

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

RELIGION THAT WORKS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY SECT.

Wild Scenes When the McDonaldites Get to a High Pitch of Enthusiasm—A Very Odd Denomination of Christians—Their Origin and What They Believe.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sept. 12.—Prince Edward is and can boast of a province with a soil of unsurpassed productivity and fields of grain and roots unequalled elsewhere in Eastern Canada. But Prince Edward Island has something in the spiritual realm which renders it unique in christendom. There are in the island 3,000 or more of a sect known as "McDonaldites," or "Jerkers," whose practices and doctrines are exceeding strange. If people outside the island knew of the existence and character of this sect they would have a strong additional reason for visiting "the garden of the Dominion."

The "McDonaldites" do not call themselves by that name. They say they are presbyterians—the only Simon Pure kind, tracing their present history back to the advent of Rev. Donald McDonald, who came to P. E. Island from Scotland, sixty odd years ago. Their chief characteristic is "the work" which takes place in them during the period of conversation, and this joy spell which are subsequently manifested. Presbyterians are Calvinists but the "McDonaldites" are Ultra-Calvinists. In fact they carry the doctrine so far that they become little more than automatons.

Rev. Donald McDonald's history in Scotland, prior to his coming to this country, is not well known. What his stand was with the church in Scotland is the subject of contradictory stories. People other than McDonaldites are not unanimous in holding that it was good. At all events, when McDonald arrived in P. E. Island he found great sections of the province in spiritual destitution. He began a missionary work, preaching over the long h and breath of the island. He was fervent, and he was lovable. His free and open manner and his generosity drew the people toward him.

Soon the characteristic which now strangely marks this sect appeared. "The work" was shown. McDonald had known nothing of it before, but he accepted it now as being all right. Then he encouraged its manifestation. That "work" as seen then is practically the same today. The people gathered into churches and were called McDonaldites—by others than themselves. Today there are about 3,000 of them in Prince Edward Island. McDonald has been dead nearly twenty years but the cause is not dead.

A Piquariss correspondent visited one of the churches recently and had his curiosity gratified in seeing a manifestation of the "work." The church was crowded; the sexes are separated in church, the men sitting at the ministers left and the women at the right, while a score of elders were seated round the front of the pulpit. The sermon was an hour and a half long. During the progress of its first half there was nothing remarkable except that here and there through the congregation a head was noticed to jerk suddenly forward and then back again. By and by the minister became more impassioned in his discourse. The effect of this was apparent. The erratic motion of the heads became more systematic. They swayed back and forth with increasing velocity. The hair of the women became disarranged. Hats fell off. The subjects of the "works" seemed to become frenzied. Then terror took possession of many. They shouted at the top of their voices, uttering God's name as if in an agony of despair. The convulsions increased in intensity and the minister's voice grew louder. Then one of the elders, whose head had been intermittently jerking, as if he were under some dread influence which he was struggling to control, threw up his arms and fell backwards among his fellows with a dreadful yell.

He lay there groaning and crying as if in some awful agony. The "work" seemed contagious, though no McDonaldite so much as turned an eye to see the distress of afflicted co-worshippers. Women by the time, all over the church, were screaming at the top of their voices. They rose to their feet and jumped up and down with an incredible velocity, at the same time clapping their hands and shouting. One young woman, as she danced, turned round facing the congregation and uttering shouts of triumph. Her manifestation was different from others. She had been "delivered" and was experiencing a "joy spell."

One of the most common manifestations of the "work" was the swaying to and fro of the body over the back of the hard seats. The young women fell backward with great force, striking above the broad of the back. Here occasionally a friend showed some consciousness of what was going on and kindly put an arm along the back of the seat to make the momentum of the blow less terrible. The screaming and shouting, and stamping, had made the min-

ister's voice inaudible, yet he never moved a muscle which would show that anything unusual was going on. The deafening noise made no difference to him. He kept on the even tenor of his way, just as if every word was heard, whereas not one in the church knew what he was saying. Women's hats were thrown back on the floor and other pieces of wearing apparel were cast off in the distance. The elder on the front took another fit, and the handkerchief he held in his hand went flying to the centre of the church, as once more he fell backwards prostrate.

From twelve to twenty persons in various parts of the church were in paroxysms. Often a hundred or more, especially at communion seasons, are affected at once. As time wore on a lull came. The women who had experienced the "work" were seen to be thoroughly exhausted, pale and breathless. Yet it was ludicrous to see some of the younger subjects of the "work" taking the opportunity, as they bowed, to rearrange their millinery. The minister kept on with his preaching.

