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**Religious Intelligencer.**

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Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., - - Editor.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 2, 1903.

Editorial.

—The pastor who thinks to get and hold the hearts of his people without visiting their homes is doomed to disappointment.

—The surgeon puts a drop of cocaine on the patient's eye ball and half of it may be cut away without his knowledge. The devil's favorite anæsthetic is sin. When he wishes to blind the eye of the soul he injects some sin into the heart.

—Not by his preaching alone, much as they may enjoy good preaching, do the majority of people judge the minister. They have several standards, and these are not always evident even to the people who use them. The *Christian Register* thinks their thoughts, if put in form would probably run in a series of questions thus: Is the man honest? Does he mean what he says, or is he acting and speaking in character, as an actor? Does he believe in prayer and consider it of importance, or is he addressing the congregation with no thought of an answer? Is he really trying to help us and bringing to us that which he thinks will do us good, or is he thinking about himself and doing anything to the end that he may commend himself to his hearers and win their praise? Does he know anything worth while, and does he know how to say it?

—Some members of the congregation of the late Dr. Joseph Brown, of Glasgow, objected to his frequent absence from home, and complained of it—some of them to him, personally, and more of them behind his back. When he thought he had heard enough of it, he addressed his congregation one Sunday about thus:

With regard to objections regarding my absence, I have to say: First, when I am out of the pulpit I am usually in some other body's pulpit. When you are not in your own pew, are you in some other body's pew? Second, when I am out of my own pulpit, I put some other body into it. When you are out of your pew, do you put some other

body into it? Third, when I am out of my pulpit, I sometimes get better men than myself to fill it, and you have a chance of hearing the leading preachers in the church; and sometimes I get worse men than myself to fill it, and the chance of hearing them ought to make you thankful for your mercies.

—A few weeks ago the Chancellor of New York University in his annual address before the student body in deploring the lack of definite Biblical training on the part of the average student, said:

I wish we could require from every freshman a Sunday-school diploma that would certify that he knew by heart the ten commandments, the sermon on the Mount, a church catechism of some kind, a score of the Scripture psalms and best classic hymns. This university will join any association of universities and colleges that will demand this as an entrance requirement. So much as in us lies, we will make the college a place for preserving and strengthening reverence for things divine.

These noble words come as a welcome sound to many pastors and Sunday school teachers who have been many years working in the direction which the chancellor indicates. The one great weakness of the average Sunday school is that its instruction is altogether too general and indefinite. A boy may spend many years in Sunday school and when he is ready for college or to take his place among men in life, may know but little that is definite and positive of Bible truth. Too much of the Sunday school work is taken up in analyzing the passage of Scripture assigned for the day and not enough in constructive work such as that for which the chancellor asks. A remedy for this weakness has been found in the system of Supplemental Lessons which many of our progressive schools have adopted. By devoting a few minutes every Sunday to supplemental work boys from twelve to fourteen years of age are able to give the information for which Chancellor MacCracken asks and much more. This is the kind of instruction which every church should see its Sunday school imparting. Even of greater importance is the chancellor's words with regard to preserving and strengthening reverence for divine things. We should always set a high price upon reverence as the basis of all that is noble and tender in character; and when a call comes from the colleges of our own land asking for its cultivation it should meet with a hearty response.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.

DO IT NOW.

The several hundred who have not yet responded to the recent request for payment of what is due the INTELLIGENCER are again urged to send the money without further delay.

Do it as soon as you have read this.

Friends of the INTELLIGENCER cannot do it a greater favor than to pay immediately.

DO NOT DELAY.

READ YOUR PAPER.

READ THIS.

On the train the other day, I heard one man say to another, as he finished looking through his morning paper, that there was "nothing in it this morning."

And then I thought how often that remark had been made about all the papers that have ever been printed, and that as long as papers will be published the public will say there is "nothing in them."

The 'sporting' man sees nothing in the paper if there is little or no sporting news. A paper with the story of a prize fight of twenty rounds, when the man he is betting against, is beaten into pulp, is a paper well filled, and worth reading.

The 'society' man or woman sees nothing in the paper if there is not a column or more of society news, and the sensation lover and the superstitious see nothing in the papers if there are no tragedies or ghost stories in them.

