

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL XLIX.—NO. 28

FREDERICTON N. B., JULY 10 1901

WOLE No. 2510

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The figure nine, which came into the calendar on January 1, 1889, will stay there one hundred and eleven years from that date, or until December 31, 1999.

A recent calculation shows 144 head of cattle to every 1000 acres of the United Kingdom. In Holland the estimate is 197, in Belgium 195 and in Denmark 186 per 1000 acres.

One of the largest gas plants in the world is to be erected in the City of Mexico. It will have fifty miles of large cast-iron piping, and begin by making 1,000,000 feet of gas per day.

Germany published 23,908 books last year; France, 13,268; Italy, 9,567; Great Britain, 7,249; United States, 5,315; Netherlands, 2,363; Belgium, 2,272; Denmark, 1,198; Switzerland, 1,000.

Mrs. James Little, who lives near Atchinson, Kan., who was herself a twin, and whose husband was a twin and the son of a twin, has given birth to her second pair of twins, the first pair being about eighteen months old when the second pair made its appearance.

Africa has an area of practically 11,500,000 square miles, something more than three times that of the United States and its possessions. Twenty years ago, save for strips of territory along the coasts, with occasional shallow indentations into the interior, it was in fact as well as in name the "dark continent."

To the average eye not more than 5,000 stars are visible; some persons having extraordinarily strong eyes can see about 8,000 stars. Through the Lick telescope and other powerful instruments about 50,000,000 stars are visible. There are believed to be stars in existence beyond the reach of any telescope yet constructed.

Arizona has the largest unbroken pine forest reserve in the United States, covering an area of over 8,000 square miles. The total quantity of pine timber suitable for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the territory amount to 10,000,000,000 feet, which is enough to supply the needs of a thickly populated state for more than a century.

To overcome the difficulty caused by the loss of time and the reluctance of post-office clerks to weigh letters, the French authorities are installing small automatic weighing machines in post-offices. You place your letter on that part of the balance which corresponds with your idea of the weight of your letter, and, if it is too heavy, a label containing that information comes into view.

The Post Office at Belgium is extensively used by the public as a medium for collecting amounts due. A creditor fills in a form supplied for the purpose at the nearest office, and within a few days he receives an advice that the money is at his disposal. Should a debtor dispute the account, the form is returned to the sender. Last year nearly £24,000,000 were collected in this manner, being a higher sum than in any other European country where this system is current.

We know little in our country of the poverty and degradation of the old lands. In few places are these more pronounced than in the tenement life in London. An illustration of the condition of this kind of existence is given in the Christian World. At a Sabbath-school entertainment in one of these tenement house districts, only twelve out of 200 came from families that had more than one room. The new County Council has a scheme for the erection of 5,779 cottages, capable of holding 40,000 people comfortably, to relieve the congestion of the crowded part of London, which is the breeding-place of disease, degradation and crime.

It is well said that the devil can never injure the Lord's work except as he gets into the Lord's people. But when he gets possession of any of the Lord's people he is sure to work mischief. He very often does tear and rend churches and cripple their work.—Can. Baptist.

WILLIAM CAREY.

BY THE REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

There are certain great lessons pertinent to all times, which the life of this Christian hero, William Carey, evidently teaches. I would briefly suggest some of them.

First lesson—Ennobling by a great thought.

Andrew Fuller tells how, entering, one day, William Carey's cobbling workshop, he found a very large map on the wall, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together, on which was represented every country in the known world, with jottings of all he had met within his reading concerning, principally, its religious condition. And Dr. Culross, the best biographer of this Christian hero, adds: "The great thought that inspired the shoemaker-preacher had its natural effect, and dignified and enlarged his being."

I have stood in that workshop. Portions of it remain. It has since become known as "William Carey's College." Nothing could have been meaner, even squalider. A thatched hovel almost, low roof, meagre window, stone vat for soaking leather, space not much more than admitting a cobbler's bench. I have passed reverently along the road on which, every two weeks, William Carey trudged from Hackleton carrying his load of cobbled shoes to Northampton, and carrying back his load of shoes which needed cobbling to Hackleton. I have waited in the small thatched cottage at Moulton—fifty people would crowd it—it is now occupied as a dwelling—in which William Carey preached as pastor to the little dissenting company who gathered for their worship in this poor place. Scantiness, humbleness, pushing down to painfulness, poverty the most squeezing, chance almost no wider than a prison cell—these are the impressions you feel almost smothering you.

