

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 229 4

Notes and Gleanings.

Thirty million pins are every working day turned out of a Birmingham factory, the largest manufactory of the kind in the world. The output of all the other pin factories is about nineteen million pins a day.

The statue to Frederick Douglass which the park commissioners will place in one of the public squares of Rochester, N. Y., will probably be the first public statue ever erected to a negro in the United States.

July was a "great" month. It had the greatest rainfall, the greatest heat wave, the severest midsummer cold spell, the greatest crop boom, the greatest gold discovery, the greatest sugar speculation, the greatest number of lynchings, murders, and suicides on record.

In the northern parts of China there are many villages which are almost deserted in winter, the inhabitants going south, where they live by begging. They form regular guilds and literally compel shopkeepers to help them by threatening to cause a riot in front of their stores, which Chinese merchants abhor.

In China, instead of hour glasses, they have used from time immemorial what they call "burning time-sticks"—bits of resinous wood cut in exact sizes to burn for certain lengths of time. A missionary who tried them by her watch found that they did not vary more than two or three seconds from the time they were cut to burn.

Mr. Lipton, the Scotchman who sent the Princess of Wales £25,000 to help her jubilee dinner to the London poor, is worth \$50,000,000 and has 420 stores all over the world. Sixty of these are in London. He employs 10,000 people and is constantly pushing business. He believes energy, constant industry, good memory and equality of temper are all a man needs to make a fortune.

As France taxes bicycles and tricycles, the number of machines used in the country is known exactly. On January 1, 1897, there were 329,814 taxed, an increase of nearly 74,000 over 1895, which had shown an increase of 53,000 over the preceding year. The revenue obtained in 1896 was 3,272,339 francs. Paris' department, the Seine, heads the list with 62,802 bicycles, paying a tax of 626,916 francs.

The possibilities of electricity are being constantly revealed. That fields would be plowed by electricity seemed only an idle speculation, but it has come to pass. It is said that on the great beet-root farms of Germany electric ploughing is coming into vogue on an extensive commercial scale. Such farms having steam plants already, the addition of the generating dynamo is easy, and overhead wires or conductors laid on the ground carry the current to motors at distant points from the common center. The plows are operated by being hauled by the motor wagon, and several sets of apparatus can be driven simultaneously from the same center point. It is possible, with an electrical conductor of one th usand six hundred and forty feet and a ploughing rope of nine hundred and eighty-five feet working length, to plow two hundred and twenty-two acres from one center of operation. With a steam and dynamo equipment of two hundred and fifty horse power and with five plows, six thousand acres of medium heavy ground can be plowed to a depth of fourteen inches at a total cost of ninety-two cents per acre. If each plow has to be driven by a separate set of machinery, the cost per acre is increased by fifteen cents, but this would rarely be done.

Prohibits work on Sunday.—The czar of Russia recognizes that the laboring man is entitled to the sacred day of rest. He has recently promulgated a ukase prohibiting, under severe penalties, any form of labor on Sunday or on the fourteen principal Russian feast days of the Muscovite calendar. This practically assures the laboring population sixty-six legal days of rest in the year. Children are not permitted under any circumstances to work more than eight hours a day, while eleven hours are henceforth to constitute the maximum working day of grown men. On Saturday the working day is limited to ten hours.

How Small Things Grow.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HURLIN, IN S. S. TIMES.

About thirty-one years ago a young man, named Barnardo, who had recently taken his medical diploma, and had commenced practice, was looking for an opportunity for Christian work, and he commenced a Ragged School in the East of London, England. This brought him into close contact with some of the poorest, roughest, and most destitute boys in that part of the metropolis. One cold night in the following winter he found that one of his boys was homeless, and he provided a lodging for him. He soon found that there were others in the same condition, and he provided for several of them. In 1870, he established the Home for Working and Destitute Lads, by hiring a house in Stepney, and engaging a Christian woman as "mother." He then went into the streets late at night and selected twenty-five destitute boys, and, taking them to the Home, he commenced to instruct and train them. This Home has been rebuilt, and now contains four hundred boys between thirteen and seventeen years of age.

