

Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL XLIX.—NO 1.

FREDERICTON N.B., JANUARY 2 1901

WHOLE No 2483

NEW YEAR.

Standing at the portal of the coming year, ¹⁸⁹⁹ words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear, spoken through the silence by our Father's voice, tender, strong and faithful, making us rejoice.

I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid; I will help and strengthen, be thou dismayed; Yea, I will uphold thee with My own right hand; Thou art called and chosen, in My sight to stand.

For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies! For the poor and needy living streams shall rise, For the sad and sinful shall His grace abound, For the faint and feeble, perfect strength be found.

He will never fail us, He will not forsake, His eternal covenant He will never break, Resting in His promise, what have we to fear? God is all-sufficient for the coming year.

PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.

In a recent address, a well-known educator thus referred to the progress of the century:—

We received the horse and ox; we bequeath the locomotive, the automobile, and the bicycle.

We received the goose quill; we bequeath the fountain pen and type-writer.

We received the scythe; we bequeath the mowing-machine.

We received the sickle; we bequeath the harvester.

We received the sewing and knitting needle; we bequeath the sewing and knitting machine.

We received the hand printing press; we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the typesetter; we bequeath the linotype.

We received the sledge; we bequeath the steam drill and hammer.

We received the flintlock musket; we bequeath automatic Maxims.

We received the sail ship, six weeks to Europe; we bequeath the steamship Majestic, six days to Europe.

We received gunpowder; we bequeath nitroglycerin.

We received the hand loom; we bequeath the cotton gin and woolen mill.

We received the leather fire bucket; we bequeath the steam fire engine.

We received wood and stone structures; we bequeath twenty-storied steel structures on which the sky may rest.

We received the staircase; we bequeath the elevator.

We received Johnson's Dictionary with 20,000 words; we bequeath the other dictionaries with 240,000 words.

We received 22,000,000 speaking the English language; we bequeath 116,000,000.

We received the painter's brush and easel; we bequeath lithography and photography.

We received the lodestone; we bequeath the electro-magnet.

We received the glass electric machine; we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the arc light and the Standard Oil Company.

We received the four-inch achromatic telescope; we bequeath the four-foot telescope.

We received two dozen members of the solar system; we bequeath 500.

We received a million stars; we bequeath 100,000,000.

We received the tinder box; we bequeath the friction match.

We received ordinary light; we bequeath Roentgen rays.

We received the beacon signal fires; we bequeath the telegraph, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy.

We received the weather unannounced; we bequeath the weather bureau.

We received less than twenty known elements; we bequeath eighty.

We received the products of distant countries as rarities; we bequeath them as household productions.

We received history as events remembered and recorded; we bequeath the kinetoscope.

We received the past as silent; we bequeath the phonograph, and the voices of the dead may again be heard.

We received pain as an allotment to man; we bequeath ether, chloroform, and cocaine.

We received gangrene; we bequeath antiseptic surgery.

We received the old oaken bucket; we bequeath the driven well and the water tower.

We received decomposition helplessly; we bequeath cold storage.

We received foods for immediate consumption; we bequeath the canning industry.

We received butter solely from milk; we bequeath oleomargarine.

We received the pontoon; we bequeath the Suspension bridge.

We received the hedgerow and the rail fence; we bequeath the barbed wire fence.

We received cement steel; we bequeath Bessemer steel.

We received unlimited dependence upon muscles; we bequeath automatic mechanism.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

EXTRACTS FROM LATE LETTERS.

Since we last printed extracts from the South African letters of Norman P. McLeod to members of his family, letters have come with fair regularity, and have contained much that was interesting. We have been frequently asked, by letter and otherwise, why more of his letters have not been printed. The only reason was that so much African correspondence was being printed that we thought it just as well to refrain from printing what reached us, especially as it was not written for publication.

