

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 2318

Notes and Cleanings

The Government of Ecuador plans a railroad from Guayaquil to Quito, and an American syndicate has the contract, but since in the four hundred miles there will be eight hundred and thirty bridges, it may seem that air ships, not railroads, are what Ecuador really needs.

The New Zealand government has drafted a bill for the appointment of "discreet women" as inspectors, with extensive powers to stop and interrogate the girl who is out at a late hour. They are also authorized to escort her home, or, if the late girl is a very hard case, to take her to an establishment especially provided, and leave her in charge of the matron, pending inquiry.

A large but involuntary collection was taken up in a recent Saturday evening in the Methodist church at Hawley, Woods county, Oklahoma. In fact, it was the largest collection ever taken up in any church in the territory. Six shooters in the hands of two masked men kept the congregation quiescent, while two other robbers went about the pews and relieved the worshippers of all their cash and jewelry. The minister contributed a few dollars out of his own pocket.

According to Mr. Spratly, the English battle-cry is 'Hoorah' and has been inherited by us from our ancestors, the Anglo-Egyptians. This gives us, he thinks, 'an ancestral right to remain on the banks of the Nile.' 'Hoo Ra! Hoo Ra! Hoo Ra!' means, says Mr. Spratly, 'The King! The King! The King!' and as 'Ra' means not only King but also God and Man, he regards it as equivalent to 'For God, King and Country!' A very interesting discovery—if true.

The Alpine casualties of 1897 are summed up in an interesting article in *Le Dauphine*. Thirty-three climbers perished, half of whom, it is worth noting, were single excursionists making their ascents without either a guide or even a companion. Only one climber was lost who had a guide. Eight of the 33 were killed by avalanches, two by falls of stones, two by slipping on snow, three on grass, and sixteen on rock. Three perished in crevasses. Twelve of the thirty-three were Swiss, eight Austrians, six Germans, three Frenchmen, and only one Englishman.

The Prince of Wales is said to have learned in his youth to make stockings. His son, the Duke of York, learned the trade of rope-making. His cousin, the Czar Nicholas II., can plow, sow, and reap. The emperor William is a practical type-setter. King Humbert is not only an excellent shoe-maker, but cobbles also to perfection. Oscar of Sweden handles the ax with dexterity, like an improved woodsman, not even yielding the palm in this respect to Mr. Gladstone. Queen Victoria is exceedingly fond of knitting. Not many days ago she finished a woolen coverlet and presented it to the oldest and most deserving of the inmates of an asylum for disabled working women in the Isle of Wight.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, Eng. gives in a new edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" some interesting particulars concerning the circulation of that book. It seems that it sprang at once into fame, 100,000 copies being sold during the subsequent ten years of the author's life. Till the two-and-twentieth edition in 1728, it appeared in the small octavo form. It was also printed at Boston in New England in 1681, and a Dutch translation was issued in Amsterdam in 1682. It was translated into Welsh, Walloon, French, German, Polish, and Swedish between 1688 and 1743. It may be met with in Asia, in Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages; in India, in Hindustani and many dialects. It has also been translated for readers in Assam, Burma, Borneo, West and Central Africa, the South Sea Islands, and for some tribes of American Indians. Since then it has been translated into no fewer than eighty-four languages and dialects.

People who live on the borders of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River have cherished a heresy for fifty years past that the waters of the lakes and of the St. Lawrence River gradually rise for seven years, stand still for a year, and

then gradually recede for seven years. This idea has been proved to be a plain case of self-deception on the part of a very large number of people as carefully recorded gages of United States officials have proved its fallacy. In 1895, the water having for several years previously gradually been going down, reached a level never before known except in 1818 and 1847. Since that time the water has been gradually growing deeper. The probabilities are that the very low water of 1895 was occasioned by an absence of rain on the watersheds of the Lakes. It is a very singular fact that the drainage of rivers and other streams into the Great Lakes is limited. The water sheds do not extend, generally speaking, more than forty miles from the lake shores. At one point in Ohio, less than 100 miles from Lake Erie, the water on one side of a church roof run into Lake Erie and from the other side into the Ohio River.

