Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XLV.—No. 6. FREDERICTON N. B, FEBRUARY 10, 1897. WHOLE No. 2252

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Independently of the new Archbishop, there are now seven teetota Church of England prelates—the Bishops of Chichester, Carlisle, Durham, Lichfield, Wakefield, Newcastle and the Bishop designate of Peterborough.

General Maceo, the most popular and successful of the Cuban leaders was a mulatto. The President of Mexico is half an Indian. General Dodd, the French hero of Dahomey, is a Senegalese quadroon. The mixture of races does not quench genius, as Dumas had proved in literature, altho a prevalent superstition is slow to admit the truth.

In the recent municipal election in Glasgow, Scotland, woman's work and woman's vote won a splendid triumph for temperance. Fifty of the 75 members elected to the town council are favorable to the temperance reform, 35 being personal abstainers. Of the 15 magistrates 11 are personal abstainers, 2 favorable to temperance reform, and 2 opposed.

A Texas newspaper gives an account of a revivalist, who was so carried away by enthusiasm at the closing prayer-meeting as to depart from sober statement in the following strain:

I have done a good work. I am like the celebrated Napoleon, who, after Bunker Hill, exclaimed, Sic semper tyrannis; I came, I saw, I conquered.

It is reported that a milling concern in South Dakota has discovered that the Russian thistle, whose spread in the Northwest has caused so much alarm, can be used for fuel, and has offered farmers $1.50 a ton for all they can supply. An exchange remarks that probably some farmers, whom neither law nor entreaty could prevail upon to cut the thistles on their places, will now mow them down.

A Curious spectacle was witnessed the other day in the chapel of the Jesuit school, Rue de Madrid, Paris, when Abbe Courbe celebrated his first mass. The new priest was assisted at the altar by his two eldest sons, who have entered the priesthood, one being a Capuchin. By the marriage which he had contracted before he took orders Abbe Courbe had several other children, all of whom were presnt at the ceremony.

It would seem that, in the turnabout of old customs nowadays, children have begun to marry their parents off. A newspaper in the State of Georgia states that the following wedding invitation has been issued:

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Conrad Stelling invite you to be present at the marriage of their mother, Mrs. Caroline Strickland, to Mr. Walter Cameron, on Thursday evening, November 26, 1896, at 8.30 o clock, at their residence, 14 Liberty street, Augusta, Ga.

Writing about the Emperor William's love of dress, the London 'Globe' correspondent says that his uniforms of the German Army and Navy, including helmets, caps, shakos, rifles, swords, and sabers, are kept in cupboards. Next to these come the uniforms of the Saxons, Bavarians, Hessians and others. Separated in other large cupboards are the Austrian, Russian, Swedish, English and Italian uniforms, all ready to accompany the Kaiser in his journeys or to be used on the occasion of princely visits. Finally must be mentioned his hunting and shooting costumes, his court dresses, his yachting and lawn-tennis uniforms, and his private dresses. He has twelve valets whose sole duty it is to take care of his uniforms and costumes, the value of which is estimated at $500,000. When the Emperor travels, his uniforms and costumes fill two or three carriages. His Majesty is very fond of jewelry and curios. He wears half a dozen rings, a large watch and chain, and a bracelet on his right arm.

SIXTEEN YEARS.—Last week, Feb. 2nd, the Christian Endeavour movement was sixteen years old. The number of societies is 36,237, with a membership of 2,174,220. There are, besides, 11,375 junior societies, with 341,350 members. The organization has gone into nearly every part of the world.

Some Lumber Camps on the Tobique.

No. 3.

About four miles from the bridge which crosses the Tobique River at Riley Brook, is the intervale farm, of two hundred acres, owned by Hale & Murchie. It will be a valuable farm when cleared, as the soil is strong and rich. Fifty acres are under cultivation, and twenty-five more will be in crop next season. It is the intention of the owners to clear twenty-five acres every year, until the whole is cleared. They have a large well-built barn now, but other barns will have to be built as the land is cleared.