The last received was not a letter, but his diary, written on the march and sometimes during a lull in action, covering the days from Oct. 11th, to Nov. 5th. From this diary we make some extracts, which briefly chronicle the movements, experiences &c of some of the last days in Africa, and which are fairly representative of the many months spent there. He is now, presumably, on the "Rosslyn Castle," with the rest of the Canadian Artillery and the Mounted Rifles, homeward bound, and may be expected to reach home in a few days—perhaps before the next issue of the INTELLIGENCER.

Oct. 11th. We left Fourteen Streams at 7.30 a.m. Off again to do something, at least to march; a relief to the monotony of life at Warrenton. Made fifteen miles first stage, and took dinner on the bank of the Vaal, in a cool and shaded spot. One and a half hours rest. Resumed march at 1.30 p.m. Arrived at Christiansburg about 4.30 p.m. Were greeted with a nasty sand-storm. Oct. 13th. Left Christiansburg at 5 a.m. Marched 17 miles, about halfway to Bloemfontein, which we expect to reach to-morrow at noon. It is reported by engineers who are tapping the wires, that De Beers, with a commando, is strongly entrenched near Bloemfontein. The scouts and Cape Police go out at midnight. We leave at 5 a.m. Hope the Boers will stand, but fear they will not. They probably know the strength of our column, and of our approach, and are likely to disappear in the night.

.....A large number of cattle and sheep was brought in this afternoon. Our Kaffir boys are now killing some sheep, and we will have some fresh meat. It is now about 8 p.m., and I will turn in. Good night.

Oct. 14th. I almost forgot it was Sunday. Marched to Bloemfontein to-day.The country through which we have passed is alive with game—turkeys, rabbits, prairie chickens, brant, ducks and springbok.

Oct. 15th. On account of the large number of transports having to cross the river, we did not move out till 4 p.m., going six miles. We had to burn three or four houses in the town, and pretty well cleaned out the store. It is rumoured that we go to Hoopstad to-morrow, and from there to Bloemfontein, about four days march, where we join C. and D. Batteries who are under orders to leave Pretoria to-day. We are now in the Orange River Colony, just across the river from Bloemfontein.Went into camp at Lake Warden about 6.30 p.m., on the best farm we have yet seen. Press on to Hoopstad to-morrow. Don't know where then. Numerous rumours.

Oct. 16th. On account of uncertainty as to the whereabouts of one of our patrols we did not move from Lake Warden till 2 p.m. Marched only seven or eight miles this afternoon. Took seven prisoners during the march.

Our rear-guard was attacked, but no one killed. The attacking party was soon put to flight.

Oct. 17th. Reached Hoopstad about noon, ten miles from our last camp. It is quite a nice place and has a garrison—two companies of infantry and a section of artillery. They say the Boers often attack them; they have lost ten men while here. A convoy of 300 wagons is expected from Kimberley for us to-night. This looks as if we were to be a long while on the march. No one has any idea where our destination is. Half a dozen places are suggested. We expect to remain here to-morrow—perhaps longer.

Oct. 18th. Leave here to-morrow. Reported we are to join Hunter's column chasing DeWett. Visited the village this morning. The sale of everything is prohibited on account of the scarcity of food for citizens and the garrison soldiers. Rumours are numerous as ever, but nothing definite is known.

Oct. 19th. Left Hoopstad at 4 a.m. Halted nine miles out for noon. Marched until sun-down. All afternoon we were in sight of parties of Boers, and a good many shots were exchanged. About four miles out the 44th battery shelled a ridge occupied by the Boers. The sniping continued all night. About midnight our bullock wagons, which were left behind, were attacked, but the escort repulsed the attacking party with machine guns. At 2 a.m. we were treated to a repetition of Faberspruit, but not so long. A force of Boers opened fire on the artillery. One man of the 44th was wounded in the foot; a Kaffir boy had a bullet through his wrist. Three men killed and fourteen wounded of our column in the attack on the transport. The loss of the other side is unknown yet. Four of them were killed by the outposts near the river. I was in charge of our picket last night, and had to report to the Major at the first shot. The bullets were coming pretty thick and raising an awful dust.

