

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE NO. 2543

NOTES AND GLEANINGS

One hundred and nineteen persons lost their lives in the Swiss Alps last year, a much larger number than in 1900.

The largest hospital in Europe is at Moscow, which has seven thousand beds, ninety-six physicians, nine hundred nurses, and cares for about fifteen thousand patients annually.

Nearly 1,000,000 women in Spain work in the field as day laborers; 350,000 women are registered as day servants—that is, they work for their food and lodging. There is no such class in any other part of the world.

Canadian fathers who find it expensive to maintain a son at college may console themselves with the thought that they are not the only ones. The King of Korea has a son at Roanoke College, Virginia, who has managed to accumulate debts of \$39,000 during his one year of college life.

Raising wolves is a temporarily flourishing industry in the State of Nebraska. The State pays a bounty of \$4 for each wolf-skin. Wolves becoming scarce under this law, some farmers have found it profitable to breed them in pens for the bounty market. One thrifty fellow was found to have raised a hundred wolves last summer.

The Rev. John J. Eberle, a retired Baptist clergyman of Pottstown, Pa., is dead, after living for more than forty-one years on one meal a day. Mr. Eberle adopted this spare diet as a cure for an illness and was so pleased with the results that he never afterward deviated from it, even to the partaking of the slightest nourishment between meals.

A remarkable account has reached San Francisco, says the "Empire," of a race of white men living near the North Pole, and descended from Sir John Franklin's men. The disappearance of Franklin's expedition has always been as much a mystery as a tragedy. In spite of fifteen relief expeditions and the efforts of the civilized nations of the world, it was never known absolutely what became of the entire party. A record of Franklin's own death and of that of many of his officers and men was found, but the majority was not accounted for.

Every American is called "John" by the natives in the town of Zamboanga in the Philippines, according to a traveller who has just returned to the United States. It is the custom in America to call every Chinaman "John," and it is said that a resentful Celestial, who went from "the home of the free" to the land of Aguinaldo, told the Zamboangans that they could pay Americans no greater compliment than to address them by that name. So, bowing and scraping with great gusto, the dusky beggars request an alms from "John," and cannot understand why this deferent term (which they take to be equivalent to "mildred") is so coldly received.

The recent British expedition to the Aro country, West Africa, succeeded in exploring an unknown region occupied by native races far sunk in idolatry and ignorance. In a central place, hidden in a dense forest, a stream issues from a rock and flows through a gorge 70 feet deep, 50 feet wide and 60 yards long, occupied by fetiches, objects of worship, altars &c. To this sacred place pilgrims resort from great distances. A priest in a dark cave acts as an oracle, answering questions, forgiving sins, and pronouncing judgments. Henceforth the oracle is likely to be dumb, and the mystery of the deep dark gorge will have vanished.

Several "little" wars are going on in South and Central America.

Seismic disturbances at Shamaka have recommenced, and a fresh volcano became vigorously to erupt last Wednesday. The number killed in the Shamaka district is now estimated at 5,000.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

No. 2.

Perhaps I had better here describe a lumber camp. I regretted very much while there that I was not one of the Kodak fiends, for a few views would help the reader to understand and appreciate the description. The camp is generally situated at the foot of a hill or in among hills, to be as much as possible protected from the storms. Care is also taken to be near a good water supply. Generally the camp itself is in two departments, one where the men sleep and live, the other being the cook room and dining room, and is also, the select room of the place; the cook is monarch here, and is generally considered so by the men. The "Boss" and clerk share these quarters with the cook, and form a sort of executive, or governing board. From thirty to fifty men make up a crew. The camp is from twenty to thirty feet long, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet high, built, of course, of logs, with a special eye to comfort, and is well heated by cylinder stoves. The fire-place is a thing of the past, even in the lumber woods. The berths are in two rows, on both sides, and are made of spruce boughs, over which heavy woollen blankets are spread. A very comfortable bed is thus made, and I enjoyed as sound sleep there as I could desire.

There is an impression abroad among the uninitiated that the standard of the table is pork and beans, and that the men live almost entirely upon these. I scarcely can recall ever hearing the lumber camps spoken of that something was not said about beans. While beans are always ready, well-cooked and always palatable to a hungry man, they are not solely the bill of fare. During my stay I do not think I saw the men sit down to a meal when there were not fresh meats in some form before them, and they have the very best the market affords. There is an abundance of potatoes, white and brown bread, and always hot bread, plenty of good butter, etc., etc. I did not see a particle of bad butter during the trip. No lumberman's table is complete without its gingerbread and tea. Among the important persons in camp life is the "cook." During the meal hour he trots around, serving and passing, turning tea and making himself generally useful. Few of us at home live as well as do these men in the woods, and who will say they do not deserve it?

