

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No 239

Notes and Gleanings.

Inventor in Great Britain
has to have devised an electric
which is soundless as well as
recess, and which will throw
five miles and a half.

Mr. Gould's income is the largest
any unmarried woman in the
city. She does not spend much
herself. On churches and char-
she spends \$100,000 a year.

figured out years ago," said a
vigorous farmer, "that with very
erate drinking, I'd drink an
of good land every year. So I
Here is a temperance lecture
up in a small parcel, con-
ent for handling

shark's egg is, perhaps, one of
oddest looking things imagin-
It is not provided with a
but the contents are protected
thick, leathery covering, almost
lastic as india rubber. The
age size is two inches by two
three quarters inches, and the
is almost pure black.

forty-five bachelors of Poona,
ois, have taken a vow to wed
but widows, and have formed
elves into a club. Any mem-
who violates the vow must pay
of £1, and take whatever
punishment the club sees fit
impose. The organisers say that
or object is a worthy one, for
the eligible girl has no diffi-
in marrying, in that part of
country, widows are usually
handicapped.

ance is supposed to be a Catholic
ary and Catholicism prides it-
on the sanctity of the marriage
tion. An exchange says, how-
that "a law is now operative
France which grants divorces
not costa. Every Thursday
divorce court in Paris grants
of separation. One day
ally, 294 divorces were granted
four hours, or more than
a minute! Most applicants
working people, who, before
passing of this law, rarely
d a divorce."

A late meeting of the fraternity
masters, their preacher, after
stating for some time on the
riority of the brute creation
man on the score of gratitude,
shed his argument with the
wing illustration:—"If you
to the hens, they never so
as take a drink of water
out raising their bills to
en in token of gratitude;" and
added, "Oh! that we were all
To which one of the truly
ed congregation loudly re-
died, "Amen!"

charitable institution in an
ern city decided to give a
er to the bootblacks and news-
The chief article of food was
sandwiches, and a whole day
spent making ham sandwiches.
day of the dinner came, and
promoters of the affair, were
taken back to see the boys
carefully remove the ham from
sandwiches and eat only the
and butter. A few questions
right to mind the fact that as it
Friday, the Catholic boys
not eat meat, and the Jewish
could not eat it because pork
forms is forbidden them.

tomb of Esther and Mordecai,
amous characters in the Bibli-
Book of Esther, has been dis-
covered in Hamadan, Persia, and
descriptions on the sarcophagi
the tomb itself read and
lated. This discovery is most
for, some writers have tried
credit the Biblical story, and
of Purim, which goes back
for a basis. This tomb has
been added to at various
times, and is now sixty feet high.
entrance is to the left of the
tomb, leading into an outer
ge. To the left is the tomb of
ancient savage, and to the
tomb of an old physician, a
stand bearing lamps and oil
of it. A wall separates the
part from this outer section.
The western end of a door leads to
principal part of the tomb. To
right is Mordecai's tomb, and
left Esther's separated from
other by a corridor, a long
pilgrims pass, going around
sarcophagi. In a niche is a
of the law, and an ostrich is
ded beneath the dome, as is
custom in all Persian tombs.

Shall We Save Or Lose Our Christian Sabbath?

BY REV. DR. CARMAN, IN THE GUARDIAN.

There can be no doubt about it; this is to-day to Canadians, especially to us of Ontario a question of vital interest, of prime importance. Shall our Sabbath be kept to people now living, and to posterity, in anything like its true intent? or shall the land be given over to disregard of the Lord's Day, to Sabbath desecration, and its attendant growing sins and evils? The conflict is upon us. We are nearing the thick of the fight. Our parliaments, Legislatures and courts are lending their aid to Sabbath-breaking corporations combinations and companies, and to associations and businesses that thrive only on the violation of the command regarding the laborer's day of rest. We are not cranks or extremists. Civil law and courts of the land may not compel us to worship; but the courts and the law are bound to protect us in worship, to facilitate worship, and to guard our rights in the appointed day of rest. Above all this, Christian people in the interests of the Christian religion, will have their own incentives to save the Sabbath institution from wreck; but on the solid and practical ground of personal, social and civil rights, citizens loving morality, religious intelligence, general order and national safety, will see to it that we have good sabbath law, and that well executed.

With all the present facilities in trade and travel, with all the accumulations of capital and enormous establishments of machinery, with the greed of wealth and the helplessness of the toiler, superadded to the forces that have made against the Sabbath in times gone by, the depth and intensity of the struggle is immensely increased. The Governments in power have friends that sue for Sabbath license, and they get it. By a sort of perversity the judges read into the statutes the very things they neither say or mean. Like the Attorney-General of the United States, interpreting the Canteen Prohibition Act, they hold the acts to allow the very things they were designed to prohibit. "Travelers" mean frolicking boys and girls riding a block or two on a street car. John, James, George, Peter; these four, and absolutely no more. We are patient, law abiding people; but we must know what we want, insist on plain laws, and on judges that can understand and interpret them.

