

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.

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Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH MCLEOD, D. D., EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1888.

—EMANCIPATION. The bill abolishing slavery in Brazil passed Parliament and received the royal approval on the 13th inst. There is great joy throughout the country.

—“NOT CRANKIFICATION.” Bishop Fowler of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an address to the ministers of the East Maine Conference said, “Brethren preach sanctification, but not crankification. These sharp-sighted bishops evidently saw that a good deal of the latter was being done in the name of the former.”

—HIS FEELING FOR HOME.—A New Brunswick, at present in New England, writes: “My sympathy is still strongly with my native land and my denomination there. I watch with much interest the doings of the ministers and the growth of the churches, and hope the time may come when I shall again be identified with Free Baptist people and work in the old home. I wish you much success with your excellent paper.”

—THEY ARE LOSERS. Only a small percentage of church members are actively engaged in church work. There are frequent attempts to estimate the loss suffered by the church and the cause of God generally by the inactivity of so many. That the loss is great there is no doubt. But the neglectors themselves are also great losers. Their loss is beyond the possibility of calculation and consists of things of which no estimate can be made. It is the working people in the church who get the blessing.

—ILL. We learn from the *Free Baptist* that Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips, one of the oldest missionaries in the Free Baptist India mission, was seriously ill when the last reports left the field. Forty-eight years ago she first went to India, and her life during the nearly half century has been devoted to the work there. Three of her daughters are with her in the work. Burdened with years and, doubtless, feeling the effects of long toil in so trying a climate and under so difficult circumstances, it will not be surprising if very soon she ceases from labour and enters into rest.

—A JUST COMPLAINT. The *Examiner* complains that “a far too large proportion of nominal christian people think, or act as if they think, that their whole duty to God and man is performed if they go to church on a Sunday morning and hear a sermon. If, in addition, they put a liberal contribution in the plate when the collection is taken, their consciences are at rest for the week, and they feel that nothing more can in reason be expected of them. Any pastor knows that fully half his flock have no closer connection with the life and work of the church than this, and that it is quite as difficult to bring these nominal Christians to a realizing sense of their duties as to bring unbelievers to admit their need of repentance.”

—NOT IN THE UNION. The statement made in these columns last week, and which has been made by many other papers, that Mr. Spurgeon had a gain become a member of the Baptist Union of Great Britain was a mistake. We believed that the new declaration made by the Union was satisfac-

tory to him, and that he would resume his membership. But it appears that he is not satisfied, and remains outside. He says:

“I was not from the first at all hopeful that anything could be done, and therefore I retired. I wish I had been let alone, for then I could have gone on with my own work in peace. Now, I must in the kindest feeling make this my course. All has been done that can be done, and yet without violence to conscience we cannot unite; let us not attempt it any more, but each one go his own way in quiet, each striving honestly for that which he believes to be the revealed truth of God. I could have wished that instead of saving the Union, or even purifying it, the more prominent thought had been to conform everything to the Word of the Lord.”

—QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Tomorrow (the 24th) is the Queen's birthday anniversary. It will, as usual, be celebrated throughout the Empire in a quiet way. Her Majesty has now reached the age of sixty-nine years. Her health is reported very good, and she may, in the providence of God, reign several years yet. There are no citizens of the Empire but wish it.

Rev. John E. Reud.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of Rev. J. E. Reud. By those nearest him, and watching the progress of the disease which for many weeks had him in its grasp, his demise was expected. The frequent statements in these columns about him have, doubtless, led his friends and our readers at large to expect the sad event. And yet, no amount of warning of the approach of the death of one whom we know and love, relieves us wholly, or even considerably, of the shock caused by the words, “He is dead.”

Bro. Reud died on Friday last, 18th inst., just before noon. He had been sick about ten weeks. His last public service was on Sabbath morning, March 11th. He conducted the opening services, announced his text, and had proceeded a few sentences with his sermon, when he was compelled to desist. Going home, he was not again out of his house till last Monday, when his mortal remains were borne forth to the burial.

