

# Religious Intelligencer.

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

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NATIONAL Temperance Society has entirely covered its exhibit at the World's Fair with curtains every Sunday the Fair has been open, and displays a large card on which is printed: "Closed on the Lord's Day."

SPEAKING of the third Sunday opening of the Fair, the *Christian Advocate* published in Chicago, says: "The Protestant churches in this city were unusually full last Sunday. The Fair was, as usual, relatively neglected last Sunday. It had 10,000 less attendants than it had on the wildly rainy previous day. Meantime the Fair is losing friends and supporters by thousands and tens of thousands as it deserves to."

ONE of the Catholic papers says that Cardinal Gibbons is rather reckless about his associations. It reports that a little time since he condescended to attend a meeting held by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at the Friends' meeting-house. The Cardinal, a Jewish rabbi and a Methodist minister addressed the meeting from the same platform!

A VISITOR returning from Chicago, said that the Canadian exhibit would show the world that Canada was a good country to live in. The Canadian cheese has eclipsed all others. All but nine of the 135 prizes awarded were adjudged to Canada, and 31 exhibits of Canadian cheese ranked higher than the highest American exhibit. Canada did well in butter, too, for although there are only 25 exhibits, 13 of them won medals.

ACCORDING to the Wine and Spirit Gazette there are at least 1400 illicit distilleries now running. Yet they say, "give us a good high license order to regulate and restrict the traffic." If there were one tenth that number of illicit distilleries under a prohibitory law the air would be filled with their cries of "prohibition doesn't prohibit." The fact is a rumrunner will break any law, or any heart either to gain his own selfish ends.

ONE of the most gratifying things we have seen, as touching the World's Fair, is the complaint of saloon-keepers in that neighborhood that visitors give them very little custom. One inference naturally is that the great body of such visitors are not of the sort from which saloons draw their patronage; and another is, that those advocates of Sunday opening of the Fair who think such a measure necessary to prevent the saloons being thronged on that day, are suffering from a wholly needless anxiety.

THE INLAND *Christian Advocate* points with pride to the growth of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, "the largest city in the world without an open saloon." The population is now 75,000, a gain in the present year of 7,000. Our contemporary says, with great force:—

"The Prohibitory Law is the best enforced in our city of any city in the State, and at the same time we are outstripping them all in growth, and yet the enemies would make the world believe that prohibition will kill any city."

AN OBJECT of mournful interest at the World's Fair in now the model there seen of the British battleship, "Victoria," which recently went down in Mediterranean waters, with nearly all on board. When the news of the disaster was received, the noble model at the Fair was draped in black as a sign of public sorrow. Of this model the *Chicago Tribune* speaks as "the finest and most complete of a modern war vessel ever built. It was constructed for exhibition during the Queen's Jubilee. It cost more than \$25,000, and is built throughout on a scale of one inch to a foot. Every minutest bit of rigging, every detail of the armor is so carefully worked out that a student has but to look it over to get an absolutely accurate idea of the vessel which went down Thursday off Tripoli."

A QUANT old custom in England up to the time of the last two coronations, has been the appearance in Westminster Hall at the coronation banquet, on occasion of the accession of a new king or queen, of a mounted knight in full armor, who throws down his

gauntlet as a challenge to any one who shall dare to dispute the right of the new monarch to the throne. He is called "the King's Champion," and first made his appearance when William the Conqueror was crowned king of England. It seems that the right to perform this service has been in the same family for more than five hundred years. They have furnished the champion at twenty-two successive coronations. Should the present Prince of Wales ever become king, he will know where to look for a champion if he wishes or needs one. He is the son of a plain justice of the peace, a young man of thirty-one, whose father, recently deceased, is said to have been "a typical squire, living in the quaint old Scriverley manor-house."

NEWS HAS JUST reached us from Persia of the death of Mirza Ibrahim, imprisoned for more than a year in Tabriz for abandoning Mohammedanism and accepting Christ as his Savior. During this period jailor and guards have heaped upon him shameful indignities and brutal outrages. How he has survived so long is a matter of wonder. He has borne it all with the utmost of patience and in unflinching loyalty to Christ. Boldly and yet tenderly has he preached Jesus to his cruel jailor and his fellow-prisoners, some of whom have been won by him to better ways. But he died at last from the violence of the baser prisoners, who, throttling him again and again, demanding, "Is it Eea (Jesus) or Ali," and every time the answer came back, "It is Eea." His throat was so injured that he died shortly after, as much a martyr to the faith of Jesus as any on the record of the Christian Church. The whole story has great significance for the future of the Gospel in Persia.—*Independent*.