It is very evident it is no mere boy's play we are at. Our coming Conference, I may be pardoned for urging, must not only pass quiet reports and nice resolutions on this subject; but must settle down to vigorous, practical business, to earnest, defensive measures for the holy Sabbath. Steps should be taken to make and enforce strong representations to Parliaments and to Governments, and to bring pressure, connexionally and otherwise to bear upon them in behalf of Sabbath laws and administration. There should be organizations up in the circuits. Meetings should be held and money raised in the interests of the campaign. I think we should study the subject and the situation carefully and render what help we can to the Lord's Day Alliance. The churches and the country must be aroused to our danger, or unquestionably we shall soon have the Chicago and Buffalo Sabbath, with all its vileness, dumped down on our shores. In prayer and wisdom, under divine guidance, let all our Conferences unite in energetic action in this defensive war.

The Personal Element.

The strength of a man's preaching depend more upon what he is than upon what he says. If he be an insincere man, while he may charm with his eloquent periods, he will fail to command the respect, even of the men who admire him. Should he attempt to lead them where self-sacrifice become a necessity, they will refuse to follow him.

We know a man who is not a good preacher, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, who is not scholarly, who reads the Scriptures in schoolboy fashion, yet who is a greater power in the city in which he lives, and in the pulpit or on the platform, than any other minister of any denomination.

There is a life behind his words, and it lends all its strong pure strength to wing the message that he comes forth from his Master's presence to deliver. In the same city is another minister, a studious, scholarly man, most careful in his choice of language, in prayer and in the reading of the Scriptures, most painstaking lest he offend other men, yet who is steadily losing his ground. For, beneath the careful outward exterior there is a sub-stratum of meanness, and its frequent outcroppings gives the lie to all he says.

This second man is perhaps the more richly endowed of two, except in the spiritual graces. Here is a secret of power. It is the secret of the splendid power of some humble laborer, who, knowing nothing of any language but his own, nor of any school but that one where necessity sternly presides, will yet speak to you of truths far beyond your ken. As he leans on the spade or the plough, handle, or looks out at you through the grime of the shop he reveals to you an inner life of wondrous purity, and a spiritual vision of truly marvellous sweep.

We urge our young men to make the most of their college days, to take advantage of every opportunity for developing the mental faculties, and perfecting their knowledge of men. Is there not a more excellent line of study? Is the training of soul perception not worthy of some efforts? Ought not the men who aspire to be the leaders of others in spiritual truths to be "far ben" themselves are they enter upon such work? Yet how little the spiritual is cultivated while the student is within college halls, and still less does the busy minister find opportunity to go apart with the Master, that he may hold converse with Him, and come back to his work again, with face aglow and spirit pure and strong for his Master's service, — Presbyterian.

Kissing the Bible.

The custom of kissing the Bible in connection with the taking of oath in court has practically become obsolete in America. The custom has been abandoned almost imperceptibly, and chiefly, perhaps, as the result of the enforcement of sanitary laws for the prevention of the spread of disease. It seems, however, to be still continued in foreign countries. Occasionally a witness refuses to "kiss the book," but it is rare, if, indeed, there has been more than one occasion when this method of administering the oath has been denounced from the bench. Such denunciation, however, took place recently in one of the English courts. A witness insisted upon not being sworn in that fashion and, for his encouragement, the magistrate, who was also a physician, said, "That book has been kissed this morning by all sorts and conditions of men—some with dirty faces, others with sores on their faces and lips,—and I am delighted that one person, at any rate, has had the common sense to stand out for the sanitary oath." He added: "I would rather be vaccinated many a time over than kiss that book. The habit of kissing the book is one of the most fruitful sources of infection."

The custom of kissing the Bible grew up during the middle ages, and was designed to increase the impressiveness of the oath taken by a witness. This custom was perhaps an extension of the practice of reverently placing the hand upon the Bible or upon some sacred relic when taking an oath. It was made to apply with especial force in the coronation of kings, and even American presidents, when inaugurated, have observed the custom, which they have inherited from England. More respect, of course, is shown for the fastidiousness of sovereigns than for that of the common people, the latter being expected to kiss the Bible provided by the court, which may have borne the impress of lips of unnumbered thousands of "all sorts and conditions of men," while the former have been provided in every case with an entirely new book. The significance of a kiss of a President or sovereign has not, so far as the public was concerned, been in the mere act of kissing the book, but has depended upon the particular passage which their lips are supposed to have touched and it has usually been so arranged that the

passage shall be such as to create a favorable impression upon the public mind.

