

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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ABOUT RENEWALS.

To all subscribers we appeal for prompt renewal subscriptions.

The INTELLIGENCER needs you all, and hopes you feel that you need it.

To renew at once will, probably, not inconvenience any subscriber; while his doing so will greatly help us.

We are hoping that December will bring us the payment of all subscriptions now due, and renewals from all for 1895.

Do your best—and do it at once.

NOTES AND LEANINGS.

So zealous have the Japanese been in the war with China that a number of their women have offered to enter the army as active soldiers.

There is now on exhibition in Berlin an Egyptian who is 7 feet 9 inches tall. He is but 16 years old and is growing rapidly. His name is Hassan Ali. In the same exhibition is a little French woman sixteen and a half years old and but 2 feet 2 inches in height.

The new czar is twenty-six years old; the king of Spain is eight; queen of the Netherlands, fourteen; king of Serbia, eighteen; khedive, twenty; emperor of China, twenty-three.

It is estimated that the number of Jews in London is between 100,000 and 120,000. There are 15,964 Jewish children attending the London Board and Jewish Voluntary schools of the lower grades, so that the total number is probably not far from 20,000.

Some years ago electricity was substituted for the gallows in the execution of criminals in New York. It has however, been contended by some electricians that the men so put to death were in reality killed by the subsequent autopsy, not by the electrical current, and that resuscitation was possible after they had been pronounced dead.

Electrical sunstroke is a new disease which arises not from heat so much as from light. It befalls workmen employed in melting metals by means of the electrical process. Even at a distance of thirty feet the rays will produce a hot, pricking sensation like that of a burn on uncovered portions of the body. The skin then becomes copper colored, in some cases a brownish hue. Entire sleeplessness and fever follow. The French doctors are trying to devise a method of treatment.

Electricity is playing an important part in the present war between China and Japan. The Japanese especially are quick to turn to account any advantage offered by scientific appliances, and in Corea they have materially strengthened their hands by taking possession of the lines and stations of the telegraph service. Their men are trained in construction as well as in actual manipulation, and can be trusted to keep the lines in working order as long as they retain control.

It is to be hoped the reports of the emigration of Russian Jews to Jerusalem are not exaggerated. There is a benevolent society whose object is to assist emigrants from Russia; and it is claimed that more than 30,000 Russian Jews have already taken land near Jerusalem. No place is better for the Jews than Palestine, if the country could come under the protection of a nation like England, which would afford security to property.

The fact is regrettably admitted by those close to the Queen that Her Majesty must remain almost a cripple the rest of her days. It was hoped for weeks that she would recover the use of her limbs after her severe attack of rheumatism in August, but her disability became chronic, and it is believed she never again will be able to walk more than a few steps at a time. It is impossible for her to step up or down, even in or out of her carriage, and an inclined gangway is now provided for the latter purpose. A specially designed chair has been provided for carrying her Majesty up and down stairs.

The Molokans, one of the best known and most highly respected of the Russian sects, a body to whom Mackenzie Wallace in his book on Russia pays a high tribute, are now to be subjected to the attentions of a Special Commission appointed to inquire into their growth and the influence they are said to be exercising on surrounding communities of Orthodox Russians. Two members of this Commission have been prominent persecutors of the Stundists. Their names in this connection have more than once appeared in *The Christian World*—M. Morder and Skvortsoff. One of the objects placed before the Commission is to devise a plan for combating this sect, and for leading them back to the Orthodox fold. We all know what this means, and we await the sad news of a fresh persecution. The Molokans, who closely resemble the Presbyterians in their doctrine and form of Church government, number probably, 200,000 souls.

The remedy for Hard Times.