The Rev. George C. Lorimer D. D., LL. D.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Some there are and not a few, who believe that the stars sit in council and declare the horoscope and destinies of human units. Man is but the blind plaything of fate, moved and oscillated by the occult powers moving in orbits far away. To be born under a certain star portends a propitious future; again if you make your entrance into the world while a star with lugubrious cast of countenance may chance to be crossing the zenith, there is for you, only distraction and dismay. Just what suzerainty the stars may exercise over the lives of a struggling humanity I do not know. I am however firmly convinced that Dr. Lorimer, of Boston in his effort to follow Solomon's advice—get wisdom and understanding has done more to make the present character, whom we know as the Pastor of Tremont Temple, than the mighty movements of stars in their flight through the heavens.

We are told that Minerva emerged armed from the head of Jupiter. Such is not the lot of man. Nature has endowed us with a physical and mental patrimony which make possible by development things greater than Minerva wrought. The subject of this sketch is a man, small of stature, who never would have been admitted, had he lived in the days of Israel's glory into the council chamber of the sanhedrin, because his stature falls short of the ideal conception of perfect manhood, which to the sign-seeking race of Palestine indicated Gods special favor. But what there is of the man works like a dynamo, sending forth light and heat to the circuit of his activities, unabated by the passage of years. His constitution is something most extraordinary. All his lifetime he has been a hard worker. His wife once told me that for twenty years after they were married the Doctor would read, write and study from twelve till two o'clock every night. I have it from his own lips, that he has frequently in his younger ministerial life, during the war times, met his wife going to market, as he was going to bed. His health, in spite of the expenditure of so much energy and thought is still good. Even now he is loaded with cares and responsibility that few men care to shoulder. He is for a man of his age, carrying too many packs on his back. But he is ambitious, and in fact has long been the willing victim of the furies of ambition, which have ever pursued him like Banquo's ghost, lashing him into ceaseless efforts by day, long and arduous hours of study by torch light, past the time when the belfry "clangs a dozen." His endeavor for knowledge is possible only to one of very exceptional physical endowments, and Scotch at that. By his indefatigable pursuit of knowledge, his application of ideas to the religious and social life, and a strong personal, he has gained a prominent place in public life. The place, the man, and his influence we consider in this paper.

Dr. Lorimer's calling in life, is as Bishop Brooks once answered the question—"a preacher," and as such we will study him. Sunday after Sunday he stands before one of the largest bodies of church attendants in America and declares the gospel of peace. His hold upon the people is firm. The new church edifice is already insufficient to

accommodate the Sunday evening congregation. Not infrequently a thousand people are turned away from the evening service, for which an overflow meeting in Lorimer Hall is provided, in charge of the assistant pastor. The Doctor's style of preaching is out of the ordinary. In searching for a parallel one is reminded of the Edinburgh Review critic in passing judgment on Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton. When he had finished reading it he sat down and wrote the author: "The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." The style of Dr. Lorimer is in a sense a picked up style, the resultant of evolution and erudition, always strong, forceful and eloquent but not always elegant. He has what Prof. Jean Charlemagne Broeg of Vassar College in a recent lecture in the Lowell Institute at Boston terms the essentials of oratory, "the spirit of enthusiasm and apostleship."

