

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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Notes and Gleanings.

The oldest paper in the world is the Kin Pan of Pekin. For nearly a thousand years it has been published regularly, first as a monthly, up to the year 1361, when it became a weekly, and for the last ninety years as a daily.

More marriages take place in Scotland in the months of January, June, July and December than in all the rest of the year. A compilation of registrars' statistics shows that last year some 17,000 weddings were celebrated in those months against 15,000 in the other eight. There were 128,823 births, or almost exactly 50,000 more than the number of deaths. Over 65,000 of the new Scots were males and only 63,000 were females.

Sixteen million dollars is the sum asked for by the New York board of education to meet the expenses of the public schools of that city the coming year. Ten million of this sum is for maintenance, and the balance is needed for new schoolroom accommodations.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has in its employ as station agents eighteen women, of whom six are single. Of the other twelve a majority are widows of former employees of the road. The women agents keep their stations neater and cleaner than do the men.

According to a recent report of the French statistical department the number of legal divorces in France would seem to be largely on the increase. Since 1885, when divorce in France was legalized, the increase has been constant. In 1887 the number had reached 3,636, in 1889 there were 4,708 couples divorced. In 1891 the number was 5,752, in 1894 6,419 in 1895 6,743, and in 1897 nearly 7,500. The large majority of these divorces take place in the departments of the Seine and Rhone, which include the cities of Paris and Lyons.

The French language will shortly cease to be one of the two official media of communication in Louisiana. The convention which is in session in that State now for the purpose of revising the constitution will end a lingual struggle which has lasted for over a century by making the English tongue the sole official language of the State. In this connection it is interesting to note that there are in New Orleans itself thousands of white people to whom English is a foreign tongue, and who are essentially French in manners, customs and speech, but who are nevertheless thoroughly American in feeling.

Cremation is said to be steadily growing in favor. In Paris more than one-third of the dead are now cremated, and the increasing public sensitiveness to sanitary considerations is pushing it on in leading American centers of civilization and progress.

A famous gem-expert places the total value of all the diamonds in the world at over \$1,000,000,000, of which \$350,000,000 worth are in the hands of dealers, carried as stock. All of the other diamonds are in the hands of private individuals, and the question naturally arises, Who owns them? This is not so easily answered, except in the case of large and world famous gems.

An English paper tells that the other day, when Queen Victoria was seated in her drawing room, with several of her household in attendance, the lamp placed close beside her began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company, the Queen promptly raised her august hand and turned down the flame. "Your Majesty," said the lady-in-waiting, in awestruck tones, "why did you trouble to do that yourself?" "Because," said the Queen, "if I had called out, 'This lamp is smoking!' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry, 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called out to the nearest servant, 'Here! the Queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called to a footman to attend to it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself."

Rev. John McNeill.

A LISTENER'S IMPRESSIONS.

A correspondent in the 'London Christian World' gives his impressions of Rev. John McNeill, the Scotch Evangelist. He was hearing him for the first time. He writes: As I entered the hall he was vigorously beating time with the hymn-book, and with a sudden twist to the choir was exclaiming, 'Now, then, all together.' Trait number one — abundant energy. Most ministers have enough to do to get through their own duties without overflowing into the region of the choir leader. Whatever else may be said of him it is evident that he is alive, from top to toe. He is one of the few preachers who can concentrate a sentence into a gesture. Alike in the quiet pathetic parts and in those tempestuous moments when he tries to put his foot through the floor he is in earnest. He is not playing-acting, but saving souls; and it is hard work. The handkerchief, which at the beginning of his address he holds in the left hand and carefully strokes with the right, is soon diverted from ornament to use, as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead. Even the apparently harsh cry of 'Silence!' flung at the unhappy beings who can not restrain their coughs, springs not from petulance, but from the fear that these irritations of the atmosphere are the modern equivalent of the fowls of the air which carry away the good seed.

With his whole heart he believes in preaching, even as a help to worship. 'You may miss Christ,' he says, 'in the prayer and in the hymn, and He may burst upon you in the sermon. And he believes absolutely in the possibility of a man's receiving Christ the instant he hears the Gospel. In his exposition of the miracles he never overlooks the 'straightway' or 'immediately.' 'Immediately'—without tears, without prayers, without penances—I stand for that, I fight for that. Would that all we preachers would be more dogmatic there! And again, 'The Devil will allow you to believe the whole Gospel, if you won't act on it now.'

