

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 2273

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Prof. Lang of Vienna declares that sponges, owing to the impossibility of destroying germs in them, have long since been banished from the surgeon's table, and should also be excluded from the bathroom and washstand.

A year ago not less than forty-three total abstinence mayors were elected in England. Twenty of these were entertained recently by the lord mayor of London, and gave their testimony to the benefits of total abstinence.

In a recent competitive examination at Kansas City, Mo., for the position of house surgeon at the German hospital, Miss Emma Gantz, aged nineteen years, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, made the highest average, but declined the position, preferring to continue her studies in medicine. There were eight contestants.

Of the eighteen hundred cases of insanity investigated by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, one-half were addicted to the use of liquor. In sixty-nine out of every hundred cases, one or both parents were intemperate; and in twenty-five out of every hundred the intemperate habits of the individual were found to be the direct cause of the insanity.

Within a few weeks four internal machines have been discovered by the French police at points which President Faure pronounced like "four" was expected to pass or was passing. The assassination of kings and presidents is in the air, and in times of special excitement, and especially when these occur in the hot season, the "crowned head" that exposes himself freely is not prudent.

A man by the name of Hans Van Rengartner has arrived at San Francisco after having tramped ten thousand five hundred miles. He hails from Riga, Russia, has crossed Asia on foot, leaving Riga August 27, 1894, and going to Austro, thence over the Caucasus to Tatis, thence into Persia to Teheran. He intends to walk from San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard, and is writing up his remarkable trip for some Russian papers.

"It is stated that horseflesh continues to hold its own as an article of food with the poorer classes in Belgium," says the "Lancet." "Recent statistics show that in Antwerp alone nearly 4,000 horses were slaughtered last year for human consumption, and the number of shops dealing exclusively in horseflesh in the Belgium port exceeds thirty. Over 100,000 horses were imported during the year for conversion into meat, this number being largely in excess of the imports of cattle."

William S. Sherwood, conductor of a dining car on the Northern Pacific Railroad, who runs between Minneapolis and Tacoma, claims to have traveled more miles than any other man. He has been a conductor for twenty-three years, first from New York to Chicago, then from Chicago to Saint Paul, and for the past fourteen years has been in his present place. His record is three million two hundred and twelve thousand miles' distance, equal to one hundred and twenty-eight times around the world. This is remarkable, but another fact, that he has never been hurt in a wreck, is equally so.

In discussing the projected British railroad to India, the "Scottish American" says:—"In case of war a British railroad to India, with such a route, would be above all price from a strategic view. As a trade route even it would probably soon become profitable, while its moral value, as a connecting link between Britain and India, would be invaluable. Gigantic and enormously expensive as the undertaking would undoubtedly be, it would not exceed in these respects the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and would not stand comparison with those of the Russian railroad across Siberia. And far more capital than would be required is now seeking investment and lying idle in Britain.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it a man can hardly know whether he is honest or not.

Wanderings.

NO. III.

A week was spent with our churches in St. John. Nothing can exceed the heartiness with which the brethren of the city by the sea receive a visitor. Our churches there are not so large and grand as some of the churches of other denominations, but when we remember that sixty years ago we had not a single church building in the city, and only one small congregation, and that worshipping in a loft, and then compare that past with the present with its three comfortable and spacious churches, we can say with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Westside, or Carleton, was my first tarrying place. This church has been for thirty-nine years under the pastoral care of Rev. G. A. Hartley. It has had the experiences common to all congregations, times of prosperity and times of adversity, but in these years it seems to be enjoying a season of rest and quiet; the work moves on steadily, every department showing signs of health and vigour. The Sabbath school, under the able guidance of bro. W. O. Slipp, is a model of order and excellence. The infant department, led by bro. A. C. Smith, is well worth visiting; over sixty little ones, from four to seven years of age, gather each Sabbath in the audience room of the church, and an hour is spent setting forth the gospel's message in simple story. Bro. Smith is heart and soul in his work; perhaps he will never know just how much he is doing for the Master, for there can be no doubt that the harvest will be an abundant one.