Outbreak after outbreak of this kind occurred, and in an hour and a half the sermon was over.

Then came the singing, the old gaelic style. The elders led, one of them rendering a line and the others joining in, all in unison. The "work" broke out again in modified intensity. Prayer came, and it continued without a batment. After two hours and a half had slipped away the service ended, and not one of those McDonaldites thought it had been long.

The McDonaldites are seen in their extreme peculiarity at communion services. A sacrament Sabbath at Cape Traverse, for instance, will never be forgotten by the visitor who sees it.

When Rev. Mr. McDonald died, some 18 years ago, the sect he had established continued to flourish, though it now does not more than hold its own in point of numbers. There are three McDonaldite ministers in the island, who spend their whole time travelling over the country and preaching, as often as they can, in the twenty three churches of the sect. Rev. Mr. Goodwill, who was once a missionary of the presbyterian church in the South Sea Islands, is the senior minister, and man of most influence among them. He has accumulated wealth during his preaching tours, and is said to be worth over \$30,000. Assisting him are two others, Rev. Messrs. Campbell and McLean. The contributions of the people are solely devoted to the maintenance of these three, and to defray the small expense of keeping up the churches throughout the island. It is said that when Mr. Goodwill took charge he did not believe in "the work;" a section of the people were so strongly convinced of this fact that they broke off from the main body, calling themselves "Robetsites."

Another strange thing about the McDonaldites is their belief that once a man is converted and has experienced the "work," he may sin as much as he likes, and yet be saved. The wrong doing of such a person is merely a "sin of the flesh" and not of the spirit, and despite all shortcomings the spirit cannot but be saved. If a man is to be saved he must be saved and cannot help being saved, say the McDonaldites, even in spite of himself. If he is not to be saved he can do nothing for himself, no matter how much he might like to. They are ultra Calvinists of the most pronounced type. This view in regard to sin does not contribute to any greatly improved morality, and it cannot be claimed that the McDonaldites are any better in their morals, if indeed they are as good, as their neighbors of other churches, who make less pretensions to sanctity of soul, and who scorn the "work."

A layman among the McDonaldites is not allowed to preach or exhort. That is reserved exclusively to the three ministers who have been trained in presbyterian colleges. Lay members of the sect must confine themselves to praying or singing. Their prayer-meetings they often continue till midnight, and even till 2 o'clock in the morning. They will pray as long as there is any one to be prayed for.

Regarding the "work" one important fact is to be mentioned. It is that the McDonaldite thinks that without it a man cannot be saved. If it does not appear in the usual violent outward form it must take place inwardly. Members of other religious bodies may be saved, but only through "the unenvoined mercies of God."

Such, then, are the McDonaldites of Prince Edward Island as seen today—a peculiar people, who are to be found solely in the country districts, and a sect whom the visitor cannot fail to be interested in seeing, in any one of their twenty-three churches, to be found chiefly in the central and western parts of the island.

The Flash of Crystals. The flash of the beautiful crystals in Windsor Table Salt is like diamonds. Pure as gem of first water. A salt all salt; soluble. Try it.

ELEPHANTS LOVE GROG

INSTANCES OF THE PREFERRED TASTE THEY HAVE.

They Will Take Whiskey Whenever They Can Get It and Will Die for the Same as Drink—Other Examples of their Great Sagacity—Their History in America.

Elephants love whiskey. That is the testimony of elephants men generally, though all are familiar with the good old temperance argument that no animal will touch alcohol, except degenerate man alone. George Conklin, who has charge of the herd of twenty-four elephants with the Barnum & Bailey show, and who ought to know the animal pretty well, since he has handled large numbers of them for the past twenty-five years, says that he never found one that did not like his tipple, and that the love for the stimulant is not confined to the male elephants, but is just as strong in the females. No instinct of modesty teaches them that they ought to be superior to their stern-sexed companions, and they will swig off a pallet of the good Kentucky product of Tennessee moonshine with equal gusto. Good old Jumbo, beloved of children in two hemispheres because of his lovely disposition and gentle ways, was a confirmed toper, and never went to bed in his private elephant car without taking his nightcap. The English keeper who travelled with Jumbo from the time he was brought to this country until he met his untimely death at St. Thomas, Ontario, got a quart bottle of good Bourbon county rye every night, and took one three-fingered drink himself; Jumbo drank the rest, and a very moderate drink he seemed to find it. Up to the day of his death he never neglected to ask for more, and to smash the bottle when he failed to get it. That was his one little exhibition of bad temper.

