

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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W HOLE No. 2353

Notes and Gleanings.

Miss Helen Gould's secretary reports that the begging letters received by her in 1897 called for gifts of more than a million dollars. In the last six months her begging mail has almost doubled.

In 1896, Italy's 28,000,000 of population paid \$360,000,000 in taxes, which is enormous for an impoverished population where common labor gets but little over 20 or 25 cents a day. The large expenditure is mainly the result of an ambition to figure as a military and naval power.

It is a mistake to suppose that the wearing of spectacles is confined to the human race. Nearly 30,000 pairs of smoke colored glasses are said to be worn by the cattle on the Russian steppes, where the poor beasts manage to subsist on the meager tufts of grass which appear through the snow. The dazzling brilliancy of the snow would cause blindness were goggles not worn. The average Russian rustic may be a rude fellow, but he appears to have some mercy on his beasts.

The Spanish government has had a hard time in attempting the subjugation of Cuba since 1895. At the outbreak of the insurrection, in February of that year, there were about 14,000 Spanish troops in Cuba, and 3,000 in Porto Rico. Within thirty-two months 235,000 men were added to this force. Of this total 50,000 died in Cuba alone, only 7,000 of them being killed in action or dying of wounds. The others fell under the rigors of the Cuban climate. In the first three years 40,000 were sent back to Spain as invalids, and many of them died on the homeward voyage.

Dr. Braun, until recently director of the observatory at Kalosca, Hungary, has given a good deal of attention to the determination of the density of the earth. He has secured some interesting results by the use of the torsion balance, which was inclosed in a glass globe from which the air had been extracted. The report showed that so complete a degree of exhaustion was secured and maintained that after a period of four years it was not possible to detect any change. The observations were commenced in 1892, and two years later the computations were started. After making all necessary corrections Dr. Braun states that the value arrived at for the mean density of the earth is 5.52765. This figure about agrees with the determination made several years ago by Professor Boys.

Nineteen years ago Mrs. Charles Goodnight, then living on her husband's great ranch of 40,000 acres in northwestern Texas, set out to preserve a herd of buffaloes. These animals had then almost wholly disappeared from the plains, where vast numbers of them had ranged a few years earlier, and Mr. Goodnight, with much difficulty, captured eight or ten. From this beginning there has grown up a herd of forty-five pure-bred buffaloes in the tract of 600 acres which was originally set apart for them at Mrs. Goodnight's request. There is also on the ranch a herd of sixty cross-breeds, in which the qualities of both the buffalo and of Polled Angus or Galloway cattle are seen. Mrs. Goodnight was the first white woman to become a resident of the region in which the ranch is situated, and the church and school-house on her husband's land are her especial care.

Already more than one-half of the population—quite three quarters, if we omit primitive peoples—is to be found in and bordering on the Pacific area. The following is a pretty close approximation of that population: Pacific North America, 11,200,000; Pacific Central America, 18,800,000; Pacific South America, 10,000,000; Australasia, 5,000,000; Dutch East Indies, Philippines, and the islands of Oceania, 46,500,000; British India, Burma, and dependencies, 290,000,000; Malay Peninsula and Siam, 8,500,000; French India and Indo China, 22,000,000; Corea, 15,000,000; Eastern Siberia, 6,000,000; Japan, 45,000,000; Chinese Empire and islands, 400,000,000. Total, 878,000,000. On the basis

of the Levasseur estimate of 1886 the population of the earth may now be taken at 1,500,000,000, of which considerably more than one half, therefore, is in the Pacific area.

It is now proposed to introduce electricity in farming. The horse displaced the ox in drawing the plow, and then steam began to push the horse aside. Now electricity comes to supplant steam. The method to be employed is described as follows: "In the case of steam plowing a gang of plows is drawn across the field by means of a cable operated by a portable engine, whereas in the electric system the motor is mounted on the plow and travels with it. The motor acts upon a chain fastened at each end to traveling anchorages at the boundaries of the field, and the chain passes over a sprocket wheel geared to the motor of the plows. After a furrow has been plowed the anchorages are moved forward and the plow returns, making a new furrow. The current is supplied to the motor by two wires carried across the field on either side of the plow in contact with trolley wheels."

The friends of the INTELLIGENCER cannot do it a greater favour than to make their payments at once.

Rising and Falling Nations.

A writer in McClure's Magazine presents an array of figures, approximately correct, which exhibit impressively the progress of some races and nations and the decay of others. Four great races dominate the world,—the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, the Slav, and the German. These control four-fifths of the world's territory and two thirds of its population. In the year 1400 the Anglo-Saxons ruled but 125,000 square miles of territory, and the people numbered only 4,900,000. To-day their flag (the "Union Jack" and the "Stars and Stripes") float over more than 15,000,000 square miles, with a population of not less than 475,000,000,—a growth of more than a hundred fold in five hundred years. This is what the Anglo-Saxon has achieved.

