

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 2002

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

TWO MILLIONS of those who will vote in the United States presidential election are people, who can neither read nor write.

LAST YEAR only five passengers were killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom, while on the streets of London alone 147 deaths and 5,784 injuries resulted from accidents.

NEWFOUNDLAND has three bishops, 177 clergymen, 60 teachers, 43 lawyers, 62 doctors, 767 merchants and traders.

GERMANY'S young and eccentric Emperor, proposes to go whaling. Which is a reminder that Mark Twain once prescribed a good-sized whale to a young man who asked what fish would best nourish his brain. Perhaps the Emperor has adopted the suggestion.

GERMANY is awakening to the necessity of reform in regard to the beer drinking habit for two reasons—the conviction that beer drinking is weakening the moral and physical qualities of the nation, and, second, the necessity of turning the beer material into bread. Statistics show that Germany devotes about a quarter of her productive energy to the liquor traffic and that the "demand for bread can only be met by the denial of beer."

CONSTERNATION prevails in various parts of Russia, owing to the rapid spread of cholera. Germany and Austria have adopted precautionary measures.

THE POPE'S private fortune makes him the richest man in Europe, notwithstanding his wealth has shrunk greatly from the vast sum left by Pius IX. Much of the shrinkage has been due to unfortunate investments in building bonds and incorporation stocks—investments made for the purpose of receiving a higher rate of interest than that paid by the Rothschilds.

MISS MADDEN has traveled 2000 miles on horseback on her mission for the lepers of Siberia. She has secured a large sum of money for a hospital. It is said that she has become convinced that a plant grows which is a sure cure for leprosy. A leper cast out from human habitation, who slept upon the ground in the fields, came in contact with it and was cured. Efforts are being made to identify the plant and bring it into use.

KOSSUTH the famous Polish patriot is now living in retirement. Although he has passed the four score years and ten he is still as hale and hearty as when he fought so bravely and persevered so nobly in the grand fight for home and country. The world honors such men, though they deplore the circumstances that made the heroic defence necessary.

THE POPULATION of Newfoundland, according to the last census, is 197,934. It is also shown that there is no immigration to the colony, and that the males are over 3,200 in excess of the females. Of the total population above stated 193,353 are native born, leaving only 4,600 as coming from outside countries. Of this number, 1,565 were born in England, 1,112 in Ireland, 382 in Scotland, and 1,163 in other British colonies. Of "foreigners" there are 368, the greater part of whom are Americans. The greater male population is accounted for by the fact that the young women of the colony find employment in the United States, and they go thither in large numbers. The emigration of young men is not so large. The population engaged in the fisheries is given at 53,502 in the census of 1891, which is a decrease of six thousand as against the number so employed at the census taken in 1884. There are only 1,545 exclusively "farmers," but a large number of the persons engaged in fishing also cultivate their own land.

NOT A SUBSTITUTE.

Spirituality is not a substitute for study and investigation. The preacher who imagines that he needs nothing besides the Holy Ghost to qualify him to expound and enforce the word of God, and goes to the pulpit with no other preparation but prayer, is mistaken. One might as well expect the Holy Spirit to enable him to procure his daily bread without toil as to expect this Spirit to lead him into all truth without diligent inquiry after the truth. The Holy Ghost is a teacher, but He teaches only by means of the word.—*Advocate.*

National, Not Provincial.