Jumbo had another bad habit that an exemplary elephant whose associates were mainly children ought not to have, and that was an inordinate love for tobacco. A quarter-pound package of cut smoking tobacco always came into the rear car with the whiskey, and the keeper got one pipeful of it. The rest was chewed up and swallowed by the monster elephant. Having taken his whiskey and his tobacco, he would retire and sleep peacefully till morning, unless it happened to be his watch night on the train. Elephants never go to sleep without leaving one of the herd awake to keep watch and give warning in case of intrusion. Go into the big menagerie tent of the show any night after the elephants have gone to sleep, or go into one of the elephants cars on a night run, and you will find that, no matter how quietly and stealthily you have entered, the eye of one member of the herd is upon you, and that you cannot make a movement without being followed by that twinkling, bright little optic. It is probably a jungle instinct which centuries of captivity have not overcome.

Fritz, one of the biggest elephants of the herd, had a chill the other day, and he was given whiskey to cure it. That is the elephant keeper's favorite remedy. Chills and colic are the chief ills that trouble his charges, and whiskey will cure both chills and colic. Fritz got his drink all right, and seemed to be cured, but it was not long before George Conklin passed him again and saw that he was shaking with a terrible chill. Conklin passed along and stepped out of sight of Fritz, when the big fellow quit his trembling and went to throw dust over himself to drive off the flies. When Conklin came back in sight, Fritz began to have a chill again. The keeper watched the huge animal a few minutes, and then said:

"No more whiskey, Fritz."

Fritz straightened up, with a reproving look on his face, and went to munching hay, as much as to say, "No more whiskey, no more chills." Conklin believes, as do most all elephant keepers, that the animal can understand what is said to it. Indeed, trainers assert that it has more intelligence than any other animal and that it is the only one that can be taught to mind by word of mouth, without other cues. That it is endowed to a limited extent with reasoning powers, is certain, and one German philosopher thinks he has discovered that this mental development is due to the fact that in the trunk the elephant possesses a prehensile organ similar to the hand of man. The hand, he asserts, has played a more important part in the development of the human intellect than any other agency, since it brings its possessor into more intimate relations with the external world than any other organ. Some menagerie man, with more practical observation than the German professor, and a smaller bump of theorizing, has pointed out that the only day in this reasoning is that if it is correct the gorillas and chimpanzees ought to have a higher mental development than man, because they have four good hands instead of two, and any one of the four is stronger than the eight hands of four men.

Well-authenticated stories of the sagacity of elephants are so numerous that it

IN OPENING A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR Men's Ready Made Clothing

We desire to thank our many customers for the very liberal favors extended to us in our Boys' Clothing Department, the great success and rapid growth of which has largely influenced us in deciding to open a similar department for Men's Goods, to be conducted on the same principle. Always Giving the Best Value in St. John. The great improvements made in the fit and Style of Men's Ready Made Clothing, during the past few seasons, makes it impossible to distinguish Ready Made Garment from Custom Made. They are equal in quality of material, in finish and in cut and style.

But the Price is Very Much Lower. WE ARE SHOWING

Men's Full Suits in Fancy Mixtures, Black and Navy, Men's Black Coats and Vests. Men's Trousers. Men's Ulsters, Men's Overcoats, Men's Reefers. Men's Tweed Waterproof Coats.

We want all our customers to see these goods. The Men's Clothing Department is on the second floor. NOTE—We have a larger stock than ever of BOYS' CLOTHING for Fall and Winter.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

never necessary to resort to exaggeration to say something interesting about them. In their wild state the leader of a herd has been seen when approaching swampy ground to extend one foot to try its solidity before trusting his weight to it. When satisfied of its firmness he would go confidently on, and the whole herd would follow in single file, cautiously stepping in the footprints of the leader, so that when the entire herd had thus passed the ground would look as if a single animal had gone that way. The same trait of caution is preserved in the domesticated animal. After one of its Brooklyn engagements the show found it necessary to transport its herd of elephants by ferry to Jersey City. Before any of the big brutes would venture upon the deck the leader had to rap the solid planks with his trunk to satisfy himself of its strength. Then he tested it by placing first one foot, then a second, and finally a third upon it, and eventually he trusted the weight of his whole body upon it, and walked forward at the command of his keeper. The rest of the animals followed their leader without hesitation, placing their feet exactly where he had put his.

