

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Japanese in order to celebrate their recent victories, are going to erect a gigantic statue of Buddha. The height will be 120 feet. The metal will be supplied from the ordnance captured in the late war. The monument will cost about 1,000,000 yen, and is to be erected at Kioto.

A new storage battery, that can be used in residences and factories to supply light and heat as well as power, is to be manufactured in Philadelphia. It will weigh only 150 pounds, and will cost only \$150. The current will be derived from an ordinary dynamo; it will take but five hours to charge the battery, and it will "run" for ninety-six hours.

In Chicago and other cities there has been a rapid increase of crime during the last ten years. In New York, while the population has advanced 33 per cent., the arrests have advanced 50 and the felonies 90 per cent. In one Philadelphia, penitentiary out of 623 convicts admitted last year, 492 had attended public schools, and less than 15 per cent. were illiterates.

"A steamboat has been placed on the River Jordan, which makes the journey from Jericho to Tiberias—that is, from the Dead Sea to the Lake of Galilee—in about seven hours." "Jericho," says the "Congregationalist," "is in the Jordan plain, some five miles from the river and considerably farther from the Dead Sea. The distance from the Dead Sea to the Lake of Galilee in a direct line is about sixty-five miles; but the river because of its windings, is three times as long."

Cashmere shawls, it is well known, are among the valuable products of India. These shawls are so expensive as to be bought only by people who have at least comparative wealth. Queen Victoria, who is also Empress of India, has many of these shawls sent to her as gifts. We are informed that these shawls, in turn, presents to others. Not long since she sent one of these shawls to a queen of a small African tribe not far from Cape Town. The nights are cold where this queen lives, so she dipped the beautiful shawl in melted fat, to make it warmer, and used it as a blanket.

A curious case has just come to light in South Carolina. It seems absurd to state that a man who burns down his own house is not guilty of arson, yet such is the case in South Carolina common law, and a recent Supreme Court decision has disclosed that according to law a man can willfully destroy his own property by fire. The paradox is easily explained. Fire insurance is a thing of later years, while the old common law has stood for centuries before insurance companies were thought of. There was no incentive to make a man burn his own house when he could hope for nothing in return, and so the only definition given for arson was "the burning of a house of another." The common law has, in the confusion of other legislation, never been amended.

A curious movement is on foot among the Jews in one or two of the provinces of South Russia which may result in an important religious revival. A number of pious and influential Israelites are establishing associations for the reading and study of the Scriptures, both in the homes of the people and in their public assemblies. Much attention will be devoted to the prophetic books of the Old Testament and to investigating the claims of Christians that Jesus of Nazareth has in his life and work and death been the fulfiller of many utterances of the prophets which have for so long been stumbling-blocks to the Jews. It is further reported from Russia that a deeper religious feeling than has hitherto characterized them is noticeable among the Karaim Jews of the Crimea. This sect of Israelites reject the Talmud as in any sense binding on them, their only Sacred Scriptures being the Old Testament. They are only found in the Crimea in one or two isolated districts in Western Russia.

A Consular report, says the Standard, shows that in mineral wealth Cuba is capable of taking high rank. Gold and silver has not yet been

found in paying quantities. Copper was mined by the natives before Columbus discovered the island. From 1828 to 1840 an average of from two to three million dollars' worth of copper ore was shipped annually to the United States. A combination of circumstances and not the exhaustion of the supply, closed these mines in 1867. Near Santiago, on the eastern end of the island, iron mines are being worked, even through the present disturbed period. American companies, with a combined capital of over \$5,000,000, operate the mines and employ from 800 to 1,400 men. The ore of these mines is among the richest in the world. In the mountain ranges on the southern coast are found numerous deposits of manganese, an ore indispensable in the manufacture of steel. A mine had been opened and one cargo shipped to this country when the operations were stopped by the insurgents. A full survey of Cuba would, no doubt, discover even greater mineral wealth than has already been reported.

