

TERMS AND NOTICES.

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Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D., •• Editor.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1904.

Editorial.

—The prayer-meeting is more than a place for pleasant religious exercises and enjoyment. It is, also, a time and place for the exercise of spiritual power.

—The question of denominational union continues to be agitated in Australia and New Zealand, and with promise of success. There is evidently a very general feeling that the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies there is very desirable, and it is hoped a practicable basis will be agreed upon. The Lord is moving his people to get together.

—Accompanying Miss Coombs, whose return from the Free Baptist mission field in India was noted last week, was a native convert—a specimen of the work being done by the mission. He has been a teacher in the Balasore high school carried on by the mission. One purpose of his coming to America is to get hints that may help him in his work among his own people.

—An intelligent Italian said lately: "We (Italy) are casting off the yoke of Popery, but you (the United States) are putting it on." He added that he had seen "more priestly influence and dirty work in his travels through the United States than he could ever expect to find again in Italy." The strength of Romanism in the United States and Canada is due to the fact that politicians play for its vote.

—Some weeks ago we referred to the excommunication of members of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa who served the British cause as scouts during the war. It was then hoped the difficulty might be adjusted. The case was appealed to the Synod, which refused to interfere in behalf of the expelled members. They have now organized themselves into a separate body, and have applied for government recognition in the endowment fund.

And they will, probably, get the recognition they request. It is a pity there should be such separation—the division being wholly political, and caused by a spirit not particularly Christian. Time and calmer feeling will, by the blessing of God, eventually bring them together again, let us hope.

—Some recently announced figures give an idea of the rapid growth of ritualism in the Anglican Church in Great Britain. Twenty-five years ago five hundred and eighty-one churches used altar lights; now nearly five thousand churches use them. Then only nine churches used incense; now there are about four hundred. In three hundred and thirty-six churches Romish vestments were used then; now they are used in more than two thousand churches. A commission appointed to look into the matter a quarter of a century ago accomplished nothing—certainly no check was given to the practices. Whether the recently appointed commission will have any effect remains to be seen. It is doubtful if any good comes of it.

—Commenting on the letter of a subscriber who ordered his paper discontinued because the editor's views on a certain subject were not in accordance with his own, the editor of the *United Presbyterian* says:

We are sorry for him. We think of what he is coming to if he stops everything that does not please him. After a little while no paper, secular or religious, will come to his house, for it is impossible to find one in which everything will be according to his judgment. No magazine will lie on his table for his wife and children. No sermon will be heard for his soul's edification, for his pastor will say something he does not like. Indeed, he may be compelled to stop reading the Bible, for we all find some things there which are pretty hard on us. This fact is, there must be freedom of discussion within reasonable bounds, and if we read some things not to our liking, we should not throw away all the good on that account.

We all have this class of subscribers—not many of them, but a few, and we pass the comment on for their help. We have noticed that it is only the religious paper they wish to bring into line with their special views, and which they refuse to read because it dares to have opinions of its own. They give the secular papers of their choice a much larger liberty, and tolerate in them opinions and many other things which they cannot endorse. The editors of religious papers have learned to be patient with such people, and go on with their work, following their light.

Mr. W. F. McCreary, M. P. for Selkirk, Manitoba, died suddenly at Ottawa Wednesday. He seemed as well as usual before retiring. He was found dead in his bed. He was forty-nine years old.

—About forty evangelists and workers, under the leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, are holding revival meetings during the month of April in the city of Chicago. Large congregations and many conversions are reported.

DAY BY DAY.

Each day that comes to us is a little life in itself. It begins in an awakening to the world of affairs, and ends in our passing into the unconsciousness of sleep, to awaken to another life on the morrow. This division of our time into days makes each morning present to us the possibility of a new start, and each evening affords the occasion for a wise review of the day's life and activity. These days, as they come and go, together make up our life's long day, and the character of each determines the character of the whole. The day of life is what each of its days has made it.