Among the many excellent addresses made during the great Convention of teachers in Montreal last month, one by Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education in Ontario, deserves mention. It was an address of welcome, and was more—a call to cultivate the national spirit. He said: When a teacher comes from another province I cannot recognize him. I do not know him. Officially his certificate amounts to nothing. I have to say to him, my dear friend, you must pass our examination. The utmost I can do—and this is a great stretch—is to recognize his professional training. Why is this? Because each Province has its own standard, and each standard has only a value in the Province to which it belongs. And thus we are provincial instead of being national. Friends, I said Mr. Ross, with rising feeling, "I tell you that if this country is to have a future—and I believe in the future of the country—we must cease to be provincial and learn to be national. At Ottawa, in beautiful quarters, which cost about five million dollars, and a large additional expense yearly, a number of gentlemen meet to make laws for the whole Dominion. That is a noble object. They do make such laws; but they have never yet succeeded in unifying the sentiment of the country. Why should we not, in a Parliament like this, devise some scheme by which we could erect a standard of education which would be recognized from Halifax to Vancouver? Let us unite; let us banish provincialism; let us broaden our horizon; let us take a lofty, high look at our glorious heritage; let us foster true patriotism, which can only be done by taking our stand, side by side, as citizens of a common country in which we take pride, and in whose future we believe. And we can do this through the teachers. There are 20,000 of them in this country. They are a mighty power, in some respects more potent than the press and pulpit. They constitute a moral force so great that one almost shudders at the possibilities of it. They move the mind, they influence the heart. It is a force mighty for good—aye, and potentially mighty for evil. The greater the eminence, the deeper the fall, when there is a lapse from high ideals. Now, here is a map of British North America—(holding up his hand). Suppose we had a unification of standard and method, one similar thought, one common aspiration, a cheerful working in unison with a common ideal in view—every one of these teachers would put his hand and his pointer on that map and, beginning with Nova Scotia, point out each of the provinces till British Columbia was reached, and then he or she would say, 'This is your country, all this is yours.' And it is all theirs now; but how do we realize it? Then the speaker told how they realized it by describing how each province had its history written separately without regard to the Dominion as a whole, chronicling, with great minuteness, every parish or vestry transaction, everything distinctly provincial, but neglecting their common country, the various educationists of which had never been able to agree upon a common history of the Dominion. Could they not reach a point of agreement as to that history? Could they not broaden their horizon? Could they not think of themselves as citizens of a great country? Let one thought go forth, then. Let them look abroad, and behold a country larger than the states of the Union, and compared with which the countries of the old world were dwarfed into territorial insignificance. Let them legislate here in this parliament for this country as a whole. And our children of to-day will, in twenty years hence, through the patriotic influence of their teachers be proud citizens of a nation, not of a province.

There was more in the same strain, breathing a broad, generous, lofty patriotism. All sections and creeds met in the new Association, but neither section nor creed had a place in their deliberations. Such distinctions were unknown. They recognized the aristocracy of intellect. They honored intelligence, but they knew no nationality. Let their meeting, then, tell for good, for a broad citizenship, for a generous and comprehensive patriotism.

They Like High License.

The fact that rum men are favourable to high license is the strongest condemnation of that system of encouraging and establishing the iniquitous traffic.

Here are some rum opinions, gathered from the Voice.

The President of the National Prohibition Association, the most powerful organization of distillers and wholesale liquor dealers in the United States, says:

"The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate High License until Prohibition is destroyed or its political efforts broken. I repeat that our best weapons to fight it with are High License and Local Option by townships."

Peter E. Iler, the most prominent distiller of Nebraska, says:

"High License acts as a bar against Prohibition. It also gives the business more of a tone and legal standing. In all my experience of ten years in Ohio before the temperance movement twenty years here previous to High License and since, I believe that High License is one of the grandest laws for the liquor traffic and for men interested, as well as people at large, there is."

Metz & Bros., leading brewers of Nebraska, say:

"High License has been of no injury to our business. In our State we think it bars out Prohibition. We are positively certain that had it not been for our present High License law, Nebraska to-day would have Prohibition."

Henry H. Shufelt & Co., distillers of Chicago, say:

"We believe that High License is the only remedy for Prohibition. We think the trade in any state should favor High License and just restrictions, that is the only solvent of the question."

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. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

The Call From India.

BY REV. A. D. SANDBORN.

