

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

In an article entitled "Impressions of America," a high-caste Brahmin of Bombay wonders "how rich ladies and gentlemen of this country, with high notions of modesty and morality, can go to the theater" and witness the indecencies he there observed.

Here is an item that might have come from the dark ages: The Pope will permit the Bishop of Versailles, on the occasion of the May fete, to exhibit the coat of Christ, which relic is kept at Argenteuil, on condition that the invitations sent out do not contain the statement that the coat is the seamless garment worn by our Saviour. This provision is made in view of the fact that the seamless coat is understood to be preserved in the cathedral at Treves.

The person who has the reputation of being the oldest living woman in Illinois, if not in the United States, is Mrs. Rebecca Ann Lichner, of New May, Ill., who was born December 18, 1776, and is thus over 117 years old. She is of Norwegian descent, was married in 1800; and of her eight children the youngest, Samuel, now eighty-one years old, lives with his mother and works daily in the fields.

In Ireland vaccination was made compulsory in 1863. Since that time the Irish Poor Law Commissioners have carried out the law and the whole population has been vaccinated. From 1850 or 1840 the yearly average of deaths from smallpox was 5,800, in the next decade it was 3,287, and in the next 1,272. In the year 1867 they were 20, in 1868 they were 19, and in the next year 6, so that the Irish doctors banished this scourge as effectively as St. Patrick did the snakes. The "personal liberty" plea of those who objected to vaccination was disregarded much to their own benefit. So it must be as to the rum traffic.

It must not be forgotten that times are as bad in Europe as in this country. Complaint is made in England that trade is rapidly declining. There has been a decrease in almost every line of business abroad. The "hard times" are world wide. *Journal & Messenger.*

True: The hardtimes to a certain extent are world wide, but there are degrees, "slow" Canada seemed to be touched the least by their beautiful influence, while the "fast, pushing go-ahead" United States are catching it worst of all, after all it is the steady and sure though comparatively slow progress that tells not the fitful mushroom growth.

The Japanese government will open a national fair in Kyoto next year to celebrate the 1100th anniversary of the establishment of that city as the capital of the empire. A prominent feature of this occasion will be a religious exhibit, comprising temples of the various sects represented in Japan, and also Christian churches, if the missionary bodies see fit to furnish them. These temples and churches are to have open doors and constant services, the doctrines of each communion having the right of free promulgation, and interpreters furnished wherever necessary.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has just completed in New York the building of the largest and most magnificent private residence in America. It cost not less than four millions, and no one knows how much more. One is glad to be assured that among the objects in view in the construction of this great palace was the putting of a large amount of money in circulation in the employment of hundreds of laborers. The structure covers 16,625 square feet of ground.

Neal Dow.

Acquaintance with this veteran author and chief apostle of Prohibition commands respect and admiration. Enemies may malign his doctrine, yet are compelled to pay tribute to his unique and noble personality. His career has been remarkable; he was born for leadership and victory. For sixty years he has been, in many respects, the most marked figure in Maine; and in the cause of prohibitory liquor legislation the most conspicuous man of his generation.

The event which fixed Neal Dow's hatred of the saloon is, perhaps, not generally known. An impulse was given in this direction even while he was a boy in his teens, as he witnessed the universal desolation wrought by the free use of New England rum and cider brandy. But a specific incident stirred his soul to its profound depths and made him from that moment the apostle of reform. A respected friend and neighbor, a man of splendid abilities and high social standing, had become a dipsomaniac. He held office under the United States Government in Portland. He was informed that it would be impossible for him to retain so responsible a position unless he gave up drink. It was ascertained that reform would be possible if a certain saloon would refuse him liquor. Neal Dow visited the proprietor and laid the case before him. The tempted man had a beautiful home, a cultured and noble wife, a large family of children, a fair salary, the loss of which together with the ruin of his manhood was bringing untold misery and danger to all. The saloon keeper was urged to desist. He replied: "It is my business, my business to sell liquor. I will sell to any one who wants to buy, whoever he be or whatever the circumstances. I am licensed to do this."