In a recent sermon Rev. Dr. Hanson, of Chicago, uttered some plain truth about the "hard times" of which so many complain. It is such truth as needs to be pondered by Christians everywhere. God cannot be disregarded and robbed of what is His due, and the wrong-doers, whether nations or individuals, escape the penalty. Dr. Hanson said:

What are the causes of the hard times? A good many people seem to know. Some say, "Demonstration of silver;" others say, "Tolerance of silver too long;" others, "Fear of free silver." Republicans say, "The Democrats;" Democrats say, "The McKinley." But the Lord's diagnosis is, "You haven't been living right." You have been forgetful, extravagant, lost in the selfish rush for wealth. "You have robbed me," the Lord says. "How have you robbed the Lord?" I hear some of our good people exclaim, holding up their hands in horror. Here is one way in which the Lord has been robbed. Say we sent away \$1,000,000 in round numbers last year for the benefit of foreign missions. That looks like a big sum, doesn't it? But over 3,000,000 people contributed it. That is equal to thirty-three and one third cents each. Think of it! That is giving generously to the Lord, isn't it? Yes, I am thankful for these hard times. It's a good thing for nations to feed on husks once in a while, like the prodigal son, or they would die of fatty degeneration. I honestly believe that these hard times are going to result in good times for the church of God. We have been too busy making money—getting too far away from the church. Disbelief is spreading—there is a strike on in the ranks of theology. The church is in deep trouble. The people must be brought back to the fold. I honestly believe that we never will have good times in the United States until the nation bows its knee reverently to God. Let the people lay their tithes on the altar, as in the days of Malachi and the cup of the nation will run over with prosperity.

Unrest Among Priests.

The *Converted Catholic*, whose editor, Rev. Jas. O'Connor, was himself a Roman Catholic priest, says: "There is a great and growing unrest among Catholic priests and people. Priests who are weary and sick of Romanism, and disgusted with the priesthood, daily come to Christ's Mission. Last month, at different times, two priests called repeatedly; and on each occasion they were welcomed in such a manner as the name of the mission gave them reason to expect. 'Come unto me,' says Christ, 'all who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' As those priests sat in the office of the mission, and conversed with the pastor, telling of their experiences in the priesthood and their longing for a better life, the rest and peace of God came upon them. They had never spoken to Protestant ministers who feared they would be misunderstood. But at Christ's Mission they found a former priest, who was in sympathy with them in all their trials, and lovingly desired to help them. This opened the door of secrecy which had previously closed their hearts; and the animation of their countenances and the grasp of their hands showed how they appreciated the word of kindness, freely spoken. We want to help such men in every way; and we can do it if our friends will help us to do so."

We have had much to say of the Paulist Fathers—Elliott, Young, Doyle, etc.—whose church is on West Fifty-ninth Street, this city, and of their lamentable failure "to make Americans Roman Catholics." A few Sundays before the election in this city, last month, one of these Paulists, Father Doyle, told the congregation that it was their duty as Roman Catholics to vote against the constitutional amendment forbidding

the appropriation of public money to sectarian schools. He did not go so far as the four priests of the church of the Sacred Heart, who, on the Sunday before election, told their congregations to vote the straight Tammany ticket; as Tammany Hall was the friend of "the church." Archbishop Corrigan, in a letter to the *Baltimore Herald*, November 15, denies that he gave instruction to these priests to preach in favor of Tammany Hall; but he did not rebuke or suspend them, as he did Father McGlynn in 1886, when the latter opposed Tammany Hall—not in his church, but in a public hall.

The Gothenburg System a Failure.

