

Religious Intelligence.

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

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W HOLE No. 2261

Do It Now.

Those subscribers from whom no payments have yet been received this year are we have no doubt, intending to pay. Their delay is, doubtless, because they think one time as good as another. Each one thinks of his payment as the only one delayed, and fancies it cannot make much difference. If his were the only one the delay in sending it would not be particularly noticed. But, unfortunately, there are several hundreds of them. Some have been due a long time, some since the New Year, some have become due since and some have become due this month. If they will think about it they will see that the delay of so many payments is no small or unimportant matter to the business management of the INTELLIGENCER. Will each one concerned kindly think about it, and then send the money at once? We have to repeat that those whose payments are due cannot do us a greater present favour than to forward them at once.

We hope to hear from them all within a few days. Kindly do not disappoint us.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The largest telegraph office in the world is in the general postoffice, London, where three thousand operators are employed, of whom one thousand are women. Surely, it does seem as though woman's sphere were enlarging. Whether it is expanding by mere force of circumstances or ideally is another question.

Queen Victoria has outlived all her original privy council, and also all but one of the members of the House of Lords, while she has seen 15 general elections, with 21 administrations under ten prime ministers, and has approved the appointment of 13 different lord chancellors and six speakers of the House of Commons.

The decadence of the American merchant marine of late years is strikingly illustrated by the fact that while from July, 1895, to July, 1896, 16,884 ships of various nationalities passed through the new Kiel canal, not one of these, so far as reported, was an American vessel. And yet once the American flag was a familiar sight upon the high seas, and in the harbors and estuaries of Europe.

The long-talked-of project of a railroad connecting North and South America is being revived. The negotiations between Mexico and Guatemala, which were interrupted two years ago by the strained diplomatic relations of the two countries, have been resumed, and Mexico has just appointed a commission to act with a similar commission to be appointed by Guatemala. It will be the duty of the joint commission to select a feasible route for the proposed road.

The underground trolley system grows in favour. It is extensively used abroad. It has been successfully tried in Washington and other cities of this country. In spite of the competition of the advocates of compressed air for traction, several of the most extensive systems of street railways in New York have just adopted it. It costs \$40,000 per mile, or about one-third that of the cable equipment. It can be operated on curves as gently as on straight lines, and is always under control.

Wheat is not the greatest crop produced in the United States. The statistics for 1895 show that corn is the king of crops. The acreage was 82,840,017, and the crop measured in bushels 2,468,068,000, which is an average of about 29.79 bushels per acre. The leading states rank in the product of corn, measured by bushels, as follows: Illinois, 300,636,000; Iowa, 276,016,000; Kansas, 254,999,000; Nebraska, 234,617,000; Missouri, 192,647,000; Indiana, 154,681,000; Ohio, 119,450,000; Tennessee, 101,266,000; Kentucky, 96,155,000; Pennsylvania, 57,454,000; Texas, 54,660,000.

During the last ten years the amount of alcohol consumed in France has more than tripled. Within fifteen years the number of recognized drinking saloons has increased more than 100,000, making the total about 500,000 for forty million people. In the provinces there is one saloon to every sixty-seven inhabitants; in Paris, one to every thirty; and in the manufacturing districts of the North, one to every fifteen. Within thirty years the average annual consumption of alcohol for each inhabitant has increased from a little more than a quart to more than a gallon. Absinthe, a drink increasingly popular, is far more harmful than wine, and the abstinence habit is very much more invincible than that of wine-bibbing.

In this great world of multitudinous related facts and reciprocal influences, where highways and waterways meet and meet again in intricate fashion, a natural or artificial feature of the landscape may have a practical effect upon human affairs far in excess of its own dimensions and intrinsic importance. Thus the Suez canal, which is about a hundred miles long, cuts off forty times its own length of waterway, or four thousand miles of sea journey, from England to India. The Nicaragua canal, if built, would be one hundred and eighty miles long, and would cut off fourteen thousand miles, it is estimated, between Oregon and New York. These facts afford forcible illustrations of the importance of the part in human affairs that one single factor somewhere, even if a dead material thing, may play, when it is utilized intelligently, and made to cooperatively fit into the great scheme of being as the Creator has designed it.