Burning with wrath and indignation Neal Dow went forth from that interview a reformer. In his inmost soul he vowed that it would yet be impossible for any man in Maine to purchase of his State a permit to ruin his fellow-man and desolate his home. He saw that in order to put down the grogshop there must be a change in the law, and in order to have a change in the law there must be a change in public sentiment. The outcome of this was a personal campaign that lasted ten long years. At his own expense the young reformer traversed the State as opportunities for public address presented themselves. Temperance tracts were sown broadcast. These excursions into outlying townships sometimes lasted two, three, five, or even ten weeks. The interest awakened in these rural communities often surpassed expectations. Farmers frequently transformed haycocks, by means of evergreens, into booths in order to carry the ladies of the neighborhood miles to these temperance meetings. Through persistent efforts of this kind Neal Dow educated the people and brought the entire State to his way of thinking. This aggressive work, however, was often done at the peril of his life. Once a hired ruffian sprang suddenly from Bill Davis's famous saloon at the foot of Exchange Street and assaulted young Dow. He was so badly worsted in the fray that no one again ventured publicly to attack the wiry and intrepid reformer. A similar illustration of Neal Dow's fearlessness occurred in connection with a celebrated rum case tried in Portland before the introduction of the Prohibitory law. An organized gang of ruffians planned to lynch a countryman, whose telling testimony had injured their cause. As he passed from the courthouse into the mob Neal Dow entered the crowd, took the man by the arm and conducted him to a place of safety, no one daring to intercept him. The secret of his power lay in his indomitable will. The old Virginia phrase, "Never say die," describes perfectly his temperament. Danger and difficulty only roused his energy and fired his zeal.

It was during his first term of service as Mayor of Portland, in 1851, that General Dow prepared his first draft of the Maine Prohibitory law. He presented the same, in manuscript form, before a committee of the Legislature, May 29th, 1851. The committee voted unanimously to recommend its passage without change. This hearing occurred the day before the

final vote was to be taken. The manuscript must be printed that night. The State printer was an ardent rum-seller. Her foreman, a Portland boy, was equally enthusiastic for temperance, and through his co-operation the famous document was in print ready for use early the next morning. The Legislature by a vote of 86 to 40, and the Senate by a vote of 18 to 10 adopted the recommendation of the committee and established a law which reversed, in one day, the whole policy of the civilized world. The younger generation has grown up wholly ignorant of such a public evil as an open saloon.

Few men are permitted to enjoy so completely and for so long a period the public fruitage of their own labor. Neal Dow is blessed with a vigorous, happy, quiet, useful old age. His nineteenth birthday, March 20th, finds his natural force somewhat abated, tho his eye is not dim, nor that brightness of intellect which has given to his personality its peculiar charm.

His is a beautiful old age, amid beautiful surroundings. He is a keen student of passing events, and as keen an interpreter of their significance. He wields a facile and vigorous pen; and wherever he sees a newspaper attacking the cause of temperance or prohibition, in England, Canada or America, he writes in correction of error or defense of truth.

A glance at the venerable host and we are done. His personality is pronounced. Advanced age cannot conceal the signs of vigor. He is still alert in movement, vivacious in speech, enthusiastic in spirit. The stamp of health is on his brow. He is hale and hearty at ninety, because food, drink, exercise, recreation and mental activity have always been regulated by the principle he applied so rigorously to narcotics. Firmness characterizes action and form. The prominent cheek bones, the chin, the finely compressed lip and the unflinching eye all speak the determination which so often made the one man mightier than the multitude. The cordial, benevolent smile that lights his face as he enters into familiar conversation reveals the subtle spiritual fact that all true greatness and decision of character have their groundwork in kindness and love. Only he who loves can be a hero. One of the mysteries of the world in its ceaseless and painful struggle with evil, personal and Satanic, is that God does not make more such men to battle with wrong. The fact that they are misunderstood at times, and persecuted is one of the proofs that they are disciples of Him who confronted opposition at every turn.—*Rev. D. W. Pratt in Independent.*

The Queen and the Premier.

The 'Court Circular,' which, it is said, the Queen herself rigidly edits, announces that 'the Queen has graciously accepted Mr. Gladstone's resignation.' An English Liberal paper remarks that the announcement of Lord Salisbury's resignation ran as follows: 'The Queen accepted his resignation with regret.' Some of the Radical organs speak bitterly of the fact that the Queen 'does not express any regret for the departure from her 'councils of the mightiest living Englishman after sixty years of service; 'one who, moreover, of all others has 'been the safeguard of the monarchy 'against unwise friends and open foes.' The pity is that the Queen has so little love for Mr. Gladstone, not that she does not entertain feelings which she does not express. Considering that the history of England has been a constant evolution of the principles of liberty and equality, and that privileges given year after year, it is unwise, though, after all, not very strange, that royalty should identify itself with privileges, and cling to those who constitute themselves the champions of inequality. It is a pity that Queen Victoria, a woman of the very sternest principles, highest virtues and most unbending integrity, should have so much personal regard for a tricky Beaconsfield and so little for a lofty-minded Gladstone. Does the monarchy insist on counting itself as part of the procession of privilege and inequality that is marching off the stage? It may be correct in doing so, but as we have said, it is eminently unwise. The Queen's ancestor, Canute, the Dane, acted with greater