Oct. 20th. This morning at 4.30 we left camp and shelled a farm house—a headquarters of the enemy. Two shells blew the top off it, and then it was set on fire. We had, also, to burn two or three other houses this morning. I am writing this on the limber of our gun. We have to remain in our position at our guns until the rest of the transports arrive, in order to defend them if they are again attacked. The country here is alive with the enemy, and we shall probably be sniped every day now.Elizabeth's Bush—twenty miles from Hoopstad. Preparing for another possible attack to-night. But I do not think they will repeat it so soon. Have been in action nearly all day—from 5 a.m. till 2 p.m.It is extremely hot every day now.

Oct. 21st. Sunday. No attack last night. Eight or nine miles march this morning. Intended to go on, but a large body was sighted, and we did not move. They were supposed to be Boers, but turned out to be Hunter's column, 1200 or 1500 strong.

Oct. 22nd. On the return Hunter ordered us back. For dinner we stopped at Elizabeth's Bush. The Boers showed themselves on the other side the river, and the 37th shelled them with lyddite for about three hours. We spent the night 12 miles from Hoopstad.

Oct. 23rd. Our section was ordered out at 7 a.m., and shelled the Boers entrenched on the bank of the river. Nearly all their horses were killed. Of one party of their men only three were left alive, and they were wounded. A son of the family along side the camp came in, with two others, under a white flag. The poor fellow had almost his whole jaw torn away by a shrapnel shell. Others can be seen in the trenches, and the Maxims are doing deadly work amongst them. It is a thrilling tone in which these guns speak—very like a continuous roll of thunder.We are still in action, but there is a slight lull just now. The General is gathering information from those that have come in.

Our section have had engagements, larger and smaller, nearly every day for a week. We have had more to do than any of the others, and those who know are good enough to say that it has been done effectively.Left place (name indistinct) of last engagement late in the afternoon. Again the transports were left a long way behind, and were attacked at sun-down,

just when we reached Hoopstad again. The Cape Police were badly cut up and lost two Maxims, but destroyed them before leaving. The casualties on our side were 27 killed, wounded and captured.A C. M. R. prisoner, returned, tells that the fire of our section killed and wounded 37 in the morning, among them a Commandant; and that in the night attack 32 were killed.

Oct. 25th. Left Hoopstad this morning, our guns with the rear guard.Laid in a store of syrup, oatmeal, sugar and tea while there.The wounded sent in from the first convoy fight had the clothes and everything taken from them.Just as we got into camp to-night the ball was opened by the Maxim firing on a party of Boers who have been following us all day. If they are in any force we are likely to have a call to-night. They probably expected to get another chance at the transports during the day. But we travelled slowly, and all the convoys are in camp now.

Oct. 26th. Broke camp at 5 a.m., and marched 10 or 12 miles. A few Boers followed us all day, but nothing of importance occurred. Water is very scarce, and we had a hard time to get enough for the horses and for cooking.

Oct. 27th. Marched 12 miles to-day. About noon the rain began to pour, and soaked everybody. It continued all afternoon and night. Poor accommodation for sleeping. Some sat on the guns with their blankets wrapped around them; others built mounds a foot or two high, and trenches around them. Nearly every one was flooded out before morning.

Oct. 28th. Sunday. Marching. Took a few prisoners at houses along our way. Nothing of special importance.

Oct. 29th. Got to Graspan for dinner, and met a convoy with our supplies 28 miles from Boshof. Marched six miles this afternoon, and surprised a small party of Boers.

Oct. 30th. Swartz Kop, from which Methuen retired to Boshof, and where DeVillbois was killed. It is, in shape, just like a cake of maple sugar. Arrived at Boshof about 5 p.m.