So writes Kate Lunden, a native of Sweden, who by actual observation knows whereof she affirms. In the *Union Signal* of October 25, after speaking of the decrease in the consumption of liquor in the rural districts of Sweden, she says, "But it is simply astonishing that any one can claim that the decrease in the consumption of liquor is due to the Gothenburg system in the face of the fact that through local option almost seven-eighths of the population of Sweden is under prohibition. And as a further proof of the inefficiency of the famous system can be cited that in Gothenburg, its birthplace, the convictions for drunkenness have increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. since 1880, and in Stockholm we find an increase of nearly seventy-five per cent. since the system was introduced there in 1876. It is argued that the liquor companies under the Gothenburg system have no other profit than the interest on the money invested. At present the Swedish banks only pay about three per cent. interest, and the six per cent. received under the Gothenburg plan can, therefore, be considered a good investment, even if the subscribed sum is actually paid in, which is by no means certain in many instances. If six per cent. interest is paid on money still held by the individual subscriber, of course his profit is so much larger. Any system that tends to make the liquor traffic respectable can never be regarded as a temperance measure. The Gothenburg plan has succeeded in transforming the low groggery, which a self-respecting man would not enter, into a 'well-ordered eating house,' where, under the cover of taking a meal, even the posing 'moralist' can indulge in a regular drunk, and where the young men graduate from the lunch counter and soda fountain into the class of professional tipplers. In the name of temperance and morality, with the most prominent men of the communities as directors or shareholders in the companies, the system has entrenched itself behind a wall of respectability, which is in fact one of the most formidable bulwarks of the liquor traffic, and which will prove of greater resistance to the advancing temperance host than all the barricades placed in their way by the undisciplined liquor men."

Religious (?) Shirkers.

Shirkers are found in every community, and in almost every church. They appear to be utterly devoid of conscience in regard to their personal obligations. They can look on the sin, poverty, and wretchedness of men, and not lift a finger for their relief. They can see their neighbors toiling, suffering, and making sacrifices in the cause of humanity, and not offer a helping hand, and fell no condemnation on account of their neglect. They are thoroughly selfish and useless, nor do they ever think they are doing wrong in doing nothing.

They are fearful and faint-hearted, or they are not in sympathy with the leaders in every good work, or they do not approve the methods adopted, or they consider the work beneath their dignity, or they are fully occupied with their own personal and private affairs or some other excuse serves to satisfy them in their indifference to great, public, reformatory, and benevolent movements. Most shirkers comfort themselves with the reflection that they are not needed. They are not in the Sunday schools, the prayer meeting, or the temperance movement because they have such a modest opinion of their own abilities that they hope they will not be missed.

But the cause of God suffers when the weakest one deserts his post. The

threads of which a great cable are made are very slender. One of them would not support a pound weight. United and twisted together, they bear the strain of a great ship and hold it fast to the pier. The united efforts and prayers of all Christian people in almost any community would revolutionize its moral life. —Chris. Adv. care

Moody in a Gin Palace.

Mr. Pentecost related the following at a meeting in Scotland not long since:

When Mr. Moody's old mission was on the south side of Chicago, two men opened a gin palace. They fitted it up with velvet couches, gilt-framed mirrors, and marble tables and cut glass; in fact, it could not have been more superb. They issued invitations right, and left to a free lunch on the opening night. One of the partners sent, in fun, an invitation to Mr. Moody, who, on receiving it, with his usual readiness to seize an opportunity of working for Christ, went down to the gin palace, where he saw one of the proprietors. Going up to him, he said:

I received an invitation to come to a free lunch last night. Do you mean me to accept it?

Certainly, we do, was the reply.

May I bring a few friends? inquired Mr. Moody.

Yes, of course; we'll be glad to see them, answered the publican.

I'll be round with some friends, replied Mr. Moody.

The other partner, who had heard part of the conversation, thought this strange, and called after Mr. Moody, what is your name, sir?

My name is Moody. I have accepted your invitation, and will be here by and by.

Oh, but what do you mean to do—pray? inquired the man, somewhat alarmed, for he had heard of Mr. Moody before.

Well, it is probable that a few men will to-night use God's name in vain, and we will be here to use God's name in another way, replied the evangelist.

But we can't allow that, said the publican. But you will allow oaths.

That's different. Well, then, said Mr. Moody, I will give you the option of kneeling here just now with me, or I will hold a prayer-meeting here to-night. Which will you prefer? Pray just now, then. Kneeling down, Mr. Moody prayed that these men might voluntarily give up the traffic, or that they might be ruined. The business was not given up, but in a few weeks these men were utterly ruined. One started a low drinking shop in another quarter; the other man went into different towns trying to start also, but Mr. Moody's prayer rang in his ears wherever he went.