I shall long remember my first Sabbath in a lumber camp. The impressions of the day will be a long time with me, perhaps always. The first Sabbath Mr. Hale was unable to be with me, having business at the Depot camp early Monday morning. Bro. Harry Manzer, who is at present teaching school at Riley Brook, accompanied me. At three o'clock Saturday afternoon, with a span of horses, kindly supplied by Bro. H. G. Howard, we got away from the Depot for a twenty-eight mile drive to Sharp's Camp. It was a beautiful afternoon and evening, clear and cold. We had got very clear directions, but after having driven, what seemed to us the stated distance, there was no camp or sign of it. Mile after mile was covered, and we began to be fearful lest we had taken the wrong road when leaving the main "tote road," and might be on a road leading to some other operation, perhaps a hundred miles away. But we pushed on. We were learning that a lumberman's mile is all his own, and there are none like unto it. Finally at 8.30 p. m. a sudden turn in the road brought us into the camp yard. Tired, hungry and cold we were glad enough to see it. Presenting our letter of introduction we were made royally welcome; willing hands looked after our horses, and we were soon enjoying beans and brown bread as only men in the woods can.

After our supper we began to get acquainted, and soon were on easy terms with several. The foreman, or "boss" as he is usually called by the men, of the camp is Odoor Sharp, a christian man whose fellowship I much enjoyed. David Jenkins is cook, and is one of the most kindly happy men I have had the pleasure of meeting; he has the faculty of making one feel at home in an instant. Ed. Merrithew is clerk, and is the personification of hospitality.

It was Saturday night, we had been late arriving, and the men did not retire as early as usual, but before ten o'clock lights were turned low and everyone was seeking sleep. After the lights are turned down, woe to the man who makes any unnecessary noise; if you desire to speak to your bed-mate it must be in a whisper; everything is still, except for an occasional snore from some sound sleeper.

Sabbath morning dawned clear and cold. After breakfast and the usual clearing up, Bro. Sharp announced service. I have spoken to a good many congregations, and under various circumstances, I have felt the joy of breaking the bread of life to my fellows a good many times. But that morning there came into my soul such a peace and consolation as I had scarcely known before. Talking to men away from home, denied privileges such as are dear to most of them, I caught the spirit of the sacrifice. I wondered if the wives and children of these men were conscious of the sacrifice they were making to earn for them a living; every dollar should be precious in their sight. Some of these men remain in the woods from six to eight months in the year. There are the rough characters certainly—men who have the foolish notion that it is manly to be rough, profane and vulgar; but for the greater part I found good men, big-hearted, clear-minded, a happy good-natured jolly lot of fellows. I am not speaking thus of one particular camp, but of all as I saw them and had to do with them during those days.

But, there, I have wandered from my description of how the Sabbath was spent, and must leave it for the next letter.

J. B. D.

MUST HE BE YOUNG?

BY THE REV. E. B. STILES.

"A Good, Live, Holy Ghost, Common Sense, Young, Single Man." This is the measurement of the pastor needed by one of our churches, or at least some one writing from the church thinks so. I presume he is right in the main, though why should the word "young" be used? If the Lord should send along a man with all the qualities demanded except that he had attained to the ripe age of thirty-five or forty or even fifty, would he thereby be disqualified? Or, if he had a wife, thereby doubting his efficiency without doubting his expenses, would that be an indication that the Lord had not sent him?

But enough of this. Given the very man that this church thinks it needs, and granting that the Lord feels about it just as the church does, does that insure success?

"Why, yes," some one says; "like priest, like people." There is much truth in this, but the Bible reverses the order by saying, "Like people, like priests," suggesting that the church has the making of the man it needs largely in its own hands. There is much truth in this also, but neither truth is taught by the passage referred to. It rather expresses the conditions in Homer's time, when people and priests were alike in their apostasy from God. We will not try to locate the blame.

Now then, to come back to the headline. Leaving out most of the descriptive adjectives, I will say amen to the writer's statement. That church—every church—needs a good man full of the Holy Ghost. Learning, eloquence, geniality, affability, none or all of these are sufficient to make the right sort of a pastor for any church, if he be not also a good man and full of the Holy Ghost.

This settled, a further question arises what sort of a church does such a pastor need to make him successful in the community to which he is called? If the church will be what it wants him to be, success is assured. The minister can't be good and full of the Holy Ghost for you, though you pay him \$1,000,000 a year and subscribe never so liberally to the various benevolences of the church.