The last cultivated farm we pass is Wm. Miller's; he has a valuable intervale. His house is the last house on the road; the last bit of turn-pike road ends at his farm; the last Post office on the road is kept by Mr. Miller, and the name of the office is Nictau.

A mile, or more, farther up, are 'the Forks" and the famous 'salmon pool," known not only to every lumberman on the river, but known, also, to many a sportsman, many miles away, who in his dreams in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, is casting his fly, and fighting his battles over again on the Queen of the rivers.

Not far away is the "Sisson Branch," a beautiful stream, and quite an important one. It runs swiftly, as it empties into the Little Tobique, as if eager to meet and greet its sister, and then together they go winding on their long journey to the sea.

Just opposite the Sisson Branch is Hale & Murchie's Depot Camp. It is a little village of log cabins, eleven in all. The cook-room is 26x36, and at one end are the bunks, where the men sleep when on their way to their camps, when "driving," or on their way home. There are hovels, granaries, sheds for hay, a cellar well supplied with potatoes and turnips, store rooms for beef, flour, butter, lard etc., and a blacksmith shop. There is one frame building, where such supplies as the men need while in the woods, are kept. Capt. Perkins, of Centreville, is the presiding genius of the Depot Camp, and his position is no sinecure, as he has to see to the weighing of the supplies that come to the Depot and weigh and keep account of all the supplies sent to the several camps. The men are paid at the Depot, on their way out. Just how many dollars have been disbursed on this spot is more than I can tell; perhaps more money than a minister (unless he is a cabinet minister) sees in three months, or than an editor in a life time.

The most important man about a camp is the Cook. I shall always spell Cook with a capital C, after this. He is King in the cook-room, and if he understands his business better than most kings, of whom Macauley and other historians tell us, he has loving subjects, who obey his slightest nod, so true is it that the royal road to a man's heart "lies through his stomach." I got acquainted with nine cooks and their assistants, this winter and I shall always have a kindly feeling for them. I did not meet a poor Cook in my travels, and the fare in all the camps was better than I get at home, but that, of course, is not the fault of my home Cook, but the misfortune of not having a well filled larder.

At the depot camp, Mr. Morehouse is Chief, and the bill of fare, the last day I lunched there, was like that at a good hotel. Here is the Menu: Beef, pork, (I always spell pork with a small p), Turnips, Potatoes, Bread, Biscuit, Cake, Mince pie, Apple pie, Apple Sauce, &c., &c. All the camps are supplied with butter, sugar, lard and Tea. The tea is black and thick, and heavy and strong; Samson was a weakling to that tea; I took a taste of it one day, and I have not wanted any tea since.

I wished, as I sat at the tables in all these camps, well supplied with an abundance of good food, that the "shades" of some of the old lumbermen could look down, or up as the case might be, at the modern lumber camp, and then, in ghostly tones, tell these men how the lumbermen fared in the olden time, on pork and beans, fish, bread, molasses and tea. How glad these men would be that they did not live in the "good old times."

Strange flotsam and jetsam float into the wilderness from many shores. Many lands and many conditions of life are represented in the lumber woods. I thought more than once of Mark Twains story of the under-graduate from Harvard, who went to the western plains to recuperate, and, pitying the lonely life and ignorance of the cow-boys, the first evening, as they sat around the camp-fire, this callow youth began in technical text-book language to give the men some elementary instruction in Geology, Astronomy, Botany, &c. The men listened silently and respectfully, but afterward he remembered how they exchanged glances. They went to their beds and slept until dawn, when the man from the Harvard was awakened by hearing the men rehearsing and burlesquing his talk of the night before. These are some of the things he heard: "Where is my volume of the Italian poets, John?" "Bill, did you see my Shakespeare any where?" etc. Light began to dawn on the young man; he had been trying to teach men who had graduated from colleges, and they had been taught in other schools, as well, until they could easily teach this "tender foot" from the effete east. I wondered how a dude from our cities, who thinks every lumberman and farmer are easy subjects for his wit, would fare among these men; for many of them have read more books than his empty head could hold, and have learned more and better lessons, here in the heart of the wilderness, than any school can teach.