Late one night, in the winter of 1872, a girl, about thirteen years old, knocked at the door of the home, and begged shelter. She was ragged, dirty, and hungry, and the matron took her in for the night. This led to Dr. Barnardo's establishing the Village Homes for Orphan and Destitute Girls at Ilford, about five miles farther east. There are now in this village more than fifty cottages, each of which contains a family group of from sixteen to twenty-five girls, under the care of a Christian woman, whom they call "mother." There are now about one thousand girls who, under home influences, are here instructed and fitted for useful and honorable employment.

Finding it inconvenient to have boys of all ages in one home, Dr. Barnardo obtained a home in the Island of Jersey for boys from five to ten years old, where there are now about one hundred and twenty boys; and another in Burdette Road, Stepney, for the boys between ten and thirteen, where there is now accommodation for four hundred and fifty. An appeal on behalf of an orphan baby, a week old, who was born in prison, led to the establishment of Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, Kent, where there are now an average of one hundred children under five years old. Then there are, in different parts of England, eight Open All-night Refuges for homeless boys and girls, where admittance can be obtained at any hour, with the certainty that the cases will be inquired into in the morning. In these refuges about fifteen thousand nights' lodgings and forty-five thousand meals are given free every year.

For a number of years past, Dr. Barnardo has been providing homes in Canada for those who have been trained in his institution, and he has an emigration depot at Toronto, and a distributing home at Peterboro, Ontario; and an industrial farm of ten thousand acres near Russell, Manitoba. Care is taken that the young people shall be placed only in Christian families, and two persons are constantly employed in visiting the families and the boys and girls to see that all is right. Nearly nine thousand have been sent to Canada, and a careful examination shows that more than ninety-eight per cent of these cases are doing well, and that less than two per cent have proved failures.

During these thirty-one years, thirty-two thousand children and youth of the waif and stray and orphan class have been taken care of and trained in Dr. Barnardo's homes; and to-day there are nearly five thousand of these in the various homes. While the training is quite undenominational, it is decidedly Christian, and large numbers of those who have been thus rescued from the streets are now giving evidence that they have become sincere, active, and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

While Dr. Barnardo has, for thirty-one years, been doing this large work for destitute and homeless boys and girls of the lowest class, he has not been content with this, but has also carried on a very extensive evangelistic work for adults, in the way of mission halls one of which seats three thou-

sand persons, and on Sunday evenings is generally well filled. Then there is a Gospel Hall, which seats five hundred, used for overflow meetings, etc. He has a Coffee Palace, which has various attractions intended to counteract the baneful influence of the gin palaces, and it is well patronized. He has also a Cabman's Shelter, a Medical Mission, a Deaconess Home, etc.

Commenced on so small a scale, there are now fifty-two distinct departments of the institution. In addition to those already named, for boys and girls and youths, I may name the Labor House for Destitute Youths, the Servants' Free Registry and Home, the Shelter for Girls, Rescue Home for Young Girls in Danger, Hospital for Waif Children, City Messenger, Shoeblack, and Wood-chopping Brigades, branch for blind, deaf, dumb, crippled, and afflicted children. The yearly expenditures are now more than seven hundred thousand dollars. We may well ask, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

How They Have Not Succeeded.

Voltaire boasted that in one hundred years, and as a result of his efforts, Christianity would be wiped from the face of the earth. He has been dead one hundred and nine years, and to-day there are a thousand Christians in the world to one at the time of his death. Colonel Ingersoll, about twelve years ago, announced that he "proposed to devote his energies to the utter destruction of the Christian religion." Since then he has been very active, has given many lectures at one dollar per listener; but has Christianity waned? Have his Herculean blows made any perceptible impression that looks like the destruction of Christianity? According to the course of nature he cannot have more than a decade or two more to devote to this his great undertaking. In view of the utter failure of his efforts thus far, can he hope to succeed? What more can he do than he has done? True, his efforts have given special pleasure to the drunkard, the lawless, the gamblers, and the danger classes; but they have not gladdened the heart of one praying father or devout mother, nor have they inspired any ambitious young men or lovely young women with higher ideals and nobler purposes of self-denial and usefulness. That his efforts are doomed to failure as signal as the failure of the efforts of Voltaire is already a foregone conclusion.—Telescope.