Kneeling, we fall
As in the dust before you,
And humbly we implore you
To hear our earnest call;
By homes where darkness reigns
And jealousy maintains
Its cruel sway,
Where woman's trusting love,
Pure as the gentle dove,
Is thrown away,
Lightly esteemed,
And she a vile and worthless creature deemed.
Guarded by bolts and bars,
A life-long slave,
With naught to save
From the dark stain that all her being
mars.
Her virtues trailed in dust,
Her honor soiled,
The victim of dark lust,
And she despised for being thus despoiled.
No tender love will requite
Her wearying toil,
No innocent home delight
Relieve the mood
Of the slow poisoning hours,
Or the low, dull pain
Of heart and brain,
As womanhood's noblest powers
Lie crushed beneath the heavy weight
Of her cruel, cruel fate;
And even in death is the hope denied
Of finding life beyond the mystic tide.
By these we plead with you, oh, tell us why
You leave us thus to pine and droop and die.

REPORT OF FIRST DISTRICT.

The Annual meeting of the W. F. M. Society was held at Perth Centre, July 9th 1892. Although it may not seem that much has been accomplished for Missions in this District, yet we believe that it has received an impetus that must tell in its favour as the years pass, if we remain faithful to our duty. The meeting was held in the church just before the evening session, therefore, our time for business, was necessarily short. The officers were re-elected. It was afterward decided that Mrs. Chas. Watson be Vice President for River-de-Chute in place of Mrs. Jos. Wolverton, elected last year. Mrs. C. T. Phillips and Mrs. H. Hartt from Second District were with us and rendered us much assistance and encouragement.

The following contributions were received.

Arthurette.....	\$ 3 10
Bath.....	11 53
Bumfrau.....	5 75
Perth.....	5 22
Long Island.....	1 00
Wicklow.....	6 00
Collection in the evening.....	3 90
Total.....	36 50

Though in comparison with what is raised in some Districts, this may seem very small, yet it is a larger amount than has been raised in this District during any previous year, and we may well feel encouraged, to thank God, and press forward, hoping for greater things in the near future.

A Union Missionary Meeting was held in the evening. The President, Mrs. Stephen Baker, in the chair. The meeting opened by singing of Hymn 62, No. 5, Miss Maud Milbury presiding at the organ, Reading of Scripture by Mrs. Hartt. Prayer by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Singing, "Bringing in the Sheaves." After some appropriate remarks by the President, the Secretary's report was read, and its adoption moved by Mrs. J. J. Barnes in a brief and pointed speech. Mrs. C. T. Phillips then addressed the meeting she spoke of the pleasure she had in being present and gave much encouragement to the workers. Her kindly interest was much appreciated. After singing Hymn 193, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Rev. Mr. Swim and Bro. Geo. Stickney. Altogether it was a most encouraging meeting.

MRS. N. B. MILBURY,
Sec. Treas.

BUDDHA.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Buddha is a being who, because he has performed certain great deeds of self denial and suffering, becomes the object of supreme worship through all the universe. Like every one else, according to the common belief of his religion, he has been changing from one form of being to another from all eternity. At last a divine nature comes upon or into him, and it is his privilege, at death, to pass into a state which we best understand as annihilation. He ceases to exist. The worshippers of Buddha never say that he is dead; that would violate their ideas of respect. They say that he reposes. The great Buddha is usually represented as sitting in an open lotus flower, with closed eyes, and a countenance intended to be serene. He takes no notice of the devotion or the prayers of his worshippers; he has no power to help them; he is nothing but a semblance of one who has passed into a state of being just nothing at all.

