

## TERMS, NOTICES, ETC.

The RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER is issued every Wednesday, from the office of publication, York St., Fredericton.

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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 misapprehension and mistakes.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, etc., should be addressed RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, Box 373, Fredericton N. B.

## Religious Intelligencer.

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

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1888.

—THE C. T. ACT is law in Portland. Some time last year certain rumsellers were fined under the act. They appealed from the conviction, claiming that the act was not really in force in the city. The Supreme court gave judgment in the case a few days ago, sustaining the act. Now let it be enforced with rigour.

—A WISE RESOLUTION. Dr. Lyman Abbott editor of the *Christian Union*, and successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth church pulpit, says that in the beginning of his ministry he resolved that he "would not profess religion for a man after death who had never professed it for himself when living." A wise resolve, certainly. Would that many other preachers had formed a like resolution. There are so many who seem to think they must make out a title to heavenly blessedness for every one whose funeral they conduct, no matter how neglectful of God's claims during life. Such preachers "take back in the general, excite contempt among unbelievers, encourage neglect of religion, and strengthen the hands of loose thinkers in and out of the Church."

—RELINQUISHED, NOT GAVE. Said a gentleman to a pastor, "So Mr. Jones gave \$500 to missions at his death, did he?" The pastor answered, "I did not say he gave it, but that he left it; perhaps I should have more explicitly said that he relinquished \$500 because he could no longer hold it." It is well to keep the distinction in mind. One only gives when living; he relinquishes at death. There is plenty of scripture commendation for giving, but none that we recall for relinquishing what the possessor can no longer hold.

—STUDYING THE WORD. It is a good sign when a revival sets the people to studying the word of God with a desire to know its teachings and a purpose to follow them. It is said that one result of evangelistic services recently held in Springfield, Mass. by Mr. Geo. C. Needham is that there has been such a demand for Bibles as was never before known in the city. Good.

—DECLINING. That the practice of infant sprinkling is declining is made very clear by the statistics of the congregational body in the United States. Among the 457,584 of that people there were, during the past year, only 11,966 infant baptisms, but one to every thirty-eight church members, less than three to a church. Our Congregational Brethren must sadly lack "the Old Testament blessing, or they have concluded that there is no scriptural authority for the sprinkling of their olive branches."

—A TESTIMONY. The United States Consul at Peking bears strong witness to the good work done by missionaries in China. After visiting every mission in the open ports, he says: "It is idle for any man to decry missionaries or their works. . . . I am not particular pro-missionary, but as a man I cannot but admire and respect them. I do not address myself to the churches; but as a man of the world, talking to sinners like myself, I say that it is

difficult to say too much good of missionary work in China."

—VERY DOUBTFUL. The *Telegraph* says: A Free Baptist minister, in a private letter to the editor of the *Telegraph*, writes:—

I am in entire sympathy with your exposure of Mr. Foster. His influence and attitude are far worse than an open enemy.

Perhaps the editor of the *Telegraph* did receive such a letter, but we must be excused from believing that he did because he says so. Those who know the man will understand why proof other than his word is necessary. It is many years since his unsupported statement has been regarded as proof of anything.

—A GOOD TEST. The "Free Baptists" suggest that the dance and card-playing question among church members might be settled by a prayer-meeting and religious work gauge. Let every pastor who is troubled by this question, ask his members to register themselves whether in favour of or opposed to the dance and cards, and then keep a careful list of credits for attendance at prayer meeting, and special personal work done by each class. Would the card playing, dancing, theater going members consent to this gauge? and if they did, what do they think would be their relative standing?

—PRIESTS CONVERTED. Rev. J. A. Diaz, a Baptist minister in Cuba, is being much blessed in his work among the Roman Catholics of the island. The latest reports of his work say that some time ago a priest sent by the bishop to hear the missionary preach and to take notes of his sermons for the information of his superiors was converted and baptized, and had gone to preaching Christ as the only mediator between God and man. Mr. Diaz writes of another also, the Rev. Dr. Vincente Ros de Molina, the highest priest of the Cathedral, next to the bishop, as having been baptized. His account of himself is very interesting, and he bids fair to become a most efficient helper to the truth.

—THREE GREAT MOVEMENTS. There have been in the history of Christianity, says the *Christian Inquirer*, three great missionary movements. The first resulted in the conversion of the Roman Empire. The second movement ended in the conversion of the barbarian invaders and of the nations of northern Europe. The third great movement began a hundred years ago with the work of William Carey, and is now in progress. Its aim is the conversion of Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea. We should count it a glorious privilege to carry it on.

