

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 2446

INDONESIAN AND GLEANINGS.

At Australia the disproportion of the sexes is so very great that there are only 54,000 females to a population of 168,000.

China, with a population of about 400,000,000 has 17 judges, while the United States, with a population of 30,000,000, has no more than 29.

Chinese are the most ardent believers in ghosts, spirits and deities, outside of the Africans, this is especially true of women.

The United States architect expresses his ability to erect the highest sky scraper in the world. The structure will be 1,500 feet high—half as high as the Eiffel Tower, and will contain 125 stories, affording accommodation for 6,000 offices, and at least 30,000 people.

Indian women may be employed in the sale of medicine. In the States and principal dispensaries, women preachers stand on the same level as men; while in the large cities, like St. Peterburg, Moscow, New, there are pharmacies in which the business is conducted only by women.

According to the New York Sun, there are in large demand just now the real cause is the demand for the Bible. Whether the criticism of the book has stimulated study of it, or it seems able to tell. The increased demand is wholly for the Bible or Bibles with special comments, references, illustrations, and maps, would indicate a more intelligent and dramatic study of it on the part of those who already have plain Bibles.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of a statue of the late General Gordon in the public park of Khartoum, near to the spot where he so heroically gave up his life 15 years ago. The wrecked and rapidly being reconstructed, Governor's Palace, the Gordon Hotel and Government offices stand in course of construction. Broad roads are to be the rule and will provide a grateful shade to the footwalks. Could there be more striking case of good following the Old Flag?

The Presbyterian of Philadelphia states that "The Queen of the Netherlands is the only Presbyterian monarch in the world, and the sole representative of the House of Orange, which rendered such valuable service to the Reformed churches." There have been a number of Evangelical Lutheran monarchs in Europe, but in consequence of intermarriages between different dynasties, Catholic princes have ruled some Protestant countries, as, for instance, Saxony, with all its Lutheran history, is ruled by a Catholic prince.

Newport, R. I., possesses the first automobile livery stable ever established in America or any other country—that is, a stable where automobiles are "hired out" to any persons who desire them with or without drivers. All last summer fall upwards of thirty vehicles were in constant use, many of them being hired by the month. Indeed the number of vehicles on hand was sufficient to supply the demand, at one time as many as thirty automobiles decorated the "waiting list" of those who desired to hire automobiles.

A medical missionary writing from India explains the reasoning of natives as to the efficacy of medicine. "If one dose of medicine when three times a day can cure one week, twenty-one doses will cure me straight off—here goes!" They are hard to deal with as patients. They will, if allowed, drink liniments and lotions for outward application, and remove splinters and bandages with fatal results. A common complaint is a buzzing sound in the ear. This they believe is caused by an insect which, they think, has crawled into the ear.

It is not to be discouraged if your land does not seem promising in the desired direction. The late Green, of prodigious knowledge of language, was so slow in getting started in the learning of Latin, that he seemed almost threatened

But he began to get a grip on it little by little, and his grip proved to be the kind that never lets go. Gen. Kitchen, the hero of the Sudan, whom Gen. R. B. R. chose for his assistant to perfect the transport service for the army in South Africa, asked one of the officers how much time he desired for accomplishing a certain task under that department and was told, "Two weeks." Kitchen smiled and said, "You will have it done in one week or you will be sent home." Yet Kitchen when a boy was so persistently lazy that his father sent him to a girl's school in punishment. The cure worked, and so the boy did, too. Now he is the great hustler.

A TROUBLE BREEDER.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT IN N. Y. WITNESS.

Again I take up my pen to write against the saloons and everything and everybody connected with them. Will it do any good? I don't know and it is none of my business. What concerns me most is the fact that I cannot pass a day without seeing or hearing something against the liquor traffic, and I cannot keep quiet.

I wish I never had to write about the saloons. The subject has become stale to me; but the injuries resulting from the liquor traffic are fresh every day, and the Devil will not let them become stale.

This morning a gentleman on the cars occupied the time spent on the road by relating to me what a curse to his father the drink habit had been. Good otherwise; but so easily tempted by the power of appetite.

A fier leaving the cars my eyes greeted two young men so drunk that they could not walk straight. They looked miserable, and were paying the price of a night's debauch.

It was in the Tombs, years ago, that I looked into the faces of two young men who were hung for murder shortly after. "Drink brought us here" were the words that came from the lips of one of these young men.

I wish I had never seen those young men. Years have passed, but I cannot get them out of my mind. I see them now—faces almost as white as the wall, a strange look about their eyes, a sort of "do help me" expression that I cannot explain. Neither of those young men had reached his majority; yet they were hung by the neck until pronounced dead.

