

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 2271

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A lawsuit for \$4,000.00 has just come to an end in San Francisco. The claimant gets one third of the estate, and the lawyers the rest.

Rev. F. B. Meyer says that when in good health the late Mr. Spurgeon would, as a matter of duty, go to bed for a day or two, simply that he might accumulate strength; and that this method worked admirably with him, and ought to be followed far more than it is by those who are given to overtaxing the nervous system.

The latest estimate of the population of the globe has been made by M. d'Amfreville, who places it at 1,479,729,000. The number of inhabitants to the square mile in Asia is forty-eight; in Africa, fifteen; in America, eight; in Oceania and the polar regions, three; in Australia, one. The yearly increase of the population of the earth is about five to every 1,000. At this rate the population doubles every 139 years.

In China a certain Chon, described as very learned, is engaged in a crusade against foot-binding, an institution which has been cherished in his country for twenty centuries. Chon has started a sort of anti small foot league, and a number of mandarins have signed a pledge engaging never to permit or encourage the foot-binding process among their families or attendants. The dowager empress of China is in favor of the reform.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society says: "It is proved that into England alone between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 birds are imported yearly, and that for Europe the number reaches 150,000,000. Hence the fashionable craze has yearly demanded between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 birds. From the East Indies alone a dealer in London received 400,000 humming birds, 6,000 birds of paradise and 400,000 miscellaneous birds. In an auction room, also in London, within four months over 800,000 East and West Indian and Brazilian birds, kins, and besides thousands of pheasants and birds of paradise, were put on sale."

"In Chicago, that city of hurrying men and restless women," says the British Medical Journal, "there were, so a popular preacher said not long ago, no fewer than 35,000 persons who actually took hypodermic injections of morphine to save themselves from the pains and terrors of neuralgia, insomnia, nervousness, etc. Cycling has become the rage in Chicago as elsewhere, and the morphine-takers have discovered that a long spin in the fresh air on a cycle induces sweet sleep better than their favourite drug. The result is said to be that the number of those in Chicago who take hypodermic injections of morphine is diminishing. Excessive use of the cure for half the ill flesh—and especially nervous, overwrought, city-bred flesh—is heir to."

Wholesale houses in St. Louis have combined and fitted up a railroad car for the exclusive use of their traveling salesmen. One end of the car is fitted with lockers and shelves for the carriage and display of samples; at the other end are sleeping compartments and a small kitchen. There are accommodations for nine persons, representing various industries—drugs, seeds, oils, etc. A schedule is arranged and sent forward to the business houses in the places to be visited. The length of the stay of the car in each place is determined by its size. The drummers either take their samples to customers, or invite the latter to the car. When business is done, the car is attached to an out going train and pulled to the next station. The plan for the first car works economically and successfully. The country hotels are the only sufferers.

WITHOUT GRINDING.—Bread is being made by a new German process in a Pennsylvania town directly from the grain, without milling the wheat or converting it into flour. After thorough cleaning and soaking, the cereal is placed in the patented dough machine where it is vigorously squeezed and passed through a series of sieves, leaving a startling amount of dirt in the process. It finds its way into wooden boxes, and thence into sowing vats. It is subsequently kneaded. The bread is said to be more palatable and nutritious than made from flour. None of the nitrogenous substances are lost. If this process succeeds, there will be no further use for flour mills.

A Popular Delusion.

BY "RAMBLER," IN THE EXAMINER.

I think I have before had occasion to remark upon the popular impression that the minister is the unpaid agent at large for the human race, that his time does not belong to himself, but to universal humanity, and that any member of the race has a right to call upon him at any hour of any day for any service or any gift. If a layman is appealed to for charity his impulse is to refer the applicant to the minister, who is supposed to have ample time and insight and wealth. If the minister is not a pastor the case becomes much stronger, as he has no duties to perform to any church; by eminence, he is the very man to give time and labor. So great is the reverence felt for the minister that it is believed he has the power of working miracles, of multiplying loaves and fishes, of doing that which is impossible.

As an instance more or less in point, I have, within a short time, received a letter from one of the British Provinces, in substance as follows: "I wish to learn in regard to my aunt, Mrs. A. B. Fifteen or twenty years ago she was living either at 1519 or 1520 George Washington street. She may have attended one of the Baptist churches; at any rate she was, I think, at one time in a Baptist Sunday school. She was once in a hospital in the city, but in what capacity I do not know, whether as patient or attendant. I do not know whether she is still living. What would it cost to have the registry of deaths examined?" An answer to these inquiries would only have involved application to each of the eighty-five Baptist churches in the city, to know if such a lady had at any time within twenty years attended the church or Sunday school, and, if so, what had become of her; also application to each of the, perhaps, twenty hospitals in the city, with a similar inquiry; also an application to the Board of Health.