Next week I will tell you of some of the men I met, and what I know about lumbering.

THADDEUS.

Some Reminiscences.

During the twenty-four years since I came to Carleton Co, I have been pastor ten years at Victoria Corner. I spent one year at Wilson's Beach, Campo Bello. I found a good people there; the moral character of the community is above the average; no rum is sold; I heard no profanity; the people are very intelligent, they have good schools. The church was in good standing, and has three as good deacons as I am acquainted with. I did not see any revival there, but I think good was done. One thing which I considered a great drawback is that the most of them are the most inveterate smokers that I ever knew. Returning from the island, I preached a short time at Waterville.....Five years ago I passed through the severest trial of my life; my wife was stricken with paralysis, was helpless eight months, and then passed away to the land of rest. I shall meet her in the everlasting Kingdom. After she left me I remained at home a short time. Then I made a short visit to the Lake, my old home, and attended the Fifth and Sixth District meetings. I returned home for a time and then attended the Fourth District meeting, and the General Conference at Cornhill. A little later I engaged with the churches at Lincoln, Rusiagornish, Wassis and Oromocto, where I preached one year. I did not see any revival, but hope good was done. I then made a short visit to Deer Island, and after that engaged with the church at Upper Hampstead, adding Wickham during the last six months. At the close of the year I engaged with Wickham, Shannon, Bald Hill and Kars. I preached one year and a half with the church at Kars; I added Carpenter and Henderson Settlement. I preached two years and a half with the church at Wickham, two years at Shannon, two years at Bald Hill, one year at Carpenter, and one year at Henderson. Last Fall, before Conference, I resigned my care of all the churches, and left them with the best of feeling. The people, in the church, and out of them used me well; I found a good home in every house and family; the people found no fault with me, and I am sure I found no fault with anyone. I went to the Lake and stopped a few days, and from there went to Conference at North End, St. John. After the Conference I went again to the Lake, remained two weeks, and then came home. Now I am engaged at Wicklow and Clearview.....In conclusion I wish to say that when I commenced these reminiscences I did not expect the cultured would be interested in them, but I felt as if I would like to tell my friends, and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, of His great goodness to me. Although I do not pretend to think there has been or is anything miracul us in my experiences or life, yet when I look over the past, I can truly say goodness has followed me all the days of my life, and I know it will to the end. With the experience of God's wondrous love and grace made known to me, I want to persuade every one to come to Him and be saved. The psalmist says, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." One of the many reasons why men do not come to a kind loving Father is because they have wrong conceptions of Him. I am convinced, and have been ever since God revealed His love in my heart, that too much of the teaching has left the impression in the mind of many that God takes delight in punishing his poor helpless creature, man. Now I have no blame to lay on anyone, but I remember well what I got in my mind when I was a boy, and until I got religion I could not get rid of. Although christians I knew were all strict trinitarians, and believed in unity, yet the impression left on my mind was that love in Christ was all that was manifest to the world, and that God dealt out justice to men. Now suppose that was really true, it would at once say there are three Gods, while the Bible plainly says there are three persons but one God, and that these three are one in essense, one in mind and one in attributes. So the love of Christ is the love of God. I have been fifty-five years preaching this glorious truth, and now that I am very near the end of my journey my faith is stronger in the truth of God's word and the glorious gospel of the blessed God than when I started in the divine life. I feel love and gratitude welling up in my heart to my Father in heaven for the way He has led me and kept me in the faith once delivered to the saints. That faith comes by the word of God. I know plenty of good men differ from me in doctrine, but my doctrine is just what God says. The Saviour asked the scribe, "How readest thou?" And He said again, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me." I know every person has a creed, and it is a sad thing when a mans creed lays the foundation for his eternal destruction. I think I have known men, and Christian men too, whose creed has destroyed their families religiously. I have already said my creed or doctrine is God's word. I seek no controversy with anyone, but I never have any fear to talk with any Christian man or person on doctrinal points.