—THE BEST GIVERS. There is, we believe, no class of men who are so liberal and systematic in their gifts for religious purposes as Christian Ministers. Who does not know pastors, living on small salaries and trying to educate their children, who give to the benevolent interests of the church as though they were worth thousands of dollars? Such benefactions are good investments. The liberal soul shall be made fat. There is, that scattereth and yet increaseth. The following from the Baltimore *Methodist* is suggestive. The twelve thousand itinerant ministers in the Methodist Episcopal church are said to have contributed last year \$100,000 of the missionary money paid in—or one-tenth of the whole million received. This is an average of \$8.33 each. At the same rate the more than two millions of lay members of the church would have contributed about \$17,000,000 missionary money in one year.

## Money Needed.

Last week a note from the Foreign Mission Society told the need of funds. They are needed immediately. A remittance will have to be made in a few days, and there is not enough in the treasury to make it. Perhaps our readers, having seen the statement of the Treasurers, have in the last week been forwarding their contributions freely. We hope so. But lest some have overlooked the appeal, or, having read it, have forgotten it, we here repeat the fact that about \$200 are needed at once to enable the Treasurer to carry out the society's obligation to the missionaries in the foreign field.

That our churches can easily raise the amount asked of them for foreign mission purposes no one who knows them and the sum required from them can doubt. Indeed they could without trouble, contribute five times as much.

We are inclined to believe that the some times apparent difficulty in getting the amount the society has appropriated to the foreign work is because it is so much less than the churches are able to pay and ought to be asked for. It is so small that it gives the

churches little or no feeling of responsibility, and they do not in raising it get any deep feeling of doing something for Jesus.

Two things in this work are wrong, (1) the asking too little, and (2) the lack of constant instruction about it and systematic collections for it. Not till these two defects, at least, with others involved in them, are remedied will the churches come up to the measure of their duty in spreading abroad the gospel of Christ.

But, these things aside for the present, there is a present need. Let that be supplied first. The Treasurer ought to have all he needs, and more inside a week. Brethren please give attention to this matter. The missionaries of the denomination need the support promised them, and they need it when due. Delay in forwarding payments subjects them to trouble and hardship. Surely they have enough of hardship at the best, and it should not be increased by neglect on our part. Send along the money, the Lord's money of which He has made you stewards.

## A Holiday Trip.

Even editors think it good to have an occasional holiday. Perhaps they would like one oftener than they get it. It is never easy for them to get away. And when they do go they usually find it necessary to keep at work part of the time, though working "on the wing" or amidst strange surroundings is not always the pleasantest. This editor, after attending four District meetings within three weeks, held far apart, and doing the work necessary to the make up of the paper as he went, concluded to treat himself, if possible, to one week of unadulterated holiday. And he did it.

We set our faces towards the North, and went thither via the Northern & Western. It was our first trip over the road. It is a new road. Its length, from Gibson to Chatham Junction, is 107 miles. There is a mixed train each way daily. There is evidently considerable freight carried over the road, and the amount is steadily increasing. The passenger travel is also considerable, and may safely be expected to increase as the road becomes known. Mr. Thos. Hoben, a railroad man of many years experience, is the efficient Superintendent. He is fully alive to the interests of the road, and is equally considerate of the interests of its patrons.

Have you ever been along the valley of the Nashua? If not, you have yet to see some of the prettiest bits of landscape to be found anywhere. For a dozen or twenty miles it is very beautiful, though we must say that the view from the car window is not equal to that had as one drives along the highway.

Boiestown seems quite a business place. Cedar sleepers and hemlock bark are shipped from there in large quantities. At Doaktown the trains cross, and passengers lunch. They are very well cared for a few yards from the station, by Mrs. Murray, whose pleasant face and manner do much towards making pleasant the regulation twenty minutes.

After leaving Doaktown there are frequent delightful glimpses of the river. Many miles of the road are through unsettled land; on every hand one looks on the great Miramichi timber belt. But whenever we come in sight of the river there are thriving settlements, and the landscapes are beautiful indeed.

Chatham Junction is in the woods. Besides two station houses—that of the N. & W., and that of the I. C. R., only the latter being used—there are three houses at the Junction. There is large room for growth, and the growth may take place some time. Chatham is eight miles from the Junction, and is reached by a branch line which some people say is the best paying piece of road in the country.

Quick connection was made with the I. C. R., and quickly we passed through, or rather behind, Newcastle, and on past Carquet Junction and Derby Junction, making very brief stops till Bathurst was reached. The view down the river, after leaving Chatham Junction, is fine, and all along the way is much good land and evidences of careful, thrifty farming.

Bathurst is one and a half miles from the R. R. It must involve a good deal of trouble and no small cost to get goods into the town after the railroad has carried them as far as it can. But the cartmen probably enjoy the situation and thrive by it. From the station we get a view of the new Post Office and Custom House, and also of the Catholic church now in course of erection. The church is of granite, and will be the largest structure of its class in the country.