The religion of Buddha had its origin in India. Gautama, who is usually supposed to be its founder, was created ages and ages before he reached the human stage, and was passing all that time from one form of animal life to another. At length he was born a prince, the only son of a powerful Indian monarch. For twenty-nine years he enjoyed all the splendours of his father's court. He was a wise prince and a great heathen philosopher. His life was elevated far above ordinary princes of his time and place; he was, doubtless, a prince in character and in ability, according to the wisdom of his day and of his race. At the age of twenty-nine he renounced his royal rank and fled to the wilderness, where for six years he endured remarkable sacrifices and sufferings. As a reward he became a divine being, and was set up as an object of supreme adoration. He flourished as a Buddha until he was eighty years of age, when he died, five hundred and forty-four years before Christ. It does not increase our respect or glorify the romance of his history when we are told that his death was caused by eating too much pork. His worshippers believed that he attained the blissful state of annihilation, when he ceased to live on the earth.

The Scriptures which form the sacred books of the followers of Gautama were not written until four hundred and fifty years after his death. The Brahmins have banished the religion of Buddha from India, but it still prevails in Ceylon, in Siam, in Burma, in Japan, and in a part of China.

WHAT HE MADE. "I have made one thousand dollars the last three months," said a prosperous liquor-seller to a group of men standing near his saloon. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What is that?" was the quick re-

sponse. "You have made wretched homes, women and children poor, sick and weary of life. You have made two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken hearted woman. Oh, you have made much more than I can reckon, but you'll get the full account some day!"

WHAT HE BELIEVES. — While we must deplore the errors that abound in the Church of Rome we can rejoice that many an earnest Romanist can say with a writer of that body in the *Montreal Witness*:

No matter what any Protestant may say, no matter how my words and actions may be misconstrued and misapprehended, I know that I worship God alone, and I allow no rite, nor relic, nor saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, to come between me and my Maker.

He alone is my Creator. He alone in the person of his Son, co-equal and co-eternal with himself, wrought out my redemption, and he alone, when I enter into his holy presence, will be my final judge.

I know full well that there is no name by which I can be saved, but Jesus Christ, the crucified, and I rely for salvation on the free, rich, sovereign graces bestowed on me through the merits of his divine sacrifice.

The writer of these sentences may be very inconsistent. True. But it is a happy fact that he holds the central truths of Christianity. This we doubt not is true of countless numbers of devout members of the Roman Catholic body.

THE "ARMED BROTHERS OF THE SAHARA" is the title of the company of priests which Cardinal Lavignerie has gathered together in Africa, and with whom he proposes to cover a line from Biskra to the Soudan. He hopes by penetrating the various plague-spots of Africa where the slave-trade flourishes, eventually to break up the nefarious traffic. He hopes to largely increase his present force, though volunteers for the perilous work of fighting the natives, as armed soldiers as well as teachers, come slowly. When the plan of the "Black Cardinal" as he is called, was first broached, 1,700 men offered to go, but the number dwindled to less than a score in face of the terrible hardships in store for them. These are being increased, and a force of natives is gradually being educated for the work. When the Cardinal first began his investigations, they told him that slavery was largely a thing of the past; but his trusty agents found several large establishments in Zanzibar under Arab auspices devoted to this traffic and doing a flourishing business. The mode of life of these priests who are gathered for the suppression of the slave trade is simple in the extreme; and while not anchorites, they devote themselves to their work with unremitting assiduity. Their program for the day includes rising at 3 a. m., followed by mass and religious exercises till 5 a. m., when coffee is served, field labor till 7, breakfast, study and religious exercises till 11, lunch, siesta till 2.30, drill at 4 p. m., field labor till 8 p. m., dinner, prayers and bed.

IN A LADY'S TRAIN. Trains are "coming in again," as the phrase is. A late number of *London Truth* has this:

One day last week a friend of mine walked down Piccadilly behind a lady who was wearing a dress fitted with the long train now in vogue. Opposite the St. James's Club she got into a cab. She consequently left behind her on the pavement all the rubbish which her skirt had collected as it swept down Piccadilly. My friend, being of a scientific turn, proceeded to make an inventory of the collection, and he has been good enough to send it me for publication. I give it below. In the days when germs and microbes play such an important part in social life, I question very much whether these trains should be permitted by law. This lady left her street sweepings on the kerb-stone; but it must be remembered that many convey them into their own or their friends' houses:

- 2 cigar-ends
- 9 cigarette do.
- A portion of a pork-pie.
- 7 hair-pins.
- 4 tooth-picks.
- 1 stem of a clay pipe.
- 9 fragments of orange-peel.
- 1 slice of cat's-meat.
- Half the sole of a boot.
- 1 plug of tobacco (chewed).
- Straw, mud, scraps of paper, and miscellaneous street refuse, *ad lib.*

The ladies ought to refuse to endure the uncomfortable and unclean "fashion." But will they?