At last, one day, in despair, he went out to a lonely place to kill himself. He drew a knife out of his pocket, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when his Christian mother's words came back to him as clearly as though they had just been uttered: My boy, if you ever get into deep trouble call upon God.

He did so, and now he is going about the various towns in which he tried to ruin men, preaching the gospel. His old partner failed in his new shop, and he is a ruined man.

SUNDRIES.—London has the reputation of being the largest fur market in the world....Paper carpets are cheap....Coal is dug by electricity....England taxes gravestones....Paris has female bootblacks....There are nearly 1,400 telephone exchanges in the United States, giving employment to 10,000 people....A telegraph line now crosses the Gobi desert in China 3,000 miles in length....A telegram from New York to Australia has to go nearly 20,000 miles and is handled by fifteen operators....One man can make 60,000 tin cans a day by the aid of improved machinery....In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any elections....Piles driven in a marsh on which Winchester College, England, is built, are as sound to-day as when driven, 500 years ago....New Zealand is contemplating pensioning all citizens when they reach a certain age....The average annual rice product of China and Japan is 250,000,000,000 pounds....King Leopold, of Belgium, rides a bicycle....Great Britain makes over 130,000 bicycles a year.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

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

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

A Woman's Work for Women.

Miss Pratt, a missionary of the American Board, writes in the "Independent" of the work of a Bible woman in Turkey.

Illie, a Bible woman in Midyat, Turkey, is a woman of very ordinary abilities, but she has surely had divine help in her work; and with tact, sympathy and devotion to souls she has labored against opposition greater than has been met in such work in any other place in our field. She went to Midyat thirteen years ago, before there was a church there and before there were any really Protestant women. There were a few Protestant men, but their wives on one occasion after being induced to start for the chapel where they were to have a meeting slipped away when their leader's eyes were turned and on reaching the door she looked back to find herself alone. The Jacobite women in Midyat are as strongly opposed to Protestantism as are Catholic women in Mardin, and in those early days they were much more vigorous in their opposition than now. After Illie had been at work there a few years the missionary was one day calling with her when a tall, fierce woman meeting them said: "You are the ones that have spoiled Midyat," and answered one of the lady's remarks with "I would wring your neck; I would throw you down from the roof;" and only three years ago when a prominent Jacobite joined the Protestant church there was a mob of women in the chapel yard the first time he attended the Protestant service.

Illie has given lessons in reading to more than a hundred women, but her most valuable work has been her faithful religious teaching. She knows the religious condition of every woman in the Protestant community and of almost every other Christian woman in the village. All the women in the Protestant church and community were brought in mainly through her efforts, and through her instruction a large number of other women know the truth perfectly, tho they do not yet acknowledge it. Many men confess that her exposition of the truth in the houses first shook the foundations of their faith in the old Church, and that she was the means of bringing them over to Protestantism.

Her First Case.

A woman missionary in Ceylon, who is also a physician, tells the story of her first case.

I was sent for to see a woman dying from the effects of a snake bite; she was very collapsed, bleeding from the mouth, ears, etc. The native snake doctor had treated her by smearing a painful ointment over her eyes to prevent her from going to sleep, applied rice and egg to the wound, and given her powerful medicine. I said I feared I was too late, but if they would let the woman come to my house I would do my best to save her. After reviving her a little, we brought her home. I thought she would have died before we could get her there, but the fresh air revived her somewhat. We nursed and tended her, and to everyone's astonishment she began to get better. The snake doctor's medicine acted, and brought its own complications with it. As she was able to understand, she was told about Jesus. We taught the husband a simple prayer and simple facts about sin and the Saviour; both seemed to understand. On the fifth day a crisis again set in, and I feared, after she had been getting on so well, that, in spite of all, she would die. I was obliged to break the news to her husband. He said, 'Then let her die a Christian,' and begged us to pray for her and tell her what to say.