For several weeks previous to the Sabbath of his last service in the Lord's house, he had been in poor health; but he kept about his duties, being anxious that there should not be even a temporary interruption of the work of the church for whose prosperity he was deeply concerned. Though so poorly prepared for extraordinary labour, he had even begun special services, and was hoping for a good ingathering of souls to the church. There were signs of a rich blessing, when he was suddenly compelled to cease from labour and lie down to die.

Bro. Reud was born in Lubec, Maine, February 12th 1838. His father, who was a ship-master, died when his son was but eight years old. His mother lived some years after the death of his father, and he often spoke in tenderest terms of her, of her godly counsels and example. When about 16 years old, being employed in a factory, he lost his right arm while attempting to replace a belt which had gotten out of place. This accident changed his plans somewhat; he devoted himself to studies with a view to preparing himself for one of the professions. To help himself along, for he was at this time thrown wholly upon his own resources, he took a position on a steamer plying between Boston and a southern port, and was also for a time employed in the office of a cotton dealer in Galveston, Texas.

He kept up his studies, and, later, became a teacher. It was while teaching on the island of Grand Manan, that he was converted under the ministry of Rev. J. N. Barnes. It was about the same time and under the same ministry that Rev. G. W. McDonald was converted. They were intimate friends prior to their conversion, and through the years since they have been bound together in christian love, and true yoke fellows in the cause to which they then devoted their lives.

Soon after his conversion Bro. Reud felt impressed to enter the ministry. He was not disobedient to the Heavenly Voice. He was not brought up in the Free Baptist church; his mother was a devout Methodist, and most of his friends were, we believe, of that communion. But God spoke to him and called him from darkness to light by the ministry of the Free Baptist church, and when he felt moved to give himself to the work of the ministry, he believed he ought to be a Free Baptist minister. The christian doctrines taught by the denomination commended themselves to his judgment, and he resolved to be one of its ministers.

We do not know the date of his license to preach by the church to

which he belonged, but his first license from the General Conference was in July 1864, the session that year being held in this city. On the 29th July 1866 he was ordained. From the time of his entering the ministry as a Licentiate, a period of nearly twenty-five years, he was constantly engaged in its duties, not turning aside to any other work. He was all the time a pastor. His first pastorate was at Holderville, K. Co. There he met and married his wife, Miss Jane Holder. In that field of labour he served the Holderville, Brown's Flat and Jerusalem churches. He spent three years with them. He next became pastor of the Hampstead, Q. Co. churches. He remained there three years. He was also three years at Upper Gagetown. In 1873 he moved to Keswick, York Co., where he lived and laboured for nearly fifteen years. His pastorate most of the time was very large, including Keswick, Lower Queensbury, Bear Island, Marysville and Peniac. Several times he was called to other fields, but the people were unwilling to let him go, and his own attachment to them and interest in the work were so strong that he was constrained to decline invitations to places where the labour would have been less taxing. Last Autumn, however, when he received an urgent call to Portland he believed he ought to go. The parting from his long-time friends and the field of his toil for so many years, caused him a severe struggle; his going was much against their will, and they parted with him with deep regrets and amidst many tears.

He entered upon his work in Portland in October. With characteristic vigour he devoted himself to the cultivation of his new field. He was popular from the first; large congregations attended the preaching services, and all branches of the church's work were steadily growing in interest, and developing strength. The relations of pastor and people were happy; the church was confident of prospering under his earnest ministry and wise leadership, and the community was feeling that in him they had a minister and man whose words and works were sure to help the religious and moral life of the town. But all these high hopes were doomed to sudden and sad disappointment. Only a few months of work there were permitted to him, ere the voice of his Master called him away from toil to rest.

In appearance, Bro. Reud was a fine looking man one who would be noticed in any gathering of men. He had a strong, ringing voice, which he used to advantage in the pulpit and on the platform. He was a somewhat wide reader, an independent thinker, and he said plainly what he believed. He was a good preacher, and laboured with marked effect. He sought to promote practical righteousness amongst the people to whom he ministered, and he invariably succeeded in increasing their willingness to support their church work and to contribute to the general work of the denomination. He was strongly attached to his denomination and thoroughly loyal to all its interests. But he was no bigot. There was a large place in his heart for the other branches of the christian church, and in them he had many warm friends. He took an active interest in Temperance work, was pronounced in his condemnation of the rum trade, and earnestly advocated the delegatization of the bad thing. The influence of his words and work in this cause will be always felt in York Co. He was a frank, outspoken man, sometimes impulsive, and always generous. He was genial; he made friends easily, and as easily held them his friends.