Bro. Hartley is getting advanced in years, and does not enjoy the health and vigour he once did. For more than three years he has only preached once on the Sabbath. The morning service is a social meeting; and the meeting which I had the privilege of attending was a good one; the congregation was not as large as in all probability it would have been at a preaching service, but I question if the social service is not of more profit to the church than preaching would be. Sometimes I have thought that very many of our churches are preached to death; if there is no preaching they cannot worship. There are many brethren who cannot get out to a social service during the week, and such a service on the Sabbath gives them the spiritual exercise they need. Bro. Hartley's long years of faithful service are appreciated by his flock, and now that he is unable to bear his full measure of burdens they cling to him with a love and tenderness which must make his burdens light. A sister remarked to me that Bro. Hartley does not preach as he once did, but his sermons were never richer nor sweeter than now, they are the product of a ripe experience. May our Heavenly Father grant yet many years of service to our veteran brother.

Waterloo Street church is familiar to almost every Free Baptist in New Brunswick. Its history is one of good works and fidelity. The past few years have been times of some trial; the church suffered considerably from the unfortunate division of a few years ago. There was perhaps no church which felt the separation more than Waterloo St.; it was hard to see those brethren go out, but it was one of those cases where there seemed no alternative if the cause was to be saved. With tears they were forced to part with some members. But those who remained prepared themselves to bear the extra burdens, and God has blessed them in it. Young men and women have come forward to fill the places made vacant, the broken ranks have filled up, and the work goes on. It had been several years since I had had the pleasure of visiting the church, and I found death had been doing its work; several of the brethren and burden bearers had passed to their rest; none of whom I missed more than Deacon Day; he was a faithful man, who knew what the burdens of Zion were, and bore them long and faithfully.

Victoria St. is a young church at North End. Its foundation was laid by brethren who were moving from the country districts to that part of the city. There being no church of their faith near them, they instinctively formed themselves into a congregation.

They are growing, and are destined to become a strong church.

There is one sorry fact that I have found in connection with our work in the cities. In the churches of nearly all the denominations there are men and women who were brought up Free Baptists, and some who were identified with our churches in their country homes. But when they went to the cities, and found, in some cases, their own churches to be smaller and less grand than some others, they played the renegade. The man who is untrue to his own convictions and sympathies is not the highest specimen of manhood. He is a poor kind who thinks more of a mess of pottage than of his birthright, and especially his birthright in the church. I honour the man who honestly differs from me on the questions of doctrine, and who goes out to find another church home whose belief is more akin to his own; but when a man will prate for years about Free Baptist tenets being his, and then, when he goes to a town or city and finds another church spire a little higher than that of his own, and sneaks off to it, I confess I don't care to have very much to do with him. Such a man puts himself in an unenviable position, he forfeits the respect of his brethren without gaining that of his new associates, for underneath they will feel and reason that having sold out his own brethren and been untrue to his professions, and all for the sake of a little more outward show, so he would sell out if opportunity offered. The average man respects and honours the man whom he cannot buy or sell, who is true to his own heart's convictions, and scorns the man who is a toady. Young men, young women, when you go to the cities find your own churches, go there, stay there, work there, and you will have honour from God and men.

JONATHAN.

Temperance And The Queen's Jubilee.

In the historical review which will characterize the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, there may be given little or no attention to the change which has taken place in public sentiment and social practise in England regarding the drink habit, and yet in no department of life has the change been more marked.

As early as the Norman conquest, drink had besotted the peasantry and soldiery of the kingdom, so that it is said that the night before the battle of Hastings the English army spent the time in drinking and carousing, rather than in preparation for the coming conflict. From that time on grog was the Englishman's evil genius.

It is asserted that it paved the way for the decadence and downfall of Anglo-Saxon power, and it is certain that the drink remained to curse the Norman conquerors and those who came after them. Four centuries after the time of William, Hume and Smollett tell us that "the population were sunk in the most brutal degeneracy by drinking to excess the pernicious spirit called gin." Knight, referring to the social demoralization caused by drink in the latter part of the 18th century, says that "the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is drinking. Yet we have abundant evidence that those of the first breeding were often the most temperate."

The excessive drinking habits of Fox and Sheridan and even Pitt were matters of common comment, and even just before the accession of Queen Victoria, the exhibitions of shamefaced drunkenness on the public thoroughfares of London, according to Knight, were most shocking. In 1833, says the Licensing World and Licent Trade Review of London, the organ of the legalized drink traffic, there was one arrest for drunkenness in that city to 40 of the population, while last year the arrests for a similar offense were only about one fifth of that number.

While England shows an enormous consumption of drink, amounting to a gallon of distilled and 30 gallons of fermented liquor annually per capita, the last half century has shown a marvelous improvement in the standard which public sentiment has reared regarding the drink custom and drunkenness. Exhibitions of bibulous depravity which were tolerated as a matter of course half a century or

more ago would now call for and receive social ostracism and a public condemnation almost ruinous to those guilty of such excesses.