The Latin nations,—French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italians,—five hundred years ago had a territory of 475,000 square miles, and a population of 21,000,000. To-day they claim an area of 14,900,000 square miles and a population of 255,000,000. The Slavs 1400 A.D. covered 680,000 sq. miles, with a population of only 5,000,000. To-day as represented mainly but not exclusively by Russia, the Slavs occupy 9,050,000 sq. miles, and a population of 140,000,000. The Germans numbered about 10,000,000 five hundred years ago, and occupied say 310,000 square miles. To-day they claim 2,350,000 square miles and number 135,000,000.

With the 15th century began the awakening of the modern national spirit. The Latins were far in advance in organization and in wealth. They led in discoveries in Africa, Asia, and America. At one time Spain, Portugal and France claimed nearly all that was known of Africa, of Southern Asia and of America. In 1700 the Latins claimed 7,050,000 square miles, the Slavs nearly 6,000,000; the Germans 1,000,000; the Anglo-Saxons 650,000. The Latins had then a population of at least 41,000,000; the Germans 28,000,000; the Slavs 14,000,000, and the Anglo-Saxons 9,000,000.

At the beginning of the present century the Latins still stood first as to territory, their claim being 11,450,000 square miles; the Anglo-Saxons had advanced to 8,750,000 sq. miles. The Slavs 7,100,000. The Germans made no gain. At that date population stood thus: Under Anglo-Saxon rule, 96,000,000; Latin rule 65,000,000; German 54,000,000; Slav 35,000,000.

To-day the Anglo-Saxon has his grip upon almost if not quite one-third the population of the world. The four races named control more than two-thirds of the population of the world. These figures, more or less trustworthy, are highly significant. The Christian races are dominant beyond a doubt. In an other half century or less the whole world is likely to be under the sway of nominally Christian powers. The tendency is also very decidedly in the direction of civil and religious liberty. Great Britain and the United States—Anglo-Saxondom—are committed

to freedom, civil and religious. The German and the Latin races are moving in the same direction, though haltingly.

The Latin countries are still paying the penalty due to their rejection of the Reformation. They expatriated their noblest men and women, or sent them to the galleys, or tortured them in dungeons, or burnt them at the stake. All this was done, no doubt, from a certain sense of duty and not without pity and regret: it was all done to "save souls" to extirpate heresy, to strengthen the country and the church. For the Church of Christ a few hundred years ago was in the sorest need of reformation. The ecclesiastical organization rejected the message of reform much as the ecclesiastical machine at Jerusalem rejected the call to repentance and reformation when Christ and His apostles were the preachers. To the Latin countries this rejection of the reformation has proved an irreparable loss.

If the Anglo-Saxon nations and communities reject the pure Gospel, if they allow themselves to be misled by false teachers, if they depart from the lofty morality of the religion of Christ, if they become infected with the vices and immoralities which have ruined other nations, they can not by all their enterprise and bravery escape the just judgment of God.

National boasting and race pride and pride of ecclesiastical pedigree or status are but sign-posts indicating the way to ruin. Without Christian morality no nation can be permanently great or strong or free.—Pres. Wadsworth.

We are hoping that renewals will be prompt.

Moody on "How to Fill Churches."

To begin with, he says, the minister must be one called of God to the ministry, with a love in his heart for the souls of his fellow-men; to any other he has no advice to give save that he leave the ministry at once and seek God's forgiveness for his sin. To the minister called of God he says:

First, break up any formalism which may exist in the church. To do this the members should be put to work. In the church as elsewhere, the devil finds mischief for idle hands. Each man should be made to feel that he is a factor in the success of his church, and in proportion as he is made to feel this, will he do to bring success. It is an easy thing for the pastor to drift into the habit of taking all the work to himself—to do all the praying, to lead all the singing, look after all the committees, and otherwise do all. Such a working minister will fail to hold the people and fill his church. Let the people work.

Second, have a successful prayer-meeting. The minister should not think it enough to announce from the pulpit the weekly prayer-meeting but should work it up all the week; privately invite people to the meeting and urge upon them to speak. I had a prayer meeting which was cold and the people were too timid to take part in the service. I spoke to one man, telling him I wanted him to be out that week and tell something of his Christian experience, urging as a reason that others would thus be benefited. He said, oh, no, he could not do that; he was too backward to speak in public; but I urged till he consented and he was the first to speak. I then got a dozen others to promise the same thing and on the same night they rose up all at once to speak, and, as a result, interest was awakened and we soon had a live, well attended prayer-meeting.

Third, preach every Sunday night from some gospel theme announced before hand, nothing sensational or political, but the gospel. Then go and send out and invite the people; if convenient put a black-board up outside the church on which is stated time and theme of discourse, with an invitation to all. I do not believe that God wants any man to preach to empty pews; but some ministers are too dignified to do as I have said and I want to say that dignity and empty pews go together.