## A Study in Wile.

I was talking last night with a ministerial friend—a man who has taken a strong and prominent part in the introduction of a newer, and as he believes a more progressive theology into the religious life of the North-west along the line of Christian union—about the recent pronouncements of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, the organ of Archbishop Ireland. My friend maintained that the Catholic church—meaning thereby the priesthood and all the vast machinery, not the rank and file of membership—is undergoing a change and that this is shown in such utterances as those of the *Chronicle*, which are in point of fact the direct utterances of the archbishop himself.

I was forced to take issue with my friend. He stands in a fine but a false position. Not that he is insincere, he is the soul of sincerity; but he like many another man, is simply blinded in the showy light of the professed progress of a church which will never shed the rays of true advancement until it has exterminated itself of priestcraft and false doctrine. Perhaps the purist will maintain that my use of the word "exterminated" in that sentence is unjustifiable, and to satisfy him and still stay in the bounds of truth I may say that the Catholic church will never shed the true light until the mighty church-membership has risen in its educated strength and exterminated the priesthood and error.

The position taken by Archbishop Ireland has already begun to attract wide attention, and that it will be still more widely noted the prominence of the man and the vitality of the question warrant beyond peradventure. In a word, the position of Archbishop Ireland is that the church of which he is so prominent a member is the real church of progress; that, though he doesn't put it in so many words, it will go to any lengths alongside of the most pronounced disciple of the "higher criticism" in showing the defects in the Bible and that it does not hold up the Bible as the inerrant word of God, but as the work of men under the divine direction who wrote at varying times and whose accounts are open to the same criticisms as the writings of other men.

In the current number of the *Chronicle* the archbishop has another editorial article which intensifies and emphasizes the one referred to above. In it, with an assurance that in a less important matter would be denominated in these days "gall," he makes the

assertion that "the Bible alone, taken away from the church (of course the Catholic church) is void of all authority as a rule of faith.... Nothing but the authoritative voice of the church lifts the books of the Old and New Testaments above the field of ordinary criticism and invests them with divine authority; and so far as the church differentiates them—and only so far—do they differ from the productions of the human pen. Without the church it is not possible to form an authoritative canon of the books of Scriptures, or to attribute to them divine inspiration, or to define the inspiration which is supposed to belong to them."

After this attempt to show the policy of the Catholic church the archbishop, whetted in his desire to be deemed a bold even though blasphemous iconoclast, sneers at Moses and the other Old Testament sages and prophets who were "favorites" of God and whose fingers, so he says, the Protestants maintain "moved over their parchments under God's directing hand." Then with another mouthful of blasphemy which should have choked him into silence, he says that such arguments as this, and that the books of the New Testament were written in a similar manner, are nothing more than "a mere pious assumption." A little farther on he says that there is nothing, "absolutely nothing," he reiterates, "left in the history of the books of the Old Testament to support the idea that they are inspired," and, he adds "to a great extent the same is to be said of the history of the books of the New Testament." How in the world he came to have the extraordinary magnanimity to put in those words "to a great extent" is beyond comprehension.

After referring to the belief of some Protestants in the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and to the opinion of others as to verbal inspiration, he passes with easy grace to the "higher criticism" and proceeds to show how this has knocked the last prop from under the feet of the followers of Christ outside the glorious pale of the Catholic church. Then at an easy pace he ambles along to the next point, viz., "The Catholic church sees herself vindicated by the modern higher criticism, and all the positions of its sixteenth century opponents battered most disastrously to the ground." He indulges in some show of crocodilian lachrymation because the victories of the higher criticism are favorable to unbelief, saying amid his priestly tears: "Meanwhile our sympathies go out to the earnest and anxious souls in Protestantism whom contemporary Biblical criticism disturbs and alarms; we love the truths they love and we would not have them fear for their inheritance, such as it is, unless they were to be enabled to see the safe and enduring ground upon which they can rest it;" of course, the ground of the Catholic church.

We may not attempt any discussion of the "higher criticism" here; we may not enter into argument as to damage liable to be sustained from it by the Protestant faith, but we may well pause and express something like admiration at the sublime exhibition of assurance shown by this wildest diplomat of the Catholic church in America, when he maintains that the church of which he is a conspicuous member is far and away the all-important element in the religious life of the day, above all Scriptures, above all else which makes the religion of the Christ the glorious beacon light of the ages. His position is not a new one; he has added nothing to his reputation for originality in the promulgation of his views; he has simply given another exhibition of the well-established principle that the priesthood of Catholicism will never lose a chance to adapt itself to the times. And this adaption is always in the style of the professional trimmer.

