

Religious Intelligencer.

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

OL XLVIII.—NO 81

FREDERICTON N.B. JULY 25 1900

V. HOLE No. 2460

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Robber in preacher's room: "If you are a dead man, I'm hunting for money." "Let me strike a light. I'll hunt with you."

A conservative estimate gives the probable attendance of Americans at the Paris Exposition to reach at least 100,000 up to its close.

The Queen has sometimes taken refuge in an incognito to avoid people sending her begging-letters. Hence a certain mysterious "Mrs. Smith" who appears occasionally in subscription lists.

A strange find for such a place has been made in the Vatican library in Rome. It is no less than manuscripts of Luther, running from 1516 to 1517. They include commentaries on Roman and Hebrews.

An amusing story comes from Rome about some ladies who appeared at a papal reception in ball-room dress. A cardinal, instructed to apprise the offenders of their breach of etiquette, thus fulfilled his delicate mission: "The pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like décolleté dresses. But I do not mind them; for I have been so much among savages, when a missionary, that I am quite accustomed to them."

Under the Massachusetts laws no building over a certain height can be erected in the Back Bay district, Boston. The purpose is to prevent skyscrapers being put up in a quarter of the city in which are so many fine buildings of a public and private kind. Some capitalists have had in view for some time the erection of a tall building, and they have been endeavoring to secure legislation for that purpose. Their bill was defeated by a large majority in the State Legislature last week, but when it came up again twenty-four hours later twenty-one representatives of the people had changed their minds, and the bill was carried. The public is inferring that the legislators had "weighty reasons" for so promptly changing their opinions.

In Cuba the whole number of male citizens of voting age is 417,993. One hundred and eighty-seven thousand eight hundred and thirteen are whites born in Cuba, 96,088 whites born in Spain, and 6,794 whites born in other countries; 127,298 are colored, including blacks, mixed, and Chinese; 172,627 can neither read nor write; 5,132 can read but cannot write; 105,285 can read and write, and only 8,861 can be said to have superior education. Of the colored 78,279 can neither read nor write, and only 198 have superior education. Of those born in Spain, seven ninths can read and write, but only 314 have superior education. The males of voting age constitute only twenty-six per cent of the whole population. This is a state of things that does not promise capacity for absolute independence immediately.

The probation system has been in operation in Massachusetts since 1891, and the Commissioner of Prisons for that State says it is the most powerful moral influence that has been introduced into the modern system of the treatment of drunkards and criminals. Under the statute which authorized it, the judge who tries an offender may suspend sentence and put him under the care of a probation officer for a period of ten days to three months. If at the end of that time a favorable report is presented a discharge is granted; but if the report is adverse it may result in the rearrest and imposition of the original sentence. Probation, the Commissioner says, puts a man on honor, and brings out all the nerve that is in him to rehabilitate himself in society, while prison shrivels all the little manhood one has left.

—Eastern Tibet has been the scene of a Roman Catholic mission for 45 years. A goodly number of converts were gathered. But the Lamas, the cruel priests of an old and false religion persecuted these missionaries, and routed their people to rob and burn and slay the "heretics." Several of the faithful missionaries lost their lives. The mission is still in existence. It is gratifying to learn that the life store circulated among the Tibetans by these missionaries is upon the whole Scriptural, with but few errors.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA LETTERS

Since the last extracts from South African letters were printed, letters have been fewer and at longer intervals due, of course, to constant movements of the troops and to the difficulty and irregularity of mail communication. The extracts following are from two letters—one bearing date May 20th, and the other, June 10th.

Belmont, May 20th.
As you will see from the date line, we are now encamped on the famous field of Belmont. From De Aar Junction we had four and a half days march, chasing rebels all the time. Rebel chasing has been our principal business since we came to Africa, so that the initials of Royal Canadian Field Artillery have come to be understood here to stand for "Rebel Chasers from America." Nothing particularly exciting occurred during our latest march. We marched through a very nice country, the veldt being dotted here and there with small ponds or lakes. In the shade of the hills were numerous very cozy looking farm houses. It is very noticeable how much more fertile and better looking generally the country is as one travels north. Ostriches are numerous and quite tame, especially right here in camp. This morning some of the boys caught one and plucked it. They are now sporting feathers in their hats. Since arriving here (Belmont) we have been informed by Gen. Sir Chas. Warren that we are to join his column and proceed to the relief of Douglas, which place has again been taken by the Boers. We are all joyful at the prospect. We are to be off at once.