The kissing of the Bible was a Catholic custom, and probably originated from the practice of kissing the Pope's toe. The latter custom itself was doubtless derived from the oriental custom of kissing the hands or feet or the hem of the garment of one whom the kisser desired to honor. This custom was observed by all ancient nations. The modern Romans derived it from the old Romans, whose Pontifex Maximus, under the empire, had his toe kissed. The custom of kissing the hand or foot of the Pope as a mark of reverence was early practiced, the Pope himself, as well as Roman Catholic and Greek sovereigns and princes, washing and kissing the hands and feet of pilgrims on Maundy Thursday. There is a tradition that before the eighth century the Popes gave only their hands to be kissed, but when a certain misguided woman, not content with simply kissing the hand, gave it an affectionate squeeze, his holiness was so scandalized that he cut off the member which had vicariously offended, and ever after the papal foot instead of the papal hand was extended to worshipping pilgrims. As, with the advance of intelligence and culture, people became more squeamish, the papal foot was incased in a slipper, and over the spot where the great toe is supposed to dwell a cross is decorated, and to the kisser it is expected to suggest homage paid to Christ crucified.

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.]

Mrs. Gray's Opportunities.

Mrs. Gray had been dusting her cozy parlor, and as she viewed the result with a satisfied air was turning to leave the room when her eye fell on an illuminated text hung on the wall. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men," she read slowly and half aloud. And then, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her, "Why, that was the text last Sunday morning! And how much the minister did make of that word 'opportunity'! I wish I had opportunity as that rich Mrs. Dee has; how I should love to do good! but then I haven't," and Mrs. Gray's conscience, which was one of the convenient kind and never impudently asserted itself, subsided into its usual silence. It seemed, however, that on this particular day it was not to have its usual quiet rest, for its owner had no sooner laid off dusting-cap and apron and taken her seat at the sewing-machine than she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this is the day for the meeting of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society! But then," as she glanced dubiously out at shivering trees and fast-falling flakes, "I can't think of going out in such a storm. No one would dream of going out to-day! If it were fine I would go and get ready now, as I never have time after dinner, with my dishes all to do and meeting at two o'clock. I wonder why they have it so early, anyway! Just see how it snows! And then Gertie has got to have this apron to-morrow. Her old ones are getting so short for her that she looks like a fright in them. How she does grow, to be sure! There's no use trying to keep up with her. And her last winter's flanne's are of no use at all. I wish some one had them who needs them. But who wants to go about offering cast-off things to people, not knowing but they may take it as an insult? Well, I couldn't go if it were ever so pleasant. 'Charity begins at home,'" and Mrs. Gray's machine buzzed on as though it were a living thing. But he timid conscience made one more effort to be heard, and faintly murmured something about the missionary society taking only twelve afternoons in the year, and about each Christian woman having in her hands the destiny of two hundred heathen women, facts which the conscience had learned at the missionary meeting; but the whiz

of the machine was louder than the whispers of conscience, and the latter modestly retired from the field.

A few minutes before two, on that stormy afternoon, Widow Holbrook and her bachelor son drove into town. "I don't know as it's much use, mother," John was saying, as the team stopped in front of Mrs. Gray's door. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men," was the low-voiced reply. "And to all women, too, eh?" said John with a laugh, as he sprang from the sleigh. In another minute Mrs. Gray, who had just set away the last of her dinner dishes, was startled by a sharp rap at the door. "How d' y' do, Miss Gray," said John as the door opened. "Mother sent me in to see if you'd like to ride down to missionary meetin' long with us." "Thank you very much, John. I would go in a minute if I was ready." "Haint made yer calculations on goin', eh?" said John, as he swept a keen glance at Mrs. Gray's calico morning dress and also took in the little clock on the mantel, which pointed to five minutes of two. "Mother, now, all us makes her calculations over night, and she'd as soon miss her vict'als any time as to miss the missionary meetin'." I dunno what makes her so interested in them heathen away over there in Indy, but some way she is. Well, I musn't make her late. Sorry you can't go, Miss Gray," and John was off. Mrs. Gray's afternoon dress was quickly on, and as she sat down again to her sewing she said to herself, "Well, John's a good fellow, if he is old-fashioned; and he gave me a good bit of advice. I ought to have been ready; but then I really could not go to-day. The minister himself said duty never calls two ways at once, and I'm sure it's my duty to see that my child has clothes, rather than to be looking after the heathen."

Another rap at Mrs. Gray's door. This time it was a boy with a note from Mrs. Wealthy, an acquaintance of Mrs. Gray's girlhood, and one she specially valued, possibly partly for the reason that Mrs. Wealthy was a lady of high social position.

"Dear Carrie," the note ran; "my cousin, Dr. Holmes, has just driven over with his young wife, from B., in this storm, for fun, they say. . . . I want you to meet her. She is very sweet and stylish. So just leave word for Mr. Gray and Gertie to come, and run over for the afternoon and tea. Don't mind the storm, but come right along.