Let those who, like my ministerial friend, believe that the Catholic church is changing its spots bear this in mind. The Catholic church, meaning thereby the great Catholic machine, will never change its position upon any point which it believes essential to the preservation of its hold upon the bodies and souls of men; the Catholic church, meaning thereby the great body of believers, may change under the benignant influences of the free religion of free America. God hasten the day when the mouths of those

who would place any human-made church of any denomination above the Bible and empowered to give or take from the Bible elements of essential or non-essential value, may be closed so tight that nothing but a hand above the human may unseal them.—*Marcus Duncann*.

## 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.]

## NOTICE.

The Woman's Foreign Mission Aid Society of the Seventh District will hold its annual meeting at the time and place of holding the annual District Meeting which will be at Beaver Harbour about the last of July. It is earnestly requested that Secretaries of Local Societies will send in their reports not later than July 22nd. And it is also requested that all money sent to the District Sec'y Treasurer will contain as little change and be in as large bills as possible.

Respectfully,  
LYDIA J. FULLERTON.

## Report of F. M. Society of Second District.

On Saturday June 17th we wended our way to Pembroke. The air was cool and bracing, and the scenery along the river delightful. In the afternoon there was a large gathering, to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the W. F. M. Society of Second District. It was a profitable meeting. These anniversaries are interesting places. It is then we look back 'over past history and forward, hopefully to what the future may develop. In every phase of Christian work there are difficulties and discouragements to meet, and this work has been no exception. Having no missionary in the field has, we fear, cooled the enthusiasm of some of our sisters. Many seem not to be aware that a young lady, Miss Gaunce, of Fredericton, has offered to consecrate her life as our Foreign Missionary.

It was resolved that we adopt the system of using mite boxes and Mrs. A. C. Thompson was appointed chairman of committee to procure and distribute them among the Aid Societies.

On motion it was resolved that a vote of thanks be given to the Editor of *INTELLIGENCER* for the use of missionary column and the encouragement he has given us in our work. It was also resolved "that whereas the *RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER* is an excellent religious and missionary paper, that we therefore do all we can to extend its circulation."

The officers elected for ensuing year were Mrs. A. C. Thompson, President and Mrs. A. Rideout, Sec.-Treasurer for Home Mission Society.

There was an interesting missionary meeting in the evening. Addresses were made by Revs. G. Swin, C. T. Phillips, Dr. DeBlois and A. C. Thompson. Secretary's report was read and adopted.

We have not heard from a number of Aid Societies. Gordonsville has lately re-organized. We will probably hear from them and others later on.

Tracy Mills comes to the front with \$34.00. Its continued prosperity is probably mostly due to the faithfulness with which its members keep alive its monthly meetings. The Secretary says they have increased in numbers and interest during the year. They have also what they term a self-denial fund (\$2.50) which they will forward to Mrs. Boyer, India, for her boys.

The pastor at Waterville, Rev. T. VanWart, manifested an interest in having collectors appointed. Results are \$10.25 for Foreign and over \$15.00 for Home. This is well for a small society. Would it not give our work a great impetus if the pastors of all the churches would thus lend their aid and influence to this grand cause.

The society at Hartland although small still realizes the benefit of their monthly meetings. They send \$9.55. The Secretary suggests that we adopt the plan of collecting quarterly, as the results are much more satisfactory than to wait until the end of the year. This year we miss the excellent report which Miss D. VanWart of Woodstock,

has sent us all these years. Faithfully she, with others, has toiled in the past in their quiet way; and all over this district are these quiet workers. Their reward is sure when he comes to make up His Jewels.

Woodstock contributed.....	\$22 00
Lower Brighton.....	13 25
Third Tier.....	7 00
Brookville.....	3 85
Victoria Corner.....	10 05
Somerville.....	3 00
Connell.....	4 85
Lindsay.....	5 40
Upper Brighton.....	2 25
Knoxford.....	5 65
Knowlesville.....	7 72
East Bridgewater.....	1 00
Beaufort.....	1 32
One half collection.....	5 64

Total \$146 78  
Of this \$3.00 was voted for mite boxes and \$3.00 for current expenses.

Now sisters we have it in our power to make the incoming year the best of our existence by more earnest prayer and faithful work. Will we do it? The cry comes to us from over the waters:

"Hark the wail of heathen nations,  
List the cry comes back again,  
With its solemn, sad reproaching,  
With its piteous refrain,  
We are dying fast of hunger,  
Starving for the Bread of life,  
Hasten! hasten, ere we perish,  
Send the messengers of life."

Respectfully submitted,  
R. J. ALEXANDER.  
Farmerston, June 30th, 1893.