"She was perfectly conscious, and of her own accord said, 'If I live I will become a Christian; if I die I will now go to heaven to be with Jesus, I have no fear but think I am going to get better.' That night I thought, 'She is indeed our first fruits; healed in soul though not in body.' She asked her husband to meet her in heaven, and he was so grateful to us and fond

of her we felt he would come out for Christ. To make a long story short she did recover, and at a meeting in their own village last Sunday she and her husband came and publicly testified before their heathen friends their intention of becoming Christians.

THE GIRLS.—Of the 250 successful candidates for the degree of B. A. from the London University recently eighty-one were women. Last year there were only thirty-two women graduates.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.—The Gibson Free Baptist Sabbath School intend having a Christmas tree entertainment on the evening of Christmas day. The school is young, has done well so far, and it is hoped will have the encouragement of all who are interested for its success.

They are Everywhere.

There is, it is said, hardly a state in the United States that has not a post-office with the name "Smith" in it, and there are 1,500 postmasters and post-office employees named Smith. Illinois has, for instance, a Smithfield, a Smithdale, a Smithboro, a Smithshire, a Smithson and a Smithville. Then there are Smith creeks, Smith's ford's, Smith's ferries, Smith's mills, Smith's groves, Smith's valleys, Smith's cross roads, Smith's lakes, Smith's landings, Smith's corners, Smith's rivers, Smith's flats, Smith's ranches, Smithburgs, Smith's basins, Smithtowns, Smith's branches, Smith's roads, Smith's forks, Smith's points, and down in South Carolina, Smith's Turnout—all post-offices, too, from Maine to California, and who knows how many Smith places there are that are not post-offices? In Michigan there is a Smith in St. Clair county and one in Saginaw; a Smith's Corners in Sanilac and in Oceana counties; then there are Smith's Creek, two Smith's crossings, Smith's Sliding, and Smithville, four of them post-offices. Two Smith's in Michigan are postmasters, and among business men there are about one hundred in Detroit in business, twenty-five in Grand Rapids, twenty-two in the two Saginaws, to only seven in the two Bay cities. Lansing has four, Kalamazoo eight, Ypsilanti six, Adrian seven, and so on down to Adair, a small town of sixty or seventy-five people, where there is one.

Among Exchanges.

SOMETHING WRONG.

Make your mistakes teach you something. There is something wrong with the man's head who falls down on the same banana skin twice.—*Ram's Horn*.

NOT TILL THEN.

We are never willing to admit there is insanity in our family until some member of it makes a will that doesn't suit us.—*Tidbits*.

HE SHOULDN'T WRITE.

The writer who, in these days of schools and colleges, does not know enough not to roll his manuscript does not know enough to write anything worth publishing. We can endure a good many things, but the rolled manuscript—well, it is a great strain on our patience.—*Telescope*.

VERY STRANGE.

It seems not a little strange that while every first class railway in America prefers employees that are temperance men, the C. P. R. should dismiss an agent for doing temperance work. Stupidity of that kind has never been a characteristic of C. P. R. management. The great Canadian Railway should put itself right at once.—*Can. Presbyterian*.

AN ANNOYING HABIT.

One of the most annoying things is to have one's conversation constantly interrupted. A man or woman who has anything to say that is worth saying, desires to say it in his or her own way; and those who have sense to appreciate it will be equally desirous to hear it without interruption. Yet it is a common thing for a conversation to partake more of the nature of a Babel than a conversation among rational beings, who are supposed to know what each other says. Interruption is the grossest of impoliteness; nevertheless it is as common an occurrence as conversation itself.

Literary Notes.

The spirit of Christmas breathes through the pages of *St. Nicholas* for December. Poems, pictures and stories, bring to mind all of the happiest associations of the season. "The Foul Christmas," as told in a poem was one that he spent on a throne while the king went about, free hearted and merry. A new serial, "Christ and the Wonderful Lamp," is begun. A simple little home story, is "The Martyrdom of a Poet." A story of brave adventure and achievement is "President for One Hour." "Fighting a Fire," shows the routine of a fireman's life in New York city.