But there are other preachers, equally earnest and certain, who do not draw crowds. For they do not possess his rare union of knowledge of human nature with descriptive power. His early training has served him well here, for it is doubtful whether anyone sees more human nature than a railway porter. There is no mask of the soul which he cannot pull off, no swollen excuse which he cannot puncture. He has the magic touch too, calling back into life the old Biblical characters which, in the hands of the average practitioner, remain mummies. It is the cinematograph and phonograph combined, for you see every movement of the fishermen by the Galilean lake, and not an inflection of their voices escapes you. If he is relating for instance, the story of the women with an issue of blood, we see her first in her young and hale days, a 'brave queen,' tossing her head and swinging her skirts as she airily laughs away all suggestions of religion. When her affliction is upon her we listen to the condolences of her neighbor, who hears her coughing at night through the wall. And in the final scene the poor woman is plainly visible there before us with her eyes just burning like lamps, and the thin, wasted shoulders of what had once been a strapping lass, as she puts out a hand like the veined marble and gives a clutch at the tassel that floats at the end of the Saviour's clothes—and the burden of years is gone like an ugly dream when one awaketh. One of the boldest things I have heard Mr. McNeill attempt (yet it was reverent and exquisitely tender) was a description of Christ's farewell to His mother when He left home for His own ministry. Outside the Biblical area there were not as many stories as I had expected, but whenever any incident, actual or imaginary, was related it was told with the same graphic power, as for instance, a notable picture of the martyrs shouting and singing praises at the moment of their ordeal.

There is no mistiness about Mr. McNeill's detached sentences any more than about his narratives. He never fumbles. Where an ordinary preacher

would express the conjecture that there might happen to be among his hearers some who, on a critical occasion earlier in their history, disregarded the wishes of their nearest friends in coming to a decision which profoundly affected their personal relationships and permanently influenced the whole of their subsequent career, John McNeill says straight out, 'Twelve years ago you would marry that man.' It would be easy to quote illustrations of effective phrases which stick in the memory. What better comment could there be on the miracle of the woman before mentioned than this, 'How little will do and how much it brings!' In the same story I noted several other characteristic instances. 'There was a lot of superstition in it (her touch of the garment), but there was a fearful throb in it of true faith.' 'Thy faith hath made thee whole—not thy fingers; that would be magic, that would be ritualism, that would be sacramentarianism and every other ism that belongs to folly. It was worth while to have her focus corrected and adjusted.' 'Go in peace,' she is in it, only a long way deeper.' Of the man, called to preach, who wanted first to bury his father, he says, 'The world offered him the grave-digger's shovel; the Lord offered him the resurrection trumpet.' 'Beware of Peter's fault, and do not say, "Lord, I will never betray Thee," but, "Lord, grant I never may."' 'The Lord comes to all kinds of temperaments, and all kinds of temperaments.' And here is a generalization, from a reference to the Prodigal Son parable, that will bear some thinking over: 'The elder brother is a poor specimen, and he's worse when he becomes the elder sister.'

The faults of Mr. McNeill's preaching lie on the surface. There is an occasional exaggeration, almost coarseness, of language, obviously due to his enthusiasm. To call a spade a spade is all very well, but it is a mistake to give that name to a trowel. And it must be confessed that some of his witticisms are exceedingly small, though the smallest seem to give much pleasure to the audience. For example, 'Bartimeus made the welkin ring; I don't know what the welkin is, but it's something that rings.' The question of his method in gathering in converts is a grave one, and one on which the practice of almost all other successful evangelists differs from his own. Hearers who have received blessing at his meetings are requested to fill up a printed card and post it to him at Exeter Hall. It is not easy to speak confidently on this matter, but it might be argued that such a compromise retains some of the disadvantages of the inquiry-room, while missing its opportunities of close personal dealing. But with all qualifications, it is impossible not to rejoice that a ministry so faithful and heart-searching has won the ear of the multitudes, and is bringing so many nominal and conventional Christians to a more complete surrender and a more loyal service.

The Spanish Pretender.

Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, has been again protesting his patriotism and loyalty, but his record is such as not to invite confidence in his protestations. He has always acted on the principle that his country's misfortune was his opportunity, and he is hardly likely to depart from it should occasion arise through the war with the United States. A brief glance at the facts on which he founds his pretensions will not be without interest at the present juncture. The Salic law, by which none but a male child could succeed to the throne, had long existed in France, but not in Spain when Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV., and first of the Spanish Bourbons, came to the throne. He naturally thought that what was good for his native country would be good for the land of his adoption, and introduced it into Spain. But Charles IV., anxious, as kings usually are, as to who should come after him, was troubled that his only son, afterwards Ferdinand VII., was sickly, and would probably have no heir, and fearing that the succession might go where he would not like to have it, set the Salic law aside by royal decree. The Pragmatic Sanction is the grand term by which it is called. This was during the parliament of 1789, which restored the old law of the king-