And yet, somehow, you get a feeling of largeness and nobleness about it all. The younger Mr. Ryland told thus of the baptism of William Carey: "I baptized in the River New, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's meeting-house at Northampton, a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that before nine years had elapsed he would prove the first instrument of forming a society for sending missionaries from England to preach the Gospel to the heathen." But the poor journeyman shoemaker was such instrument; and our magnificent modern foreign missionary enterprise is largely the result of what he wrought. It was the noble thought in him that at once rescued him, and achieved the wonder. He would see wider horizon than Hackleton, Moulton, Northampton, because Christ bade him see it. He would begin to fit himself for possible action in that wider sphere, for Christ might call him to it, and he would be as ready as he could get to be, against that call. So his cobbling shop became his college. So the Greek and Hebrew of the Scriptures, and other languages which might serve him in that vaster duty, were mastered or begun at. Meantime, he stood in his small place, and did the duty next him faithfully for his Lord's sake. It is not true that he was a poor workman. The shoes he mended and made were specimens of good handicraft. He taught his village schools, and preached thorough sermons to his peasant people. He wrought and waited. But all the time the stir of the great thought of obeying his Lord's world-wide command was in him. And so he was more than shoemaker, village teacher, preacher in the thatched cottage. And when you stand amid the places associated with his earlier and struggling years, you feel the thrill and impulse of a high example; the poor places become lenses to you through which you see a great soul meditating and at last accomplishing great things for humanity. As never before, tarrying in those scenes, it was borne in upon me how more masterful a man may be than the circumstance, how true it is that the within makes and molds the instinct. "What will not God do for and with a man who gives himself to God, as William Carey did?" I instinctively asked myself. Cherish high thoughts if you would be high, and do loftily. There is nothing so ennobling as a great thought.

Second lesson—The power of persistence. Long years afterwards, when Dr. Carey had demonstrated the feasibility of missions by many converts from the heathen and gathered into Christian churches; when he had translated and published the Scriptures in many languages and dialects—forty is the number estimated; when he had thus rendered the Word of God accessible to three hundred millions of human beings; when, beside being what he always remained, a humble and devoted missionary, he had also been, for thirty years, an honored and successful professor in the Fort William College in Calcutta, founded and maintained by the English Government for the education of the youth of the East; when he was acknowledged chief scholar in the Oriental languages, and when the wide world knew his fame,—he said: "There is nothing remarkable in it; it only required perseverance." He said again to his nephew, Eustace: "If after my removal any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion how you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit for being a plodder he will do me justice. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod, I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything."

Catalogue a little some of the multitudinous obstacles which William Carey's persistence overcame. His own poverty—his tallest income at Moulton was thirty-six pounds a year; afterwards, removing to Leicester, though his pay as preacher made him a little easier, he had by other labor to supplement his scanty income. One says of him at Leicester: "I have seen him at work in his leathern apron, his boots, beside him, and his beautiful flowers"—he was an enthusiastic botanist all his life—"in the windows." The terrible Christian inertness of his time,—Thomas Carlyle has named Carey's century "the godless eighteenth century"—a kind of spiritual deadness had blighted even dissent. The distance, the barbarous character of the heathen, the difficulty of providing means, better to do work at home, were the stock objections among his own brethren to what they almost universally declared his visionary scheme. Theological objections, too, were plentiful. His idea clashed with the then notions of divine sovereignty, as held by dissenters. "When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine," was the theological reply his pleadings met. The newness of the whole idea was another obstacle. The hostility of the East India Company was another. Not only his own poverty, but the pitiful poverty of those upon whom he must mainly depend another. I think, in all history, no man has been confronted by greater obstacles. When Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps," he had an army and a government behind him with which to vanquish them. But here stood this poor, dissenting shoemaker, making-preacher with his Alps before him—alone. I do not think history can match a sublimer courage.

I do not know a place about which holier and more inspiring associations cling than about that "low-roofed parlor in the house of Widow Wallis, looking on to a back garden" in Kettering, England. I stood in it one summer afternoon. In that room William Carey, the holily persistent, at last saw his great idea beginning to take visible shape. In that room, on Oct. 2, 1792, the Missionary Society was organized by twelve dissenting ministers, of whom William Carey was one; and the first subscription of thirteen pounds, two shillings, sixpence was pledged. Space forbids the even hinting at further obstacles which now crowded thick. But contrast those words of Dr. Carey to his nephew, Eustace, when the time was nearing for the aged victor's rest, which I just now quoted, with such beginnings, and estimates a little the splendor of the persistence of William Carey. In the annals of heroism you cannot find a persistence more heroic.