Concerning a Certain Kind of Conceit.

Conceit never makes a man so ridiculously off-nside as when it leads him to think that he is a great cause, or a great party, or a great institution of some kind. As a matter of fact the conceited little man often espouses the cause to his injury, joins the party to his hurt, or elects himself to represent the institution when the institution would be much better without him.

Here, for example, is a man of doubtful standing, and perhaps shady antecedents, who wants "to get up a revival." He button-holes all the local ministers and is supremely disgusted to find that they think they can attend to their own business. Then he "gets around" some soft local man, and, along with the local man, tries the ministers in a half-threatening kind of way, generally ending his threats by the declaration that their own people want to hear him. The ministers have heard that speech so many times before that it does not frighten them now to any great extent, and they allow the fellow to swagger as much as he pleases. The proper thing to say to that fellow is, "Mr., we believe in revival, we pray for it, we work for it, we believe in using all proper means to increase and intensify the spiritual life of our churches, BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU."

That fellow has no business to go away and say the ministers of that town are opposed to revival. His conceit is so colossal that he imagines he is a revival. If a politician or a newspaper spoke with the same disregard for veracity as that fellow manifests, people would use a very expressive though short word to characterize their utterances.

The plebiscite is near, and the friends of prohibition—may God multiply their number and increase their power a thousand fold—are getting ready for the tussle. A lot of fellows, some of whom are in the work for what they can make, are getting ready too. Some of them come over from the country in which Canadian nurse girls are not allowed to take care of the sick and dying. Some are perhaps sent by central bodies who are under the delusion that local people cannot do anything without their help, and that any kind of a man is good enough for the country. "Some take opportunity by the forelock and start out on their own account. One of these men goes, we shall suppose to—well, to any minister—and, in a tone not generally used by gentlemen, says, "want your church to speak on prohibition in the morning, Methodist Church in the evening." The proper thing to say to that man is, "we want prohibition and are doing all in our power to get it, BUT WE DON'T NEED YOU."

If that man is the right kind of man he will gladly say: "All right, gentlemen, all right, glad your local arrangements are in such good shape, I shall go where I am needed."

By way of parenthesis we may say that when the Ontario plebiscite was taken the largest majorities were given in towns in which the work was done almost exclusively by local men. At all events that is our recollection of the matter. One thing is certain, if sensible men want outside help they

can be depended to ask it. If the subject were not so serious, there would be grim humor in the spectacle of a man from a whiskey-ridden city lecturing a town that gives a large majority for prohibition, or a township that has not a single tavern within its bounds. Why does not that man work at home and try to get a majority there.

A Liberal candidate goes out in search of votes. He hears of some Liberals who are slight y off. He is foolish enough to sould them for their lack of interest in the cause. Perhaps the men might truthfully say to that candidate, "We believe in Liberalism BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU."

Mr. Somebody, the Tory candidate, finds lots of uphill work on the back concessions. For some reason or another there is no enthusiasm. The average man is cold and the stalwarts are not in fighting humor. The candidate upbraids them for their lack of zeal in the good old cause. Perhaps these men might honestly say: "We believe in Conservative principles; we fought many a hard battle for Sir John; but, candidly, Mr. Somebody, we DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU."

There is something excruciatingly ludicrous in hearing a useless, lazy, gossiping, good-for-nothing minister say the people have lost all respect for the ministry because they have no respect for him.

We once heard of a minister who declared that the people of his community were opposed to Presbyterianism because they did not want his services. The Methodist minister thought the people of that community did not care for Methodism because they did not want him back for another year. As a matter of fact the Presbyterians did not want him just because they were strong Presbyterians, and the Methodists did not want him because he was not a very good Methodist.

The most ridiculous specimen of colossal conceit is the little upstart who says you are opposed to British connection because you believe he is a rogue, or a fool, or a combination of both. Always quote Burke to that thing. Say that, as a loyal Briton, you are not under any obligation to bow down to Her Majesty's man servant, maid-servant, her ox or her ass; and be sure to put a heavy emphasis on ASS.