Yours,
SUE W."

Do you think Mrs. Gray sent regrets saying that she dared not venture out in such a storm, and besides Gertie must have her aprons? If you do, you know Mrs. Gray. What she did was to send the hasty reply, "All right, I'll be there," make an elaborate toilet, and armed with gossamer and rubbers take her way to her friend's house—a little farther, by the way, from her home than the place of the missionary meeting—and in the pleasant whirl of that pleasant afternoon conscience never once spoke.

The missionary meeting was not well attended that day. The minister's wife was there of course. She had to lead the meeting and no one expected a storm to keep her at home. But aside from her, Mother Holbrook, little Mrs. Green, who was as true as clockwork everywhere, Elder Jones's wife, who lived near by, and a stranger who was visiting the Jones's made up the attendance. Did it? There was another who promised to be there. I wonder if he failed to keep his word! It was a rule of this society never to omit a meeting when two were present, so everything went off as usual, except a paper which was to have been read by Mrs. Gray on the subject of the month's study, "Brahmanism," and as this was the principal paper, her absence made a wide chasm in the program; but of course "that didn't make much difference, there were so few there." As they were about finishing the program the door opened and Mrs. Dee, who was a prominent member of a sister church, came in. The quick blood rushed to the face of the young president as she welcomed Mrs. Dee and tried to apologize for her scanty flock. Mrs. Dee "knew it was stormy and cold, and she only

came in of an errand. If the president would kindly give her a moment she would make her errand known." She then told the society of several families of deserving poor whom she had found on the outskirts of the village, and said she had thought it possible that some of the ladies of the Missionary Society had clothing that had been outgrown by their children, which they would be glad to dispose of if they knew of any who were in need. Just then the strangest thing happened! Before they had time to consider the proposition, indeed, just as Mrs. Dee ceased speaking, the door was again opened, this time to admit the minister and with him a lady, a stranger to all present, and yet—could it be possible this was Miss C., the returned missionary from India? had seen her photograph and knew he was in this country. "Surely the face was just like her pictured one, anyway." But their doubts were soon settled, as the minister presented her as the veritable missionary of whom they had heard so much. Then, in answer to eager questioning, Miss C. told them she was on her way to attend a district meeting in another state, and learning she must wait in their village two hours for a train she had asked to be taken to the house of the minister; and, finding his wife gone to a missionary meeting, it was the most natural thing in the world to seek her there.

Of course she told them about India; and such tales about the degradation of women under heathenism as brought tears to their eyes, such glad tales about the joy the gospel was bringing to their sad lives that they praised God as they had never done before. And when at last the missionary must go, and had given to each such a fervent hand-clasp and "God bless you" as she could never forget, Mother Holbrook said, smiling through her tears, "What an opportunity! I wouldn't have missed it for anything. How much those have lost that couldn't venture out to-day! And little Mrs. Green made answer, "I wonder if we are not responsible for the way we use our opportunities to get good as well as those to do good. I'm sure I shall be worth twice as much to the missionary cause for what I've heard to-day; but then, of course she added apologetically, "the ladies could not know this."

But Mother Holbrook's gentle but very grave voice responded, "They did know of an appointment to be here by one greater than Miss C."

The meeting that day did not close formally, but broke up after the lamps were lighted, amid enthusiastic handshakings and renewed pledges to greater zeal and fidelity to the work. Most naturally, for God's work whether at home or abroad is one, these pledges brought to their remembrance Mrs. Dee's suggestion about outgrown clothing. Mrs. Dee herself had become so interested in the missionary and her work that, as she said, she had quite forgotten what she came for. It happened that but one of those present was blessed with growing little ones, and consequently these ladies had but few such garments, so they arranged to apply to several of their acquaintances; but for some reason Mrs. Gray was not thought of, and Gertie's aprons still lie piled away, growing yellow with age, while her cast off flannels, which might have kept some poor child warm, are moth-eaten and useless; and, for some reason perhaps not hard to find, Mrs. Gray's missionary enthusiasm, never very great, has been constantly growing less since that eventful day. As we think of Mrs. Gray's experiences and losses on that snowy afternoon some sweet old lines keep singing themselves over and over to us, after this fashion: "It is not just as we take it, This magical life of ours; Life's field will yield as we make it A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

HONORARY DEGREES.—Rev. G. O.

Gates, the well-known and popular pastor of the German St. Baptist church, St. John, received the honorary degree of D. D. from Acadia University last week. We congratulate Dr. Gates—and the University, too.

Mr. James Hannay, editor of the St. John Telegraph, has been made a D. C. L. by Acadia University. Dr. Hannay is well known as the author of the History of Acadia, a work which merits the recognition now given him. He is receiving the congratulations of his journalistic brethren.