JOHN PERRY.

1896 In Darkest England.

The annual report of the Salvation Army's Darkest England Scheme is issued, with a 'review' by General Booth, and 'Notes' by Mr. Bramwell Booth. 3,231,917 meals were supplied at ½d. to 4d., 1,339,246 nights' lodging at 1d. to 6d., 2,501 men were received into the factories, 411 into the First Prison Home, temporary or permanent employment was found for 11,898 men, 505 lost persons were found, 1,535 women and girls were received into rescue homes, 3,325 sick persons were cared for by slum officers. It is satisfactory to learn that 370 of the ex-criminals, and 1,209 women and girls in the rescue homes, were restored to friends, sent to situations, or otherwise given a fresh start.

The results seem to have been attained with surprisingly small balances on the wrong side. The homeless received into the shelters themselves paid $38,018 for their food and lodging. The City Colony, with its many branches, against an expenditure of £98,600, produced a return of £94,000 while the Farm Colony, at Hadleigh, in spite of the unsatisfactory character of much of the labour, and the low prices, against an expenditure of £51,572, produced a return of £46,478. The Farm Colony figures are very interesting. Up to the date of the report 2,799 (including readmissions) had been received. Of these, 404 got work before leaving, 87 were restored to friends, 35 emigrated, 52 enlisted, 10 married on the colony, 6 died, 1,059 left in search of work, 415 left without notice, 520 were discharged as unsatisfactory, drunken, unwilling to work, insubordinate, &c,, and 211 remain.

TO BE SOLD.—The Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. John, is to be sold. The sisterhood in charge of it is to leave St. John.

A New Religious Body.

In Macedonia, Epirus and Albania, there are about 850,000 Wallachians. These have been merged religiously in the Orthodox Greek community, but under the influence of various Roumanian societies, and with their consciousness of nationality stimulated by the existence of the Kingdom of Roumania—a Wallachian kingdom—they are now pressing the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople for the appointment of separate bishops for an independent Wallachian community. The Patriarch ignores their appeal), but the Wallachians have taken matters into their own hands, and, by four delegates, elected a 'Metropolitan of the Roumanians,' in the person of Monseigneur Anthimos, Archdeacon of Mesembria. They have further succeeded, backed by the Roumanian Government, in 'getting at' the Sultan, always delighted to see his Christian subjects quarrelling among themselves and he is willing to recognise their independent religious status, and has transmitted their application for the recognition of their Metropolitan to the Patriarch. If, as is practically certain, the latter continues to ignore the Wallachians, they will doubtless imitate the Bulgarians, and form a definitely 'schismatic' community. The entire story is an edifying illustration of the working of 'Orthodox' and State recognised churchism.

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.]

Our India Letter.

MY DEAR MRS. MCLEOD,—This is over-land mail day, and I must try and write you a short letter; have not time to write much. I hope to be able to write a long letter next week.

There are several things I would like to write about, but must content myself with sending you an account of how I spent Christmas. The week before Christmas I was very busy sewing on little dresses and jackets, nearly all of which were for Ujurda. The day before Christmas, I went to my Hindu school, and gave them their prizes. The best sewer received a print jacket. Several received creton bags and large pictures, while others were made happy with dolls and scrap-books.

Christmas morning I was awakened, some time before day light, by the children singing. The children of this country do not hang up their stockings, indeed there are very few who have stockings to hang up. But the majority of them look for some gift.