Imagine how many sided, and what endless variety a paper must have, to give mental pabulum to the cosmopolitan public. Put into the paper what you please, and there will always be a class who will throw it away with the contemptuous remark that there is 'nothing in it.' It takes brains to make papers, and it—it—takes—brains to appreciate them.

Few people have any idea of the work involved in making the newspapers that you buy for a copper or two, carelessly read, and thrown aside, to be tossed by winds and beaten to death by storms and careless feet. If there are "sermons in stones and running brooks," there are sermons in the torn and unreadable newspaper that has been thrown into the gutter.

Think of its evolution, of the long years since its birth in some far away forest or field, of its many transformations; of the thought put into the machinery, and the various processes that made the pulp, that made the paper, that make the newspaper.

Go down "Newspaper Row" some night when most people are going to bed. Look at this large building, alight from basement to top story; listen to the clang of the machinery; go in, and when you stand beside the linotype take off your hat to it, for it represents more brains than are under most hats. Watch for a few minutes these men who are so quietly and yet swiftly and surely putting into type the thoughts that have been gathered by hundreds of men scattered over the world. These are the men who have literally at their finger tips more knowledge than are in most men's heads.

Go up to the night editor's rooms. Don't knock at the half-opened door. If you are a messenger boy with a telegram, or a night reporter, just in from a fight or a fire, you will be welcome; if you are only an Emperor or some other dignitary, and have no news to give, you will be curtly told to "come round in the morning"—when I will be home in bed—"I am busy now."

These men in shirt sleeves are arranging and compiling all the news that has been gathered by busy reporters and correspondents through the day and night. Editorial note and comment on important questions have to be written without going home and "sleeping on it." No

general has to think more quickly than an editor, whose 'leaders,' or criticisms, —if inaccurate—may work incalculable harm to paper, or party.

An editor has to be an encyclopedia for knowledge, and versatility. He must not only know, but be sure that he knows, for a hundred Argus eyes are watching him, and if he is caught napping there are hundreds of pin-pricks to goad him to wakefulness.

If you ever get a glimpse behind the scenes of a newspaper publishing house, and rub against printers, reporters, editors and business manager, you will come to have a respect for the "craft" that only those can have who know what brains and capital go to the making of a paper in which there is "nothing."

After that will you give a friendly nod to the newsboy, even though you do not buy his wares, for his pennies are needed at home, and his dream is to some day make a paper and have newsboys of his own.

If you are a gentleman, you will never snub a reporter, even though you cannot give him the information he is after. If you are not a gentleman I would not snub him if I were you, for he knows too much, and some day you will need him, for he will be on the editorial staff in a month or a year or two, and he will remember you; and when you want to be constable, or collector of customs, he will smite you dead with his pen, for snubbing him when he only wore a pencil.

The business manager of a large 'Daily' has to do more and better financing than a bank president, for with the coppers you give the newsboy, and the advertising and job work, he has to pay for paper and printer and editorial staff, and linotype and light and fuel and taxes, for this paper I am writing about has no subsidy, and hardly any government printing, and it is published in Toronto and Montreal and St. John and Fredericton and Halifax, or any other place you choose.

And the business manager has to know how to get out of a copper all there is in it, and be able to go into Wall St., and bull and bear his way out of it with his pocketbook safe, or his paper will join the other papers that have fallen like autumn leaves for number.

And this expenditure of labor, capital and literary and financial ability to get out a paper in which there is "nothing."

To publish a religious weekly requires that its editor shall comprise the whole staff. He is the city and country editors, reporters and business manager. He writes its editorials, makes editorial notes, collects its news, corrects the correspondence, and in some cases has to re-write letters that are sent with the request that the "printers follow copy." Poor printer, if he followed that copy, he would go into the waste basket or fire. The editor has to rely on news from the churches, on the pastors, and sometimes they are careless, or think they have nothing to write, unless they have a wedding or funeral to report. If ministers and deacons, and those who are neither, would write, even a few lines, and the churches that are pastorless would write and tell how they are getting along, the letters would help the editor in his work, and would interest the general reader.