The duties of life as divided by days are the easier of accomplishment. It is the part of wisdom to do each day's duty when it comes, and not to borrow the burdens of to-morrow. To borrow from the future is to bear burdens twice—the burden of to-morrow to-day, and the same burden when to-morrow has become to-day.

As duties come day by day, so come strength and wisdom to meet them. It is not possible to bank upon to-morrow's physical strength, and equally unwise to bank upon to-morrow's spiritual strength. The sunshine and warmth of to-morrow cannot be brought into to-day, neither can to-morrow's food be eaten to-day. Each day has its own provision, and to-morrow's demands can be safely left to to-morrow's supply.

One day at a time is the watchword of wisdom. The mind and heart freed from unnecessary care can bend their energies to the doing of to-day's work. This way is the way of faith, and in it are peace and strength. Day by day the manna fell, and day by day the sun shines, and day by day we live the life which by the blessing of God, and in his judgment, may be a real success.

H.

RUM'S VICTIMS.

Some Recent Cases.

Only a few, a very few, of the tragedies chargeable to the drink habit and the rum traffic are chronicled in the papers. Many a ship is lost, with valuable cargo and precious lives, because the captain lingered long over his cups. Many a train has carried its passengers to sudden death because the man in the engine, or the conductor, was made reckless by drink, or the train despatcher or station agent, made stupid by drink, gave wrong directions, or none at all. In only a few of these cases are the facts as to the real cause made part of the records of the investigations. And the same is true of many of the suicides which coroners' juries attribute to "temporary insanity," and the sudden and mysterious deaths which are sometimes blasphemously charged to "the visitation of God." The police courts' records contain but a very small percentage of the cases of drunkenness, and of the abuse of wives and children and mothers by drunken husbands and fathers and sons. The brutal results of drink are daily occurrences. The record of them is in wrecked homes, blasted hopes, debauched and ruined

lives and broken hearts. It is a ghastly record.

Occasionally there is a happening so public, and under such conditions, that it necessarily gets a place in the papers, and so becomes a part of the printed record of horrors, widely distributed. The majority of the people read it, have a spasm of shocked feeling, express wonder that such things can occur, discuss the details for a few days, and then go on their way as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They fail to seriously inquire as to the cause, and are, apparently, without any thought that they may and should endeavor to remove the cause.

There have been recently several rum tragedies, which are enough to move the dullest and most indifferent to thought about the character of the drink habit and the drink traffic, and to earnest action against the destroyer of so many.

In the Woodstock jail a young man awaits execution for the murder of a young woman—his cousin. When pronouncing the sentence of death, the judge spoke in severe terms of the conditions existing in the community where the crime was committed. The press comments have been of the same kind. The facts brought out in the trial justify all that has been said about the low moral sense of the people concerned, and their disregard of the commonest decencies of life. The manner of living at the house where the murder was committed was most debasing.

We do not recall that it was urged in the young man's behalf that he was drunk when he committed the crime, perhaps because, as the judge stated, being under the influence of drink would not make his act less a crime. And yet whiskey was much in evidence the night of the murder, and it is doubtful if he would have fired the fatal shot if he had not been made more furiously reckless by what he drank. He took whiskey to the house, and they all drank freely. The crime followed. The unfortunate young fellow is the product of a kind of life in which drink is regarded as necessary to enjoyment. Generations of ancestors were drinking people, whose highest idea of life was carousal—drinking and fighting, and the freest indulgence of all fleshly appetites. Nothing so much contributed to make the conditions amidst which he was born and grew to manhood to develop the ruffianly instincts in him, and to make him a murderer at twenty-two, as strong drink. Rum and the rum traffic, and the rum traffickers, must bear the large share of the guilt of the murder.

Very near us, and made to seem nearer because committed on a train bearing some New Brunswick people to their homes, another drink crime was committed but little more than a week ago. It was a double crime—murder and suicide. A brief news item in last week's paper told of the shooting of a Mrs. Osgood by her husband, followed immediately by his suicide. Later particulars tell the old story of a husband drinking, the wife's vain appeals to him to desist, her sufferings, the breaking up of the home, her struggles to make her own way, the husband's interference with her, and then his kill-