Each of them had a mother. But the mothers' hearts were broken before the necks of their boys.

How many times have I told my readers that I hate the liquor traffic, and I expect to repeat it again and again.

At my home, in the proper place, are the likenesses of a Methodist preacher and his wife. In other days we were the best of friends. He is still alive, but his wife died the victim of the intoxicating bowl.

The liquor traffic has slain some of the best people I ever knew. I more than hate it.

I heard a handsome-looking young girl say to another, as she entered a saloon in William street, New York, "Now for another nail in my coffin." Inside of a year she was buried.

But I must stop this kind of writing, for sad incidents come to my mind by the score. Too many for my comfort.

The saloon never hit me personally, for which I am thankful; but it has hit so many in the business in which I was brought up that I cannot help but wish that the Devil had never invented such Hell-populating places as saloons.

Some may say, what is the use of talking about the curse of drinking; why not tell us how to abolish it? I have done so to the best of my abilities; but the bulk of the people don't like my remedy and don't want it.

The importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage is the cause of the damnation of thousands in this country every year. Am I right or am I wrong in this statement? If it is true, then when I demand prohibition against the importation, manufacture and sale of liquor for beverage purposes I am right.

In a fight between Heaven and Hell there is consolation in being on the side of the former, even if victory is not in sight.

After I had made a temperance address at Troy, N. Y., an old lady took me by the hand and said, "Thank you, Mr. Scott; the Lord will pay you on the back some day." The crowd around me smiled, but the remark made a lasting impression on me.

I would be afraid not to fight the liquor traffic with my tongue and my pen.

Last night while reading an evening newspaper my attention was drawn to the acquittal of a boy tried for killing his father, who, being intoxicated, was trying to kill the lad's mother.

That boy will never forget, as long as he lives, what a trouble breeder the liquor traffic was to him in his young days. Tried for homicide at the time of life when he ought to have been in school studying his lessons. Acquitted of homicide when he ought to have been playing with his young comrades.

On my desk is a picture of the old Tombs building. The drink traffic has kept that building nearly full since I was a boy. How many souls have been uttered in that place by those who had thought they could drink when they liked and let drinking alone when they saw fit.

Out in the far-off State of Kansas I behold several curious sights—empty jails. An empty jail is a blessed sight. Such a sight is apt to make you think that the world is getting better.

I have yet to hear the first man or woman say, Thank God I am a drinker of intoxicants. But I have heard hundreds thank God that they had ceased to drink that which sometimes made them lower than brutes.

The business portion of every community should be opposed to saloons, for in no other place is the curse of drink more visible than in places where men are employed.

The men who sell and the men who drink intoxicants are generally a nuisance—both private and public.

What good has the saloon ever done? Think this question over and act accordingly.

If you live in a town with six churches and only two saloons you will admit that the two saloons make the town howl with the ways of the Devil more than the six churches make the town echo with the praises of God. How about most towns that have about five or ten times as many saloons in them as there are churches?

What hurts my neighbor's boy hurts me, and it ought to be so with you.

A mother who has a son who is in the habit of coming home late at night drunk is not troubled with much sleep. Such a mother soon looks old and worn out; the lustre of her eyes ceases to exist, and she sobs to herself until she ceases to be the woman she once was.

The trouble breeder has made her old, nervous and dejected. She wants to die, and yet she wants to live. She seeks for faith, but she almost seeks in vain. She wants to look cheerful, but she cannot. She hardly knows whether she is a Christian or not. She reads her Bible, but the blessed promises do not seem to be for her. She looks up and all is dark; she looks down and it is still darker. She loves her boy, and that is about all she knows.

Such a mother ought to be made to feel that the day is not far off when the great trouble breeder will be utterly destroyed. What makes her case so sad is, that she feels that the fate of her boy is in his own hands. The community looks calmly on at the sight of her boy destroying himself. After he gets awful bad the prospect is that the authorities will take him from his mother and punish him for not being able to stand what the law has permitted others to sell him.

For the "public good" J. E. has a license to sell liquor. The document ought to read: for the public damnation of men, women and children J. E. is permitted to sell his liquors.

Just about now I feel the "mad" I feel like writing sentences that will blister somebody. Perhaps it is now the proper time to stop.

A trouble breeder is the liquor traffic.

PERSONAL.—Sir Richard Cartwright, who suffers from rheumatism, has gone to Battle Creek, Michigan, sanitarium for treatment.

Dr. Heley, M. P. for Hants, N. S., is very ill at Ottawa.