Some ministers have fairly good congregations Sunday morning and a few at night. Such a one is a dead failure, a matter how many he has in the morning. Night is the time to reach

the non-church-goers, and so every Sunday night, the minister should aim at conversion, and an after meeting should be held each night.

Then there should be plenty of good singing—not fine singing; fine music reaches no one, but plenty of gospel hymns sung by all. When fine music is sung the choir does all the singing, and death is the result. I once went to a church to hold a meeting. The choir sang one fine hymn after another and the people could not join. Well, I thought I would get the better of the choir and have all sing; so I asked for "Rock of Ages" when, bless your soul! they started it in a tune which I had never heard before and none save the choir sang again. I repeat singing plenty of good old gospel hymns. Sermons die, hymns never. Look at the Wesleys—the sermons of the one are forgotten; the hymns of the other will live forever.

If you must have a choir see to it that each member of the choir is also a member of the church. A choir with an ungodly singer is a curse to the progress of any church. It is no more inconsistent to have an ungodly minister than to have an ungodly people singing in the church choir.

In conclusion never give up your Sunday night service. A great many ministers will close the doors of their church on Sabbath night to allow their people to go to other places. God calls you to preach the gospel, and of all times Sunday night is your best time to win souls. Why, I would not give up my service Sunday night, not if Gabriel was to preach around the corner. Stick to your pulpit Sunday night, for he who does not, fails to do the work for which he is called of God.

Renewals for 1899 are in order now.

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.]

At Bhipmore.

The following is from the pen of Miss Wile, and appeared in a recent issue of the Morning Star.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

Let me take you to Bhipmore, the headquarters of the Santal work in charge of Dr. Burkholder.

Starting from Midnapore, and going as we usually do, you would hear Besu, the garry-walla or bullock driver, say, "We are ready," meaning that the trotting bullocks were yoked to the garry, which accommodates four persons. Leaving Mr. Wyman's or Dr. Mary's hospitable home we start up the highway at a good pace, probably five miles per hour, and after a distance of four miles is traversed we turn to our left into the Bhipmore road. Straight on we go, past Patrakumkum and Jolhari, where, were we traveling with horses, we should find a relay.

Satapari and Pedakata are the last places of any considerable size until we reach Bhipmore, our jungle home—a veritable oasis in the desert.

How delightful to come into view of the gleaming white pillars of the bungalow! The glad glow would be enhanced by seeing Dr. and Mrs. Burkholder with Nanie, the only birdie now in the home nest, standing at the steps to extend a welcome that is always charming, cordial, and sincere. We get to the bungalow from the main road by crossing a small bridge at our right, and on our left pass our new chapel. Near the east side of the house and inside the gate of the compound is a giant banyan, measuring one hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip of branches on opposite sides.

The house is made of brick—walls two feet thick—and has five rooms, three of which are large and airy. The dispensary and what I often called "Mrs. Burkholder's confessional" are small, but every foot of space available is put to advantageous use. The veranda runs all around the house, and it is a favorite pastime of the native children to race round and round it—not infrequently headed by Nanie. It is also the latter's play-room during the hot portion of the day and the

rainy season. It seems that I can almost hear the sound of her tricycle wheels go past my door! There is a flat roof, and how many times, especially on moonlight nights, some little one would say enviously, "May we go on the roof to play!" If it were possible all would go, boys and girls of the orphanage with Mrs. B. or me, or both; and after games prayers ended our playtime and all went to dinner.

West from the house and about five rods from it is the girls' orphanage building, and under the same roof the girls' school. This building is made of clay or mud, and has walls eighteen inches or two feet thick and about twelve feet high. These are surmounted by bamboo rafters, which support a thick thatch of rice straw. The house has two rooms—one very large, in which the food is eaten, and which might be termed the living room. At night, however, it like the smaller one, becomes a dormitory. Small windows with no glass but having wooden shutters on the inside provide ventilation, but there is only one door. Their cook house is next to the west wall, and commodious, though perhaps the fact that there is no chimney might not suit the ideas of a western house-keeper.

A veranda extends along the east and south sides of the orphanage. Let us walk along the eastern one to the schoolroom, of which there are three. The first and largest is the primary department, next the head master's, and at the end the intermediate grades have their home. These rooms are bare, and to us not inviting, but if the mats are whole and some white earth has been applied to the walls and red earth to the floor it is a pleasant spot to the natives. Those mats! How they used to worry us, Mrs. Burkholder! What a grand fire we made of them once or twice!

At the north end of the house are a tamarind and a mango tree, beauties, both of them. North of the bungalow is the boys' orphanage, having two rooms; one large, the other smaller, but the cook-house is under the same roof. Our cook-house is to the east of the boys' house, and in the former "Jim" reigns supreme.

