

TERMS, NOTICES, ETC.

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Items of religious news from every quarter are always welcome. Denominational news, as all other matter for publication, should be sent promptly.

Communications for publication should be written on only one side of the paper, and business matters and those for insertion should be written separately. Observance of this rule will prevent much copying and save confusion and mistakes.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, etc., should be addressed RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, Box 375, Fredericton, N. B.

Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D., EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31, 1887.

—JUST RIGHT. A Baptist Church in Florida expelled a number of members who signed petitions for liquor licences. The church did just right.

—MISSIONARIES. More than two thousand young men and women, most of them now in the Seminaries and Colleges of the United States, have signified their desire to devote themselves to Foreign Mission work. They are the answer to the prayers for more labourers.

—DYING GRACE. A good deal of the talk about "dying grace" as though it is a special preparation for death is wrong and misleading. As one writer very pointedly puts it, "dying grace is generally a makeshift for the lack of living grace. The Christian who has been well supplied with living grace, and puts it to good use, is rarely put to straits for dying grace."

—A PATHETIC APPEAL. An attempt is being made in Tennessee to carry constitutional prohibition of the rum traffic. About four hundred convicts in the prison of the state have, of their own notion, made an appeal to the electors to vote for prohibition. Most, if not all of them are what they are through drink, and their earnest plea ought to have some effect. They conclude their appeal thus:

"Wearing the garb of disgrace, being dishonored and counted unworthy to mingle with the people of our State, we yet have the same love for our wives, the same devotion to our mothers, the same affection for our sisters, and for their sake, and for the sake of our children, we appeal to you to unite as one man, and free the State from a curse created by the hands of men, discontenanced by the law of God."

—HIS REASONS. We recently mentioned that one of the leading ministers of the Seventh-day Adventists, Rev. D. M. Cawright, had left that body and joined the Baptists. He published fully his reasons for the change. He says:

"I gave up the observance of the seventh day because I became fully convinced that the evidence was not sufficient to justify its observance, and the blessing of God did not go with the keeping of it. Like thousands of others, when I embraced the seventh day Sabbath I thought the argument was all on one side, so plain that one hour's reading ought to settle it, so clear that no man could reject the Sabbath and be honest. I felt willing to meet the world in its defence. The only marvel to me was that everybody did not see and embrace it. But after keeping it twenty-eight years; after having persuaded more than a thousand others to keep it; after having read my Bible through, verse by verse, more than twenty times; after having scrutinized, to the very best of my ability, every text, line and word in the whole Bible, having the remotest bearing upon the Sabbath question; after having looked up all these; both in the original and in many translations; after having searched in lexicons, concordances, commentaries and dictionaries; after having read arduous works on both sides of the question; after having read every line in all the early church fathers upon this point; after having written several works in favor of the seventh day, which were satisfactory to my brethren; after having debated the question for more than a dozen times; after seeing

the fruits of keeping it, and after weighing all the evidence in the fear of God and of the judgment, I am fully settled in my own mind and conscience that the evidence is against the keeping of the seventh. Now, if others think that they know better about this question than I do, and that they can settle it in a day, as I once did, I shall not quarrel with them, but pity their credulity."

A Trip to P. E. Island.

The visits to the churches for this year have come to an end. We thought to visit some other churches, but cannot this summer. All the Sundays since the first of June, and some other days of each week, have been spent in church-visiting. We have enjoyed the going here and there, and hope some good has been done. We have, at least, gathered some information which we trust may be of use in future work for the cause of Christ.

The last trip took us out of the Province and among other churches than those of our own denomination. By appointment of Conference we went to the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces.

The other delegates, Revs. A. Taylor and G. A. Hartley, were unable to go, and so the whole responsibility fell on us.

The Convention was held in Charlottetown, P. E. I. We reached there Saturday evening, the session having begun at 10 a. m. that day. The journey there was very pleasant.