Furthermore, the command to tarry and the promise of power was to the disciples as a body and not to the eleven. When "they were all with one accord, in one place" "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance" "The promise is to you and to your children and to them that are afar off even

as many as the Lord your God shall call."

The three thousand that "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and prayers," had no small part in the increase that soon brought the number of disciples up to 5000. They practiced the Apostles' preaching, kept in fellowship, attended the prayer and communion services. Where is the pastor that doesn't long for such a church?

Again, when the church needed deacons it looked out seven men from its own number, "of good report, full of the spirit and of wisdom," and among them was "Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

Brethren, seek for pastors good men "full of faith and the Holy Ghost"; and then sustain them in the work—theirs and yours—by being members, Sunday-school teachers, deacons, Christian Endeavor officers who are good men and women "full of faith and the Holy Ghost."—Morning Star.

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.]

RUSAGORNIS SOCIETY.

Our monthly meeting was held at the home of Mrs. J. A. Noble, on Tuesday last. The meetings are very well attended, and the interest is growing. We have talks on Mission work, readings, recitations, and singing. Miss Della Gereau gave a very interesting reading "How one woman helped the missionary cause." Miss Helen Mersereau sang a solo, "Over the ocean wave" Miss Gaunce's letter in the "INTELLIGENCER" was read; and special prayer was made in her behalf. Miss Stella Smith read Mrs. Barnes' letter, and we all fell very glad to hear of the success that is attending her, and sister Barnes in the good work they are engaged in. Little Nellie Noble recited "Baby's Penny." God bless the children. This is one way in which we may help the little ones of our homes become interested in the missionary cause—leading them, while yet in the cradle, to send the light to little ones in darkened lands. Of the four meetings we have held, I think this was the best, for which we "thank God and take courage."

The two Mission Bands in connection with our Sunday-schools hold their meetings regularly, and seem to be much interested in their work. We enjoy reading the letters from the different societies, as they appear in the Woman's column, and wish others would write also. We would like to see some reports from the societies of the Fourth District.

Mrs. T. T. MERSEREAU.

Feb. 12th, 1902.

WAASIS MISSION BAND.

It may be encouraging to some of the mission workers, and especially to our home missionaries, to know how our Mission Band, organized by Bro. Barnes a short time ago, is progressing. I therefore, write a few lines about the Waasis Band. There are now twenty members. Under the faithful care of Superintendent, Mrs. Duncan Grass, assisted by Mrs. Abner Grass and others, a good work is being done. The children take great interest in their part and are very attentive. A goodly number attend regularly. We meet Sunday afternoon after Sabbath school, fortnightly. The children all take part by reciting Scripture texts; we have singing, recitations, prayer, the children joining in the Lord's prayer; and we have short readings on mission work, in which all are much interested and seem to enjoy. The children are much interested in paying dues. The officers are, Superintendents, Mrs. Duncan Grass and Mrs. Abner Grass; President, Ethel Steves; Vice Pres., Jessie Atkinson; Sec., Roberta McFarlane; Treas., Urett Atkinson. God is blessing this labour for the advancement of His kingdom. We are very

glad that our home missionary, Bro. Barnes, is meeting with encouragement and success in his work amongst the churches. Let us all labour on till we shall hear the Master say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Mrs. D. C. GRASS.

Feb. 13th, 1902.

AN INCIDENT IN CHINA.

The following incident is told in a recent letter from an English lady missionary in China:

"When I went to Hunan, there were ten million of women at least and not a single Christian woman, and never had been one. When we settled in that station, our first hope was to get hold of some woman of the place who would come to us as helper. We could never go out of doors without a Chinese woman. The woman who came to be with me impressed me very much. She was tall, handsome, intelligent—a woman of about fifty, but her hair was perfectly white, and there was a hardness about her, as if she had no heart. But I felt that there was fine material there, fine native power. She had been married when about eighteen years of age. She had had eight little girls in succession. She had been allowed to keep only two alive out of the eight. No wonder her hair turned white and her heart seemed cold! She had not been with us very long when a wonderful tenderness came over that woman.

"She had observed that two or three times in the month our letters came from home. She noticed I never ventured to open them until I could get by myself in the evening. After the first few weeks, whenever she saw the letters come, she would go into her own room, opposite mine in the court-yard. And then she used to come and sit down outside the door of my room. Sometimes I had to open the door, and she would come in and put her arms around me: 'Don't cry, I know what a lonely heart is. I know you got a letter from your mother, and I understand all about it.'