Oct. 31st. Hallowe'en to-night. Not likely to be any celebration here. This (Boshof) is a nice little town, said to be the second largest in the State. I have just come back from swimming and seeing DeVillbois' grave. There is a fine public swimming pool in the town, good sidewalks and a church. All male inhabitants between the ages of 16 and 60 years have to sleep in the church under guard. The Dutchman who boasted that he would raise the O. F. S. flag in Kimberley has a store and lunch counter in town. We expected to leave for Kimberley this morning. It is rumoured that after a week there we join another column in the vicinity of Mafeking. We may go out this afternoon. It is 32 miles from here to Kimberley.The striking of the town clock sounds familiar, and makes me think of home.

Nov. 1st. Off at 5 a.m. on the Wind-sorton road, instead of Kimberley. Made good time to-day. Had another bad rain storm to-night. Some of us slept under the ox-transports.

Nov. 2nd. Arrived at Wind-sorton Road Station about 11 a.m. 37th entrain at once, also the Somerset. The General was telegraphed for orders concerning the Canadian section. We may leave at any time, for any place, or perhaps be here a day or two.

Late to-night we got orders to entrain at 3.30 a.m. to-morrow. We are to go to Kimberley. I am in charge of the picket to-night.

Nov. 3rd. Reveille at 2.30 a.m., but orders came not to entrain yet. Do not know when we shall go, nor where, but will not have much time when the final order comes. We got mail last night and this morning—the first for three weeks. Will write soon as possible. Our time here is drawing near a close.Going to Modder river. Passed Maersfontein about six miles above here. Detained and made camp about 8 o'clock. We are on the bank of the river, in Methuen's old camp ground.

Nov. 4th. Sunday again. Tents arrived from Warrenton, and our kits. None of us would object to remaining here a few days for rest.

Nov. 5th. Mail closes this afternoon. Will not have time to write letter, but will send you my diary. The diary before this I lost somewhere

on the march, and my wrist-watch left me at Hoopstad.We shall soon be starting for home, it is thought.The nights are very cold again.I am sending mother some flowers I gathered and pressed on the march. Am enclosing also, some valuable stamps.

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.]

WOMEN AS HEROINES.

In their readiness to resume work in perilous districts in China, the women are not a whit behind the men. Here is what a missionary teacher, who barely escaped with her life from her post into the interior to safety on the coast, writes in a private letter of the place where the roof was burned over her head and her life was in danger from the mob, and the soldiers, and the peril of midnight flight near hostile villages. "That night, as we were fleeing from Wei Hsien, as I looked back and saw the flames rising behind me, I thought, these flames will kindle a wonderful work for God in this place and then how glad and happy we shall be. I am more than ever anxious to go back and begin work again, and Wei Hsien and the people there are dearer to me than ever before."

THE FIRST CONVERTS ARE USUALLY MEN.

In an article dealing with the position of women in Burma, in a missionary magazine, the writer says: "It is a significant fact that, when the Gospel is first preached in Burma, the converts are men generally; as women are taught to read they become Christians. In the older churches, in Rangoon and Moulmein, where schools have long been established, the women in the congregation may predominate; while in the new districts, the church members are principally men. They meet for worship on the Sabbath, while their wives and daughters are at home working, or in many cases, planning some desecration of the Christian Sabbath. As soon as a heathen woman learns that a church disciplines a man for worshipping his wife, she takes advantage of the circumstances, and does all she can to vex her husband."

METHODIST WOMEN AND MISSIONS.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church is among the foremost for vigor of administration and amount of receipts. Its thirty-first anniversary was celebrated in Worcester, Massachusetts, October 24-28th. The last year's receipts reached \$414,531, an increase of \$54,192 and \$118,720 were already pledged toward a \$200,000 twentieth century thankoffering. The number of missionaries is 219, and 30 were sent out last year. The 4 publications reach an aggregate circulation of 80,877 copies.

MERIT WINS.