Bowling along on one of the well equipped trains of the Intercolonial, with evidences of thrift and prosperity on either hand, we could not but think of the time, not many years ago, when there was no railroad there. We remember, when the writer was a little boy, the "turning the first sod" of the E. & N. A. R. R., as it was then called. There were many people then who said it was a crazy undertaking, that there never would be traffic enough to warrant the running of a train a week; they believed the country would be ruined by the undertaking, and denounced as criminally reckless the men who projected the work. Time has proved them false prophets of evil, and has demonstrated the wisdom of the promoters of the road. Those old time croakers are represented today by the men, the burden of whose cry is that the former days were better than the present, that the country is going to the dogs, &c., &c. Disparagement of the country is poor business. Perhaps they cannot easily help it, it may be their nature to see everything wrong and nothing right—except what they do. But in spite of all, there has been much real progress, and there will be much more.

At Point du Chene the steamer St. Lawrence awaited the train, and as soon as passengers and baggage were transferred she sailed. It was a delightful day, there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water, and the trip across the straits was as good as could be desired by those most susceptible of sea-sickness. The steamers of the P. E. I. Navigation Company are well adapted to the service in which they are employed, and the officers are as pleasant and obliging as they ought to be. A daily trip each way is made in the Summer. By and by, when the proposed sub-way is an accomplished fact, winter travel between the island and the main-land will be less perilous than now. We were at Summerside in three and a half hours after leaving Point du Chene, and two hours later reached Charlottetown. The trip by rail from Summerside to Charlottetown is as pleasant as it is crooked. Some of the villages along the way are very pleasant to look upon. The island farms are looking exceedingly well. The crops are unusually good this year. Great fields of grain and potatoes are on every hand. By the kindness of Hon. Mr. Ferguson, the Provincial Secretary of the Island Government, we enjoyed a delightful drive through some of the country about Charlottetown, including the Government farm, and everywhere saw evidences of agricultural industry and success.

THE BAPTIST CONVENTION

Embraces the churches in the Maritime Provinces. It deals with three subjects chiefly—Home Missions, Foreign Missions and Education. Some other matters receive attention, but these three are specially entrusted to it.

The attendance of ministers and delegates was quite large. The report of the state of the Denomination showed that there are in the three Provinces 375 churches, of which 177 are in Nova Scotia, 153 in New Brunswick, 28 in P. E. Island, and 17 are of coloured people. The total membership is 43,553, of which Nova Scotia has 25,994, New Brunswick 15,101, P. E. Island 1849, and the coloured churches 609. The baptisms during the year in the whole field were 1768, which the report says is the smallest number for several years. Eight

brethren were ordained during the year; and five new churches were dedicated.

The report of the Home Mission Board was very full. Fifty-one men have been engaged in the mission work for longer or shorter periods during the year. The expenditure for the year in this branch of the work was \$5,367; but besides, this \$500 were donated to mission work in the Northwest and about \$3000 raised to pay liabilities which were due at the beginning of the year. The total receipts for the year were \$9,000.

The Foreign Mission Report showed an expenditure of over \$9000. There were present Rev. Mr. Hutchinson and wife, returned missionaries. The Woman's M. Society reported a surplus of about \$1700.

The report of the Board of Governors of Acadia College and Associate institutions showed them in a prosperous condition. The attendance at the College was larger last year than in any previous year, 9 students having been enrolled. In the Academy there were 90 students, and in the seminary 83. About twenty-five of the young men students are intending to enter the ministry. Next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the institutions, and it is proposed to celebrate it in a fitting way. It is proposed to raise \$50,000 as a Jubilee endowment. Already the work is well under way, and we trust it may be a success.

BAPTIST UNION.

The question of the union of the Baptists and Free Baptists came before the Convention. The committee appointed by the Convention last year, reported the results of the deliberations of the joint committee, and submitted the Basis of Union for the Convention's consideration. We need not publish the Basis here as it has already appeared in our columns, and has probably been preserved by many subscribers for reference. It was carefully considered by the convention, clause by clause, and was adopted without any changes being made. We were, of course, an interested listener to the discussion. There was, as was to be expected, some objection to some parts of it, but that the great majority of members gave it endorsement was clearly manifest; it was evident enough that the heart of the Convention favours union of the Baptist family.

Having adopted the Basis the Convention appointed the same committee as last year to have charge of the further steps in the union movement. Nothing more can be done till the Free Baptist Conference has taken action on the Basis which will be reported to it by its committee in the October session. If our conference adopts the Basis, then the Baptist committee will be prepared to cooperate with a conference committee in arranging to bring the whole question before the churches of the denominations.