wisdom when he taught his lords that a monarch could not forbid the rising tide. None can fail to admit that privilege is fighting a losing battle, and that less royal casts in its lot with it the better for royalty. Royalty should remember that it exists for the good of the people, and not for the good of royalty. To assume the latter by identifying its fortunes with those of privilege is to condemn itself to righteous extinction. We can hardly expect queens to be philosophers, however, they are likely, like other people, to take the color of their views from those of their surroundings. Women are said to be natural Conservatives; social life is their sphere, and social life is the stronghold of inequality; the primrose dame is the natural bodyguard of social inequality and has no genuine counterpart in the Liberal ranks. Youth is the time for progressive ideas. Lord Beaconsfield himself was a Radical in youth; so has been many a great Conservative. What wonder then if a member of a Conservative family of the most mulish sort should in advanced age show herself to be a Tory. All the more noble has it been in the Queen to have loyally accepted throughout life every natural and normal development of the self-governing principle, so that of her reign it can fairly be said that it has been one of the most remarkable in the history of England for constitutional progress, as well as for every other great and good thing, and that under her England has become the freest and most democratic country on earth. The greatest figure in this great evolution has been Mr. Gladstone. Pity that the Queen should have no regret at parting with her greatest minister, her greatest contemporary, and him who has done more than Wellington to render her reign illustrious and to render her throne impregnable. It remains to be seen whether the institutions which were attacked when Mr. Gladstone was leader will be less bitterly assailed when he is off the scene.—*Montreal Witness.*

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.]

A Reminiscence.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER:—While reading of the work of the Lord at French Lake, Sunbury Co., and being much interested, my mind was led back to a time, a few years ago, when I went to that place, in company with the President of our Missionary Society. It was in midwinter and in getting there we both took quite severe colds, so that we were laid by for a day. We can never forget how kindly we were taken in, as strangers, and cared for by those who have since passed on to the better land. The next day we called at each house, our object being to acquaint the people with the needs of the mission field and their responsibility in connection with missions. We also collected what we could for mission work.

I remember very well, a very aged couple whom we visited. As soon as we had entered and began talking, that dear old sister stood up and praised the Lord for having directed our steps to her humble dwelling and asked that the Lord's richest blessing might rest upon us and upon our work. She then handed us a small contribution which seemed like the widow's mite. It was all she had. I have often thought of those dear people and from my heart I say the Lord bless them and may He also bless all His hope helpers as well as dear sisters Boyer and Gaunce in India.

One who is interested.

Caste Women of India.

BY MRS. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG, BURMA.

We hear much of a Hindu woman's degradation and seclusion and ignorance; of her sufferings, her helplessness and hopelessness, and the half of it all is neither told nor known. That in from all the world, without books, without music or even the knowledge of a song to sing; without needlework or fancy work of any kind, or any occupation or amusement whatever, save what the naked little children make, how can she escape an almost

vacant mind, if not hopeless imbecility? If she is a wife she may arrange her cloth and her jewels becomingly and contrive dainty dishes for her husband, of which she will partake when he is satisfied; but if the one to whom probably, as a baby she was betrothed, happens to die, even these poor pleasures are denied her. She is a reproach, an outcast, accursed, in all God's heaven no star casts a ray of hope to her. What influence can such a one exert or what power can she wield?

A whole race of women have lived for generations under these conditions, and remain intelligent and lovable, with a native refinement marvellous to see, and no woman in the world exercise greater power. Perhaps you will be startled if I say that they hold the destiny of their country more completely in their hands than the women of any other land; that they are the ruling power in India, although this power is exercised so quietly and out of sight. Repressed power is always the most dangerous. Women in Christian lands can participate in almost every amusement and every privilege open to the other sex, can have their women's aid societies in every philanthropic measure of the day; and perhaps this very widening of her influence diverts time and thought from father and brother, husband and child. Certainly it gives us community of thought and action. Women are as much elevated by the mental and moral culture of the day as men are.

In India it is not so; all the influx of civilization and religious light from the new world has fallen on the men alone. It has had no means of reaching the hidden retreats where the women dwell. The only rays of light that have penetrated there have been carried by the missionary women, and by few in number, who have been able to reach their sisters in their seclusion and till from house to house the story of the cross. I believe this, above every other reason, is the cause of the slight hold Christianity has taken of the caste people of India. A caste woman has not even her father or brother to care for; she was separated from them in early childhood. Her whole life has but one vent, one direction in which to grow, and that is out through her husband and her sons to the world beyond. To keep her husband and sons loyal to her is her only ambition, and there is nothing too hard nor too high for her in her endeavour after it. Thousands fail and yet many succeed; and when one fails it is generally because another woman has usurped the place. There is something very suggestive in the fact that the most beautiful and renowned building in India (The Taj Mahal) was built as the tribute of a devoted husband to his queen.

