

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No 2309

What date is on your address label? If it is February 1898, or any earlier date, a remittance from you is now in order.

Kindly give this matter your attention this week.

Notes and Cleanings.

Attempts have recently been made in several parts of France and Germany to introduce the American lobster, as it has been found that it escapes diseases that destroy the European varieties.

Sweden has its Klondike, with a similar forbidding climate. The discovery in the northern part of the state of new gold fields is announced. At the Bommelinsel there is already an English company with nearly 100 miners.

There is not a single female voice in the choir at St. Peter's, in Rome, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti's high soprano is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys.

A university for women is to be established at Tokio, Japan. The plan has the support of the principal officials and nobles of the empire, and the emperor and empress have contributed money towards it. It will cost, according to the estimates, about \$175,000 to start it.

Official statistics show that, while the mortality among the Russians is 40 per 1,000, the rate among the Kazan Tartars, who are abstainers from intoxicants, is only 21 per 1,000. These Tartars, who live in Russia, number 640,000. With the exception of their teetotalism, they live under exactly the same conditions as the Russians.

The poet Keats wrote to his brother George in Kentucky in 1818 as follows: "Russia may spread its conquest even to China; I think it a very likely thing that China itself may fall. Turkey certainly will. Meanwhile European north Russia will hold its horns against the rest of Europe, intriguing constantly with France."

Dr. Schwartz, of Berlin has investigated the history of fifty centenarians. They had all been married. He asserts from a wide induction that the rate of mortality for husbands and wives between thirty and forty-five years is eighteen per cent, while that of unmarried persons is twenty-eight per cent. These tables do not prove as much as they might appear, since feebleness often causes persons not to marry.

In the province of Ontario there are 2,037 barristers practicing, 627 being located in Toronto. In the province of Quebec there are 766, 114 of which number are practicing in Montreal. In all other provinces outside of Ontario and Quebec there are 1,041 practicing making a total of 1,807 for Canada, exclusive of Ontario, just 230 less than in the province of Ontario. The total in the Dominion is 3,844. In Newfoundland there are 86 in all, with the exception, practicing in St. John's.

In London, on emerging from the Thames river, the new City and Waterloo line, will in its passage to Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way underneath the turn level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground Railway. So that at this point in the city there is, first, a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway reaching its terminus at a depth of about sixty-three feet below the street, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of eighty feet.

RENEWING THEIR PRIVILEGES.—Women used to have a few of the political privileges they are now demanding. Women sat in council with the Saxon tribes; abbesses deliberated with the king, bishops, and nobles at the council in 694, and five of them signed the decree of the assembly; in the reign of Henry III. and of Edward I. four abbesses were summoned to parliament, and in the reign of Edward III. six countesses were distinguished the same way.

Why Should I be Interested in Missions?

In this age of Christian activity it would seem more appropriate to ask, Why should I not be interested in missions?

Why shouldn't I be interested? I can think of but two reasons, neither of which in any sense excuses us from having interest; they are, rather, weaknesses against us. First, ignorance of God's Word; second, distance from him, and these two are practically one. Heart knowledge of the Bible brings us near to him, nearness brings us into sympathy with his mission—which by transfer in the great commission became our mission,—“to seek and to save that which was lost.”

“The lost sheep of the house of Israel,” the “other sheep not of this fold.” Here you have home missions and foreign missions. The Christian's “field is the world.” The local church is not an end but a means; “not a field but a force.” Forced to become a field, it ceases to be a force.

However, as this conception of the aim of the church is not prevalent, the old question will come up, Why should I be interested in missions? If the question is in order, so must also the answer be. Why should I be interested?

1. Self-interest demands it. I need the exercise, the world needs the service. Furthermore, sin, whether in my own town or at the antipodes, is a menace to human welfare. The aim of missions is to destroy sin, hence missions tend towards the common weal.

Lot was involved in the destruction of Sodom. Faithful missionary work on his part would no doubt have saved the city, and with it his property, his family, and the chastity of his daughters and himself.

Fiji unveiled plundered wrecks and ate the sailors. In Fiji evangelized property and life are as safe as in Massachusetts.

In Hawaii: “Fifty years' work and a little more than a million dollars in money (during the same time about four millions in trade came back to this country) had sufficed to transform a race of ignorant, degraded savages into a nation of intelligent, civilized, God-fearing men and women.”

“Heaven's gates are shut to him who comes alone, Save thou a soul and thou shalt save thine own.”

2. It is humane to be interested. This is a humane age. Bird and beast, the helpless and unfortunate, are looked after as never before. Nebraska's destitution, Armenia's woes, India's famine, and Cuba's desolation touch hearts and open pocket-books till we get glimpses of the meaning of the brotherhood of man.

