Maximilian into Nuremberg flew from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned.

Before this time Roger Bacon, the learned Englishman, is said to have forged a brazen head which had the power of articulation, and could talk like a human person. The first androides (automata made to imitate men) which acquired any celebrity in modern times was made by Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century. It moved like a man, and could even talk. The great magician kept this strange contrivance at the door of his room to act as a sentinel; and Thomas Aquinas, during one of his visits to Albertus, was so frightened by it that he broke it in pieces with his staff. The unfortunate inventor was very much aggrieved at his loss, as well he might be; for it is said to have cost him the labor of twenty years.

It is a little strange that a similar invention of Descartes, which he named his daughter Francia, met with a like fate. It was placed for conveyance to Italy on board a vessel; but the captain of the ship, thinking that the evil one must be in a machine that moved so like a human being, had it thrown overboard.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Mr. Camus, an ingenious Frenchman, constructed for Louis XVI. a very curious automaton group, consisting of a coach and horses, a coachman, a page, and a lady inside. The figures were made so that they all performed their several parts with the greatest appropriateness and exactness. The coach was driven up to the king. The page opened the door; and the lady descended, presented a petition to his majesty, re-entered the carriage, and was driven away.

Calling a Halt.

"I cannot imagine why I am so tired all the time. It seems to me that I do very little," said a woman, dragging herself to a chair and sitting down wearily.

"How many times a day do you go up and down stairs?" inquired a friend. The house was in a city, high and narrow, with four long stairways, three of which intervened between the kitchen and the mother's "own room."

"Why, not very often; I don't know. I have a good many errands about the house, here and there, and my impulse is usually to wait on myself. I suppose I spend a good deal of strength on the stairs, now that I think of it."

"And, pardon the suggestion, but you are always looking out for others so much and so generously, that others ought to look out for you: have you ever thought how often you are interrupted in the progress of a day? The ordering of the house is the first thing, but some trifles are forgotten, pepper or salt, flavor or seasoning, and you are consulted about that. Then your big boy comes to you with his necktie and his cuffs, and your four-year-old has pinched his finger, and needs comforting; your daughters have no end of affairs in which you must be the counsellor, and your husband leaves the weight of his perplexities and the irritability that grow out of his overwork on your every-ready strength. Dear, it is not wonderful that you rest so soon, after a nap, or a little time by yourself, coming out to the family made over again."

"But what can I do? All that you mention forms part of the every day duty of a woman like myself, whose main work in the world is to keep her home happy and comfortable."

"Once in a while you might call a halt. You should pack a little bag, and run away for a three days' visit, leaving the housekeeping to the young shoulders, which will find it only a slight burden. It is an imperative duty, occasionally, to take care of one's capital, if one be a wife and a mother." In the interest of the rest, for the sake of the days that are coming, a mother must be provident of her own health, not suffering herself to drift into nervous prostration or wearisome invalidism.

There are graves not a few over which the inscription might be written. "Her lies Mary—, the beloved wife of Theodore—, tired to death." And in most cases the blame is not Theodore's, but Mary's own. She should have called a halt in time.—From Harper's Bazar.

A Sundial.

Two hundred years ago, in the first quadrangle at All Souls' College, Oxford, a grand sundial was reared to the top story, the largest and noblest dial in all England, or in the entire kingdom. It was placed in the face of the quadrangle, and over the long pointer were written in large letters of gold these words: *Persunt et imputantur*, which refers to the hours, meaning literally: "They perish, and are set down to our account," or we may amplify it into something which implies more: "They are wasted, and are added to our debt."

Wonderfully significant are these words, and wonderfully have they influenced men since the day they were inscribed above this dial. The late Cardinal Newman is said never to have looked at them without a feeling of awe and reverence. Keble and Pusey acknowledged the power which these memorable words exercised over their lives, for it is a law that what impresses us in youth is most influential in shaping our lives. These men passed many years at Oxford, and who can tell how much these three Latin words had to do in making their lives pure and noble? The missionary, Patterson, who was slain by the savages on the island of Nukapu, while he was at his post of duty, confessed that the frequent sight of these words assisted largely in confirming him in the resolution to devote his life to the conversion of men and the glory of God.—*Ecc.*

The Contagion of Sociability.