West of the boys' house is the stable and hen-house. Then comes the workshop, where stands the loom of the boys who are in the weaver's class. The carpenter's tools are there, and when the boys are present the flax and strips of wood show that we have rope-making and basket-weaving in our industrial department. This workshop has no walls; posts support rafters for a thatch.

At the extreme northwest end of the compound is the "Boardings," or a house of six rooms provided for boys who come in from the jungle schools to attend the training school and who board themselves. All over the compound are fruit trees, and the southwestern corner is our garden, a most prolific one and a blessing to us all. In the middle of it is a large well with an old-fashioned sweep. Hori is the presiding genius, and raises peas, beans, cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, corn, onions, lettuce, beets, turnips, and celery, besides a great variety of native vegetables. The boys and girls have each their gardens too.

The whole compound is enclosed by an embankment of earth about three feet high, surmounted by a cactus hedge—a protection against cattle and the depredations of wild elephants. The latter are fortunately suspicious of a gate or hedge. Outside the compound and to the northeast is the boys' school, having two rooms with four masters. The building is the same as the girls—of mud and straw-thatched.

When the ants come up through the floor, throwing up their small mountain in a corner, and when the roof leaks, as it does so frequently when the thatch gets worn or ant-eaten, how we long for a "pucker" building with iron beams. How well I remember the time we had an ants nest dig out, and Kishto's wife, seeing the dark place and taking it for a blanket, sat down in the hole itself! And when that same hole was filled up with soft mud, how the school inspector nearly came to grief in it!

Facing east but in front of our bungalow across the field is our joy and pride—our new chapel. We had outgrown the old one. It was like the clothing of a boy who finds last year's suit a decided misfit; arms and

legs stick too far through to be comfortable. The native people themselves proposed the brick chapel, and I can safely say the new suggestion took away our breath. However, faith in God, themselves, and other people, perhaps, prompted us to go on with it, and a good gift of God it proved, for all through the famine year it provided work for our men and women thus enabling them to remain at home. People of other villages wandered about, looking for food or work or both, so that in many cases whole villages were stripped of their able-bodied or laboring men and women.

At famine rates the building cost more than we estimated, but it has paid many times over the care and trouble it cost. In the form of a T, with a graceful arch between the two divisions, it is a delightful worshiping place. High of wall, well-lighted, and commodious, it is indeed a light-house on the shore of a vast jungle in which are thousands of unsaved ones. God grant its beacon light may be a clear and steady one.

On both sides of the road is the native village, but the main part is on the north. There are a few Hindu homes, but the greater part of Bhipmore is made up of adherents to the Christian faith. There are four streets in the village and many trees, through the shade of which the houses look like enlarged bee-hives.

One thing I must not forget to mention, and that is the spring from which we get our drinking-water. Across the main road, along past Narton's, the dahoba's (washerman's), and Temp-ma's, we come to a wide-spreading banyan tree, a beautiful specimen of a beautiful species, from the roots of which comes to the surface the most refreshing, clear water that ever gladdened a thirsty mortal. It is not only wet and pure, it is cool, and well might, I think, be labeled "best."

A large brook crosses the main road just at the foot of the village, and at the other end, up above the rice fields, is a dam, or band, used in an emergency for irrigating the crops. Then there is a tank. The least said about that the better, though this is a good one and unusually clean. When you count in the twenty odd wells of the village with three of ours, you have the water supply of the village. Santals, unlike Hindus, are very particular about the water they use.

Stretching away to the east and south of us, and as far away as the eye can reach, are rice-fields. North and west are jungles. There are many sal trees in them, and when these are in full bloom it seems that Dame Nature must have emptied one of her largest scent bottles over them, so fragrant are they.

Now I am aware that in my haste I have but imperfectly depicted Bhipmore. To me it is a haven to be desired. Its front yard with its ornamental trees, its path leading to the bell, its flowers and view of the whole village, its swarming life in higher and lower orders, is a picture one could look at with pleasure and wish nothing better than to be a part of the busy, busy life out in the Santal jungle.

God bless Dr. and Mrs. Burkholder and Nanie. God bless every soul in its borders.

Yours faithfully,
EDNA C. WILE.

Acknowledgement.

New subscribers for the INTELLIGENCER have been received from the following members of the W. M. Society: Miss Jane Weyman (1).

Among Exchanges.

Don't Do It.

Do not blow your own trumpets; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow them. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general.—Edward Everett Hale.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Somebody advises a course of sermons on the ten commandments for the average church. How many preachers dare tackle the job—and, in performing, not "mince matters?"—Morning Star.

WHY IS IT?

A drinking man can stay in the church, but he cannot stay in a bank. Is it because the safe-keeping of cash money is more to be desired than the safe-keeping of Christian morals?—The Tennessee Methodist.