We must say that we are pleased that the work of the joint committee has commended itself to the Convention, and we trust it may receive equal favour in the Conference. We shall have something more to say of the matter later. Meanwhile we entreat all our brethren to give the question their best and deepest thought, coupled with earnest prayer that we may all be Divinely guided in a matter that involves so much.

Our visit to the Convention was pleasant. The brethren gave us a cordial welcome as the representative of the F. B. Conference. We were glad of the opportunity to get better acquaintance with them and their manner of work. They are doing much, and are doing it well. Their plans for more systematic work in various directions are being steadily developed, and the future has, we believe, better things in store for them than the past. We bid them God-speed in all they undertake for Jesus sake.

The Beginning of a Revival.

What church does not need a revival? It may be had. This article, from the Independent, is timely and suggestive.

Every revival of religion has a beginning somewhere, at some time, and with somebody. One of the most powerful movements of this kind that we have ever known, began in the following manner:

Some fifty years ago, a young physician, who had recently established himself as a practitioner of medicine in one of the villages of this state, was in the evening sitting in his office and reading the village newspaper. Two gentlemen called upon him for merely social purposes; and all three entered into familiar conversation about the current topics of the day. At length the conversation turned upon the state of religion in that village; and they agreed that it was in a most deplorable state, and that something ought

to be done to arouse the attention of the people to the subject. The conversation proceeded in this way for about an hour; and just as these gentlemen were about to leave, the young physician said to them:

"Brethren, I am not quite satisfied to let this matter drop here. If it does, nothing will come out of this conversation. It will all end in mere talk. I do not know exactly how or where we should begin, or what we should do, but I am persuaded that we ought to do something. I venture to suggest that we, right here on the spot, appoint a prayer-meeting, to be held at my house to-morrow evening, and that we spend as much time to-morrow as we can possibly spare, in going from house to house through the village, and inviting persons to attend the meeting. This will be a beginning, and perhaps the Lord will shed light on our path afterward. No harm can come out of such an effort, and it may be that great good will spring therefrom. Let us try the experiment."

Such is the substance of what this young physician said to these brethren. They at once acquiesced in the suggestion, and agreed to spend the next day in the manner proposed, and did so. The result was the attendance of about seventy-five persons at the prayer-meeting in the evening. Those who came hardly knew what to make of it. The meeting, in the manner of being called, was a novelty; and yet before its close it was manifest that the power of God was there. Christians exhorted and prayed with an unwonted fervor. Confessions were made and tears were shed. A similar meeting was appointed for the next evening in the same place. The meetings were continued from evening to evening for about a week without any change of place; and, before the week expired, these continuous meetings, conducted wholly by laymen, had become the subject of general talk throughout the entire village. Several conversions had occurred. Christians were aroused to deep and earnest feeling, and began to talk out their religion to the people wherever they met them.

After the lapse of about a week, the meetings were transferred to the large dining-room of a temperance hotel in the village, whose owner and keeper had himself become a convert to Christ, and who recently died at Saratoga Springs at the advanced age of more than ninety years. In this dining-room, and under purely laical management, the meetings were continued for some five weeks on every evening; and the result was nearly a hundred conversions from the ranks of the impenitent. At the end of this period one of the churches of the village was opened for preaching services every day; and in a short time thereafter, the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Albany, then a young man, was invited to lend a helping hand to the work by coming and preaching to the people. He came, and preached twice a day for about a week. The whole village, under his powerful appeals, was moved as it never had been before, and never has been since. Hundreds of persons from all classes professed to have found Christ as a Saviour.

The work spread from that village to other adjacent places in the county; and at one time it seemed as if the whole county was wrapped in one general flame of religious excitement. Meetings were held in various places, and souls brought to Christ in great numbers. The churches were strengthened, and a vast good accomplished in a comparatively short time.