It is humane to respond to these needs of hungry multitudes to furnish with the bread that perisheth thousands whose bodies must soon perish. On the other hand, ought not the woes of a thousand millions perishing for the bread of life to awaken our sympathy and to arouse our interest?

3. Interest in missions is a test of our love of Christ. Love for and devotion to the Lord find expression in going out for others. “Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon.” He that says, “I am not interested in missions,” will not be noted for his piety or for his zeal.

Put “go ye” over against “If a man love me he will keep my words,” and then see how “I am not interested in missions” will sound.

4. It is Christ-like to be interested in missions.

“But when He saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.” Human need, wherever found, appealed to him. Just in proportion to our likeness to him will be our interest in missions.

“A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.” The priest and the Levite did not believe in missions, and so passed on, leaving him to perish.

The Samaritan had the missionary spirit and saved him alive. The heathen world has fallen among thieves, its religious teachers, and is in a sorry plight.

I know churches of large member-

ship that give a mere pittance, the miserable crumbs from the tables of their plenty—modern priests and Levites. I also know an old colored sister who takes in washing to pay \$50 a year for missions—a modern Samaritan. Which shows the Christlike spirit!

These are some reasons why I should be interested in missions, why I am interested. I should not want Him to hear me say, “I am not interested.” I don't want to be saying it when he comes. Do you? It grieves him when any one called Christian says it. It convicts the sayer of lack of love both for God and man.—E. B. S. in Morning Star.

The Pathos of Appetite.

The Chattanooga Times recently contained the following notice addressed to “the public.”

“I hereby acknowledge myself an habitual drunkard, and warn every man connected with the liquor trade that he violates his oath by selling, giving, or allowing me drink.”

This is signed by Beverly C. Bass, who, says the paper in which it appears, is known to a majority of the people in Chattanooga, a man of good family and education, universally liked for his personal qualities, and until two years ago highly respected for his business ability. About that time the drink habit overcame him, and since then he has fallen rapidly and steadily. “I have drank till I am nearly dead,” he said, when requesting the publication of this card. “God knows I want to quit, but I can't as long as I can get liquor. I take this method of cutting off the possibility of doing so.” But who supposes the liquor seller will heed even this heart broken appeal? The saloon is an insatiable monster.—The Watchman.

Conscience Money.

GOOD EFFECT OF MR. MOODY'S PREACHING.

What power is there in Mr. Moody that brings people in crowds to hear him time after time? The stories he tells are the veriest common-places. Yet no doubt he draws. What is it?

So puzzled one wide-awake man yesterday, says the Montreal Witness of Thursday. Perhaps this story may help to a solution. Yesterday an unknown man came into the vestry to Mr. Moody and handed him an envelope containing \$359. This was conscience money. Some time ago, he confessed, he had defrauded the customs of that amount. He had never been detected, but he came to feel that he must make restitution. He wished Mr. Moody to pass the money on to the Customs Department at Ottawa. Mr. Moody called in another gentleman to witness the matter, and the money was sent. “I tell you,” said a gentleman, in relating the story, “there is a power in the old gospel yet.”

Hippic Meat.

The horse is rapidly becoming a competitor with the ox and the sheep, not for the grass that feeds them all, but as an article of food. In France and other parts of Europe great attention is now being given to the feeding of horses for the market. European societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are doing their best to promote this result, and offering large inducements to farmers to utilize spare horses for food. All the physiologists and hygienists agree that horseflesh is excellent and nourishing. Horse tea is now being prescribed to invalids as possessing greater potency as a tonic than beef tea. The broth is of the color of chicken bouillon.

In a summary of the facts on this subject we find the statement that the name given to horseflesh is hippic meat. In cooking it requires a longer time than beef, chicken, or game. When boiled it is apt to crumble, when roasted it suggests venison. There is no part of the horse that cannot be utilized. The color of the meat when roasted or boiled is darker than that of the ox. When it becomes common, as it certainly will, much more skill in carving will be required than even now for the grain is shorter and more brittle. The very high cost of beef is such that a general use of hippic meat would be a necessary and valuable check upon it. In France beef sells

from twenty-five to forty cents a pound, while good horse meat can be had from five to eight cents. The famous French dish known as pot-au-feu, which on account of the great cost of beef, had been practically given up by thousands of French housekeepers if now coming into use, being made with hippic meat instead of beef.