Johnston, Stewart and I mess together around the forge; and as we sit and munch our tough beef and hard tack or stale bread, and drink the bitter coffee or tea, we sometimes ask each other how he would like to sit down to a dinner of good roast beef, potatoes and gravy, and the other palatable dishes which make up a home dinner. At such time we are apt to think quite longingly of home. Not strange, is it? Do not understand me to be grumbling about the food, for in a way we like it well enough. I did not expect a picnic when I set my face towards South Africa and this campaign, and would do the same thing again if the same duty presented itself. A good many of us have colds, some of them quite severe, contracted while on the march sleeping without tents. The nights are very cold. Just now is the coldest season in the year. Nearly all the hospitals are full of cases of dysentery and fever. O'Reilly, of the centre section of our Battery, died at DeAar a few days ago of enteric fever. He was a medical student at McGill when he enlisted. So far, he is the only one of our boys to die. Belmont is an immense (?) place. There are as many as five or six buildings, including the Station and one store. Nearly all the buildings bear the marks of bullets or shells. But for Methuen's victory here, Belmont would still be unknown to the world. A fair sample of how the Boers misstate their losses is found in their report of five killed here. The kopjes around here are strewn with dead Boers, half of them unburied. There are at least two hundred of them. I have seen as many as one hundred myself. Many of them were bayoneted by the guards when they charged the first kopje in the rear of our camp.

I had to stop writing for dinner, which wasn't bad. The three of us before mentioned as messing at the forge, get up some great meals when we have time and can get the whereabout. The prices of everything are very high, and it takes about all the money we can get together to live as well as we do. But by pooling our shillings, the trio manages to do fairly well. Here, and in like places, we can buy butter, condensed milk, all kinds of canned meats and fish, and often pickles. And we get them when at all within our means. We have a small teapot, in which we make cocoa. We often make toast. Each man is furnished with a small can of marmalade or jam, which is supposed to last him four days. We, also, usually have on hand a can of golden syrup, which is very palatable, and helps some other things considerably. I sometimes think of remaining here

a year or two, at least, after the war is over, if I get through it safely. There will, probably, be openings for those who are not afraid of hard work and roughing it. However, I have not yet decided, not having had sufficient opportunity to examine into all sides of the question. And, then, of course, the feeling for home will be very strong when all who will be left of us will be turning their faces towards good Canada and those dear to us there.

Campbell, Griqualand W.
June 10th

Before this you have read accounts, fuller than I can write, of the night attack upon our column at Faber's Puit. It was a startling experience, and somewhat trying. No one would care to have it repeated in just the same form, unless absolutely necessary. But, if necessary,—well, those who were in it have learned how to take it, and not flinch. The shots came from three sides. Bullets fell almost like hail-stones. That more were not killed is simply miraculous. The heaviest of the fire seemed to be directed on our lines, the idea of the enemy being to disable the Battery men so that they could step in, seize our guns, and turn them on the infantry and mounted men. One of their wounded said they had been told that the Canadians were all boys who would stampede at the first volley or two. They probably think differently now. I do not need to write any of the particulars of the attack and repulse, as the home papers have told you everything. Gen. Warren says that for an hour and a half the fire was severer than at Spion Kop. By this you may judge what it was like. As soon as it was light enough to use our guns, the rebels were given a dose that sent them off in a hurry. They lost heavily. There are all sorts of rumours as to treachery, and we have to believe that there is some foundation for them. It seems quite impossible that the enemy could have got within thirty yards of the yeomanry's lines and ensconced themselves in an old house and garden without having been led in by some one who had a perfect knowledge of the positions of several parts of our column, the distribution of the guards &c. Two of the guides have been arrested on suspicion—one of having led the enemy in, and the other of having shouted "Cease firing, you will kill your own men." On our march from Faber's Puit to Campbell we had to be all the time on the look-out for rebels, and to make examination of houses &c. We prepared to open fire on one house which was known to have been a sort of headquarters for the enemy; but up went a white flag. On visiting the house the old chap produced a receipt for arms handed in before May 6th. But a search discovered some new arms and ammunition hidden on the house top. Since then that old fellow has had his abode in Douglas jail. His is only a specimen case. They are all full of treachery and lying. A few miles from here we shelled a laager discovered by the scouts. After seven or eight shots up went a white flag. In the morning our burst shells were found in the laager, but the rebels had deserted it in the night.

We have been here (Campbell) nearly a week. Our headquarters have been moved to Kimberly, where the staff now is, and our kits &c, also. It was intended that the centre section should go to Smith's Drift this morning, which is on the road to Kimberly. A rumour has just come to us that Pretoria is occupied and Kruger surrendered. Of course, you at home know sooner and more of such things than we do. The only First Contingent fellows we have seen were the few wounded who were at Capetown when we arrived there.

There is no regularity of arrival or departure of mails here; but one is to leave at 8 p. m. to-day, and I must get off my hurriedly written letter.