England is a little backward in the employment of legal means for dealing with the drink problem, but is making rapid strides in the right direction, as the agitation of the local veto idea and the demand for Sunday closing prove. In spite of the absence of legal provisions, she has not been without object-lessons in the line of practical prohibition. Under the peculiar system of landed proprietors which prevails there, different localities have shut out the public sale of liquor by the will of the landlords, to the contest moral and material gain of these lucky communities. That the Liberal Party had the courage to go to the country on even so small a measure of antagonism to the ginmills as the local veto, even tho it was whipt in the contest, is evidence of a growing public sentiment against the liquor traffic. With such radical temperance advocates and total abstinents as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and John Burns in the British Parliament, the legislative side of the question in England is assured of intelligent and progressive attention.

But the greatest gain of the temperance reform during the century both in England and America has been in the improved moral standard which measures the drink habit and which has succeeded in separating the drinkers into a distinct class by themselves. They are to day, in the best thought of Christendom, a sequestered class, recognized to a large degree by the business as well as the moral world as defectives, and handicapped in the race for commercial preferment by that fact. In the conflict with evil the victory is more than half won when vice receives its proper classification, and the vicious pass in the estimation of the best public opinion as the unfit. The law which ordains that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and that the tendency of vice is to burn itself out, is being applied to the liquor evil in a market degree. The best wisdom of to-day erects the danger signal over the drink traffic and habit as certainly as over a pest-house, and this generation is formed in that it is forewarned as was never the case before in the history of the world. When the votaries of any vice are fenced off by themselves, as is the case with the victims of the drink habit, that particular vice is forced to propagate itself within itself, and is doomed. While the quarantine in this particular case is not complete, it is getting nearer and nearer to perfection every day, as the general knowledge regarding the pernicious personal and public effects of liquor increases.

There is every reason why our English temperance friends should particularly rejoice at this jubilee season, and on this side of the Atlantic we can join with them in congratulations that the English-speaking world is progressing toward the overthrow of the great enemy of its progress and peace.—N. Y. Voice.

The Instalment Plan.

Some writer has said that the duty of a religious paper is to interpret secular facts in the light of spiritual principles. One of the secular things against which a warning should be uttered is buying on the instalment plan. "Not long since," says the Christian Leader, "a merchant told us that in order to compete with others in the same line with himself he felt compelled to sell on what is called the instalment plan. He made a few sales and took the first payment. The second payment not coming he went after his customer or else for his goods. The first visit revealed to him the absolute cruelty of the particular form of business. People are so easily tempted to trust the future that they procure not simple necessities but luxuries, of course at extravagant cost—for the instalment risk gets compensations in exorbitant profits. At last the day for another payment comes, and, being without the required means, the recovery of the property operates on the victim as excessive cruelty." The merchant determined that whatever he might suffer by a miquitous competition he would lose

his business before he would be a party to so unfeeling a transaction. Of course there may be exceptions, but as a general rule it is far better to wait for an article until one has the means of purchasing it.—The Star.

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.]

Letter From Miss Gaunce.

Miss Gaunce was at Rungpur in the latter part of May and early June visiting Mrs. Sunder. She wrote from there on the 31st May, and though the letter is personal we print the greater portion of it.

Rungpur Bengal,
May 31st, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. McLEOD,—
I must write you a short letter to-day, to let you know that I have not forgotten you, or the "Column" either, even if it has been several weeks since any thing appeared from me. Before vacation I was very busy and had little time to devote to my correspondents. I promised myself before I left on my vacation, that all unanswered letters and letters that I ought to write, would be attended to during my holidays. It looks as though I will be able to carry out my good resolutions.

It will be three weeks Wednesday since I arrived in Rungpur. It was so early in the morning, that I was not at all prepared to alight, and in all probability would have gone on farther if not for the boys, who was also on the way here had not come to my carriage and called me. It was "quick march" then. Just in the midst of tying up my bedding, a servant appeared at the doorway and asked, "Are you going to the Dr. Sahib's?" I replied that I was, and in a very short time my baggage was out on the platform, and I in Mrs. Sunder's arms. Three miles drive from the station, and we were at her home. I am so glad I have been able to be with her here; and from the first the Dr. has made me feel at home, and adopted me into the family circle. I am enjoying myself very much indeed. Every evening we go for long drives, or for a ride on the "bike". I think I wrote you I had one, and am beginning to feel very much at home on it. I expect to use it in my work when I go back. Last Friday evening the Dr. left for another station. Mrs. S. and I are having a nice quiet time. Rungpur is much cooler than Balasore, but it is not so healthful. This is the third day we have been having delightfully cool weather. The vegetation here is more wild and luxuriant, somewhat resembling that of Darjeeling; there is long grass here, which we do not see in Balasore, the tall grass and stretches of green fields remind me of home, and I love it. I have eaten fruit in abundance since I came here. A share of the maple sugar, raspberry vinegar, home-made preserves, and butter nuts had been reserved for me. I don't think there will be any left by the time I am ready to return to my station.