We might say something about the fresh reporter who thinks he is the press, and about several other people, but time is up.

Moral—If you find people don't believe in you, don't curse the people. Stop like a sensible man and ask why it is that men favorable to your cause, or your party, or your institution have no faith in you.—Knoxonian, in Can. Presbyterian.

The Press in Turkey.

Every newspaper in the dominion of the Turk must begin and end with the following words:

"May God keep (forever) his Majesty, the Sultan, the Son of the Sultan, the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, the Sultan of the Two Lands, and the Khakan of the Two Seas! May he always be victorious!"

Every book must bear on its first page the following inscription: "Printed by the permission of the Censor." This is inscribed even on the first page of the Holy Bible.

The absolute ignorance of the censors is easily illustrated. The editor of a certain newspaper in Beirut, Syria, not long ago, wished to publish an article on "The Telephone" and sent it to the censors. The manuscript was returned with the word "telephone" scratched out wherever it appeared. Thereupon the editor went to the censors and asked for an explanation. The answer was of a kind to convince: "No words such as 'dynamite' and 'telephone' can be used in Turkey." Probably the censors thought the "telephone" some "devilish instrument."

Lectures of all kinds, whether political, religious or literary, even in private and "college" entertainments, must, if written, go to the censors before delivery. Three years ago, in an entertainment lecture the word "murad" (signifying, in Arabic, a "wish") was canceled for the reason that Murad is also the name of the ex-Sultan, who is now kept in a lunatic asylum in Constantinople.

The Government forbids the public use of his name from the fear that it may excite the minds of the people. Words such as "equality," "revolution" and "liberty" are not allowed in

speech or print; they are even cut out of the dictionaries.

The Sultan of Turkey knows practically nothing of the re-l state of affairs in his kingdom. The whole press cries out with one accord in the most glowing terms that the country is ever prosperous under the protection of "the shadow of God on earth," and that peace reigns through the whole country under the care of "the Angel of Peace."

We who live more than six thousand miles away have heard nearly all that had occurred in Armenia, have heard of the massacre of over sixty thousand people; but the Syrians who are only a few hundred miles from the very spot have heard almost nothing from the press, and what they have gleaned from other sources they have to ignore. N. Y. Independent.

About Greece.

It has a population of 2,187,208.

It is called "Hellas" by its people. The mean temperature of Greece is sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit.

No part of Greece is forty miles from the sea or ten from the hills.

About one half of the population are agriculturists and shepherds.

It has an area of 24,977 square miles.

It is the only country in the world whose armies are provided with the Gras guns and paper-covered cartridges.

The Greek flag is a white cross on a blue ground—the Bavarian colors and the Greek cross.

Greece is one of the most thickly populated countries in Europe.

It has few rivers and many hills. None of the former is navigable, and many of the latter are fortified.

Its present boundary limits were determined by an arrangement among Great Britain, France, Russia, and Turkey, concluded at Constantinople on July 21, 1832.

Only about seventy thousand of the inhabitants speak any language other than Greek, and only about twenty thousand profess any religion other than the orthodox.

The chief characteristics of the average Greek are his inquisitiveness, fondness for excitement, love of discussion, desire for knowledge, an aptitude for learning, and aggressive patriotism.

The climate has two striking peculiarities—the heat in summer and the cold in winter are far more intense than those of any other country in the world lying in the same latitude. Gell once remarked that in traveling through the Morea in March he found "summer in Messenia, spring in Laconia, and winter in Arcadia, without having moved beyond a radius of fifty miles."—New York Sun.

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.]

How Do You Preach to Heathen Women?

This question is answered, in the Independent, by Mrs. Hays, a missionary of the Presbyterian church in China. It will, we think, be interesting reading to our sisters who follow every feature of the missionary's work with deep concern.

