

TERMS AND NOTICES.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, EDITOR.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., MAY 11, 1883.

MR. ANGLIN'S friends meet it appears, one day this week, to bid him adieu, as he is about to take up his abode in Ontario, and will, it is said, conduct a journal in that Province, and thus, if not to extend his usefulness to, at least, enlarge his influence, which, unfortunately for him and his cause, as a public journalist, has always been against the party, politically, for which he wrote. While we cannot express any regret at his departure, we can say, in the language of the *Freeman*, at the time of the demise of the original editor and proprietor of this paper, "We could better spare a better man."

—The students of the Normal School at Fredericton, a few days since, very properly passed resolutions of condolence to the parents and friends in reference to the sad and sudden death of Miss Anna Roach, of Sussex, who died while attending the school.

We learn that every possible care and attention was paid the young lady during her illness, but owing to circumstances her parents were prevented from visiting, which proved to be her death bed, which made the case still more sad.

The family will receive the universal sympathy of the people of Sussex and surrounding neighborhood.

—Our good brother of the *Morning Star*, some time since, laid before its readers several rather serious complaints against the *Intelligencer*, pointing out a number of wrongs it had been guilty of, and demanded explanation. Our explanations were promptly given at the time. We may have over-looked it, but we have never noticed in the *Star* since that date, any intimation that the *Intelligencer* had attempted to give the explanation asked or the nature of it. Of course, we claim, in justice to this paper, the readers of the *Star* should know what we had to say about charges so pointedly made, and more especially, when they were, in the opinion of the *Star*, of so serious a nature. Will the editor, if he has not already done so, let his readers know at least that the *Intelligencer* did not treat his demands with silent contempt. We trust the *Star* will see the justice of our request and give his readers the correct idea of the *Intelligencer's* position in the matter.

—THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER will look in vain in the columns of the *Freeman* for any defence or attack upon the doctrine of any Christian denomination. We would like to know where or how the *Intelligencer* became acquainted with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, as we are inclined to suspect that he did not look for them in standard Catholic works. The *Intelligencer's* views on education and morals, as they have at various times found expression in its own columns, are, we suppose, shared by many. What is taught in the Common School it maintains is education, and the best, if not the only, way of securing the morality of a people or class, it thinks, is the police system.

The writer of the above evidently did not consult his father confessor before publishing it, for he should have known that as there is but one infallible head, there can be but one infallible church, therefore, but one true church and hence but one Christian denomination. Since he has seen fit to publish the above, will he be candid enough to say how many "Christian denominations" there are? We are curious to know how "Heretics" can form a Christian denomination. His surprise how the *Intelligencer* could know, or become acquainted with "the dogmas of the Catholic Church," implies too much. Are we to learn from this new conductor of the *Freeman* that "the standard Catholic works" are a set of secret writings not known to the world? If this be so, then we admit we were in error. We have seen and read works on Catholic dogmas found in the hands of his own people, and approved by some of the highest dignitaries of the church, and was not, till now, aware that their "standard works" on their "dogmas," are not for the vulgar eye.

His remark about what we call education is rather hard on the children of his own church and his own people, inasmuch as they are now attending our common schools, and if it is not to encourage "an education," for what do they send them? When he has answered this query, we shall learn that he as well as we, suppose they go there for the purpose of securing an education. In this respect if the *Intelligencer* is guilty the *Freeman* is also guilty. But the climax is reached, when he charges us with taking as the only test of the morality of a people a class, the police courts. While there is no truth in the charge, as we have in no case intimated anything of the kind, yet we must admit all other things being equal, it cannot be said to be an unfair test, and we know it is a test the *Freeman* does not like; it is one of the tests from which it has long been anxious to be free. But, the courts of Ireland, the police records in St. John and elsewhere, do prove to the world that the moral training of the people, by the infallible church, has not yet reached the highest point of excellence, nor has even St. Patrick himself been able to save all "true children," or some of them at least, from the most revolting crimes. Perhaps the *Freeman* can account for this also.

—It is with regret we notice certain papers in this Province which their influence, quietly it is true, but in the same effective, against prohibitory measures for the repression of the liquor traffic. From some of these journals we would expect better things.