A Baptist missionary and wife, belonging to the English Baptist Mission, are located here. Every Sunday morning Mrs. Sunder and I go to Bengali service. There is but a very small native community. They are talking of organizing a C. E. Society among native Christians. Next week I hope to get a letter to the INTELLIGENCER.

Yours lovingly,
L. E. GAUNCE.

—Among the Masai, a woman has a market value equal to five glass beads, while a cow is worth ten of the same.

—At the annual meeting of the Cumberland Presbyterian Woman's Board of Missions the president represented that the money raised and the work done by the society had increased each year since it was organized, seventeen years ago. The board received last year \$16,902, as against \$16,546 the year before, and is out of debt. Reports were made from missions in Japan, China, and in the Chinese in California, Mexico, and in the mountain region of the South. An "effort" is to be made to get the

young women and children of the Church more actively interested in the missionary work.

Notice To Correspondents.

The following, which we find in an exchange, contains hints which most newspaper correspondents would do well to paste in their hats:

"When you've got a thing to say, Say it! Don't take half a day; When your tale's got little in it, Crowd the whole thing in a minute! Life is short—a fleeting vapor—Don't fill an eight-page paper With a tale which at a pinch Could be cornered in an inch! Bury it down until it simmers! Polish it until it glimmers! When you've got a thing to say, Say it! Don't take half a day."

Use paper not wider than six inches. Write on one side of the paper only. Write with Ink. Write distinctly, and place your words and lines far enough apart to be read easily.

"Close your o's and open your e's Dot your i's and cross your t's." Don't make your n's and u's alike. Don't punctuate unless you know how.

When quoting Scripture, or giving Bible proof, be careful and exact. Be plain, but brief and to the point. Never roll your manuscript. Always fold and inclose in an envelope. Always read the above before beginning to write.

Clipping English.

A clever New York girl made an ap rejoinder last winter in London. She was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at breakfast with some other Americans. During breakfast the prince rallied her countrymen good-humoredly on the liberty taken by Americans in "clipping the king's English," robbing words of letters in pronunciation. After they had risen from table, he found the shy little girl in a corner, and asked her kindly, "What in London has most impressed you?"

"Simpul your Highness," was the timid reply. "Simpul?" said the puzzled prince. "Oh, yes! There is nothing in the town as wonderful to me." "I am afraid," he said, with a slight expression of annoyance, "that you know my London better than I. Simpul? Is it a theatre, a cafe,—what is it?"

"A church, your Highness. We Americans would call it St. Paul; but, as you call St. John 'Simpul,' this, it seems, must be 'Simpul.'"

The prince laughed heartily, and declared himself fairly worsted.—Exchange.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.—A peculiar community is found in the Smolensk district of Russia. It includes a number of villages, formerly belonging to the Besjukov Convent, which was founded about the time of Peter the Great. All work in the fields, and the house-work and all business connected with the management of the township affairs are attended to by women, because all the men from the age of seventeen, until they become decrepit from age, go out into all parts of Russia to seek carpenter's work. Only for a short season of the year, from June 29 to the end of July, do they return and stay at home. The women are left to do everything. The women of Besjukov are of moderate stature, strongly built, with well-developed muscles, but still thin, wiry, and very agile. They lead a very solitary life and marry only men from their own village.

Subscribers whose payments are due can do us no greater favor than to send the money at once. If you are one of them, be so good as to send your payment this week.

Among Exchanges.

A MISTAKE.

It is a mistake for a man who wishes for happiness and to help others to think that he must wait until he has made a fortune before giving away money to deserving objects.—John D. Rockefeller.

CAN'T BE "IMPROVED."

It is about time that good people cease their attempts to improve the liquor traffic. It is a hopeless task, as hard as trying to make an empty bag stand upright, or to determine just where is the best point to apply regeneration to a thoroughly bad egg. The one logical thing to do with the liquor traffic is to kill it.—The Voice.