Loss of Ministerial Power.

BY KNOXIAN, IN CAN. PRESBYTERIAN.

That supremely good-natured and obliging brother, Dr. Parsons, once made a remark about an American minister to this contributor that was too suggestively good to be lost. The minister in question, by earnest gospel preaching and good all-round work, had made himself a potent factor in the religious life of a large city. He moved to another city, and seemed to drop out of sight. We asked Dr. Parsons if he knew any reason for the eclipse, and he immediately replied:

"HE HAS LOST HIS POWER."

We forget for the moment what the causes were that made the power vanish.

The chief factors in pulpit efficiency are intellectual and spiritual power. Both of these powers are easily lessened, and both may be lost.

The loss of intellectual power in some fields of labor is the easiest thing imaginable. The good man has, we shall say, two or three stations several miles apart. His people are scattered over a large extent of country. A sick visit to some parishioner on the limits of the parish may require half a day—a whole day if the roads are bad. Visiting two or three parishioners on the opposite boundaries may require two or three days. All the other visiting is in proportion. The result is that, if the pastor does his duty, he must spend much of his time on the road. Perhaps he has two prayer meetings each week. Each meeting may take a large part of an afternoon to get to it, and, if the roads are bad and the nights dark, the next forenoon may be spent in going home. When the good man gets home from any of these long drives he is likely to be tired and sleepy and out of sorts generally. Now we do not say that under these pastoral conditions hard continuous study is impossible. The fact that men have done it shows that it is not impossible. But though not absolutely impossible it is extremely difficult for all, and practically impossible for some. To keep up one's scholarship under such conditions requires more will-power than the Almighty has given to most men. It is easy to say what a man may accomplish if he has a strong body and an iron will. Supposing he has neither. Every minister has not a strong constitution and an invincible will.

Speaking roughly, intellectual power is maintained and increased by keeping the mind in constant and sympathetic contact with other and stronger minds. Most ministers must

do this by reading, and if a minister cannot read, and cannot in any other way keep his mind up against minds stronger than his own, his intellectual power is pretty sure to wane.

SPIRITUAL POWER

is perhaps more easily lost than intellectual, and the loss in the case of a minister is fatal. He may not know the reason why his power is gone and his ignorance makes his case worse. The people may not know what is the matter, but they instinctively know their is something wrong.

Strife, especially prolonged strife about matters involving no principle, is almost certain to lessen spiritual power. It is conceivable that a minister may grow in grace while fighting for a vital principle, but even then he must be careful. Nobody ever grew in grace or increased his pulpit power by wrangling about the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. We doubt very much if a minister ever increased his influence by contending for his own interests even when he was right. "Suffer and be strong" seems to be one of the conditions of the highest kind of ministerial efficiency.

Undue attention to the business side of church work is likely to be hard on a minister. Of course business must be done, and the Lord's business should be done well, but it does not help a minister any to be known as a man who can do business much better than he can preach. A minister is seldom on more slippery ground than when good people begin to suspect that he takes more interest in "cases" and in the Book of Forms than in his Bible. No dying man wants a mere church lawyer near him.

Doubt in regard to fundamental truth is absolutely certain to destroy a minister's power sooner or later.

Shaking one's doubts in the face of the people, and telling them the number of things you don't believe, is very likely to destroy the congregation before long. Business men fail to see why they should pay a man a salary for telling them the number of things he does not believe.

A sudden change in methods of work may seriously lessen a minister's pulpit power. A preacher long accustomed to a lively free delivery takes a serious risk if he begins reading his sermons.

The suspicion of being fond of money will knock fifty per cent. off the value of any man's sermons.