## Pastoral Social Calls.

A writer in the *Living Church* tells of a clergyman whose people complained that he did not "drop in oftener in a social way." On being informed of this he entered the following Monday morning upon a course of house to house visitation. It is true this was washday, but he didn't mind it. He promptly adapted himself to circumstances. Entering a house, he began talking about soap, and ammonia and royal blueing, and wire clothespins, and patent line pulleys, and stationary washtubs, and pickup dinners, and tired laundresses. It was just delightful. Tuesday he resumed his rounds. Now he discoursed on beeswax, smoothing-irons, satin finished shirt fronts, the consumption of fuel and the everlasting raking at the stove. He grew in favor. Wednesday he continued ringing bells and wrapping at doors. He threw out wise suggestions about the work basket, spoke of stocking darning and how to sew new patches in the demoralized seats of little boys' trousers. He showed a charming familiarity with needles, scissors and thimbles. He made a deep and abiding impression. Thursday, nothing daunted, and moved by a noble ambition to elevate the flock, he spent the entire day commenting upon pleasures derived from former calls, evening parties and dramatic entertainments. It tired him awfully, but he would not give up. Friday found him talking up the merits of furniture polish, the advantages of salt over tea leaves for cleaning carpets, describing different methods of dusting and the wholesome effects of exposing mattresses to the sunlight. He kept growing in favor. Saturday morning he hurried through breakfast, and after consulting the list of names he informed his wife that he would not return until late in the evening, and again renewed his pilgrimage. Some families who didn't keep cooks were at work in their kitchens. He insisted upon going there so as not to disturb their plans. He fascinated them with his knowledge of culinary science. He discussed the relative merits of baking powders, told how to make ice cream without eggs, brown bread without yeast and delicious jelly from dried apples. He expressed a hope that they never fried fish without flouring and warned them never to drop crul-lers into the kettle until the lard was boiling. He abominated hot lemon pie, but by the urgent invitation of a newly married experimentalist he consented to eat a piece and suffered for two days afterwards in consequence. Sabbath morning the church was filled with people. But instead of preaching a sermon the minister made this statement: "With a desire to conciliate these of my brethren who never, in health or sickness (and I have been in both conditions,) think it necessary or polite to call upon me, I have spent the entire week in the parish. Out of 200 families I have found just nineteen persons ailing. Two complained

of ulcerated teeth, one was suffering from a stiff neck, one was nursing a toe with an in-growing nail, three had sick headache, five were doctoring for neuralgia, two had asthma, one was laid up with a broken leg and four had colds in their heads. Under the circumstances I have had no time left for study or the preparation of a sermon. Of course you do not expect it. Let us pray." Of course this is somewhat overdrawn, but it is nevertheless a capital "take-off" on a practice which is erroneously styled "pastoral work." As such it is a mere travesty. There is a wide difference between a pastoral call and a social call. In the former the subject of personal religion is the paramount topic of conversation. Once upon a time a pastor made a regular pastoral call upon a family that had complained that he did not call upon them enough, and he said he never afterwards heard a complaint from that family. The truth is a good many people do not want a call of this character. No wonder that many self-respecting ministers have a feeling bordering on contempt for such a demand upon their time. Social calling is a matter which society regulates, and in respect of such calling the obligations resting upon a minister and his people are mutual and reciprocal. —*Midcontinent*.

## A Nebraska Judge on Rum-sellers.

Judge Hubbard, of Nebraska, in passing sentence upon some convicted rum-sellers, characterized in vigorous terms their evil business. He said: "There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the mind of all; and yet we look upon that man who takes life quite as surely but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense murderers, and you are in the spirit, if not in the letter, guilty of manslaughter; so the law says whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. You bloated victims upon the witness-stand, and who committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own."

You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty, and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare, as if from the house-tops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans, watered with the widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty, and rage. Anxious mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring, with the wiles and the smiles of the devil, into midnight debauchery.

THE FRENCH are, as usual, in trouble in their East Indian possessions, and are threatening Bangkok, the capital of Siam. All this grows out of a not very important quarrel between the French and the Siamese over the border of their respective territory, such a dispute as is very easy to provoke where borders are undefined, and where one party is glad to extend its possessions. With six million subjects the King of Siam is not quite powerless against the small French forces, especially as his army is in part officered by Europeans. Bangkok, which a French ship threatens, is a city of five hundred thousand people, with horse cars and electric lights. While France wants Siam and England does not want it, yet England does not want France to keep small independent or protected buffer states between her Indian possessions and her strong neighbors; and it was to be expected that an English fleet would be sent to Bangkok on the first report of a French movement. Siam would not at all object to an English protectorate. We presume the Siamese King will yield a little more territory to the French, and pay no indemnity for the attacks of his garrisons, and the French will retire for awhile. Then an English protectorate may be arranged, and England, as usual, will get the best of it, and the greater burden of responsibility.