As he stands before his people and announces his text, his voice is at the outset of his discourse moderate in tone, his words measured and delightfully pleasing, until the introduction varying from five to twelve minutes which marks the first climax in his address is reached. At this juncture he loses the calm composure of the reasoner, and enters into the serious earnestness of the subject. In his prefatory remarks he stands ordinarily with his arms folded in Napoleonic attitude with an erectness of head and shoulders that is full of dignity and repose. The scene changes after the prologue. The sacred fire burns within the tone of the voice is pitched higher and higher, the gesture supplemented by unique dramatic action adds intensity to the discourse. One of his platform mannerisms is the quick measured backward steps not unlike Sir Henry Irving's when he is picturing a scene to his audience. In imagination he steps backward to make room on the platform for the action he is describing. He is dramatic. He has great emotion but unhappily he does not control it. Instead of making one feel the power of his emotion, our attention is diverted to his throat where the whole emotion of the body seems to be centered in a sort of a catract. The effect on the audience of this lack of composure is very rasping to people of sympathetic natures. There are those who positively affirm that his delivery gives them a sore throat while others complain of a nervous exhaustion. His voice shows the result of over-effort. By straining it in the belief that it is necessary to reach his attic hearers, he has injured in a deplorable degree the harmony of his tones, and the power of his voice. He still wastes energy in declaring the gospel to the people. To be scientific he is like a dynamo generating more electricity than is needed. He lacks repose.

His sermons are invariably evangelical in tone and in essence, though liberal in their interpretation. He holds a firm grip on all the funds, mental anchors, but allows the ebb and flow of passing waters their free course. By nature he is a preacher of the didactic kind and not an evangelist. Some years ago his church held union meetings in the Park Street Congregational church. One evening Dr. Loring was conducting the services, and Dr. Lorimer was doing pioneer work near the close of the service on the floor. The leader was exhorting the people to join the company of christians, but there was a stillness and lack of response. Dr. Lorimer was passing up and down the aisles looking most anxious and somewhat distressed, if not discouraged. At length he spoke up and urged the people who wanted salvation to rise or come forward, all the while beckoning with his arm. But they did not come. Pursuing his steps down the church, at last in a distracted and disgusted tone and manner he exclaimed with a sweep of his arm "Why don't you come forward, what do you suppose we come here night after night for if it isn't for the salvation of you who are out of Christ? That evening there was no response. Clearly he was not an evangelist. I was convinced that night that those men are called to be evangelists, others to be preachers, and as a preacher, Dr. Lorimer is a formidable upholder of the gospel in argument. The nature of his preaching is didactic and argumentative wrought out logically and backed by weighty authority. New

theories and dogmas he analyses for his audience and warns them not to be duped by a decayed paganism after having undergone the metamorphosis of a modern new light. He draws material and illustrations largely from books, science and art. He is particularly well versed in Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Victor Hugo, and the standard classics. Then too in illustrating a theme he has frequent recourse to the great masterpieces of art. Nature contributes a quota and music serves his purposes many a time and oft. His acquaintance with religious writers, history and dogmas show him to be a man of vast research and study. He makes no war with science but rather calls it to his aid. He is never superficial. He is a careful and painstaking labourer, ever alysing his subject, and as a logical sequence he is a critic, in the light of history. His place in the religious world is similar to that occupied by Matthew Arnold in the literary world. His sermons are decidedly lengthy varying from forty minutes to an hour, and at times even more. He scarcely ever closes his morning discourse promptly at twelve o'clock. Few people care for long sermons in this age, but when the question of a shorter sermon is brought to his attention he eludes the pointed issue by declaring that you go to the theatre and sit for two and a half hours to see a spectacular representation of life upon the stage, and yet cannot listen patiently for an hour to the preacher. Years ago when he was pastor of the Shawmut Ave. Baptist he was quite an exorcist on the pulpit platform. Occasionally his cuffs would get away from him in his emphatic declarations of truth, and at certain climaxes it almost seemed as if some centrifugal force would annihilate his being. Time has modified in some degree the dynamics of youth and yet he is extravagant in platform energy. Dr. Lorimer has succeeded in popularizing an intellectual discourse—a most difficult task as those who have tried it very well know. While he has had marked success by what Matthew Arnold terms the "sweet reasonableness" of the thing in convincing and convicting through the art of the Holy Spirit, I am yet persuaded that he is more of a mighty pillar upholding an architectural structure than the open door. His preaching is better calculated to strengthen by argument the belief of those already in the faith than it is to convert the credulous, churchless and Christless. His intellectualism should dominate a university pulpit. They have been rendered him but he prefers the duties of pastor.