The suspicion of being selfish hurts many a sermon; the suspicion of being lazy kills a minister about as fast as anything.

There are many ways a long distance on this side of immorality or heterodoxy by which a minister may be shorn of his power. Considering the number and the subtlety of the dangers the only wonder is that the pulpit has as much power as it constantly wields.

Why He Went to Rome.

The Hon. Solicitor General's speech is now before us. We cannot help regretting that a Minister of the Crown should feel called upon to talk as follows:

"I will say this, that it is to me, and I believe to many others a source of comfort, a source of gratification to feel that while we belong to a religious body in which there are over 240,000,000 of subjects anyone, however humble he may be, can go to Rome, and within two days after he reaches there go to the head of the church and tell him the grievance, and he will be listened to and heard. That is what I did, and that is what I boast of. I say that any man who belongs to a church that can accomplish such a thing as that has something to boast of. There are few people perhaps who realize what the Pope's influence is. Men talk about the British Empire, about Russia, Germany and France, and one imagines when he speaks of these countries he has spoken of about all the power there is on earth; when he speaks of the Queen of England or the Emperor of Russia or the Emperor of Germany. All that influence is nothing compared with the influence wielded by him who presides at the Vatican. If the House will bear with me I will read one or two words written by Justin McCarthy, the historian, on this subject.

"The Pope is understood to have an influence and the right of intervention, so far as advice goes, in every country in the world. There is not a parish priest appointed in Ireland without the knowledge and authority of the Pope. There is not a Catholic bishop made in any country of the world, civilized or uncivilized, without his authority and approval. He nominates the men who

are to risk their lives in preaching the Gospel in China, and the men who are as missionaries, to brave the terrors of death in spreading the light of Christianity over countries still less civilized and far more barbarous than China. The Vatican is compelled to have its eye and its intellect and its heart fixed on every nook and corner in the world. There is no administrative system on earth which has anything like the same widespread and watchful and necessary superintendence. The net-work of the Papal authority has a mesh wherever men are living. The Vatican is, in this sense, the centre of the earth."

"Why did I go to Rome?" "Here is the reason—not in my words, because I cannot find words to convey my ideas to the world." Mr. Fitzpatrick quoted words of Cardinal Satolli: "The state has nothing to fear, but everything to hope in the existence of the Catholic Church in their midst. It has everything to hope and nothing to fear, not only as regards independence and constitutional liberty, but as regards the liberty of political parties as well, to none of which does the Church or the Pope desire that Catholic interests should bind themselves. The church holds herself on a higher plane and looks only to the common good, to the reign of truth, justice and peace."

"That is why I went to Rome."

It is a fine florid speech, no doubt; but it is the speech of the Solicitor-General of Canada. As a private citizen Mr. Fitzpatrick has a perfect right to go to Rome whenever he sees fit, and he has a perfect right to return and tell his experience. But as Solicitor-General of Canada we have yet to see the fitness of a fulsome and extravagant eulogy upon the Pope, and contrasts between him and Queen Victoria as to the influence they respectively wield. Happily no such talk was ever before heard in our parliament from an officer of the Crown. It would be quite as logical for some enthusiastic Orangeman to give reasons why he would not go to Rome and prostrate himself before the Papal foot. It would be as logical for some devout Christian to tell Parliament that he belongs to a church whose members number ten thousand millions, and whose Head will admit him to an audience any day or hour, without travelling to Rome, and who can remedy all grievances. He could add that all civil grievances are redressed for him by the Queen's courts and parliaments and that he does not need to resort to a man whose own subjects reject his political authority and hold him as a 'prisoner.' He could draw a picture, truthfully enough, of the supreme folly of trotting off to the Vatican for civil liberty and civil rights of which no man on earth can rob the Solicitor-General or his forty-four associate petitioners, unless they themselves make the sacrifice. No subject of the Queen of England need apply to the Prisoner of the Vatican for civil rights and liberties.