The Rambler has the pleasure of being acquainted with the pastor of a small, struggling mission which is able to give him but an inadequate salary. He enjoys, to the full, the Scriptural blessing pronounced upon the man who has his quiver full, and he is also widely known as a popular, acceptable and useful preacher. As a result he is called to preach all over the large city in which he lives, which not only involves the expenditure of time, but which is almost never accompanied with any suggestion looking toward compensation, or even toward car-fare. One dear brother, now in heaven once mentioned to the Rambler that he had preached on the preceding Sunday for such and such a church; and then he added, somewhat sadly, with a felicitous use of Scripture, "No one communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving."

Sometimes this selfish thoughtlessness attains the dimensions of a crime. A pastor who formerly lived in a city about two miles to the east of Philadelphia, once said to the Rambler: "It was on a very hot day in summer that I was requested to attend the funeral of Mrs. C. D., the wife of a wealthy man, president of one of the street railways. The family did not attend my church, and were entire strangers to me. No carriage was sent. I walked to the house and back, and went to the grave. As the result of this exposure I had a fever which prostrated me for some weeks. No compensation was offered me, nor did any one even say, 'I thank you.'"

The minister is expected to go anywhere and at any time, to a funeral, a council, an ordination, a dedication, and probably he would be able to count on the thumbs of one hand the number of instances in which his expenses have been paid, to say nothing of any compensation being offered him. It is to be hoped, however, that an instance which happened in the City of Elms was unique. A young minister of a young church was requested to serve at the funeral of a child. The family did not attend his church, and were total strangers to him. On inquiry, he learned that they were members of the First church. He asked, "But why do you not ask Dr. Boaner."

ges to officiate?" "Oh, this was a case of malignant diphtheria," was the reply. "Yes," the minister said, "but I don't understand why you do not ask Dr. B." The only answer was the repetition of the information that it was a case of acute and malignant diphtheria. At length it dawned upon the young man that the family had not felt justified in exposing the eminent divine to the possibility of contagion, and so had applied to the junior.

The February 'Review of Reviews' has an article entitled, "A plea for the protection of useful men." This article is called out by the death of Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who, in response to an invitation to perform some service wrote:

"I should be very glad sometime to write an article (but probably I never shall) having for its title, 'killing a man.' I should try to show what an utter lack of conscience there is in this matter, so that men who would not on any account commit a petty larceny, will set upon a man whom they perfectly well know to be badly overworked, and knock out what little breath there is in his body; how they get between him and his hole, cutting off his possible retreat by every sort of social entanglement; how they make last year's declination a reason for this year's acceptance; how they surround the poor victim on every side until he is fain to surrender, and give up the last chance he has of getting a little rest or a little pleasure during the next two weeks, all for the purpose of delivering an address for some society, which, perhaps, ought never to have existed, or at any rate has long survived any excuse for being."

From this half humorous, yet wholly pathetic letter, which derives a touching significance from the fact that it was written just two weeks before the premature death of General Walker, we learn that the minister is not alone in suffering from the prevalent misconception as to his being the unpaid agent of humanity at large.

What Romanism Does.

What the Roman Catholic religion can do for a country is demonstrated, the Christian Statesman thinks, by the following statistics from Spain. These statistics are taken from the reports of a Consul-general at Barcelona having no reference to religious questions whatever, but for this very reason giving strong proof of the hostility of the prevailing religion of the country to intelligence and enlightenment. Of the 17,500,000 inhabitants of Spain only 6,000,000 can read and write. This helps to explain the fact that during the last five years only 16,463 books have been copyrighted, of which 10,000 are accredited to Madrid and the rest to the other cities of Spain. The average number of books published yearly is 1,176. There are 65,000,000 Spanish speaking people in the world, but only three per cent. of the Spanish books imported by the 38,000,000 Spanish speaking inhabitants in the Western hemisphere come from Spain. The remaining 97 per cent. are imported from countries whose language is not Spanish. An examination into the character of such books as are printed and circulated in the Spanish language affords still further evidence of the low standard of intelligence. Works on science, history, and public questions of the day are an inappreciable fraction of the publications.

Statistics of Old Age.

A German statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the Old World. He has found, for instance, that high civilization does not favor the greatest length of life. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than one hundred years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons that have passed their one hundredth birthday. England has 146, Ireland 578, Scotland 46, Denmark 2, Belgium 5, Sweden 10, and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast of a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 18,000,000 population, has 410.