WHAT THEY THINK OF HIM.—Here is a story of private life in the dominions of Emperor William, as told by the Berlin correspondent of the Paris "Presse": "An Englishman was walking with a friend in the street, and in the course of conversation committed the crime of lese majeste: 'The Emperor is a fool,' was the awful utterance which constituted this crime. At that moment a policeman, who spoke English, put his hand on the Englishman's shoulder and requested that he should accompany him to the police station. 'What for?' asked the Englishman. 'You called the Emperor a fool,' replied the policeman. 'No, no,' rejoined the Englishman. 'I referred to the Emperor of Russia.' 'That won't do,' replied the officer; 'there is no emperor except the Emperor of Germany who would be called a fool.' The two looked at one another a minute. When it had fully dawned upon both, there was nothing for it but to part on good terms, vowing mutual secrecy."

IMPURE SPEECH.—One of the most disgusting of the vices is impurity of speech. And how common it is! Even men who profess to be followers of him who was Purity itself too often fall into the temptation and snare of raising a laugh by indulgence in this shocking habit. It is said of General Grant, that he would never tolerate unclean speech in his presence. A visitor in camp during the late war is reported to have begun the recital of an anecdote with the remark, "As there are no ladies present"—when the General interrupted and put him to shame by saying, "But there are gentlemen present." The apostolic injunction, "Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth," needs to be constantly borne in mind. But the only sure safeguard against impurity of speech is purity of heart. If the heart be clean the thoughts and the words that proceed from it will be clean also.—The Examiner.

Rum Traffic Notes.

THREE AND A HALF MILES.

Rev. G. P. Merrick, chaplain of Holloway gaol, England, told an interviewer that at Millbank there were three and a half miles of cells, and two and a half miles were filled with persons who had committed offences while under the influence of drink.

ABSTINENCE EMPLOYEES.

An order was issued a short time ago by the United States Commissioner of Pensions "requiring employees of the Pension Bureau to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, not only during office hours, but at all other times, under penalty of dismissal from the service." Thus the commercial value of total abstinence is being more and more widely recognized.

YOUR CARRIAGES.

The other day while a noted socialist lecturer was addressing a crowd of laboring men, a number of private carriages passed. Pointing to the carriages the lecturer said: "Aye, workingmen, look there! Where are your carriages? and a seedy looking individual, with a rubicund face and ragged clothes, called out, 'The brewer's driving my carriage.'

WHAT IT DID.

In the course of five months, in the city of Cork, Father Mathew administered the pledge to 150,000 persons. In Limerick, thousands flocked to him, even from the furthest parts of Connaught. At Galway, 100,000 signed the pledge in two days. In recognition of his reformatory labors, Queen Victoria gave him an annuity of £300. To more accurately estimate the strength and popular influence of his reformation, note the following facts and figures: Criminal offences of all kinds in 1837 amounted to 12,096; in 1838, 1,097; while in 1844, there were only 173. The Father Mathew Movement began in 1838. During these three years the consumption of spirits fell from 12,296,000 gallons to 5,290,000, and the excise on brandy decreased some £750,000. The number of prisoners confined in the Brixton and Dublin Jail in one year fell from 136 to 23, and 100 cells stood empty. The Smithfield prison closed its doors.

FEEBLE MINDED.

"Once I visited an asylum for the feeble-minded, and it was a sad sight, I can tell you," said Aunt Hannah, reflectively. "Of course there were all grades, from a brain that was slightly clouded, to utter imbecility, and I have always remembered one of the ways of testing the reasoning powers of the inmates. They were taken to a trough filled with water, into which a stream from a pipe was constantly running, and were given a dipper and told to empty the trough. Those who could reason would soon see the uselessness of the task while the water was running in faster than they could dip it out, and would turn the faucet and stop the stream. Only the hopelessly dull kept on ladling. Sometimes when I look at our prisons, reformatories and inebriate cures, and think how we are all the time dipping folks into them to be reformed while we let the saloons keep on running, I—well, think about that test of idiocy they had at the asylum."

Why?