THE BREWERS of Great Britain subscribed \$500,000 to help their friends amongst the candidates in the late British elections.

Chicago's Drink Bill.

In an article in Scribner's Magazine for July, entitled, "Among the Poor of Chicago," the author, Joseph Kirkland says:

No one doubts but that the drink bill of Chicago—estimated at \$1,000,000 a week, of which three-fourths comes from the pockets of the poor—would change into prosperity, practically, all the adversity of the unfortunate classes, just as the drink bill of Russia—\$1,000,000 a day—would supplant famine by abundance. Much poverty comes from drink that does not come from drunkenness. A man may spend in drink the total profit on his earnings, the total surplus above necessary outgoes, and it may—usually does—amount to an insurance fund which, well invested, would form a respectable fortune during his prosperous years. Then, when old age, sickness, or accident befalls, he is penniless. His poverty springs from drink; no matter if he never was drunk in his life. The man who drinks up what he might save is as short-sighted as the husbandman who should needlessly eat up his seed wheat.

"Paying off" is often done in saloons, in which the paymaster may or may not be interested. It is a vile and hurtful practice. A late article in a Chicago paper contains the following words on this theme:

Contractor Piatkiewicz said some of his workmen habitually spent for liquor half their earnings, and that on one pay night, several years ago, he recollected that out of a total of \$480 due his men, the chips in the basket gave to the saloon-keeper \$200. To add to this, he said that as many "treats all around" were made as there were men in the saloon. From a large number of sources it was learned that it is the custom with the Polish laborers—the violation of which means disgrace—for each man on pay night to treat all his fellows, the bartender and contractor included, and for the two latter, when it comes their turn, to treat the men. It is needless to say that the contractor and bartender rarely have to pay for what they "set up" to the crowd.—*C. Voice.*

BE THOROUGH.—It pays to do well that which should be done, and little duties unperformed are liable at times to result in great damage. A letter carrier in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the postoffice, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. The letter was an ordinary, unimportant looking missive, and he kept it for the first round the next day. What consequence followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements, their notes had gone to protest, and a mill closed, and hundreds of workmen thrown out of employment. The letter carrier was discharged, his family suffered during the winter for many of the necessities of life, but his loss was of small account compared with the misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Among Exchanges.

CHIEFLY SUGGESTIONS.
"Brother Bylins is eloquent in prayer," said one member of the congregation to another, "but I don't think he is very liberal when the contribution-box passes." "No; his offerings to the Lord are confined almost entirely to suggestions."

NOTICEABLE.
There are to-day two noticeable facts respecting the prohibition movement. One is the number of new towns which are springing up with prohibition provisions in their title deeds. The other is the immense number of old towns which are voting no license.—*Western Recorder.*

HEAVY "CAUSTIC."

A good brother received this paper a little while, and then wrote that he would not subscribe because it "caustic to much." This brother has no idea of the expense of publishing a religious paper. His spelling shows he has not read much.—*Western Recorder.*

HIS RESIGNATION.

A Fond du Lac, Wis. preacher, worn out with trying to get a decent living, sent in his resignation. Said he: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church very much, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because none of you ever get married. I don't think you love me, because you never pay my salary, and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples, and by these fruits ye shall know them. Brothers, I am going away from you to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of Stillwater penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place. Good-bye."—*The Messenger.*