The editors, as a rule, do not strike out boldly and prepare articles themselves on the subject, but copy every ill-natured remark written and published, of men and measures, by the run party. Of course their readers understand these quotations give the editor no occasion, or, in fact, in favor of that side of the editor who makes them, and justly so. On one occasion we noticed the charge made by one of these journals, when a poor drunken wretch was found dead in a ditch in Albert County, and the rummer and his wife both were at the Coroner's inquest that they sold him liquor several times that day, that "the Canada Temperance Act was in force here," as much as to say, see the fruit of that law. Now, we claim, had the law been in force there, which we are sorry to say we learn it is not, yet had it been, it would not have been the fault of the law, but its execution. And the murder of that man would not be a legal murder as it would, were a license law in force; but, we learn that, not even a license law was in force, as Albert has for years refused to grant a license, and thus, the authorities have refused to be responsible for licensed evil.

Other journals publish what they should know to be a slander against Prof. Foster, and thus try to weaken his influence with the temperance element of this Province. The temperance people of the Dominion know Prof. Foster too well, as a temperance advocate, to be led to believe him capable of advocating the rum-traffic on the Sabbath as these reliable (I) journals would have us believe.

Such a course only has the effect of more thoroughly disgusting the temperance people with such modes of warfare. The mean insinuations found in such articles but shows the malignant spirit that conceived or wrote them.

Another intimation that the tide of prohibition is fast dying out, and what is the evidence produced? Why, some States have reversed their vote on prohibition? If that be a true sign, then all reforms

must have died out, for we do not remember a single instance where the reform movement did not at some time most a reverse; but reforms move steadily on all the same, and become a settled fact. And so will temperance. These writers seldom point to Maine as an example, and if they do, why, they will tell you rum is sold in Portland, and so are murder and theft committed, where these are prohibited. Will they tell us therefore, away with them altogether. The Maine law, we know, it, as a whole, has been successful, and of the people, instead of repelling the law, go in from time to time adding to its stringency, and so it will be in every civilized country, the prohibitory principle will grow, and the people will add to its stringency until the rum-traffic will be as little respected as any of the other crimes now are.

—The prohibition movement will steadily grow and strengthen as civilization and Christianity grow and increase in popularity. Their attempts to lessen its influence will only assist in lessening their own among the people. We have no fears of the final result of this principle, as truth will live, so must prohibition.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

NO. VII.

Jacksville is the chief city of Florida. Some of our readers of "Paris France," so some people—dwellers in the much-lauded town—say, Jacksonville is Florida. One of the guide-books says:

"It (Jacksonville) is the Mecca of every health and pleasure seeking pilgrim. * * * If the coming be in daylight, the bewildered tourist can decide which window to look from. On one side the broad river of the St. Johns, the wheels of the palace car, the river's other shore fringed with palm-trees, while in between snow-white sand, the groves of citrus trees, the charming picture. From the other side, the metropolis proportions meet his gaze; on the other hand there are palatial buildings; * * * the streets are lined with elegant equipages. If the coming be after nightfall, the scene again in surprise more impressive than those which greeted them as they arrived in the morning train. From the starlit river a melody of laughing voices, blended with the splash of oars, makes music in the almost summer air. From the shore, through open windows, may be heard the sounds of revelry; upon the wide galleries the light costumes and flashing diamonds of gay promenade bring memories of summer days at Newport and Saratoga."

After reading such description one who has been there smiles and thinks that a wonderful thing is imagined, and concludes that the writer of "Winter Cities in a Summer Land" and that sort of literature is a very prime of imaginative scribbles. The population of "Jax" (as postmasters and some others write it, for short,) is variously estimated, all the way from 8,000 to 10,000; one man told me 20,000. Perhaps 10,000 is about the truth, certainly it is a high enough estimate. Of course in the winter the population is greatly increased, but the city, ambitious though it is, can scarcely claim the title of a winter city.

It is situated on the St. John's River, about eighteen miles from its mouth. It is a somewhat busy place, the chief business centre of the State; it has grown a good deal within a few years, is growing yet, and its enthusiastic friends predict for it a still more rapid growth for several years to come. The laying out of the town was done by the streets are broad, and, for the most part, very pleasant to drive through. There are some very pleasant residences, but there are many places, either public or private that can be said to be well kept. Gardens (except a very few) and Parks (so-called) are in a neglected and untidy condition, reflecting no credit on the owners in the one case, nor on the civic authorities in the other.