How can a missionary whose language, race and habits of thought are so entirely different from the heathen woman 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.

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 Chefu, 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 feelings. 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 the 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 her 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.

"Do not 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 I was talking to my little children.

On these country trips I wore a dark-blue cotton Chinese over-garment over my black dress. I did not consider this Chinese garment as essential, but it was easy to replace when soiled and tossed with constant travel, and it saved me many troublesome questions. At one place I spoke to some Chinese women who had been visited a short time previously by a lady missionary who had been in China too short a time to learn the language. She had worn her European dress, and I followed in my flowing, Oriental garb. After a morning spent with a crowd of women, I heard one of them say to another: "This woman can talk! Two week ago a foreign woman was here who wore her dress so tight that she couldn't breathe out a single Chinese word!"

The year before I left China I made my last trip into the interior. One morning we visited a school established by my husband in a large town never before visited by a foreign woman. While Mr. Hays examined the pupils and preached to the men, I sat on the brick bed in the adjoining room and talked to the women, who crowded the place almost to suffocation. Sitting around me on the large bed or matting, covered platform were the special friends and honored relatives of my hostess. On the floor of pounded earth stood the common people—half-grown girls, women with fretful babies in their arms; many women whom my hostess had never seen before that day. Outside the house, shut out by the carefully bolted door, was a noisy, laughing crowd of men and boys. Some of the bolder ones made holes in the paper-covered window above the bed, and black, wicked-looking eyes glared at me through these small apertures as through a microscope at a curious specimen.

Turning my uninteresting back toward the window, I devoted my attention to the women, and was rewarded, at the end of three hours, by hearing a woman say, with a long-drawn sigh of enjoyment: "Isn't this good? Here we can sit on the same bed with Mrs. Hays and talk to her and ask her questions and have her talk to us. Last year the only thing we women could do was to stand on the street and look at Mr. Hays's back as he went away."

In striving to follow the example of the first great missionary to the heathen who became "all things to all men" is found the answer to the question with which we started.

The Contractor's View.

A gentleman said, "I do not favor Prohibition—it would be an injustice to the men in business; besides it would throw thousands out of employment."

We replied, "You do not look at the issue from the right side." You take a contractor's view.

Just before the war closed a government contractor said in a car, I hope the war will not close under two years. I will lose thousands of dollars; besides, many men will be turned out of employment from the government works."

"A lady passenger clad in weeds of mourning, rose to her feet, and with a tearful voice, said, 'Sir, I have a brave boy and husband sleeping in a deep of death in a soldier's cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in front of the foe. Oh, God! I wish the cruel war would close now.'"

He saw the point. Do you? It may be your boy or your girl that will fall a victim to the drink "industry"?

Would you consider the "trade" worthy of such a price? If not, for your own sake, and for the sake of other fathers, and mothers, stop the murderous traffic.

Among Exchanges.

MORTGAGED.

The devil has a mortgage on the man who forms the drink habit.—Nat. Advocate.

SAD IGNORANCE.

The saddest ignorance in this world is not to know the pleasure that comes from self-sacrifice.—Ram's Horn.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

A Pharisee is one who discounts the piety of others and boasts about his own spiritual acquisitions.—Lutheran Evangelist.

SKY ROCKET PRAYERS.

A writer in the Advances makes a plea for "sky-rocket prayers." We do not know just what kind of prayers these are, unless it be those which go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. But pyrotechnics do not seem to belong to the spirit of worship. In this respect, a candle of the Lord at the altar may be better than prayer-bombs and devotional sky-rockets.

A GOOD POINT, ANYWAY.

A preacher is said to have gotten off the following: "Optimism comes from optics. An optimist is one who sees clearly. Pessimism is cognate to pester. A pessimist is a person who pesters everybody he comes in contact with." We will not vouch for the brother's etymology, but he scores a good point, nevertheless.—New Orleans Advocate.