dom. But it was agreed that the decree should be kept secret till it should suit the pleasure of the king to make it public. In fact, it was not made known till more than forty years after, in 1830, when Ferdinand VII., published it just before the birth of Isabella. Two years later, when Ferdinand thought he was dying, he changed his mind and issued a second decree by which he abolished the first. But a sister of his queen, the Infanta Carlota of Naples, who appears to have been a pretty strong-minded woman, used decided measures to compel the king to revoke his second decree. She took the document in her own hands and tore it in pieces, thus again re-establishing the old Spanish rule of succession by which a royal daughter could inherit the throne of her father. In this way the little Isabella became Queen of Spain. But Don Carlos, nephew of the king, who was thus shut out of the royal inheritance, took up arms, and out of this question arose the two Carlist wars which drained to the utmost the resources of the kingdom, causing an enormous waste of treasure and of blood. Throughout this struggle the Ultramontane party sided with Don Carlos, but the Clerical party, which in Spain is quite different from the Ultramontane, opposed him. The Clericals, after forcing the resignation of Amadeus, a son of Victor Emmanuel, who had been imported by the party of the people, who hated both the Bourbon houses, supported Alphonso, son of Isabella, and father of the present boy king, Alphonso XIII. The present pretender is the third of the name; the second was the son of the first, already mentioned as nephew of King Ferdinand VII., but who signed a renunciation of his claims in 1860. He was known as Count Montemolin, and died in the following year, whereupon his nephew, the man mentioned in the despatches, born in 1848, assumed the name of Don Carlos. When Isabella II. was expelled he caused the Carlist risings of 1871-5, and, after winning several victories, was finally crushed and compelled to fly to France. There he has continued plotting fresh risings, but without success, since the Ultramontanes have been won over to the side of the young king, and the Basques have lost faith in Carlos as a leader.—The Witness.

Temperance Exercises in the Churches.

That there should be more of these is certain. The saloon fiend invades our homes, robs our Sunday schools, bush-whacks our young people's societies, and besots and ruins our boys and young men. It is the army of the arch-fiend against which the church should wage a vigorous, persistent war of extermination.

Why not, then, have frequent temperance exercises in the churches? Let them take the place of the regular preaching service, evening or morning. The people need to be informed, and their hearts and consciences need to be aroused, respecting the ravages which this enormous iniquity is inflicting upon the homes and churches of the land.

.....The time surely is here when all the churches should make a specialty not only of teaching and emphasizing the importance of total abstinence from the use of alcoholic beverages and tobacco, but when the imperative duty of annihilating the saloon should be laid upon the heart and conscience of every professed Christian as never before. God will surely require at the hands of the Christians of to-day the blood of every boy ruined by the saloons which they permit to exist, and which, by their influence and vote, they could wipe out. Oh, brother, sister, take this awful truth home to your own heart. Let there be live, vigorous, heart-searching temperance services held steadily in all the churches.—Telescope.

A SENSIBLE CHINAMAN.—"Taking a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hong Kong with a friend," says a correspondent, "I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were emptying a large tub of rum, which they were carrying in gallon measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to one who was apparently the head of the party, I inquired: "Do you like rum, John?" "No, sir," said the Chinaman. "Why not?" "Rum not proper, sir; make Chinaman number one fool."

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.]

—The work of the Canadian Methodist women in Japan is represented by 15 missionaries. Boarding Schools have been established in Tokio, Shidzuka and Kofu, and orphanages in Tokio and Kanazawa, while two industrial schools have been established, each doing excellent work.

—The Woman's Missionary Friend (Methodist Episcopal) has been published twenty-eight years. It not only pays expenses, but in the last fifteen years it has been able to contribute \$30,000 for missionary literature. The Society of which it is the organ has 175 missionaries in the foreign field, 24 of them being physicians; 400 day schools with 12,000 pupils, 50 boarding schools with 4,000 pupils, and 14 hospitals and dispensaries.

Child Wives and Mothers.

A woman missionary, writing in 'Christian Work,' says: Yesterday I sat in the midst of a number of Hindoo women, delivering God's message, when I noticed among them a bright, interesting young face. The stunted form and immature development and unnatural look on the child's face, made me suspect her history. She carried in her arms a fine child seven months old.

I said to her: "Whose child is that?" "It is mine," she said. "Yours!" I answered. "Why, you are only a child yourself."

"I know," she said, "I am only thirteen. My baby was born soon after I was twelve. I used to go to school but cannot go any more."

I asked to see her husband. They showed me a nice-looking young man of twenty. I asked why he had forbidden this little girl to go to school. "Oh!" he said, "they all talk about her going in the street; but if you like you can have her another year; I wish her to learn to read well." You should have seen the child's delight when I told her she could come back to school.