There was service in the Episcopal church here Christmas morning, so, in company with Misses H. Phillips, Bebee Phillips and Scott, I attended. After returning from service I went to Uma's, a Bible woman I have often mentioned in my letters, and had my breakfast. I enjoyed it heartily. I then went to the church to help with decorations for the evening entertainment. It was nearly dusk when the part allotted me was finished. While the committee on inside decoration was at work, another committee was carrying on the outside decorations. Over the gateway, a large arch, from the centre of which a Chinese lantern was suspended, was erected. Rows of plantains, void of roots, had been planted on each side of the walk. They were decorated with gaily coloured paper flags, while many little earthen saucers, used as lamps, were in readiness for the signal to light.

The home-mail, which we had been looking for all day, was not received until evening. Receiving it added more pleasure to the day.

Now a few words about the entertainment. The church was packed! aisles and window-seats were made use of. Not a few Hindu gentlemen were present, among them being the Balasore rajah and collector. Addresses in Bengali and Oriya were made, and Oriya music was provided. The most enjoyable feature, to many, was the distribution of clothes to the poor, and sweet-meats to the S. S. children.

After the close of entertainment, I went to dine at Miss H. Phillips. We were all tired with the work of the day and went home early (?) thanking our hostess for the pleasure given us.

I have yet to give Ujurda their Christmas. I am going just as soon as a room is ready for me. Last week one of the men came in to tell me about the death of one of our christians. Perhaps you have heard of Magi Barik. He has left a wife and three small children, I am wondering what I can do to help them. I must now be off to my school. Wishing you the compliments of the season.

Yours sincerely and lovingly,

L. E. GAUNCE.

Balasore, India, Dec. 28, 1896.

THE WINNING CHURCH.—Commenting on the winning church, the 'Northern Advocate says:

The attractive church is not a worldly one. It is not a formal religious club. It is a spiritual church, a church thoroughly quickened by the life divine. A live church will draw. The multitude is burdened, depressed, in trouble, tempted, discouraged; a church full of love, hope, enthusiasm, energy, will attract them. There is marvelous magnetism in intense spiritual earnestness. A wise and witty Scotch preacher is credited with saying: What troubles me is not so much the non-church going as the non-going church. When the church is in motion, when it is earnest, alive, and full of the fire of the Holy Spirit, congregations will increase, the Sunday school will grow, and sinners will be won to Christ. Nothing is so winning as life.

Among Exchanges.

IN STRANGE CONTRAST.

The lukewarmness of the U. S. Government in guarding the rights of its citizens in Turkey is in strange contrast with the zeal it sometimes manifests in keeping the Republic in evidence in its relations to foreigners elsewhere.—Can. Baptist.

CANNOT BE FOUND.

It would be impossible to found a financially successful nation on atheistic principles. If men ceased to trust God with their souls, they would cease to trust one another with their dimes. —N. Y. Observer.

GET THERE YOURSELF.

There are people who criticise the church for not coming up to the standard, who have not come up to it themselves. The church can come up to the divine standard, only as individuals come up to it. It is every man's duty to be what he believes the church as a whole should be.—Telescope.

COMMENDATION.

Honest and hearty commendation is always valued by one who esteems his fellows. He is glad to know that he has helped one of those whom he wants to help. But there are those who are too self-complacent to prize commendation. They think so much of themselves that they are unwilling to admit that the good opinion of any ordinary person is worth their valuing. Such persons feel above being praised or blamed, and they think their disdain of others is humility. True modesty prizes commendation.—S. S. Times.

Plaint of The Editor.

Would you ask us why this dunning,
Why the sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents,
Who have read the paper gladly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instructions;
Read the notes of current topics
Carefully compiled and written,
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We will answer, we will tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper maker,
From the landlord, from the "devil,"
From them all three comes a message,
Message kind but firmly spoken—
"Please to pay the bill you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted;
When the last bank note has left us;
When the red cents all have vanished;
Gone to pay the paper maker,
Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord's tribute,
Gone to pay the city's taxes—
Gone to pay for beef and 'taters,'
Gone to pay our faithful helpers.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn to see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of anxious labor;
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite one constant dunning,
Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send your overdue subscription,
Send the money that you owe us.