A letter in the Montreal Star, from Capt. Costigan, of "E" Battery, describing the fight, says: "To every man in the column the 30th of May will be a memorable day. Col. Hughes was in proportion to the men engaged it was the bloodiest fight of the war."

RUM TRAFFIC NOTES

NINETY THREE PER CENT.

A recent investigation showed that 93 per cent. of the inmates of the New York House of Industry were sent there for crimes resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks.

THEIR "ARGUMENT"

Says the Recorder—"The opponents of temperance legislation are fond of saying, 'You can't make people sober by law.' There is just as much sense in saying, 'You can't make people honest by law,' and urge that as a reason for having no law against stealing."

SOME SILLY PEOPLE SAY:—

"Don't meddle with liquor and it won't meddle with you." An ex-Senator said: "I have never drunk nor meddled with liquor. I have seldom used it in my family as a medicine, and yet it meddled with me: it has made my boy a vagabond, a wanderer, and I have broken my wife's heart. Yes, when I was asleep, thinking himself home in his bed, he was being made a drunkard in the bar-rooms."

A \$6,000 VERDICT.

Mrs. Louise Faivre, a Sioux City, Kan., woman has just been awarded \$6,000 damages against two local saloon men, John Arensdorf and John Manderschied, because they sold her husband liquor, and from drinking the same he was intoxicated and became badly frozen. It became necessary to amputate his fingers and his toes, and this incapacitated him from working at his trade as a tailor. The wife sued the saloon-keeper for \$10,000 and the jury awarded her \$6,000.

RUM IN AFRICA.

A lady missionary writes: I would rather face heathenism in any other form than the liquor traffic in Africa. I have gone many times into the native heathen towns to preach the gospel, and found the whole town, men, women and children, in excitement over a barrel of rum that had been opened to be drunk by the town people. I have seen them drinking it out of buckets, brass kettles, iron pots, earthen pots, tins, gourd, coconut shells; and a mother who could not get anything in which to put it would fill her own mouth with rum and then feed it to her babe from her own lips. And when I have reproved them they have replied: "What do you white people make rum and bring it to us for if you don't want us to drink it?"

WHAT IT DOES.

The liquor traffic
Defies law.
Wrecks lives.
Ruins homes.
Divides families.
Destroys wealth.
Breeds criminals.
Produces poverty.
Increases taxation.
Debauches politics.
Disqualifies laborers.
Depreciates property.
Corrupts Legislatures.
Profanes the Sabbath.
The traffic must be destroyed.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

In an Ohio town a saloon keeper was seen by a friend walking back and forth before his saloon, as if in deep thought. The friend asked him what was the matter. He answered: "Oh, nothing."

The next day the friend saw him walking the same way, and again asked him what was the matter.

"Have the crusaders been after you?" No; but I have received a postal signed by three ladies. The husband of the first is one of my customers and is rapidly becoming a drunkard.

"A son of the second is one of my customers, and is just starting in a drunkard's course."

"The husband of the third was one of my customers, and died a drunkard. It cuts close and I can't stand it."

"Wee unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also." (Hab. ii. 15.)

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

The editor of the "Interior" gives in the following paragraph a striking illustration that alcohol is "no respecter of persons."

"The havoc wrought by strong drink has been brought home to us in an unusual and unexpected manner of late. We have been examining three large and expensive libraries, lately thrown upon the market, searching for certain books now out of print; and we made some enquiries as to the break-up of these valuable properties. Each library exhibited the taste and attainments of its owner. They were not chance collections of heterogeneous volumes upon all sorts of subjects, but they were carefully selected books upon themes which might interest gentlemen and scholars. They contained costly publications upon abstruse subjects and upon æsthetic theme. And the sorrowful fact was that in each case the dissolution of the collection was owing to the dissipation of the owner. It showed plainly that the profound scholar and the elegant man of letters were equally exposed to the contagion of drink. Alcohol seizes its victims not simply in the ditch or upon the cow-ranch, but in the study, at the bar and behind the sacred desk."

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. JES. McLEOD, FREDERICTON.]

A DISCOVERY AMONG WASTE PAPER.