Why do we send the gospel to foreign lands? We have listened to the story of the missionaries, the story of lands and peoples who know not Christ; we have become familiar with their customs, and time and again have grown tender over the recital of their misery and spiritual degradation. But all this can be said with equal force of the heathen at home. There are desolate homes, cruel men, fallen women, and, oh the misery of it all, right here about us; and the heathen at home have an equal claim with the heathen in foreign lands. No, the reason for it lies not alone in the want of the heathen. There is a reason in our own hearts. We feel we must. The love of God constrains us. That love knows no limit set by rivers, mountains, or seas; no social barrier crosses its way; no race distinction stays it. The reason lies in the religion which makes us Christians. It is a

universal religion. It is a religion for all men, in all lands, under all conditions. From the beginning it laid claim to the earth, and because it did it brought down the heavy hand of Rome upon its followers. Had it been a religion of the Jews only, it would have been protected. But those who had become new men and women through their knowledge of Jesus risked the dungeon, the sword, the wild beasts in the arena, in order to bring all men to that knowledge and fellowship which they enjoyed. Their religion made all men their kith and kin. Their union with Christ made them co-workers with Him who came to break down the barriers between the nations and to destroy race hatred. Rich in the knowledge of truth and in the enjoyment of his favor, they felt compelled to bear the gospel of peace and good will to all men. He who told them to be witnesses of himself in the uttermost parts of the earth knew his command would be obeyed because he had made them partakers of his own nature. He who has the spirit of Christ is by nature a missionary. Every man who does nothing for the spread of the religion of Christ through the whole earth is living in ignorance or in sin, and likely in both.—Reformed Church Messenger.

Woman's Foreign Missionary 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 to Help the Missionary Cause.

Be interested in it. Have a monthly missionary meeting. Attend every meeting when possible. When impossible to attend, send a written excuse, and a passage of Scripture, which shall bespeak interest in the meeting. Never attend a missionary meeting without calling on the way to invite some friend to accompany you. Get as many as possible to contribute two cents per week. Have a family mite-box at home to collect stray pennies in. Place this mite-box on the breakfast table on Sundays, family birthdays, and all holidays. Induce friends in places where there are no Missionary Societies to take and use mite-boxes. Distribute missionary leaflets throughout the congregation. Establish a missionary library, and keep it circulating. Save all the interesting clippings you can find, which would be appropriate to read at the missionary meeting. Make a missionary scrap-book to refer to and lend. Have stated times each day in which to pray for the spread of the Gospel. Ask your friends to pray for missions.

Two Pictures from Life.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud-house in Peking, China. The feeble voice, growing weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby.

"It is almost time," said the mother, in-law, glancing at the slanting sun beam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked: "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead, yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no hope for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the

carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the wall he laid them in a common pit, buried them in a line, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, "My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again."

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for his own," said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near that we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed the baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery. With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts. The father and mother in Christian hope expect in a future day to meet their loved little one again.

A white stone marks the sacred burial spot, and flowers blossom on the often-visited grave tended with loving care.

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—M. Cushman.

THE EDITORIAL "WE."—Many persons who write more or less are troubled about the use of "we." From the ignorant printer who has attached a little newspaper to his job office and writes about "our wife," to the correspondent who gets "our hair" cut in a barber shop, the humorous have gathered jokes enough to stock many a funny column. The difficulty is cleared instantly to any one who knows that "we" always means the newspaper, and never an individual. To this there is no exception.—Exchange.

ANTI TOXINE.—The value of anti-toxine as a cure for diphtheria is seen in the effectual manner in which it stamped out the recent terrible epidemic at Fort Kent, Me. Two weeks ago the disease was raging in the village and neighborhood. The local doctors were powerless and the State Board of Health was appealed to. Dr. Johnson, of Augusta, was sent up with a good supply of the anti-toxine. He found there had been twenty-five deaths in a few days and there were seventy-five cases then in existence. He went vigorously to work, administered the remedy to every patient and had only two deaths from patients, in whom the disease was far advanced when he arrived. Now there is no sign of diphtheria in the village and the doctor has returned to his practice convinced that diphtheria need never be fatal if anti-toxine is used promptly.—Globe.

Among Exchanges.

DIVIDE NOT POUND.

Yes, Paul did admonish preachers to rightly divide "the word of truth," but he did not mean by that, as some modern divines seem to think, that they are to pound it into pieces by chumping the Bible with their fists while they preach.—Telescope.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

It is one thing to fear the Lord; it is another thing to be afraid of him. The fear of the Lord, which is said to be the beginning of wisdom, is that awe with which a loving child regards a noble father; such a child is never afraid of such a father. God no more wants us to be afraid of him than we want our children to run from us. When men fall on their faces at his appearing is not his first word, "Fear not?"—Richmond Advocate.