Third lesson.—The safety of a reasonable faith. I say a reasonable faith, for that which divides a sane faith from an irrational fanaticism is always this—its reasonableness. Fanaticism is based upon credulity, and credulity is faith without reason. William Carey was no fanatic, because his faith had

the sturdiest reason under it. What was the reason? The world-wide command and commission of his Lord. Because his Lord had commanded and promised his presence, William Carey's venture was not a jump into emptiness, much as it at first looked like it. It was a calm enterprise, proceeding upon solidity.

Fourth lesson—How all things work together for good to them that love God.

All things—even those which mask themselves in disaster. There are instances of this in William Carey's life. I select one instance. Mission printing-house there in Serampore; such things as these in it—sets of types for fourteen Eastern languages; twelve hundred reams of paper; many copies of Scripture ready for distribution; more valuable than all, many precious manuscripts of translations which could not be replaced; accumulations of twelve laborious years—all in one fateful night gone up in smoke. Sheer and stunning disaster apparently. One of the best events which ever came to William Carey really. At last Christian sympathy and interest in England in missions thoroughly roused themselves when the news came. What the news of wonderful success could not do the news of disaster did. The whole of the money loss was made up in three months. Andrew Fuller writes thus about it from England: "This fire has given you an undertaking a celebrity which nothing else, it seems, could."

William Carey's early home region was in the neighborhood of Olney, where Cowper lived and sung. Cowper sang truly of God's dark providences:

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

He was seventy-three years old. He had wrought in that hot India, with never an absence, for more than forty years. At last fingers would no longer respond to the mandate of the tired brain. His mind was in perfect peace because it "was everything to him that the Gospel was true." Soon he lay helpless with only flashes of consciousness. Dr. Culross says: "All classes of the community, whether native or European, manifested an affectionate interest in his condition. Lady Bentinck, wife of the Governor-General, visited him repeatedly; Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, came to ask his parting blessing; the native Christians never forgot to pray for him." The great Scotch missionary, Alexander Duff, was one of his visitors. "On one of the last occasions on which he saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life till at length the dying man whispered, 'Pray,' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said, Good-bye." As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name. He stepped back, and this is what he heard spoken with a gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Only this would he have put upon his tombstone—

WILLIAM CAREY,
Born August 17, 1761.
Died June 9, 1834.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Philadelphia, Pa.

SENSATIONALISM IN THE PULPIT.

Says the Religious Telescope: There is a vast difference between sensationalism in the pulpit and plain, practical, ardent, eloquent gospel preaching. The former is reprehensible because it is hurtful to the cause of Christ; the latter is commendable and should increase more and more, because it is essential to the awakening and salvation of sinners. But, unfortunately, many fail to distinguish properly between the sensational and gospel preaching. They prefer sermons that abound in "glittering generalities" and treat eloquently of "the beautiful," the picturesque, and "the sublime." On the other hand, if the preacher, following Paul's example, reasons of "sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come," or speaks out plainly, as did the Master, in condemnation of hypocrisy, lust, adultery, covetousness, Sabbath desecration, dishonesty, and earnestly warns the people of their

awful consequences, then he is pronounced "sensational," "cranky," and "too old-fashioned." Bishop Leonard of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Ohio, in a recent address to the clergy referring to this perverted sentiment, said: "It is not fashionable in some places to preach about sin. It has been relegated to the attic as not up to date, because there are grave questions as to its origin, and whether it is of eternal duration. What care you and I for such palterings, when we stand knee deep in the very mire of sin?" Yea, verily, how can any sane person, with his eyes open to the catalogue of crime spread out daily in the secular press, question the existence of sin and the necessity of warning the people against it? How can any one doubt the existence of hell when there is so much actual hell doled out daily in the shape of physical suffering and the untold heartaches that exist as actual facts in the onflow of human existence—and all the direct or indirect consequences of sin?

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.]

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN.

Last month the women of the Presbyterian church in Canada celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of their W. F. M. Society. From small beginnings in the face of much prejudice and many difficulties in the earlier years, the work of the women has progressed till now there are twenty-seven Presbyterian societies, 660 auxiliaries, 315 mission bands, with a membership of 10,534 in the auxiliaries and 7,265 in the mission bands. Last year the contributions amounted to over \$45,000. There were present at the anniversary several of the Society's missionaries from India and China, whose stories of the conditions in their fields added to the interest and profit of the meeting. The India missionaries said, in substance, that the burden of India is its womanhood. The hope of India is in the redemption of its women. For their own sakes, for India's sake, for Christ's sake, the women of India must be saved and lifted and set free.