Oh, the suffering of these little girl wives; the hunger and wrong treatment of the thousands of child widows, all over this city! How glad I am God has sent me to tell them and all of these dear people of Jesus, their friend and Savior. There are hundreds of women shut up in these homes, within a few minutes' walk of our house, who hear me gladly. I need a dozen workers sent of God. God is calling some one to do this work. We need our building so much. There is a wonderful field right here. The Lord is asking some one for their money. Pray and work with me until these people are saved.

One Woman's Work.

This story taken from the Youth's Companion, will bear reading more than once by active Christian workers:

Mrs. Parr is an active worker among the poor. Last year she went abroad and apportioned her charitable labors among her friends. Mrs. Olney, a shy, home-keeping little woman, she asked to take her class of women-convicts in the city prison.

"I have been too busy for outside work," said Mrs. Olney. "How do you manage with these women?"

"Oh, it is easy enough. The turn key opens the cell doors, and I sit at the end of the corridor. I sing a hymn, read a chapter, and talk to them of their sin and need of repentance. I can't say," she added, frankly, "that I have ever found much good result from it, but it is my duty to plant and to water. It is God's work to give the increase."

Little Mrs. Olney was too timid to undertake this wholesale sowing of seed, but she remembered that there were different kinds of planting. When she went to the prison she asked for one cell to be opened. It was that of Black Lize, undergoing a year's sentence for stealing. The gentle little woman sat down beside the prisoner, heard the story of her drunken husband, saw the marks of

abuse on her back, and touched the depths of her ignorance, her fury, her passionate affection for the few human beings who had been good to her. Lize had no handicraft; she could not cook, nor even scrub well.

"I will teach you to knit," said her new friend. "You can knit socks here and earn money for your child."

Another cell was opened that day, two others the next week. She made herself the friend and confidante of these women. After she had taught them to trust her, she talked to them of God, and led them to believe that He cared for them. She kept her hold upon them after they were set free. If there was anything in this world which was true to them, it was this little woman and the Master whom she served.

A mistake of many well-meaning reformers is that of dealing with the poor and criminals as classes, not as individuals. The physician does not prescribe for a whole ward, but for each sick man. Souls cannot be healed in legions any more than bodies.

Victorian Order of Nurses.

The Canadian Lancet says: "The daily papers of Toronto have not forgotten to announce the fact that the order of 'cheap' nurses has been launched in Toronto, and that telephone No.—will secure the services of a district nurse any hour of the day or night. Lowest charge for visit five cents, maximum charge for visit fifty cents. How would it do for the regular trained nurses to have a changeable tariff also, in order to compete with the unknown quantity so recently brought in against their vocation? A 'district nurse' is well paid, housed and fed and clothed, whereas a regular nurse has to obtain work and then get money enough to house, feed and clothe herself.

"Would it not be well for our nurses to think over a plan by which they could arrange to pay visits and collect fees for each and every service? If a nurse had a visiting list of six patients a day at twenty-five cents, her income would be \$1.50; if at 50 cents, \$3.00 would be her pay. Surely the ill-advised progenitors of this gigantic scheme of 'free nursing' should have endeavored to protect, in some little way, the rights of those young women who have spent their time and brains in obtaining a profession by means of which an honest living might be made. The nurses here had not even the satisfaction of seeing a Canadian-trained nurse made superintendent of the Toronto branch, 'a Bellevue nurse having been selected.'"

"The sending of these young women to the 'gold fields' is a question to be carefully considered, both from a moral and professional standpoint. The Montreal Medical Journal speaks plainly and denounces the new scheme in no uncertain language. It seems strange that the voice of the profession and the advice of medical journals and the opinions and resolutions of the medical societies of the Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver, should be so totally ignored by the powers that be at Ottawa."

Among Exchanges.

HE HADN'T TIME.

"Did you ever backslide?" someone asked an earnest young Christian. "No o," replied the young man, as though he had not before thought of the matter, "I never had time."—Phil. Standard.

MOST TRYING.

One of the most pitiable, nauseating things that can cross a live, whole-souled pastor's path is to have a little bit of a self-conscious, pedantic member along his flock, who is constantly endeavoring to manipulate the wires, so as to thrust himself into prominence, set others back, and run the church on his own narrow-gauge, impractical plan.—The Telescope.

BEGIN IN THE HEAD.

Colds tend to go downwards; they begin in the head, and go down to the throat and then to the bronchi, and so to the lungs; many a severe case of pneumonia began with a snuffle. This is true, too, of the spiritual chills of fear and of distrust; they begin in the head and go down to the heart; many a case of most miserable despondency began with a theological speculation.—Chris. Register.