We assure our readers that this is no fancy sketch. Every word of it is true. We know it to be true. The writer saw the occurrences with his own eyes. This great and glorious revival began with the practical suggestion of that young physician promptly and vigorously carried into effect. He still lives, is now an old man, and looks back to that scene as one of the best in his whole life. It was then and there that he decided to abandon the practice of medicine and devote his life to the preaching of the Gospel.

Christian reader, is there any good reason why what we have thus described, as having occurred half a century ago, may not substantially occur again, or why it may not often be repeated? None whatever. Let Christians engage in the work of saving souls, as they may and should; let them show a practical earnestness on this subject at all commensurate with its importance, and God will become their helper, and souls will be saved. They have power in Heaven and power on earth; and what they need to do is to use this power. There is a vast power in the Church of God not felt among men, simply because it is not brought into action. We ask each reader, who thinks himself a Christian, to answer this question: What are you doing to persuade those who are not Christians, to flee for refuge to

the hope set before them in the Gospel of Christ? Having answered this question, then please to answer another: Are you content with your own answer?

OUR INDIA LETTER FROM MISS HOOPER.

[The following letter was written by Miss Hooper to the Fredericton Sunday School, in which she was for several years a teacher. We have requested it for publication as containing things of interest to other schools and to the general readers.—Ed.]

Dear Old Sabbath School:

The rain has been coming down in torrents last night and this morning. Some one said just now, "If we want our letters to get to Calcutta in time for this week's English mail they must go this very day." It is a long distance for the Hindoo letter-carriers to trot, more than a hundred miles, although one man only trots eight miles, then another picks up the bags, and so on as far as Calcutta. From there they go by train to Bombay, thence by the mail steamers to Brindisi, Italy, and on to London, and then on till they arrive at their destinations. I have thought many letters to you, but in the midst of the many hindrances of these busy days they were never put on paper. The quiet evening hours we prize so much at home seem to be all lost here, because of the myriads of insects that swarm in the rainy season. Now, haven't I given excuses enough for not writing ere this?

Miss Ida Phillips who has gone to America on furlough has left her seven schools in my charge till she returns. There are four Sabbath-Schools in connection with them. To one of these, three miles distant, we went last Sabbath. "Tooka", one of the native christian women, was with me. Good faithful old Ruby, who has been a missionary horse for about ten years, carried us there. She knows all the stopping places but does not know the difference between Sabbath and week days for she actually stopped at a shop in the bazaar! How could she know the difference? the shops are simply open verandahs, often only mats on the ground. How sad our hearts are when we realize what it is to have no real Sabbath in India.

It was about six in the morning, and many were still sleeping on the roadside, others yawning, stretching and just waking, barbers were attending to the toilets of several, goods were being arranged for sale all along the route. Poking his nose into the grocery was a very large Mahadeb (great god) or sacred bull of the Hindoos. Being thought sacred it would be wicked to drive him away. All the way along my thoughts were of you and of our beautiful home Sabbath, and I was wondering if you had the faintest idea of what heathenism really is. No, you cannot. May the music of the Sabbath bells never cease to sound in your ears. We hear them only in memory and fancy, and we say, "Chime on sweet bells, chime on."

We drove slowly, for the mornings are hot, and when we reached the school we found twenty six little ones waiting for us. After singing and prayer, we had a lesson from the first part of the twenty first of Matthew, showing a picture or so, illustrating the bible stories. It is wonderful how a simple picture attracts and helps to fasten the truth on these young minds. We also have them commit texts of scripture to memory. After leaving this school we went to another which was in charge of a native christian.

We showed the little ones pictures and gave them new texts of Scripture to learn. At four P. M. we go to our class in the christian Sabbath School. You would laugh at the sound of the names. There are sixteen of them: Banadeni, Roomodini, Kamini, Dya and just one who has the sweet old name of Mary. I love them all, however. Last night closed the yearly car festival of Juggernath. I am so glad it is over. If it were only the last one! It is as bad as a circus at home for demoralizing the children. It is a public holiday in the government schools, or rather two days of the week are given to all the schools which receive aid from government. The festival begins with the bathing of the idol or idols by the priests on the verandah of the temple. This is supposed to cause cold and fever, so the idol is put on a huge car and drawn by the devotees to the temple of his maternal aunt, where he remains a week till his cold is better. Could you see mothers teaching their little ones to offer fruit and flowers to this ugly idol on his journey I am sure you would feel sad indeed. You wonder how they can believe such nonsense. Many of them do not. Talking with an intelligent man last week he said "I do not believe the idols can help me, but my father is a devoted Hindu, and he says, my son whatever