Many an American lady who will read these words with a kind of shudder, has eaten horseflesh without knowing it, if she has traveled much in France, especially if she has lived awhile in Lyons, and eaten of the famous Saucisson de Lyons, which the authority from whom we quote declares is now made almost exclusively of horseflesh. The trolley, the extension of steam rail ways, the horseless carriages, and the bicycle will continue to supplant the horse, and throughout the world his flesh will come more and more to be used as an article of food.—N. Y. Advocate.

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. J. M. McLeod, Fredericton.]

To Sixth District Societies.

The Secretary of Conference will be glad if the different W. M. Societies in the Sixth District will send him duplicates of the lists of contributions they made last year. By some oversight the wrong lists were printed in the Year Book, he has not the correct lists, and he wishes to get them so that they may be published. A quick response to this request will greatly oblige the Secretary. Address, D. McLeod Vince, Woodstock, N. B.

The Story of the Widows' Home.

BY JESSIE B. HOOPER, IN THE HELPER.

It is not what the missionary has to forego for herself that makes her life hard. It is seeing the hopeless misery all around. I knew it was just this that caused dear Mrs. Smith to look so sad that day as she sat by her writing-table in Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore. We were talking of the poor outcast Hindu widows that passed our doors; turned out of homes because rice was scarce, and sent the downward path of sin and shame. No home in our mission field for them; “something must be done.” In our Father's bank there were funds, so we purposed, and the “building society” was formed that decisive moment. It has had its struggles, but never for a moment has there been a doubt of ultimate triumph. The promise whispered, “My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

When Mrs. Smith returned to America we felt the Lord would let her come back to India and build the Home. Five years ago I came home with the sights and sounds of those suffering widows so stamped on heart and mind that thoughts of them haunted me waking or sleeping. When I sat down to a well filled table, the heathen woman's question would sound in my ears, “I hear that in your country people eat their fill three times a day. Is it so? Since my husband died twelve years ago I have never had enough to eat, I am always hungry.” She was only one of thousands of poor outcast widows.

At a close of a tent meeting in Easton, Me., August, 1894, Elder Varney, a Friend minister, placed in my hand a five-dollar gold piece for the Home. Others gave smaller sums, amounting in all to twelve dollars. Our faith leaped to the ten thousand for endowment, we had the “earnest.”

In September the W. C. T. U. convention of the maritime provinces met in Fredericton. At the same time the Free Baptist Association of Maine met in Houlton. Miss Coombs was there. “If I could only see Vina she would plead for the Home,” I thought. Without a cent in my purse for travelling, I trusted the promise, “My God shall supply all your need.” Opening the word for direction, I got the assurance, “Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.” From the little cabin trunk that had crossed so many stormy seas I took the last keepsake—an Indian agate brooch to sell for my fare to

Houlton. At the W. C. T. U. convention that afternoon a sister read a paper, “Our Individual Responsibility.” The Lord opened the way so plainly to press the claims of the Hindu widows. In response those dear white ribbon sisters soon put in my hand an offering of over forty dollars for the Home in India and my travelling to Houlton!

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Fitch, mother of Mrs. Lafamme of the Canadian Baptist mission in India, said to me, “I was looking for you this morning to lead the prayer meeting. I was so burdened for the women of India, we had a prayer meeting especially for them; it was a melting season.” Thus while praying at home the Lord was touching hearts at the convention and preparing the way.

Off to Houlton next morning, where I had a warm welcome from Vina and the dear sisters of the mission society. I knew that little woman, the centre of a group, was Miss DeMeritte, so I told her my errand to Houlton. There were so many needy projects to be provided for, but they did not hesitate to pledge a number of twenty-five dollars when the Home should be begun. At the last meeting on Thursday evening the brethren kindly gave a few minutes to present the matter. At the close the pastor, Bro. Dustin, dropped a dollar into my hand. We stayed over Sabbath in Houlton. Saturday evening went to the Salvation Army and gave a little talk on India. At the close a brother from New Brunswick put a five-cent bit in my hand saying, “This is for your work.” It was worn and battered and all he had to give, but the Queen's head was visible, and that little five cent bit seemed to say, “Why not ask for more just like me?” The next Sabbath Bro. Dustin helped us at the close of the service till the little bit of worn silver grew into a sum of over forty dollars!

During all these months of waiting, our faith has been stimulated by words of cheer from dear Mrs. Smith and home workers. Even in the trying August days of '95 a card from Mrs. Smith said, “God will bring our desires to pass if we trust him. The money is coming, but not in a lump.” Since then a thousand dollar lump has been sent, and now shall we not believe the “Golden Memorial” into a triumphant issue? The promise is, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

A few years ago in India the government asked the loan of a million dollars from a ruler of one of the native states. The English resident was led through a secret passage to the underground treasure house in the palace. The light of lanterns revealed dazzling heaps of gold and precious stones. It was like a page from some fairy tale. When the resident saw the untold wealth he exclaimed, “I wish we had asked for more.” The Lord's treasury is inexhaustible. Let us ask big things of him, and as of old it shall be said, “The Lord hath done great things for them.” Even now we can say, “The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.” Fredericton, N. B.