Many hearts are sad that they will not see his face nor hear his voice again on earth—that, just in his prime, he has been removed from a field in which there is so much to do, and to do which he seemed so well adapted. Not only the church of which he was last pastor, who are sorely smitten, but the people of the communities in York Co., in which for so long he was pastor, are feeling a deep sense of bereavement. They knew him so long and so well and had learned to so love and trust him that his death is a sad blow to them. The denomination at large will feel that it has lost one of its most earnest and energetic men who was ready to do and bear his part in the general undertakings of the body as well as vigorously carry on his local work. The ministers will feel that they have lost a brother beloved, one whose genial spirit, hearty greetings, thorough good fellowship, apt sayings and judicious suggestions were always enjoyable and profitable. His taking away from us just when he seemed to be needed so much, is one of the things about which it useless to speculate; and to murmur would be sin. God knows, and we must and do trust His wisdom and love.

Early in his sickness he gave up the

idea of getting better. Indeed, when on that last Sabbath in church, he was compelled to stop preaching, he said to those about him, “Brethren I am done; this, I think, is my last sermon.” He seemed to be impressed that his work was finished. True, he had desire, if it was God's will, to live for his family, and his brethren and the cause he loved; but he did not seem disposed to express even that desire strongly. In the last conversation we had with him he said, “It is all right; what is God's will is my will.” The same things, in substance, he said to those who visited him often. He had abiding peace. He knew whom he believed, and was persuaded that all was well. Unmurmuringly and with the confidence of unshaken faith in Jesus, he went down to death. He is “more than conqueror” through Him that loved him.

Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go the grave; no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

A widow and five children survive him. To them the sympathies of a whole denomination of christians go out, and for them a great volume of prayer is being offered that the comfort and strength of great grace may be given them. They have lost much. May the God of the husband and father be very gracious to them.

The funeral took place on Monday. It was fitting that the burial should be at Keswick where nearly two thirds of his ministerial life was spent, and the latest of it, too, except the few months in Portland. It was fitting also that Rev. G. A. Hartley, his earliest ministerial friend after he left the place of his conversion, and who preached at his ordination, should, by his request, preach on the occasion of his burial. A delegation of the Temple of Honour of Portland, of which he was a member, accompanied the remains, as also several brethren representing Portland church. A large number of people were at the depot in this city on the arrival of the Monday morning train. The procession formed and walked through the city and across the bridge to St. Marys. The Odd Fellows lodge of the city, of which he had been a member, was present and walked before the hearse across the river. A special train had been arranged for from St. Marys to Keswick. It was to have gone immediately on the arrival of the funeral, but, by some means it was delayed till 2 o'clock. The funeral services in the church were at 3 o'clock. There was a great concourse of people, their presence and the feeling they expressed giving strong evidence of the regard in which he was held by those who had known him longest and best. The ministers present were Revs. G. A. Hartley, Wm. Downey, J. T. Parsons, Wm. Kinghorn, John Henderson, Jos. McLeod, G. Swim, T. A. Blackadar, C. Currie, J. Tupper and H. Hames.

The order of services was as follows: Invocation by Rev. J. T. Parsons; first hymn by Rev. Wm. Downey; Scripture lesson by Rev. Wm. Downey; prayer by Rev. Jos. McLeod; second hymn by Rev. Mr. Blackadar; sermon by Rev. G. A. Hartley.