The most amazing figures found by the German statistician came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Serbia has 575 persons who are more than one hundred years old, Roumania

1,084, and Bulgaria 3,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every one thousand inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than one hundred. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded as on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Serbia, there were in 1890 some 290 persons between one hundred and six and one hundred and fifteen years, 123 between one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and twenty-five, and 18 between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and thirty-five. Three were between one hundred and thirty-five and one hundred and forty. Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian one hundred and sixty years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is, then, in his opinion, Bruno Cotrim, a negro born in Africa and now a resident of Rio Janeiro. Cotrim is one hundred and fifty years old. Next to him probably comes a retired Moscow cabman, named Kustrim, who is in his one hundred and fortieth year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is one hundred and thirty years old.

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. J. S. McLeod, Fredericton.]

One Sunday in Midnapore.

By Rev. E. B. Stiles, in June Helper.

The clanging bell calls to early prayer. The oriental, though an early riser, is not early to respond to the call of a bell; so, as a rule, there are but few at this meeting. However, the number increases as the time goes on, till a half hour later, when the Sunday schools begin, there are a hundred or more present for that. All sizes and sorts. Little, big, clean, dirty; young, old; careless, devout. The bell rings and the school stands for the responsive reading and a Bengali hymn. The tune is often one that would be familiar to friends at home. After prayer the lesson is read responsively, and the classes go to their places for the study of the lesson. We have one of the requirements for a model Sunday school. The seats for the younger scholars are not too high, for they sit on the floor, the teacher sitting in the centre of her circle.

But who are those young men passing the church on their way to the bazaar? Don't they need to attend Sunday school? Yes, and they do attend. They are members of the C. E. society that conduct Sunday schools for Hindu and Mohammedan children in the town. We have induced the teachers of four day schools to gather their pupils on Sunday for an hour's study of the word. I mount my bicycle and visit them quite often, and am pleased to find that the children like to attend, and that they are getting quite familiar with the story of Jesus. A few months ago one of the teachers asked if the school might be closed the two following Sundays on account of a heathen festival. I asked for the wish of the scholars, and was pleased to find that they all preferred that the school should go on as usual in spite of the festival. In these schools nearly three hundred boys are taught weekly.

In the afternoon the clanging bell again lifts up its tone inviting to further worship. It calls the little boys and girls of the Christian community to the house where our ladies live; and there either Miss Coombs, Miss Butts, or Miss Bachelor take charge of them for an hour, to prevent their disturbing the public services, and for the sake of giving them teaching better suited to their understanding than the sermon would be. A half-hour after the first bell the pastor of the church or Bro. Hallam, for they take turns at preaching, rises to address a church well filled with an attentive audience. It is not necessary to give the order of exercises, it is much the same as at home. Once a month a part of

this service is the bringing of offerings for support of the church. Miss Coombs sits at the table and calls off the names of the ones that have pledged themselves to give for this purpose, and as the names are called the money is brought forward and proper credit given.

In the evening there is a meeting of the C. E. at the church. The members are all masculine, except Misses Coombs, Butts, and Landes. Sometimes there is good attendance and interest, then again there is coldness and indifference. The Sunday school work referred to above helps to keep some of the members active. Would that we could keep all at work.

There goes a wind-proof lamp where? To the house of some one of the villagers. Miss Bachelor has a meeting each Sunday evening for the benefit of the weaker and more ignorant members of the church and community. She tries to adapt her teaching to their special needs, a good work that is proving helpful to the class for whom it is carried on.

After these meetings there is home and rest, unless sickness calls the doctor elsewhere, or trouble, a quarrel, or something else calls others. Home seems good, for in its quiet we find time to review the day and to thank God that he has sent us where there is so much need; and that although we do not see all the fruit that we desire, yet we do see enough to assure us that our labor is not in vain.

Wanderings.

No. 1.

Having a little leisure on my hands, and not having had a vacation for some time, I decided to take a run over the province, visiting the brethren, assisting wherever I could and getting strength myself, and improving every opportunity which offers to say a word in behalf of the INTELLIGENCER, urging all those who are in arrears to pay up and soliciting new subscriptions. I believe I am doing as much for the denomination in this way as though I were at my regular lines of labour. I heartily agree with brother Currie, who in speaking at the Young People's Convention last summer, said, "If a man puts the INTELLIGENCER into his home, and his boys and girls read it and do not grow up loyal Free Baptists they are blockheads and beyond hope." I believe, therefore, that in spending a portion of time endeavouring to put the paper into new homes, I am helping to make loyal Free Baptists, and this means our work both at home and abroad well sustained.