There are not a few in Canada who perhaps are sensitive enough as to the influence of the Vatican. It needs not the Solicitor-General's alarming note that all the influence of the Queen is "as nothing compared with the influence wielded by him who presides at the Vatican." We say it is not a very wise boast. We do not imagine that Mr. Fitzpatrick wishes to furnish material for alarmists, by telling Parliament of the net-work and the meshes of the papal system. This is exactly what they have been telling about. Certainly the quotation from Satolli is not opportune in face of Mr. Fitzpatrick's and Mr. Russell's rush to Rome with their petition for the saving of their civil rights. Who threatened those rights? The agents, the "net-work and the meshes" of the Vatican!—Presbyterian Witness.

HIS PRAYER.—The Captain of the House of Representatives at Washington is reported as having recently uttered the following prayer:

O Lord, look down upon us and guide our footsteps from the pitfalls which hem us in. This town is full of pitfalls. Keep a friendly eye on the newspaper reporters. Help the suffering Cubans, good Father, and prompt Congress to disregard an unholy President's mandates and give succor to the afflicted people on that isle. And, O Lord, hear us now, smile on us, and keep and protect us from the gangrened, corrupt influence and sway of Buzzard's Bay. Give us prosperity and bimetallicism. Speed this assembly in its work. Amen.

The mention of an "unholy President," and the reference to "Buzzard's Bay" were, of course, intended for Mr. Cleveland. Perhaps the chaplain thought he was really praying, while he was really making a political harangue.

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.]

The Mite Box.

If our N. S. and N. B. sisters could know to what an extent the mite box system has benefitted the F. M. treasury in the United States, I am sure they would not hesitate to try it fully. I have proved that it is very helpful to have the boxes on hand, and call them thank-offering boxes. Then, whenever we have a special cause for thankfulness, just drop our thanksgiving mite into the box. If we only stop to think of it, how many reasons we do have for expressing real, glad, joyous thankfulness. Sometimes we ought to be thankful for the trials or sorrows or disappointments that help us to lean harder on our Heavenly Father's care. One day, not long ago, I went to visit a lady, who said, "I am so thankful for having something cooked, that I have dropped a nickel into my mite box." Perhaps I ought to add that I was so thankful because she remembered the box that I have dropped a nickel into the little pink box which I keep on my desk. And so it goes on. One feeling of thankfulness gives birth to another. And then if you talk it out to your friends as you meet them it is wonderful how contagious the spirit becomes. Try it, sisters. You'll see if the little folks don't spy the box the moment you set it up, and you'll have to answer the question, "Mamma, what's that for?" You'll explain to them, and at once they will want to have an interest in that little box. What a precious opportunity to thus lead them into loving and living for other lives than their own. Oh, I do trust you each will have a mite box in your home, and please establish it in the most conspicuous place.

R. AMELIA DOWNEY.

W. Buxton, Me.

PERSONAL.—The lady readers of the INTELLIGENCER, especially those who read this column, will be interested in an item of India news on another page. And we are sure they will wish Mrs. Sunder many years of happy and useful life in her new home. Her interest in mission work will not cease by her change of relationship to the work and her removal from Balasore. Always she will have a deep and practical interest in the work to which she so successfully devoted ten precious years and in which she bore herself so heroically. Miss Gaunce is to spend her May vacation with Mrs. Sunder at Rangpur.

A Woman Missionary Winning Heathen Women.

How can a missionary, whose language, race and habits of thought are so entirely different from the heathen women to whom she is sent, reach these women? Can she lift them to her level, or must she descend to theirs?

This is a question which often occurs to a thoughtful student of missionary work.

A lady missionary, Mrs. Hayes, writes in the 'Independent,' of this. She says,—"When I had been in China nearly two years I accompanied my husband on a long trip into the interior. Having reached one of our mission stations six days' journey from Chifu, we decided to spend the Sabbath there with my father, who met us at that place. Shortly before the afternoon service, as we three missionaries were sitting together, an ignorant Chinese woman pushed open the door and timidly entered the room.