Mrs. Whitney, a missionary in Japan, tell in a recent letter a remarkable story of conversion. We have now, she says, as an out-patient of our hospital in Tokio a woman named Sone, who brings a little baby with very bad eyes. She and her husband keep a second-hand furniture shop. One day a chest of drawers came in, and on opening it they found a number of papers and books. They said they were about the Christian religion, so they tore the covers off, and threw them aside to sell for waste paper. Two newer-looking books they reserved to look at again. Among this waste-paper, however, the woman's eye fell on one or two sheets of a Bible, and these she read carefully, and found that there was another God, the only true God. Soon after, her baby's eyes became very bad, all her friends said she ought to go and worship Yasenshi, the god who is supposed to heal eyes, and one brought her a paper charm from the god for her to worship. Having just read about the other God, she did not feel she could worship this charm, but she just hung it up on the wall. One day she remembered having seen the sign of the Akasaka Hospital as she passed along the road, so she took the baby there. It very soon began to improve, and perhaps this inclined her to listen to what the Bible-woman told her of the love of God. Faith began to kindle in her heart, and she told her husband all she heard. To their surprise they found that the two books they had set on one side were the Old and New Testaments, and now they read them diligently every day. They told the Bible-woman that they saw now why the baby's eyes were bad—because God wanted to lead them to know and love Him. They want her to visit them every day and explain the Bible. As they live quite a distance away, she will go when she can. She believes they will become true Christians. Thus the Lord causes here and there a forgotten grain to germinate in fruitful soil.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

There is a work to be done on the foreign field which can be done only for women and by women. The work of evangelization, of organization, of establishing colleges, of building railroads, of founding governments, of transcribing longages, of creating industries, can be done largely by men but there is another work different, without which all these other activities will be thwarted and defeated, that can be done only by women, through women, for the world. Our Lord gave it to us in a picture when He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like heaven, which a woman took and hid in a measure of meal until the whole was leavened." The final citadel of heath-

enism is in the home and that fortress can be taken by women only. It seems such slow work, this gathering of children into kindergartens, this friendly contact with little groups of mothers, the teaching of needlework, this living one's own home-life through long, lonely years that seem to count for nothing. It is women's work, my sisters, the patient hiding of the leaven in the lump until the whole is leavened. And there is no agency which has such power to hasten the triumph of the kingdom of our Lord as this hidden work committed into the hands of women. A thousand trained nurses to incarnate the tender compassion of Jesus, a thousand women physicians to carry into closed homes the gospel of healing, a thousand kindergarten teachers to gather the children into the arms of the Christ, a thousand zealous visitants to carry fresh life into stagnant hearts, a thousand missionary mothers to set up the white fragrance of their home in the darkness—these are our forces, these the re-enforcements that shall take the strongholds of error and darkness.—Mrs. W. M. Montgomery.

SERVING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

A certain woman, on a school-teacher's salary of one thousand dollars, lived on one-half, and with the other half supported a substitute in China. She then felt that "she was really two persons, and had carried out her lifelong, devoted desire to be a foreign missionary."

She received a letter nearly every week from her substitute, prayed for her by name every day, and realized the truth of what a friend of hers had said; namely, "This teacher serves the Lord twenty-four hours a day, and thus practically lives the life of the angels, who serve Him day and night; for at the antipodes her substitute is working while she sleeps."

A great many wealthy people have passed from this life without doing so much good as this colored scrubwoman of Newport, who hoarded all she ever earned and is now found to have bequeathed thousands of dollars to philanthropy. Moreover, there appears to be nobody left to prove that she was of unsound mind and incapable of doing as she would with her own, as usually happens in these cases.

ENGLAND'S GREAT BLACK ARMY.

The full strength of Great Britain's Indian army is 300,000 men, of whom 230,000 are native and 70,000 British soldiers. In addition to this military force, there are about 20,000 enrolled European volunteers, and a native police, officered by white men, nearly 200,000 strong.

Every regiment is divided into ten companies, each of which is usually made up of a different nationality—such as Gorkhas, Sikhs, Dogras, Pathans and Punjabis. It is owing to this precaution that a combination of forces for the purposes of mutiny becomes almost impossible. The Gorkhas and Sikhs, whose loyalty is rated the highest, are, in some localities, permitted to constitute entire regiments by themselves.

The pay of the sepoy, or native soldier, is 18 shillings per month, with a gradual increase after three years' good conduct service. The pension system is particularly liberal, and is really the magnet which draws the native recruit. When a sepoy soldier falls in action, his wives—and there are four of them—are all pensioned, as well as their young children. As regards the artillery branch of the Indian army, white men only are employed, both as commissioned officers and in the ranks, and the guns of all forts are entirely manned by Britons. Of the native soldiers the Gorkha is the best, and many English experts believe that he is the best soldier in the world.

A SPITEFUL MAN.—The Medical Record tells of a man in an Illinois town angered by the health authorities, who insisted upon the vaccination of his daughter, and devised a novel plan for revenge. There were some cases of smallpox in the town pesthouse, and the fool deliberately made his way into the place in order to infect himself and his clothing with the germs of the disease and so spread it through the town. But he was so pleased with his trick that he couldn't help telling of it, and now the health people have caught him and bathed him, and will keep him in quarantine for some weeks.