Again, every Hindu woman is bound to keep her husband and sons in the good old paths after the strictest sect of Hinduism. She generally cares far more for religion than her husband does. She is, if you please, more superstitious. Woe to the man who is recreant to her faith! His wife may not say much, but his mother will; there is neither peace nor rest for him hence-forward.

When you urge a Hindu to give his reason for not accepting the Christ of whose claims he is intellectually convinced, he will be slow to give it; but it is almost invariably one of three reasons: "I cannot break my poor old mother's heart." "I am afraid of my mother's curse." "I cannot give up my wife and children." It is a woman's influence that holds him back.

Many of these men love their wives and children—more, perhaps, love the tasty break-fasts and savory dinners that no one else will take the trouble to cook for them. For one reason or another, all find it inconvenient, at least, to have no home, especially as hotel life and restaurants are incompatible with caste. Now, to have a home one must please the woman who dwell there. If a man wishes to be a Christian, he has not merely his wife or wives to contend with; his mother and grandmother, his brothers' wives, and all the women of the establishment (usually not a few) club together to bring him to his senses; they will coax him first, but they have no end of devices for bringing him back to their faith if coaxing fails. Men know this and the terror that hangs over the head of every one of them is, that if he persists in what the women of his household call evil courses. Some-

thing will be mixed in the food which they cook which will conquer all stubbornness and end his days.

The only thing a man can do, and what every caste man who has become a Christian has been obliged to do, is simply to leave them all—literally, to run away and leave with them his property, his house, his children, and everything he owns in the world. Bunyan's description of the pilgrim starting on his pilgrimage has been literally fulfilled in many a Hindu.

I remember a case in point—a wealthy and influential high-caste man, who, I have no doubt, is a converted man, and who was baptized by my husband some years ago. This man was remarkable for breadth and strength of character, a man of sterling worth and great independence. He was practically king in the district where he lived, and he thought he was able to be a Christian and make his household either submit or leave. He was wealthy, had two wives and a large "following." When he came to the house of the native preacher to ask for baptism and to offer himself to the church, a crowd of retainers came with him, among whom were his two wives, weeping and tearing their hair. One of these—one to whom he was strongly attached—beat her head against the wall of the house until they had to hold her to keep her from killing herself, while she declared she would kill herself, rather than see her husband a Christian. But none of these things moved him. He deferred his baptism for a while in consequence, but avowed constantly his faith in Christ, and his purpose to confess His name publicly in baptism. He did so. He came and was baptized, but he hid to his property and one wife. He had no children. His friends found that they could do nothing with him, for he was too far above them to fear them. However, they were determined not to lose him. Finding that he had actually left them they all rallied round him again. His wife said "he was wise and good, and she would cook his rice and be a Christian too." The rest of his household said that if he, in his wisdom thought it best to be a Christian, they could not gainsay it; he was greater than they; they would be what he was. So they cooked his food, and ate with him as before, and treated him as well as they knew how. It was not in human nature not to feel flattered with all this deference to his opinion. For about a year his conduct was exemplary; but soon the heathen influence by which he was surrounded began to tell upon him. His wife and relatives made trouble when other Christians came to eat with him, and defiled the dishes. It was only a matter of eating and drinking, and he thought it hard not to conform a little to their wishes when they had borne so much for him. He was strongly attached to the wife who had remained with him, and her influence had induced him to withdraw more and more from intercourse with other Christians. He said that he knew it was wrong, but he was really worried to death. After a while his other wife came back to the house unbidden. Again and again he promised to break away from them all. He believed in Christ; he worshipped Him only, and wanted to follow Him; but he said he saw there was nothing for him to do but to build a small house for himself and live there alone, that he could not be a Christian and live in his heathen home.

This man's case is a remarkable one, because he had sufficient authority, for a time at least, to compel his household to submit to him; but they conquered in driving him at last.

These women are standing right across the path of Christianity in Hindustan. The work of converting them, humanly considered, is restricted to the labors of Christian women among them. Sisters here is a work peculiarly yours that no one else can do. How will you do it? With lukewarm zeal, spasmodic efforts, and indifferent success? Or with all your hearts undividedly, till it is accomplished?

MORE THAN ONCE A YEAR.

The sooner, however, churches and preachers lay aside the idea that one Sunday in the year is sufficient for temperance teaching the better. The cause demands constant advocacy and incessant work.—*Irish League Journal*