The action is not the result of training, but a brute instinct always displayed and bearing a striking resemblance to reason. When Jumbo tried to butt a fast freight off from the Grand Trunk tracks in an effort to save the baby of the Barnum herd, Tom Thumb, and lost his life in the attempt, it was said that his actions gave unmistakable evidence of reason, though it was poor testimony to his judgement that he so greatly underestimated the force of locomotive. He lived long enough after the crash, however, to see that he could derail a train, even if he could not equal it in power.

In the manner of the food value of different materials the reasoning power of the elephant is very faulty, however. He will eat almost anything that comes his way. If a canvasser leaves a coat or vest hanging on a quarter pole within reach of an elephant, the big brute will edge over toward it and watch an opportunity when unobserved to touch it with his trunk. Then he will begin to haul it toward him, pulling in rolls of hay and chewing them between times. As soon as the garment is at his feet the elephant will put one of his ponderous five-hoofed pedals on it and begin to tear it up, rolling the pieces in his trunk and stuffing them into his mouth. The sole of a shoe is just as good for him to chew on as a wisp of hay, and his natural instinct of mischief inclines him to prefer that which he knows is forbidden him, even if it is less succulent than a bunch of grass. When the show went to Australia, in 1876, one of the elephants was taken violently sick aboard ship and died in terrible pain. The veterinary could not determine what the matter was, until one of the grooms coughed that he had left his vest hanging within reach and the poor animal had eaten it, with all the pockets contained, and they were stuffed with a various assortment, including a box of matches and a bottle of medicine. Matches, medicine, glass, and all had been crushed between the long molars and swallowed.

The first elephant brought to America for exhibition purposes was "Old Bet," and it has often been remarked that the American circus was built on her shoulders. Different accounts fail to agree in regard to the date of her importation, which is placed all the way from 1776 to 1833 by different writers of old-time reminiscences. Old Bet was brought over in the ship America, of which Capt. Crowningshield was master, and she landed according to the harbor records, in Philadelphia in April, 1798. She was but five feet high, and the sum of \$10,000 was paid for her, the largest price that had been paid up to that time for any animal, either here or in Europe. She was exhibited in Philadelphia and astonished the public daily by drawing the corks from thirty bottles of beer and drinking the contents. On the 20th of June, 1799, she passed through New York on the way to Boston. In the advertisements her amiable qualities were highly extolled, but a postscript informed visitors that they had better leave valuable documents at home, as the elephant had taken many papers from the pockets of the owners and chewed them up. In this display of playfulness

Old Bet was not unlike Jumbo, who had a habit of astonishing ladies who came into the tent of hot days by reaching out and taking their palm-leaf fans in his trunk and stuffing them, with a great cracking and smashing into his mouth.

Old Bet had been bought on the community plan by a number of farmers of Putnam county, N. Y., at the instance of one Ludwig Bistadler, each mortgaging his farm and putting \$500 into the venture. They exhibited her under wagon sheds at hotels by putting a piece of side canvas up in front of the shed. The admission was 25 cents for adults, and 12½ cents, or a York shilling, for children. This gigantic zoological institute, as the canvasser was called, travelled east as far as Pawtucket, R. I., where the elephant, in spite of its docile disposition, was shot and killed. As the "institute" continued to other attractions, the show closed. The same proprietors then procured a second elephant, which they also called Old Bet, and they enlarged their exhibition by adding to the collection a lion and a two-horse cage, and one monkey in a box strapped on to the hind end of the lion's cage. The second Old Bet landed in 1833. Following her to these shores the next day, a very big fellow with long tusks, who was burned on the steamer Royal Tar between St. John N. B. and Portland, Me.

Elephants arrived in considerable numbers after that, and became plentiful in this country. The greatest number ever imported here was collected for the Barnum-Bailey show. When the rivalry between that show and Adam Forepaugh became very hot, the management of each sent all over the world to buy elephants. When Forepaugh bought half a dozen Barnum bought ten, and the herds grew so large and so many elephants were brought into the country that the crazy died of the animals fell in price. This season Manager Bailey, who owns now both the Barnum and Forepaugh herds, has gathered the trained members of each together and placed them with his show, making a ring of twenty-four, all trained for the ring.