The following brethren also spoke of Bro. Reud as they knew him, all expressing their love for him as a man and a minister, and thanking God for the good work He had enabled him to do:—Rev. Jos. McLeod, J. T. Parsons, Rev. Mr. Blackadar, Rev. Wm. Kinghorn and Rev. Mr. Hames. Rev. Wm. Downey, J. T. Parsons, Jos. McLeod, G. Swim, T. Blackadar and H. Hames bore the body of the beloved brother to the grave. At the grave the burial service of the Odd Fellows was said, and then the denomination's burial service. Rev. G. A. Hartley read the Scriptures, Rev. Jos. McLeod the Committal, Rev. Wm. Downey offered prayer, and Rev. J. T. Parsons pronounced the benediction.

Sadly the people turned away, as from the grave of a loved and trusted friend. Many were, doubtless, reminded anew and touchingly of the lessons of truth he had taught them in his preaching and in his life. “Being dead he yet speaketh.”

OF MINISTERS.—Rev. F. D. Crawley has gone away for a month's vacation. He will spend most of it in the vicinity of Boston. We hope he will have a pleasant time. Rev. Mr. Ford of Yarmouth has become pastor of the Carleton Baptist Church.

Our India Letter.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of our first convert from Hinduism. About a week ago a little Brahmin, who was listening to us in the bazaar came up after the preaching was over and told us that as far as he understood our religion he believed it and would like to learn more. Danny took him to his house, and after asking him some questions to be convinced of his sincerity, told him many of the truths of the Bible and instructed him as to what he must do to become a Christian. Next day he came again, and so on for a number of days, until he has now decided—not only decided to be, but has really become a Christian. His *poita* or sacred thread, for which orthodox Brahmins would sacrifice their lives, he has laid aside for ever. His sacred lock of hair and his beads have all disappeared. His appearance is so changed that when he called yesterday I hardly recognized him to be the little Brahmin I had seen in the bazaar a few days before. And he was not the same. Not only in his outward appearance did he look more like a Christian, but his whole heart had been changed—had been recreated by the power of the precious blood of Christ. Thank God for the salvation of Gunga Dharu Rath.

When he called on me yesterday, I asked him why he had left the religion of his fathers; he answered that it was a false religion. The sacred books, he said, contradicted and abused each other, so there could be no truth in them; besides, the gods of the Hindus were only wood and stone. I asked him, too, what was necessary to be done to become a Christian, why Christ was incarnated, and many other questions on the Bible, all of which he answered very well considering that one week ago he knew nothing about the matter. I think it best that his baptism be postponed a little until he understands more of its meaning. He is a bright little fellow, just sixteen years old, and will learn quickly. Young converts from idolatry usually make better Christians than older ones, as the former are more teachable and less steeped in superstition and vice. The oldest native preacher in our mission became a Christian at sixteen.

At present, Gunga, being outcast, is homeless, friendless and penniless, his only goods consisting of two garments worth about fifty cents. He wants to be a preacher, I suppose for the reason that his father had educated him in the shastras and intended him for a priest. I think very favourably of the idea myself, and am arranging a course of study for him with that end in view. Let our mission workers pray that he may be used of God to turn many to righteousness.

The following is Daniel Naik's letter to the ladies of the N. B. Free Baptist Woman's Mission Society:—“Dear Sisters:—I take pleasure in sending you my *nomoskar* (salutation), and in thanking you for helping us in our work. Unworthy as I am, I believe that God has called me to his service and that He will care for me in whatsoever state I am placed. I ask you to pray that day by day my faith and powers to work may grow, that I may use all my strength and life in His service and at last become an inheritor of incorruptible peace. In my country a great many people, being destitute of salvation, are walking in the ways of hell, but a strong faith has arisen within me that God will bless my work and save some of them. I have laid all my burdens on Him, and just as He now gives me peace of mind and strength of soul and body, so I believe He will continue to give me to the last.

I am, obediently yours,
DANIEL NAIK.”

As the above letter was written nearly two weeks ago it makes no mention of the new convert.

A. B. BOYER.

Balalore, 6th apr. 1888.

[Bro. Boyer enclosed the original of Daniel Naik's letter, which, however, would scarcely have been put into type but for Bro. B's translation of it as above.—Ed.]

A Ramble in the South.