There is nothing more catching than good-nature. As with the measles, there is always enough to go around if some one has it and if it comes out well on the surface. You can hardly help laughing when you hear somebody else laughing merrily even though you do not catch a word of the joke. So we can scarcely help being cheerful and happy and social when the people around us are so. It is your duty as a social committee to inoculate the whole society with your good cheer. Be a "smile-em-up committee," and a "hand-shaking committee," and an "anti-wallflower committee," and a "glad-to-see-you committee," and a "show-em-the-front-seat committee," and a first-at-the-prayer-meeting committee," and a "linger-at-the-door committee" after the meeting is over.

For all this work you have the very highest motive and inspiration. Every smile, every hand-shake, every cheerful word, is for Christ's sake. If any one needs much of the spirit of the Master it is the social committee.—*Rev. Francis E. Clark.*

Motherly Love.

Motherly love has seldom had a more pathetic illustration than in an instance that occurred in a little pent-up valley in Switzerland where lived a pastor and his wife with their little ones. One day a flood caused by the melting of the glaciers came roaring down the river and carried away a score of bridges. A narrow gorge separating the valley from the minister's house was spanned by a small bridge. The pastor was on the village side, and his wife attempted to cross the bridge to bring him home. When she reached the middle pier, the flood swept away the two side piers and she was left standing alone on the tottering bridge. Her children heard her clear, musical voice singing the Saviour's last words on the cross: "Oh, Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Then the prayer ended, a sudden recollection passed over her face. They saw her tear away the keys from her girdle and fling them from her saying, "There are the keys," as the waters hurled her down the ravine. That mother remembered that she had the keys of the cupboard of her girdle and that her children would need them that they might have their supper.

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

"Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

Pitiable Mothers.

Of all classes of people to be pitied in this world it is the mother who has a wayward daughter. As a general rule such a calamity falls to the lot of a meek little woman, a diffident creature, who would suffer any amount of torture rather than face a scene with her unruly daughter, and thus the girl comes out victorious in every word scrimmage with the tired, patient mother. Mother must meet unflinchingly the duties God has placed upon them, and remember that in their hands lie the future of their families for weal or woe. It is expected that they love their children dearly, but that should not be an impediment to their correcting them when they stand in need of it. In their infancy all they have to do is to cry for what they want, and the weak mother granting it will plant the first seeds of the evil which is to bear such bitter fruit. In girlhood the daughter soon learns that her mother's will is a matter of very little consequence; a little teasing and the point is gained. And when she arrives at womanhood, ah, then your trials begin. You begin to learn the truth of the old adage that "when your children are little they tread on your lap, but when they grow older they tread on your heart."

The gospel is good news; but how good? If a friend should pass by your door and tell you he had just heard stocks had gone up and you had made a nice thing of it—a thousand or so—you would smile and say to yourself, "that is good news." But you would sit still and go on with your reading. But if, presently, a messenger should come to you with all dispatch saying that you had fallen heir to a million dollars, your reading would have no further charms for you. You could not endure the quiet of being alone. You would say as before, "that is good news; but you would have to spring to your feet and go in search of your wife, your children, your neighbors, to tell them the wonderful good news. You see what depends upon how good it is. And it depends upon how good the gospel is to you, whether you are active or not in spreading it. If it is only moderately good news, you can be a quiet, undemonstrative sort of a Christian, whose content to be saved himself and does not especially interest himself in the salvation of others. But if the gospel is great, unheard-of, good news to your soul, you want to be up and telling it all around, and are not satisfied until the whole world has heard the story of stories.

Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: First to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word; for, he said: "It is like a person shaking a fruit tree: first shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterward each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. It is this way and in no other, shall we also find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible."—*Exchange.*

True, we shall pass through the river which is named Death, but it is a misnomer; like the Jordan when Israel passed into Canaan, the Lord hath rebuked it, and it is dried up. We shall pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and that is all; and thus we shall reach a higher stage of being, in which we shall be "forever with the Lord."—*Spurgeon.*

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1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.81	1,673,027.16	9,413,358.07
1890	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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