Elephants, there is every reason to believe, are, like the American bison, fast disappearing. In 1886 a worker in ivory in Sheffield, England, endeavored in all seriousness to figure out how long the elephant would last. His own house, he said, had the one elephant used 1,280 pair of tusks, which meant the killing of more than that number of animals, for not every elephant yields two tusks to the ivory hunter. That the African species is fast disappearing there is little doubt. There are many elephants in Ceylon, and from that island most of those which are displayed in travelling menageries and in zoological gardens come. The showman has very little use for the African elephant, because he is less intelligent than his Indian cousin, and much meaner in disposition. The African elephant is the long-legged and smaller bodied animal. Jumbo, who was a half breed, had the long legs of the African and the large body of the Indian elephant. Jumbo was undoubtedly the largest of all elephants, standing twelve feet eight inches in height. The largest elephant remembered in India was one ridden by the Viceroy in 1880, which stood ten feet four inches. Col. Belloc records that the King of Burmah had a sacred white elephant which was two inches taller. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DIED AT HIS POST.

The Story of How a Lad saw His Opportunity and Embraced It.

I remember a story that a pilot told me, of which he was the hero, says a writer in Harper's Round Table. He did not tell it boastfully, but in a simple, quiet way, and not before a great deal of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. We were standing at the time on the lower deck of a ferry-boat belonging to the line upon which he was then employed. Pointing to a young boot-black who was industriously polishing away, he said: "At one time I polished boots the same as the youngster is doing there. I loved the boats and the crowds, more especially I loved to watch the pilot and the engineer at work. To see the latter polishing and oiling his machinery as carefully as a mother would dress a baby was my chief enjoyment. I dare say I knew every part of the engine as well as he did, or at least I thought so, and many a shine I let pass simply to see him work the boat in and out of the slip. This curiosity, or rather interest, on my part stood me in good stead at one time, as you will see. We were unusually crowd-

ed on the trip when my stroke of good luck took place, both gangways running past the engine-room being choked up with horses and wagons.

"Most of the drivers had gone forward, and I sat in my usual place on the ledge at the engine-room door alone. Bang! the first bell sounded to reduce her to half speed, and I glanced around to watch the engineer shut off steam. He was sitting facing the engine in his arm-chair, his chin in his hand, and his arm resting on the side of the chair. I was surprised to see that he made no move, and thinking he was asleep, I ran in to shake him. By this time the pilot evidently thought something was wrong, and the big bell sounded twice, meaning as you probably know, to stop the engine. I could not make the engineer move, and, without hesitating, I stepped across to the engine, and grasping the wheel, I shut off the steam and disconnected the eccentrics.

"Of course the engine stopped, and the pilot, thinking everything was all right, commenced to send down his signals. I was a little frightened—more at the idea of my working the big engine than at making any mistake, for I knew exactly what to do. Well, we had some trouble making the slip, and I had to back her out. I can tell you, working that lever bar was no easy job. Then came the sharp tinkle for full speed, and shortly I had her well into the river. Then came the bells to stop her and again to reverse and go ahead under half speed.

"By that time I was very tired, but no longer nervous, and when we again neared the slip and the welcome bell to stop the engine sounded, I was very glad. The double signal to back water came, and I pushed the lever bar up and down twice before I got my last signal to stop. When I heard the rattle of the chains as they dived her in the slip I was worn out, and it seemed to me I must have fainted, for when I came to it was in the presence of the pilot and some of the officers of the line. They told me the engineer had died of heart-disease; and in recognition of my services they placed me at school and gratified my ambition to become a pilot as you see."

The Ant's Suspension Bridge.

You have heard of the suspension bridges made by men. Now let me tell you of a curious one made by some of the smallest creatures that live.

Men use wire ropes, very strong; but there are the driver ants of Africa, so small that you can hardly see them. Yet they do wonderful work at making bridges without any rope.

This is the way they go about it. One of the largest ants takes hold of the branch of a tree with its fore legs, letting his own body hang down. Thus they keep on until these bright little fellows form a chain. Then away they go, swinging until the end ant can get hold of something, usually some tree or shrub—and the bridge is done!

A regiment of ants goes over this live suspension bridge. When all are well over, the ant on the first tree lets go the branch and climbs over the string. The next one follows this example, and pretty soon they all take their places at the rear end of the marching company. These ants have big heads and they must have a good deal of brain to help them.—Mrs. G. Hall, in "Christian Advocate."

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS

23-24 Waterloo St. 65-70 Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.