One feature of this work has been a revelation to me, viz., the large number I find in arrears, and the unreasonable notions many have about the collection of arrears. How a man can enjoy reading a paper week after week for which he has not paid for two, three or more years, is a mystery which I have not yet been able to solve. If any of the brethren have figured it out will they please drop me a line telling me about it. I am not burdened with "filthy lucre," yet I always keep my paper paid in advance; but if there is a way by which I can continue to take the paper from the office week after week and never pay for it and yet enjoy it, and feel that I am using my brethren and the cause right, and doing the square thing all round, I might see my way clear to be a whole \$1.50 per year better off. But I haven't learned it so as yet, and unless I make more progress in that direction than I have in the last few weeks I fear I shall never learn it, for my observation and experience of those in these weeks has made me more a believer in advance payment than ever before. It is easier to pay one fifty each year than to let it run for several years and then have a big bill to pay. What I have said does not apply to those who have been good pay for years, but through adversity, hard times, or other like causes have got behind, and are making every effort to catch up, and who are getting clear as rapidly as possible.

My second surprise was the attitude which so many assume when asked—"dunned" they call it—for what they owe. A dialogue between myself and a lady a few days ago will illustrate it:

Jonathan—"I am looking after the interests of the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER. You are a Free Baptist, I understand; but you are not a subscriber to the paper."

Lady—"No, I am not. I was once, but the Doctor didn't use me just right, and I stopped the paper."

Jonathan—"Didn't use you right! Why, that is not like him. What was wrong?"

Lady—"I owed him five dollars, and he sent me a dunning letter, asking me to pay at once. He knew I was honest; I had paid for years, but because I owed five dollars he was right after me. He is altogether too sharp. So, I just sent him the money, and told him never to send me another paper. And I haven't had it since."

Jonathan—"I am sorry, sister, that you have a wrong view. Just let me explain: There are this year upwards of one thousand subscriptions due, which means that fifteen hundred dollars which should have been paid have not been paid; if we average up other arrears it will not be an overstatement to say that they amount to another fifteen hundred; two fifteen hundreds make three thousand dollars. Now the Doctor is in pressing need of this money; his printers must be paid every Saturday, and all the other expenses of publication must be promptly met. You were not dunned because it was you or because he was afraid he would lose it, but because you were one of hundreds who were tying his hands, unintentionally, of course, but very effectually; he must have money to keep the paper going. I really think he has been too easy with subscribers. Do you not see the position of affairs?"

Lady—"Yes, I see it now as I did not before. I did not understand it that way. Your explanation has made it clearer. I missed the paper much more than I thought I would. I wish you to add my name to the list again, and I will try and do better in the future. I thank you very much for your call."

Newspapers do not live absolutely by faith, not even religious newspapers. Brethren, keep your subscriptions paid up; you will feel better and the editor, who has also the business management, will have less burden and perplexity. Take a look at the slip on your paper. If the date on the label is earlier than July 1897, you owe something which should be paid at once.

JONATHAN.

He Had It.

An Episcopal and a Methodist clergyman were recently discussing the merits of their respective churches. "Well, anyhow," remarked the Episcopal brother as a clincher, "we have the Apostolic Succession." "That's all right," cheerfully responded the Methodist, "but we have the Apostolic Precession."

"What's that?" queried the other. "Why, the Itinerary," was the reply, "which gives to all our churches a noble procession of apostles."

Among Exchanges.

A GENIUS.

There is probably such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it without toiling for it.—Dr. Parkhurst.

WITHOUT RELAXATION.

I have learned from observation that three things happen to a man who works steadily without relaxation. In the first place, he becomes nervous, irritable, and hard to get along with. In the second place, the grade of his work falls off, his services are worthless, and he is liable to err in his judgment. In the third place, he dies suddenly. It is an incontrovertible law of nature.—Chauncey Depew.

BACKBONE.—Backbone is a good thing. Yet backbone that is unbending, that lacks flexibility, would make a very awkward useless man. The backbone of a man is so constructed and of so many parts that it is adapted to nearly all kinds of movements and positions. A man with backbone, therefore, as the term is used, means not simply a man of principle, of strong determination, of unquestioned integrity, but that one with these qualities may still have the flexibility and tact which will enable him, like Paul, to become all things to all men. Backbone is not a synonym for arbitrary stubbornness as some seem to think. There are men of noble character and sterling worth in positions of public trust who as readily adapt themselves to the times and their needs as a healthy man with a backbone in a normal condition adapts himself to the requirements of his daily avocation. Men with such a backbone of character are the men for this age and its grave duties.—The Tulscope.