you ask of the idols they will give you." Do we ask and expect as much of our God "who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think?" There are many incidents connected with the festival of last week I would like to tell, but have time for only two. One of my little school boys had a miniature car and idol. I asked him if he worshipped it, he said, "Oh no, I am just playing with it" just as boys at home have miniature shows and the like, so the Hindoo boys play with their idols. No idol is sacred till it is set apart by the priests. The other incident was at "Tahajhee Hat," a bigoted Hindoo village three miles from here in the country. The late cyclone made great havoc with our nice mud-school houses. The one at Tahajhee Hat was entirely destroyed. A babu gave us the use of a nice brick temple till we can build again. When I went there last week Juggernath was in the temple for the benefit of his cold. The temple was tightly closed and the children sitting on the verandah. We had scarcely been seated when a heavy rain began. The children were soon scattered while "Ruby" and I found shelter on a distant verandah. We felt disappointed for we thought to dispose of the satchel of Gospels and other books that we had brought, and instead we had got such a wetting, no small matter in this climate. There was nothing to do but wait. Presently two of the little girls came and we were glad to amuse them with the pictures and tell them about them. "The Shepherds of Bethlehem" and the "Prodigal Son." We read the beautiful story from Luke's Gospel. Presently the smaller of the two girls ran off and soon came back leading her father by the hand and coaxing him to buy the book with the "beautiful story." We read in the father's face the wish to please the child. He evidently had no money so the child got the book for nothing, with a silent prayer that it might lead her and her father to Jesus. When you are praying for the work here, remember especially to follow the gospel seed sown in tracts and in copies of the gospels. So strong is our faith in the Lord's promise that His "word shall not return unto Him void" that we always scatter a few gospels when we visit the schools. Our weak stammering words may fail, but His word never. Just now the cholera is very bad among the pilgrims returning from the shrine of Juggernath at Pooree. Six died in the bazaar just near us a day or so ago, and they are dying all the way along the road. Poor creatures, they give their lives for one glimpse at the hideous idol who is supposed to be the "God of the World." I will try and send you a picture so you may see how ugly he is. This letter is too long. Breakfast bell has rung. With love to each and all.

Yours in Christ,
JESSE B. HOOPER.

Balalore July 6th 1887.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

KEMPTVILLE, N. S.—A few friends in Kemptville arranged for and held a basket sociable on the 16th inst. Only three or four days was given to preparation, yet the snug sum of \$17 was realized, which goes towards painting the church.—B.

MISSIONARY ENTERTAINMENT.—A very pleasant and no doubt profitable entertainment was given by the children's missionary meeting, (Mite Society by name), in the F. C. B. meeting house, Upper Gagetown, Sabbath evening 21st inst.

The meeting was conducted by the superintendent of the sabbath school, Mr. Bradford Currier. After singing by the choir, reading of Scriptures and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Coombs (Baptist) the children, in a highly creditable manner, gave the following programme:

Recitation, "The Evening Star," by Ludlow Stephenson; Recitation, "Children's Offerings, by Almeda Gordon; Singing, by Bell Currier and Dale McMalkin; Reading, by Mabel Currier; Recitation, "The Three Bright Pennies," by Dale McMalkin; Singing, "Don't think there is nothing for children to do," by the children; Recitation, "The Little Hindu Girl," by Louise Weston; Singing, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," by Clara Dinee; Recitation, "The dying sister," by Dora Chase; Singing, by little Maudie Peek, "Let us leave our merry play" as sung in her sweet childish way will not soon be forgotten; Recitation, by Freddie Babcock; Singing, "Oh do not be discouraged for Jesus is our friend," by the children; Recitation, "The Birdie's Song," by Janie Chase; Singing, "The News-boy, little Jim," by Maudie Peek and Clara Dinee, the singing by those two little ones was highly creditable.

Recitation, "Little Drops of Water," by little Hattie Chase, just a dot of a