Hindoo Deities.

A Zenana worker says of the Hindoo women: "They seemed steeped in Hinduism and only stirred up to talk about their gods if I speak to them of Christ. They are strong on the point that Ram, Shiva, Krishna with their other deities, are as true incarnations of God as I hold my Christ to be. Even a little girl of ten in the house surprised me by the pertinacity with which she declared that her gods were true, and could work miracles. Her older sister, a fine-looking young woman of twenty-four, full of fire and spirit, had a talk with me on the same subject last week. She spoke rapidly and excitedly, and seemed so full of emotion that when talking she would rise to her full height and then sink back into her seat again. She would rather not have me speak at all, but I asked her to stop and hear what I had to say. I asked her if she believed God to be holy. She answered: 'I believe, as you do, in a perfectly holy God.' I then asked if that belief was consistent with her belief that the Hindu incarnations are true incarnations of God. I said: 'The god Shiva in your Shastras is described as one who indulged in intoxicants; and Krishna, your favorite god, was licentious. These are creations of man's gross imaginations, so gross that to read or think of them is pollution.' But she clung to her gods, though she had to admit that the stories connected with them were debasing to the mind."

Zenana Missions.

The English Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, which has just completed its fiftieth year, has 15

European missionaries and assistants in India, 197 Christian teachers, nurses, etc., 92 Bible women, 66 schools with 3,739 pupils, hospitals and dispensaries where 1,527 in-patients and 20,047 out-patients were treated last year, and 5,446 zenanas under visitation, where 2,883 pupils receive Christian instruction. In all it has 36 centers of work. Its income last year was \$103,170 from home contributions and 56,000 rupees subscribed in India. An effort is making to raise an additional \$100,000 as a jubilee fund.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

A New Orleans physician relates the following: A nervous man recently called on me and asked: "In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?" "On the left side, exactly here," I said indicating a spot a little above the hip bone. He went out. The next afternoon I was summoned in haste to a Hotel. I found the man who had questioned me the day before writhing in his bed his forehead beaded with sweat and his whole appearance indicating intense suffering. "I have an attack of appendicitis," he said, "I'm a dead man. I'll never survive an operation." Where do you feel pain? I asked. "Oh, right here," he replied, putting his finger on the spot I had located at the office. "I feel as if somebody had a knife in me there and was turning it around." "Well, then, it isn't appendicitis. At any rate," I said cheerfully, "because that is the wrong side." "The wrong side?" he exclaimed, glaring at me indignantly. "Why, you told me yourself it was on the left side." "Then I must have been abstracted," I replied calmly. "I should have said the right." I prescribed something that would not hurt him and learned afterward that he ate his dinner in the dining-room the same evening.

GIFTS FOR THE YEAR.—The Advance

says that the forthcoming number of Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia will contain an article giving a list of gifts and bequests of \$5,000 and over which have been made during the past year. These are above all ordinary contributions for church expenses, famine and disaster sufferers, and so forth. The total will amount to \$47,500,000, which is more than \$15,000,000 less than the gifts of the preceding year. The total number of these large givers is 156, of whom Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller are the largest. The gifts of the kind indicated, for the last eight years amount to the \$314,050,000, the larger part of which has gone to educational institutions, and the next in size to libraries.

WOMEN PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Much interest in women's work in photography has been aroused by the series of picture pages now appearing in The Ladies' Home Journal. But no one of them is likely to attract more interest and admiration than the page in a forthcoming issue which will be devoted to five exquisitely picturesque reproductions of quaint village life by Frances and Mary Allen. These pictures recall with wonderful charm the simplicity and stateliness of bygone days.

AMONG EXCHANGES.

GREATEST DANGER.

The lawlessness of law-makers and law-enforcers is one of the greatest dangers to the stability of our government.—Free Baptist.

THE CRITICAL TIME.

The critical hour for a church is not when it is small and poor and struggling, but when it is big and rich and thinks it has need of nothing. Prosperity is a curse to a church when it becomes a current on which it drifts away from the gospel out into the sea of the world.—Presbyterian Banner.

TWO KINDS.

Some Christians will go one thousand miles to a religious Convention that would not go around the block to talk religion to White, the blacksmith. Others will go around five blocks to talk with White, who would not go five miles to a Convention. Perhaps we need both kinds. The British army has long range guns and short.—Canadian Baptist.