The Doctor is popular abroad where he has been the "summer pastor" at Marlboro Presbyterian church in London for three summers. This year he will occupy the Rogers Park Baptist church, whose pastor Mr. Gauge is the president of the Baptist Union of Great Britain. While abroad the Doctor and his wife are always the recipients of generous hospitality. A house furnished in lavish style with man and maid servants is placed at their disposal without cost, which is taken care of by the church. Then too the invitations of the nobility to spend a few quiet days in the Highlands of Scotland or the mountains of Wales render the vacation season exceedingly delightful in Great Britain where he is everywhere received with marked attention and respect. The London papers quote liberally from his sermons and comment upon him, as the representative American preacher. He enjoys the friendship of Mr. Gladstone who has entertained him at lunch in Hawarden Castle. A delegation or so from the London churches, and two years ago, one from Australia made their annual call upon him while in London, and pictured the laurels awaiting him in a London pulpit.

In addition to pastoral duties, Dr. Lorimer has found time to engage in some literary work. Besides contributing articles to the current press he has one novel—"Under the Evergreens," now out of print. *Isms Old and New*. The *Gulliver*, or the *Life of Christ*. The *Great Conflict*, a discussion of the whole doctrine of religious liberty, and how far it multiplies the doctrine of close communion. Baptists in History, being a treatise on their doctrine and works. *Studies in Social Life*, now out of print, but the subject matter will be presented in

(Continued on page five.)

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.]

—In Pundita Ramabai's Home in India 280 girls are being cared for, 240 of them being famine widows.

—Last year the Methodist women of the Northern States, raised for missions \$313,938, which was \$28,000 more than they raised the year before.

—Miss Hu King Eng, M.D., the first woman in China to be graduated from a medical college, has become first physician for the household of Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman.

—A Mohammedan father sent to Lucknow, two thousand miles, for the Woman's Friend in Urdu. In the letter he stated that he wanted the paper for his daughter, expressed his delight that there was literature pure enough for his daughter to read, and thanked the ladies for such a publication. He enclosed the subscription price.

—"Pundita Ramabai is extremely popular with American women, her simplicity and earnestness winning her friends everywhere," said Dr. Abbott a few days ago. "She surprised and charmed all by answering a woman who asked her whether she was Unitarian or evangelist: 'I really don't know. I'm a Christian. If Christ was anything else I'll be that.'"

—At a missionary meeting lately in Chatsworth road chapel, Norwood, Pastor A. G. Brown related the following incident: "Soon after his daughter had decided to go out as a missionary to China, an old lady called upon him and stated that the Lord had told her to give him 'that,' offering him successively five £100 notes. The old lady then took her departure. 'Thus,' said Mr. Brown, 'I made the gift of my child, and the Lord found the money for her support.'"

—Mrs. Barrows, wife of Dr. Barrows, of Chicago, and his companion in his journey to India, is giving some fine talks to missionary gatherings of ladies. She said, among other things, that India newspapers which had been most severe against Christianity, saying that this religion was new and attractive, but also immoral, were completely won over by the generous giving of the missionaries during the plague. At first some said, "O, they are trying to get the children into their schools," but soon one paper stated, "They are more full of pity than our maharajahs," and again, "The noblest types of character we have seen are among the Christians."

Woman's Work Among Baptists.

Woman's work along missionary lines in all the denominations is universally recognized as a very important branch of missionary enterprise. Mrs. L. A. Barnes, of Brooklyn, in a recent address mentioned some facts of interest. The Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society, she said, has been in existence about twenty years. During its first year the amount raised was \$2,618. In its twentieth year the amount was over \$26,000. During its history it has received and paid out over \$800,000, besides \$2,000 worth of garments. It maintains in different parts of the country eighty-five mission stations, and one hundred and thirty-five missionaries. It has distributed the Bible in twenty-one different languages among the 7,000,000 emigrants who have landed in New York since 1882. In the Borough of Manhattan the Society has twenty-four workers among the Germans, eleven among the Swedes, seven among the Chinese, three among the Danes, and one among the Jews. The Baptist women are doing a good work, and the results of what they have done, when added to what their sisters in other denominations have accomplished, is almost beyond estimate.