A ST. PAUL LETTER.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER:—For several weeks past I have been considering the advisability of fulfilling my promise to drop a line to this stalwart defender of the Free Baptist church and Christianity in general. I do so now, that my many friends, brothers and sisters in the Lord, will hear of my whereabouts and that while absent from them I carry with me the remembrances of many kind words and soulful messages that were for my present help and my eternal salvation. The Waterloo Street Free Baptist church, St. John, will always be the dearest spot on earth to me, and next to it those of Gibson and Marysville where some of God's best men have labored so faithfully. R. V. J. W. Clarke, Rev. Dr. McLeod, Rev. Mr. Long, Rev. Dr. Hartley, Rev. Joseph Parsons, and, later, Rev. Messrs. Kierstead and Gregg, will always be especially dear to me, for through them I received God's richest blessing, that was to know the truth, and that knowledge has made me free.

But I did not intend to speak of myself, but to give the readers of the INTELLIGENCER some particulars of this city which is named for the great apostle, St. Paul. It is a beautiful city, with its 160,000 people of all creeds and nationalities. On the street we brush against Armenians, Jews, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Swiss, Bohemians, Dutch, Greeks, Italians, and Britons from all climes. Almost all places under the sun have some of their people in this cosmopolitan city. And there are New Brunswickers in plenty. Only a few evenings since, we had a call of all Canadians and Britons in this city to organize for the London Mansion House Fund, and there I met many from my own Province and Nova Scotia. Some day I will write dealing especially with the Maritime Province people I meet here.

As it is a city of nationalities, so it is a city of churches. There is, however, considerable difference between the churches of my own land and those here. It lies of course in the different conditions of things. Here, on Sabbath evenings the theatres and saloons are wide open. The strongest attractions are procured, the greatest advertising is done to get the crowds away from the churches on Sunday evening, and you may know the result; the city is full of traps for the unwary, and the person easily tempted finds ample opportunity to stray from the paths of rectitude. The church statistics show that only one person in eleven is connected with a church, either as a member or adherent, so you can readily see that the great majority of the citizens are non-church goers. It may safely be said that there are thousands of people here who never hear the gospel message proclaimed from a preacher's lips, and whose only chance for salvation is through the work of the Salvation Army and the house to house missionary visitations. It is a fight for men's souls between the saloon and the church, where the former has all the support of the civic officials.

But there are bright spots amid this gloom, for the churches are active and energetic, the pastors are consecrated, earnest Christians, and as the tide of immigration lessens, the influence of the churches must become more felt, till the result will be a triumphant victory for God and righteousness. There are no Free Baptists here, or, I should say, there are no churches of that denomination in this city, and in consequence I attend the First Baptist church. Rev. H. F. Stilwell is the pastor; he is a clever thinker, an excellent speaker and, I believe, a truly Christian minister; he is in love with his work, and his church is active along all lines of evangelistic effort. While it is not the same to me as the church of my choice, yet I have been kindly received, and heartily enjoy myself. But I hope some day to see a Free Baptist church open its doors in St. Paul; till that time I will abide in the faith that I professed, that of a free salvation, free gospel, free communion, for has not Christ said, "Then are ye free indeed." Last evening there was a very impressive baptismal service, after a touching and brilliant sermon on the Crucifixion from the words, "It is finished."

Yesterday was a beautiful day. The river is open, the streets have had their spring clean up, the swallows are

busy and summer is here in all its glorious promise of flower and leaf. The climate is delightful, the people sociable, and there are many attractive rural resorts, parks and groves that add to the beauty of the city. I expect to make this my home, and hope in time to gather round me as warm and devoted friends as I had in the beautiful Province of my birth.

St. Paul is situated on a bend of the great Mississippi, the "father of waters," that at this point very much resembles the Nashua at Marysville, flowing along between two banks, while just below the town the hills break away and intervals or bottomlands intervene, making a glorious perspective of hill, vale and river that gladdens the eye and rejoices the heart of the lover of the beautiful in nature. So majestic steel bridges on granite piers cross the river here. The lower lands on either side of the river are the business parts of the city, while behind, on the higher grounds, are the palatial residences of the wholesale merchant, the railroad kings and the magnates of the Minnesota capital.

Ten miles away is Minneapolis, the scene of Hiawatha's wooing of Minnehaha, the arrow maker's daughter. It is larger than St. Paul, and is, perhaps, a more intensely American city. It has some 10,000 Canadians within its borders, and they are as truly patriotic as are their brothers in the land where floats our own beloved Union Jack. A splendid street car service connects the two cities, a ten cent fare providing a ride that is rapid, comfortable and even luxurious.