Dear Editor:—A few lines from here may be interesting to the readers of the INTELLIGENCER. Many people like to see new places and things, so, perhaps, some will go with me in my rambles. Let them consider themselves ready on the evening of April 26th., when Bro. Cosman and I boarded the north-bound train at San Antonio. After nearly a whole night on the road we arrived in Austin the capital of the “Lone Star State.” Looking around to see all we can, we are especially attracted by the magnificent new capital building which is just about completed. It is the larg-

est capital building in the union, except the United States capital at Washington, and it is said to be the eighth largest building in the world. Leaving Austin, in the evening of the 26th inst., we arrive in Hene, a flourishing little town on the Brazos river; we stopped 24 hours and then resume our journey toward Palestine—not the ancient Palestine of the East, but that of Texas, where we arrive at 8 p. m., April 28th. It is one of the railroad centres of Texas. As on our arrival the rain was coming down in torrents, accompanied with the most vivid lightning and heavy thunder, we decided to change cars and seek more genial air in the direction of Long-view, where we arrived early in the morning of the 29th inst.; stopping only one hour, we continued our journey toward Marshall arriving at 11 a. m. There were not only changed cars, but also our course, and at 2.30 P. M. were in Shreveport, Louisiana. Our arrival was amidst one of the greatest rains that I ever saw. To our surprise the people spoke of it as a small shower, and said that nearly every day they had as good a rain as that. The statement almost frightened us, but we decided to wait and see; and, sure enough, next morning it did rain much the same as the day previous; but at 10 o'clock the sun came out, and there was a great change. The town gives very little signs of thrift beyond a great number of negroes hauling cotton around the town with mules, and, by the way, there is nothing that mates better than southern negroes and mules. On the 30th inst. at 6 P. M. we left Shreveport, and in about 20 hours we arrived at Delta on the banks of the Mississippi river, two hours later we crossed the river to Vicksburg where we stopped for the night. This city is beautiful for location and surroundings; it is built on a rise of land over-looking miles of country and river of the most picturesque kind. The people seem to rule the town, with Judge Lynch as presiding officer. The day we arrived there was a case where speedy justice was meted out to a negro under the administration of the above named officer. The fellow had been arrested and placed in jail the day before charged, with a fiendish crime; the mob took him from the jail and hanged him to the limb of a tree in the Court House yard, and thus saved what they thought unnecessary delay and expense. In the early morning of May 2nd, as the sun was reaching up to unlock the gates of day, we hastened to the depot, and at 6 A. M. we were on the move toward Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and arrived there at 10.30 A. M. We spent an hour in looking around the city and hearing the news, some of which was sad indeed. Only the day before a terrible tragedy was enacted, two of the leading men of the city having killed each other on the street. General Wirt Adams the Post Master, and Mr. Martin, editor of the *New Mississippian*. It seems that some personal squibs had been published by Martin in reference to Adams, and the killing was the result. I am glad they do not treat editors that way in every place for like offences if they did there would soon be a scarcity of quill-pushers. We next went to Meridian, which is near the Alabama State line, arriving there at 8 P. M., May 2nd. There we stopped (as the Texans say) for “a stamping ground” for a few days. It is one of the prettiest little towns that one can find in the south. I was very glad to meet there my old friend and brother, Rev. J. A. Hackett, D. D. It was like meeting some one from home; he was among my first acquaintances in the South. When I went to Texas the first time, he was pastor of the First Baptist church of San Antonio; he is now editor of the southern *Baptist Record* here. We have spent five days in this city very pleasantly, but will likely move on in a few days. One word more and I will stop; after looking at this southern country for a thousand miles as we have travelled through it, I have come to the conclusion that, in the providence of God, I am forced to make the South my home, it will be in Texas, for I think it is the garden spot of the South. When I have seen more of the country I will take you with me on another ramble.

Yours etc.,
J. H. ERE.

Meridian, Miss.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NEWS.

—Mr. Sankey goes to England this spring for revival work. He will soon visit Scotland and Ireland.

—The translation of the whole Bible into Japanese has only just been completed, and will soon be published.

—A Sunday-school in Algiers, hap-

pening to hear of the needs of a mission school in Dedham, Mass., sent ten dollars to help it in its work—*Missionary Magazine*.