Another Case.

"How is your baby getting on?" "Puh tsai lias" (which means "no more"—a very common Chinese expression for the word "death"). "What!" we exclaimed, "your baby dead?" "Yes," she answered; "there was no one to take care of the child, so it was the best thing to do." "You don't mean to say you killed your baby?" we asked. "Yes," was the answer, with her eyes on the ground. "How did you kill your baby?" The answer was that she had just put it in a bucket of water.

We felt like fainting away, and could not speak to her for a few minutes. There we stood face to face with a murderer of her own child, with no seeming shame or condemnation over what she had done. We felt inexpressibly sad, as she is a woman who has heard a good deal of the truth. So we asked her to tell us openly the reason for painting her hands with the blood of her own baby. Her argument is that of thousands of unhappy mothers in China—(it must be understood that this refers only to the heathen). When a girl is born, the husband is displeased, and thus this girl, who ought to be the centre of home happiness and joy, is an object of dislike and derision. When the girl is three or four years old the poor mother must begin to bind the child's feet. This is a most painful process; but the feet must be very small, or there is danger that they will not get the girl married to well-to-do people. Then comes the time for her marriage. If they are not well off, nearly all they have will go with the girl for her outfit when she leaves her father's home to go and spend her life-time with an individual whom she has never seen before the day she is married. Then, in very many cases, begins a most unhappy and cruel life, which generally ends in the wife shortening her life with opium poison.

Thus, from the very commencement of a Chinese girl's life is the danger of being an object of unhappiness and pain to the last moment of life. This is the way a poor mother argues at the birth of a girl. It is really awful to think of how many dear little baby girls "not wanted" are murdered in this land.—Mrs. A. Kristensen, in *Woman's Work*.

CRUELTY.—Those who wear article made of Persian lambskins are invited to read the following extract from an American consular report. Mr. Angell of Boston is our authority:

"Lambskins.—The Article of commerce known under the general term of astrakhan, consists of the skins of very young black lambs, bred in Turkestan, some parts of Russia proper, and in Persia. In order to obtain a skin of the highest quality, it is usual to kill the mother a short time in advance of the time for giving birth to the lamb, so as to get the skin before the tiny curls have time to open and expand. The most superior skins are those produced in the Khanate of Bokhara, and the best found in Persia are from breeds of sheep found in the neighborhood of Shiraz. It having been found that this traffic was the cause of such a slaughter of lambs, greatly diminishing the food supply and increasing proportionately the price, the Persian government has prohibited the exportation of skins. But ways and methods are generally found for evading these interdicts and injunctions."

Among Exchanges.

THE POLITICIANS KNOW.

Politicians have learned that it is safer to defy the church than the saloon. The saloon bulldozes, the church does. The saloon is in earnest, the church too largely making believe. The saloon has the courage of its convictions, the church has a conviction of its lack of courage.—*The Templar*.

WORSE THAN ANY.

The country has an anti-microbe craze, and all sorts of arbitrary rules are being made and enforced, while alcohol is doing directly—taking all things into the account—more damage than any microbes, besides indirectly preparing the soil for the fatal effects of the worst of them.

How long would it be if some microbes were discovered against which a tenth of the evils directly chargeable to intoxicating liquors could be proved, before the manufacture and sale of anything containing the said microbes would be universally prohibited? Just as long as it will be before the sale of alcohol in its various compounds as a beverage is prohibited. The dealers and the politicians would all be against the material restriction of the sale, just as they are now, if it was chiefly found in something in which they were dealing.—N. Y. Advocate.