"After she had been with me four months, we started out on a journey (for religious service). One night we were sitting on the floor in a room surrounded by sixty or eighty women. I was trying to tell them of the love of Christ. My woman was sitting beside me, and presently she put her hand on me and stopped me. 'Don't try to tell them any more.' 'Why not? I want to tell them about the Lord Jesus.' She said, 'I know; but you are tired, you can hardly speak. Just lean up against me. Put your hand on my shoulder and rest, and I will tell them all you want to say.' Well, I looked at her surprised. I said, 'Do you know what I want to say?' 'Oh, yes, I know all about it.' And she put her arm around me for I was tired out—and she leaned forward and took up that story, and a sudden silence fell upon the room. I looked at her. Her face was full of a wonderful love, and a wonderful light. I never, never shall forget it. She told those women of Gethsemane and of the cross; and as she told it, the story of the cross never seemed so real before. The tears were rolling down her face and those women were so moved that they were weeping all over the room. It was a marvelous hour to me. That woman went right on after that, preaching in the power of the Holy Spirit; and now she has gone to be with the Lord."

ST. JOHN, NORTH, MISSION BAND.

The Mission Band of the Victoria street Free Baptist church, held a very successful concert on Tuesday evening, 18th. There was a large attendance, the church auditorium being filled. Great credit is due to Mrs. Capt. Phipps for the time and care she gave training the children, who rendered their parts exceedingly well. The following is the programme: Chorus, by the Band. Responsive reading. Lord's prayer. Recitation, Greeting, by Flossie Morrissey. Recitation, The Gospel Light, by Hazel Phipps. Chorus, The Gipsy Boy, by the Band. Dialogue, The Old, Old story, by two girls.

Recitation. The boy that moved next door, by Edna Peters.

Dialogue, Three little maids, by three girls and one boy.

Chorus, Hark the Herald Angels Sing, by the Band.

Recitation, The World for Jesus, Maggie Hunter.

Dialogue, The little Helpers, by eight girls.

Recitation, Good interest in Heaven, Tommy Fulton.

Chorus, Over the ocean wave, by the Band.

Recitation, Like George Washington, by Donald Van Wart.

Dialogue, The Worker, by six girls and one boy.

Recitation, When I am a man, by Douglas Thorne.

Dialogue, Go and Give and Pray, by two girls.

Recitation, The Pennies, by Ford Logan.

Recitation, The Best Thing, by Lizzie Henderson.

Dialogue, The cities of the Bible, by six girls.

Recitation, As with gladness, by Gertrude Seely.

Chorus, Junior Band, by the Band.

(MISS) D. SMITH. Sec. Mission Band.

BE THOUGHTFUL OF THE WEAKER.

A well-to-do farmer, whose hair was rapidly whitening, and who began by saying that he was about to give up the responsibility of the farm, and allow his son to carry it on, drifted on to speak of the provision he was about to make for his children. To each of the sons he would give a fine farm, to each of the daughters a few hundred dollars. This is not a singular disposition of the estate of men who have made their wealth on the farm. There seems to be an unwritten law that the sons must be provided with farms, whether there is anything left for the daughters or not. That is most unreasonable. The knowledge that such would be the probable disposition of the property has driven many a farmer's daughter to make a foolish marriage so that she may have a home. It has led others to leave the old homestead and seek self-support in other work. Some have remained on, and have embittered the life of the home into which the favored son afterwards brought a young wife, who resented the presence of one who had been mistress, and who unconsciously assumed the air of mistress still. Let the daughters be first provided for; the sons can make their way more easily, if need be. Care for the weaker, and let them be prepared to make their way in the world by the help given them. The sons are strong and fitted to meet hard buffetings, which are often the making of their character. The daughter, if she be forced to go out from a home in which she has been carefully nurtured, into a world that smiles only upon those who can fling aside opposing forces, will go down in the fight, in the majority of cases.—Presbyterian Review.

PERSONAL.—The West Somerville, Mass., Journal of the 14th inst., contains the picture of a young New Brunswick, Mr. L. E. Cliff, who was recently elected President of the Board of Trade of that town. Mr. Cliff is a son of Mr. Wm. Cliff, formerly of Queensbury, later of this city and who moved to Boston a few years ago. Of Mr. L. E. Cliff, the Journal says,—The new President of the Board of Trade is one of the best known business men in West Somerville. He is active and enterprising, and great things are expected of his administration as president. From a small beginning, in a few years he has become one of the principal property owners in West Somerville, where he has resided for the past thirteen years. Mr. Cliff is an active member of the West Somerville Baptist church; is a member of the finance committee; is treasurer of the young men's Bible class, and is one of the leading members of the Young Men's League.

We are glad to hear of the success of young New Brunswickers abroad.