It is not the fault of Jacksonville, nor of its founders, that it is built upon the sand. There was nothing else there, nor, for that matter, anywhere in Florida—upon which to build; and, as it is everywhere. One wonders, though, why so self-confident and ambitious a place as "the chief city of the 'Sunny Land'" does not improve its streets, at least its principal thoroughfares. The corporation might be punished for cruelty to animals, it certainly deserves censure for leaving the streets inches deep with sand. It is pitiable to see the poor horses and mules wallowing through the sand. Pedestrians, too, have a not very pleasant time in some parts of the town where there are poor sidewalks or none at all. It surely is not impossible to improve the streets; and we find, after being carefully and often of friction with the wheels of a horse and carriage, that the sand is not so much as it is. It is not the fault of Jacksonville, nor of its founders, that it is built upon the sand. There was nothing else there, nor, for that matter, anywhere in Florida—upon which to build; and, as it is everywhere. One wonders, though, why so self-confident and ambitious a place as "the chief city of the 'Sunny Land'" does not improve its streets, at least its principal thoroughfares. The corporation might be punished for cruelty to animals, it certainly deserves censure for leaving the streets inches deep with sand. It is pitiable to see the poor horses and mules wallowing through the sand. Pedestrians, too, have a not very pleasant time in some parts of the town where there are poor sidewalks or none at all. It surely is not impossible to improve the streets; and we find, after being carefully and often of friction with the wheels of a horse and carriage, that the sand is not so much as it is. It is not the fault of Jacksonville, nor of its founders, that it is built upon the sand. There was nothing else there, nor, for that matter, anywhere in Florida—upon which to build; and, as it is everywhere. One wonders, though, why so self-confident and ambitious a place as "the chief city of the 'Sunny Land'" does not improve its streets, at least its principal thoroughfares. The corporation might be punished for cruelty to animals, it certainly deserves censure for leaving the streets inches deep with sand. It is pitiable to see the poor horses and mules wallowing through the sand. Pedestrians, too, have a not very pleasant time in some parts of the town where there are poor sidewalks or none at all. It surely is not impossible to improve the streets; and we find, after being carefully and often of friction with the wheels of a horse and carriage, that the sand is not so much as it is.

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would be judged utterly worthless by any intelligent agriculturist. It is said—nothing but how anything grows. Yet some things do grow, not, however, without a great deal of labor and expense of fertilizers. Vegetable growth is not a great success, very little corn is raised, there is no grain worthy the name, no wheat nor oats nor grains of that class are produced, in a word none of the products of Northern regions. But sweet potatoes, bananas, pine-apples and oranges are raised in great abundance, though even they require a generous fertilizing.

The cattle in Florida are small and poor. Florida beef is useless stuff. Hotel keepers try to delude their guests by putting "New York beef" on their bills-of-fare, but it doesn't make the Florida article any more palatable or nutritious. Condensed milk is used quite largely too, the quantity given by the "resident" cows being insufficient to supply the demand. The "condensed" milk is a miserable poor substitute for the real cream—the condensed and adulterated. It is not at all surprising that the cattle are lean, nor that the milk yield is so small. They are poorly fed. This is not because the owners do not understand the necessity of feeding, nor that they are too mean to feed them. It is the fault of the country which does not produce the fodder upon which cattle thrive. They wear themselves out searching for grass. It is no infrequent sight to see them driven to the river with their heads under water eating the rank grass which grows there. Poor things, the wonder is they live at all.

Virginia, May 3d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

MR. EDITOR.—In my former article it was intimated I would devote my next to the subject of "Health." Whatever else we lose of that which belongs exclusively to the time-state, it is really nothing compared to our physical soundness and strength. Without this blessing "we are of all creatures most miserable." While this is true, it is a well-known fact that this is the very thing of which young people are least careful. They are careless of health, and, indeed, I may say, many older ones as well.