A STRANGE WOMAN.—A London paper says that undoubtedly the most remarkable and the strongest woman in the world is Miss Eyatima Tardo, who altho unknown to the public has been a mystery to thousands of physicians for a long time. She is twenty-six years of age and all through her life has never experienced the sense of touch. She can thrust pins into her body and all she feels is a slight jar. A red-hot iron applied to her skin, a gash made with a knife, all mean nothing to this woman; and in an hour or two the wound is healed. Moreover she has control over the circulation of her blood. A gash can be made where there is no way for a surgeon to stop the flow of blood, but Miss Tardo can stop it in a second. She is also proof against poison, having been bitten by the most venomous snakes with, apparently, no ill effects. Such deadly cultures as cholera germs, diphtheria, consumption and typhoid fever, have been injected into her blood; but she has no fear of contagion.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

CONVERSION OF REV. J. TAAFFE FINN.—The Belfast Witness gives an account of the recent conversion of Father Finn, till recently chaplain of the Foxford Convent and curate of the parish. Mr. Finn was well known and highly respected in the West of Ireland; he comes of an influential family, which has enjoyed the favour of the Penal Court for many generations, some of his ancestors on his mother's side having borne the title of “Court of the Holy Roman Empire,” his great grandfather held the influential post of Prime Minister of Austria—a position gained through the influence of the “Roman See.”

Mr. Finn was educated at Maynooth, where he distinguished himself by obtaining a Danboyne Scholarship, for which he had to stand a competitive examination. In the parishes of Collooney, Kilmore, and Foxford he worked as a Roman Catholic curate. In the last parish he held the responsible post of chaplain to the Industrial Convent, where he ministered till the latter part of October, when, through religious conviction, he felt obliged to place his resignation in the hands of the Bishop.

Mr. Finn was led to inquire into the doctrine of transubstantiation, and he felt constrained to come to the conclusion that it was philosophically as well as scripturally groundless. He has published his reasons for leaving the Church of Rome. He reminds us of Father Thomas Connellan, though his conversion has not been surrounded with such dramatic circumstances.—Pres. Witness.

Good Salaries.

The Prince of Wales gets two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives one hundred thousand dollars.

Italy pays her king two million six hundred thousand dollars a year.

The German Emperor receives about four million dollars a year, besides the large revenues from estates belonging personally to the royal family.

The President of the United States receives fifty thousand dollars a year.

The Czar of Russia owns in fee simple one million square miles of cultivated land, and has an income of twelve million dollars.

The Queen of England receives nearly two million dollars a year.

The President of France receives two hundred and forty thousand a year.

Alfonzo of Spain receives one million four hundred thousand dollars a year, besides four hundred thousand dollars additional for family expenses.

Among Exchanges.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

The reintroduction of newspaper postage will in the end be found a serious burden on the newspaper reader. The publishers of Canada are today giving their subscribers the full benefit of free transmission of papers. Most of the newspapers are furnished at the lowest price for which they can be produced. If a new charge is imposed the publisher must either increase the subscription price, or reduce the cost, and consequently the value of his paper, or suffer the loss himself. Taking the newspaper business as it now exists it is hard to see how the average publisher can bear the additional outlay and give subscribers the same value that they would have under free transmission.—The Sun.

CONVICTION WANTED.

“This century is dying for a grand conviction. The pulpit that is evangelical must name and challenge the pulpit that is not evangelical. Then we shall have persecution. We shall be regarded as censorious. But we must pay the price. If this age is to be recovered from its love of money, its selfishness, its frivolity, there must be a great challenge, and that challenge must lie between the two conceptions of the church.” Thus spoke Dr. Joseph Parker, the great London preacher. Every honest minister whose heart yearns for the truth feels the force of these words. Sometimes the lesson is learned in another way. A Presbyterian pastor of Chicago left that pulpit to serve an independent congregation. He learned a lesson, and announced his conclusion that a “church which believes nothing gives nothing,” and that “it is the hide-bound orthodox Christian, with a belief in sense in hell, that contributes to the support of the ministry.” He might have said, also, that a church which believes nothing is consistent when it gives nothing. “The preaching of a man who believes nothing is worth nothing.”—The Telescope.