"I gave her a seat near me and soon exhausted my limited supply of small talk. She was too timid to ask questions, and soon an embarrassing silence fell upon us. She stared at me, while I looked deprecatingly from her to my father and my husband. They took no notice of my beseeching glances, but sat in solemn silence. This was clearly my case. I must preach my first sermon, and before two other missionaries at that! No one but a new missionary can appreciate my feeling. At last I broke the silence and interrupted my visitor's intent inspection of my feet (which felt unusually large under her gaze) by plunging desperately into my sermon.

Do you know that Jesus is your Saviour? I asked. Poor woman! She had never heard the name of Jesus. She did not even know that she needed salvation. Her only answer was a stare. I repeated the question. Still she stared, speechless. In my embarrassment I almost shouted the question the third time, whereupon she rose with a frightened look, and, saying: "I'm a stick of wood—I'm a stick of wood" (i. e., very stupid) she hurried out of the room as fast as her poor little feet would carry her, and I saw her face no more. This was evidently not the way to preach to heathen women.

An earnest missionary (and I never saw one who was not in earnest) learns quickly. A few days after this I sat in a room surrounded by perhaps sixty women. The majority had never heard the Gospel before, and perhaps would never have another chance to hear it. This time I was more wary. I allowed them to touch my hands, my hair, to feel my gown. I told them patiently and cheerfully that I was married; that I had children, two little girls, whom I loved as dearly as if they had been boys; that my mother-in-law was not living; that I was twenty-two years old; that my face was not powdered; that I did not wear false hair; that I did not make my own shoes, and that I did not smoke tobacco.

By this time I had learned many interesting and hitherto unknown facts about myself from hearing their loud comments; and they had come to the conclusion, from my answers to their questions, that I was "exactly, exactly the same" as themselves, and that they could understand every word that I said. Since then I have never attempted to speak of spiritual matters until this satisfactory conclusion was reached.

While I was wondering how I could introduce my Gospel message naturally, I heard one woman ask another who sat beside me what had become of her little four-year-old son. I shall never forget that mother's face as she clasped more closely to her breast the little baby in her arms. "He wasn't worth bringing up," she answered, forcing a smile upon her trembling lips while the tears ran down her cheeks. "Why, yes, he was; he was a fine child," said one of the neighbors pityingly. "No, he wasn't, he was not fit to live," the heart-broken mother forced herself to say, hiding her face in her baby's dress, and hoping that the malicious gods would see that she was rather relieved by their punishment, and would not insist on taking her baby also in order to increase her suffering.

"Don't cry," I said, gently. "Perhaps you will see your little son again. You certainly shall see him if you do as I tell you. He is not utterly destroyed. The heavenly Father has taken him to his home in heaven; and I have come to-day to tell you how you also may reach that home." A real smile illumined that dark, sorrowful face, as I proceeded to tell my message as simply, and with as many illustrations as if I were talking to my little children.

Among Exchanges.

SUSPICIOUS.

The man who enters politics poor and after a few years retires with a competency is not likely to have much, if any, moral character left.—Lutheran Observer.

WHAT THEY KNOW.

Those that meet you every day may not know how eloquent a talk you can make in prayer-meeting, but they know the sort of material your everyday religious garb is made of.—The Lookout.

SHE KNEW.

There are a great many people who believe in backsliding. It is a prominent article in their creed. If any do not know what this prominent doctrine of backsliding is, they may do well to listen to a lucid explanation. A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking about serious things. Do you know what a backslider is? she questioned. Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't, said the playmate promptly. But what do you suppose makes them call them backsliders? Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slip back a seat, and keep on till they get clear back to the door. After awhile they slip clear out and never come to church at all.—Rel. Telescope