It may be said without fear of successful contradiction, that unless through hereditary weakness, this human system is arranged by the Divine Hand to continue, if properly cared for till worn out by old age, say to that of three-score and ten or by reason of strength to four-score years. If this be true then it is reasonable to ask, why do so many die in youth or middle age? I think I am justified in asserting that the reason of most if not all deaths which take place before old age, where the system has had entailed upon it hereditary weakness, is from one or the other of two causes: ignorance of the proper methods of caring for the system, or from indifference and carelessness. To understand this, one has but to note the modes and habits of life, and the habits of the great mass of young people, and many of the old people, about us. It is true that, to childhood belongs certain class of diseases, which cannot well be avoided, they are contagious, but even then, by proper precaution and care, may in almost every case, be rendered harmless. We all exclaim, of a certain well known individual in the place, "if he keeps up his dissipation much longer he will soon end his career." Why? Because we know he is violating the laws of nature. Tars of nature, that is, a well known fact, and that the hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures yearly suffer. These deaths are looked forward to with certainty; yet, on precisely the same principle must the system give way, not so rapidly of course, but as surely if a person abuse himself in any particular or violate nature's laws in other respects. The constant use, for instance, of tobacco, opium or other narcotic poisons, weakens the system, lessens the vitality, and subjects it to the attacks of every kind of disease. All irregular habits of life, of course, tend to produce a similar effect in every case. Nature has its demands, and these laws or demands must be supplied or obeyed if we expect this wonderful machine—the human system—to run smoothly through life. Take the carriage, watch, engine, or any mechanism, and we find, after being carefully and often of friction with the wheels of a horse and carriage, that the sand is not so much as it is. It is not the fault of Jacksonville, nor of its founders, that it is built upon the sand. There was nothing else there, nor, for that matter, anywhere in Florida—upon which to build; and, as it is everywhere. One wonders, though, why so self-confident and ambitious a place as "the chief city of the 'Sunny Land'" does not improve its streets, at least its principal thoroughfares. The corporation might be punished for cruelty to animals, it certainly deserves censure for leaving the streets inches deep with sand. It is pitiable to see the poor horses and mules wallowing through the sand. Pedestrians, too, have a not very pleasant time in some parts of the town where there are poor sidewalks or none at all. It surely is not impossible to improve the streets; and we find, after being carefully and often of friction with the wheels of a horse and carriage, that the sand is not so much as it is.

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well Sam, don't fret, you can afford to lay back for two or three months; a man who has got so many old Mexican dollars around the house, and old bills, so old they are rusty and rusty—can afford to lay back and while Yankee Doodle is a good time for him to rest the old Mexicans out of the country, some of them may find their way into Widow Jones' stocking, or pay for winter blankets and fire-wood for old Tom Smith, the old rheumatic cripple, who lives by the mill in the hollow."

"Oh, that is all you care about doctor, the lame and the lazy; if it was not for the men who lay by their money for a rainy day, the doctor would go without his pay, and his boys and girls go barefoot."

"Well, Sam, it is just money to such a stupid soul as you are, that the Lord can take money out of your pocket, 'where it is weary for a walk,' and pass through the doctor's pocket into the minister's safe, and into the corner grocery for flour for the poor widow behind the big willow. Yes, yes, I rejoice, and an exceeding glad that I place my strong hands upon this fractured limb, and will work 10, 15, or perhaps 20 dollars for this accident, for the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked. Good morning, my friend, grin and bear the pain of removal, and say good-bye with a cheerful smile, to that your good green-backs." Next door to this world away lives—let us call him "John Sunny Face." Let us step in with a subscription list and try our luck: "Good morning, Mr. Sunny Face! I have a paper here for you of your worthy parent; will you endorse his Sabbath week paper for me? I support it." "By all means." The Lord's sun, rain and frost has year in and year out been my willing assistants in growth and perfection of crops; and shall I withhold from him what is his due? Ah! no, I do not give a penny from him what is his due, is no more in proportion to my receipts than is an acorn to a tree. Put down my name for fifty dollars, and may God speed the good Gospel.

I have some quaint, old characters in my mind's eye, Mr. Editor; but as my letter is too long already, we will defer any more people-painting until a week or two hence.

Yours, etc., J. H. BARBER.

Upper Keswick, April 16, 1883.

DENOMINATIONAL.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

MILTON.—*Dear Intelligencer*.—The church at Milton has, during the past few years, lost some of its "burden-bearers,"—fathers and mothers in Israel. When a church loses such members as Father Weyman and wife, brother George Good and wife, brother John Good, Samuel Fenwick, Wm. McLeod and sister French, within a few years, the loss is keenly felt, especially if the church is small. The church at Milton is a small one, and the loss of these members is a heavy one. The church is now in a state of mourning, and the members are all weeping for the loss of these dear brethren, besides the present members of the church. The church is now in a state of mourning, and the members are all weeping for the loss of these dear brethren, besides the present members of the church.

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