On the river are steamers that are not to be compared with the "Weston" or "Victoria," the shallowness of the stream preventing anything in the way of floating palaces. Looking from the bridge south, the eye is attracted by several peculiar hillocks of earth which resemble more than anything else the sand dunes on the coast of Wales. This is an old Indian burial place, the work of the Mound Builders, where the bones of the Mississippi Valley sleep their last sleep, undisturbed by the screech of the locomotive as it rushes like a phantom of night above their moss-grown bed. There they repose, paying no heed to the bustle, crush, rush and roar of the busy world all around them. It is a pretty spot, with neat flower beds, rustic seats and every accommodation for a leisure hour.

How my pen wanders, but I know the editorial pencil is quick to slaughter the superfluous. I will put much in few words by saying that old Hebrew good bye. "May the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of our Fathers be ever with you."

ALEX. HERON

St. Paul, Minn.
April 9, 1900.

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. S. McLeod, Fredericton.]

OUR CORNER IN INDIA.

Mrs. L. C. Griffin, for many years a missionary in India, writes in the April 'Helper' of the Free Baptist India mission field, as follows:

It is a comfort that the corner is really ours—set apart to us by godly men, and we believe, too, given to us by the Father. It may not be the best corner in all India. Why should we have the best? Surely it is a goodly and a needy corner. The climate is delightful during the cold season, very hot during the hot season, and uncomfortable and unhealthy during the rains. Though some parts of India have a better climate than this, more places are in a climate more trying. We are very near the beautiful, helpful sea.

The land of our corner is mostly level, though we have in sight in the south that spur of the Nilgiris that the Hindus say fell from the tail of the great monkey god Hanuman when he carried a part of the Himalayas to fill in the strait between Hindustan and Ceylon so that Ram might cross and rescue his wife. The sight of these hills is helpful to those who lived among hills in the homeland, and we are grateful to Hanuman!

The soil of much of our field is the best of rice land. In the Midnapore district there are some quite barren places. There are some parts of the field where rice does not grow so well, but indigo, mustard, pulse, sugar cane, and some kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables are successfully grown.

The Hindus of this part of India before Christianity touches them are shrewd, polite, deceitful, religious (some call it superstitious), impure, eloquent, selfish and friendly. After they are saved they have the same tendencies. Their shrewdness if consecrated to God makes the convincing preacher, the successful teacher, the far-seeing trader. The temptations from this trait are to overreach in trade, to care too much for the best of an argument, and to indulge in biting sarcasm. The natural grace and politeness of the people is always pleasing. To make the people truthful, honest, and pure must take time, but the power of God works great transformations in character. That the people are so religious, and cling with such tenacity to the religion of their fathers, makes the work of saving them slow, but gives to us a people when saved who will endure persecution and suffer for Christ's sake. Some of the superstitions, as the fear of ghosts and evil spirits, are hard to entirely eradicate from the lives of the people. To give hoping to receive nothing again is the teaching of Christ, and Christ alone can take selfishness out of any human heart.

The native eloquence of the people is everywhere seen; the face, hands, and heart talk, and the language is strong, often exaggerated, and remarkable for the beauty and variety of its imagery. Too often, alas! the language is remarkable because of the awful vividness of the pictures of filth and woe that must come to one who cannot help hearing and understanding.

The people are friendly and we become fond of many who are not Christians, while the native Christians and the children in our schools are our brothers, our sisters, our sons, our daughters, greatly loved as the years go by, by our missionaries. It seems to me that our people at home do not know how much of comfort, of companionship, and help come to our missionaries from the people of our corner in India.

And another thing comes to me as one not often enough thought of in the homeland, and that is when we reckon up what has been accomplished there we speak of our present church membership, our Christian communities, and the numbers now in our schools.

We take no thought of the hundreds who have, in that country where the people live only a little more than half so long as here, fallen asleep in Jesus, nor of the thousands upon thousands who have gone out from the influence of our teaching in the homes, the streets, the markets, and the schools changed in their own thought and changing the thought and opinions of the people. Public opinion has greatly changed in our corner of India. What has brought about the change?

BUSINESS COLLEGE.—The St. John Business College (S. Kerr & Son) continues to turn out a large number of students who secure good positions. We saw recently a list of between thirty and forty who have graduated from the School and found positions within the last four months. The record is creditable to the school.

POLITICAL NEWS.—Both political parties are getting ready for the government election, which is, probably, not many months—possibly, not many weeks, distant.

The British Columbia Legislature has been dissolved. Elections are to take place on June 9th. The House meets on July 5th.

The Manitoba Legislature has been adjourned till May 7th.

Mr. C. B. Allan has been appointed issuer of marriage licenses in St. John.

"AND SUCH."

An infidel questioned a negro woman: "Does God make people out of dust?" "Yes." "What does he make when it rains and there is nothing but mud?" "Infidels and such trash."