London Correspondence says: The gradual removal of the social barriers which formerly restricted English political and educational life was never better instanced than by the appointment of Mr. Jos. Owen to a fellowship at Oxford. Six years ago Mr. Owen was a mill hand at Oldham, helping to support his poor parents. He attended at night the University Extension lectures and so much ability did he show that the lecturers got up a fund and sent him to the great university, where, with his wife, he settled down in a humble cottage. He knew no Greek and little Latin. His first success came when he won the Brackenburgh history scholarship, to the surprise of many learned, aristocratic competitors. Four years of determined up-hill work passed and the final examination drew near. On a position in these depended Mr. Owen's whole future. A few weeks before the ordeal his young wife died suddenly. Mr. Owen's

friends thought it impossible for him to accomplish anything, but the mill hand's grit stood the strain and Mr. Owen gained the coveted first class with the degree. His appointment as extension lecturer quickly followed and Mr. Owen lectured where, six years previous, he had learned. The climax in his career came this week, when Pembroke College elected Mr. Owen, out of all the Oxonians, to the lucrative and honored position of fellowship.

POLITICAL NEWS.—It is reported from Halifax that the ten election petitions filed in Nova Scotia, five against Liberals and five against Conservatives, have all been dropped by consent.

A caucus of the Conservative members of Parliament is called for February 3rd., at Ottawa, for consultation and the adoption of such measures as may be deemed necessary for the organization and conduct of the business of the opposition. This, doubtless, means the selection of a leader, as Sir Chas. Tupper has resigned.

The British Columbia Mining Association are asking the Dominion Government that a Minister of Mines be appointed.

A convention of Local Government supporters in Kings Co., is called to meet at Hampton on Saturday of next week to nominate a candidate for the vacancy caused by the resignation of A. S. White.

The Quebec legislature will meet for the despatch of business on the 14th., February next.

The ten days within which election petitions are required to be served on the members of Parliament whose returns have been petitioned against expired Thursday. Neither Mr. Wilmot in Sunbury and Queens nor Mr. Gibson in York had been served. In the case of the York petition, however, an order was obtained from Judge Gregory on the 21st inst., extending the time for service for twenty days, and the law provides that if the petition cannot be served within the extended time it may be personally served on such person or in such manner as a judge directs. No such order has been obtained in the case of the Sunbury and Queens petition, and it is claimed by Mr. Wilmot's friends that the petition is now practically out of court. The Carleton and Westmorland petitions have been served, and in both cases preliminary objections have been filed.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE.—At a late hour on Wednesday night the bell on the Free Baptist church at Mars Hill, Maine, tolled 105 times, that being the number of years which had past over the head of Mary Cullen, who had just breathed her last. Mrs. Cullen was born at East Florenceville, N. B., the first white child born north of Woodstock and as a child lived in the woods at the mouth of the Meduxnekeag where the town of Woodstock now stands. She was the daughter of an old English soldier who served in the British army during the war of the American revolution, the youngest of eleven children, born Oct. 14, 1795; and if she had lived a few days longer would have lived in three centuries.

26,400 PHOTOGRAPHS.

SENT TO ONE MAGAZINE WITHIN THREE MONTHS.

Some six months ago The Ladies' Home Journal offered a series of cash prizes for the best outdoor photographs taken by amateur photographers during the summer. The returns almost swamped the Philadelphia post office, which in three months delivered 26,400 photographs to the magazine. The photographs make perhaps the largest single collection ever sent to one particular quarter. It will require nearly a month's work on the part of the magazine's entire staff to assort the pictures and make the awards.

AMONG EXCHANGES.

WRONG DEPENDENCE.

The dependence on a "popular preacher" for the filling of churches is one of the curses of modern Christianity. If popularity had anything to do with the question at all, it should be the popularity of the people rather than that of the preacher, but the duty of filling the churches rests personally upon every member.—Free Baptist.