From Bathurst to Charlo, along the coast, is a charming ride—if one sits on the shore side of the car. There is a succession of views, which cannot fail to delight. At Charlo we left the

train, and there made our headquarters for a little more than a week. There are two hotels. We sojourned in the one kept by Mr. Henderson. We found it a quiet and comfortable place, and can commend it to others who go that way. Charlo is coming to be something of a resort of those who like a quiet summer holiday; New Mills and Jacquet River, near by, have also their share. There is good fishing near.

The people all along the shore are in comfortable circumstances. In York, Carleton and Victoria many farmers turn their attention to lumbering in the winter; here they farm and fish for salmon, and they evidently make it pay. The salmon fishing is done in about two months, from the 10th of May to the middle of July. The catch this year is said to be about one third less than that of last year. They are shipped fresh to Boston and elsewhere. Those not immediately shipped are frozen, and shipped according to the demands of the market. There are five freezers in Restigouche County. Last year one dealer handled about 40 tons, say 5000 fish. Each of the other four handled, probably, about the same quantity. The fish net the catchers about 10½ cents per lb. It will be seen that this one branch of business alone puts a large amount of money in circulation in the county. We have heard it said that Restigouche has as large, if not a larger proportion of well-to-do people than any other county in the Province.

Our first day at Charlo was a Sunday. The people are chiefly Presbyterians. It was communion Sunday, and the principal service of the day was held in the church at New Mills, the centre of the pastorate, six miles from Charlo. Thither we went. There was a very large congregation. Rev. Mr. Baird is the pastor, an earnest, energetic minister. Rev. Mr. Cameron preached a very appropriate and suggestive sermon. The service, including the communion was three hours long. But it was one of much interest. It was our first attendance at communion in a Presbyterian church. We enjoyed it.

Dalhousie is but six or seven miles from Charlo. The drive is a pleasant one, despite the hills in the vicinity of the town. About sixteen years ago we were in Dalhousie. There has been very little change since then. It is beautiful for situation, a very desirable summer home for those who wish to do little but sleep and dream, and can afford it. There is no rush of business apparent to the visitor. Perhaps the people do a good deal in a quiet way, unseen by any but themselves. "Inch Aran," the hotel of which the papers some time ago wrote a good deal, is there. It is a huge structure, finely situated, and full of people just now.

We spent a Sunday in Campbellton. It was a rainy day. There was no service in either the Baptist or the Methodist church. We worshipped in the Presbyterian. Rev. Mr. Laing of Halifax preached. In the evening, in the same church, there was a union Sabbath school meeting addressed by Col. Cowden of Ohio, the gentleman who has been engaged by the Provincial S. S. Association to make a tour of the Provinces in the interest of S. school work. He was accompanied by Mr. S. J. Parsons, whose zeal in this department of christian work has had such good effect. It was an instructive and helpful meeting.

It was the last Sabbath to be spent in the "Auld Kirk" of Campbellton, and touching reference was made to the fact that for fifty-six years—two generations—the people had been worshipping there. The next Sabbath the congregation was to occupy the new church, a very neat and commodious building.

The Presbyterian is the largest and the oldest, congregation in the town. The Methodist and Baptists have smaller interests, but both are having encouraging growth. The Salvation Army is pushing its work too.

There has been a good deal of change in Campbellton since our last visit. It has grown, and is growing.

Our way home was by the route of our going, differing only in that while the journey from Fredericton to Charlo is made between morning and evening, on the return we have to stop a night either at Chatham Junction or in Chatham. Just now it is better not to stop at the Junction; later, it may be safer.

We shall not soon forget the ten days at "Charlo by the sea." It was good to be there. Good company contributed much to the restfulness and enjoyment of those days. We hope some time to go again. Now to the work.

PERSONAL.—A couple of Hamburg, Germany, gentlemen have sent a fine showy cane, suitably engraved, to Geo. H. Wallace, Esq., of Sussex. Mr. W. had transacted some important business for them, and the cane, with a flattering letter, is in recognition of that service.

## The "Telegraph's" Compliments.

Being absent, we did not see the *Telegraph's* latest compliment to the INTELLIGENCER till several days after it appeared, and too late to refer to it in last week's issue. We might not refer to it now but that we suppose our readers should know what our good-tempered and graceful contemporary thinks of us, and how well and in what choice language it can avoid telling the truth.

The occasion of its several recent kindly and complimentary references to this paper and its editor is our inability to agree with its estimate of Hon. Geo. E. Foster as a temperance man. Mr. Foster is not a good enough temperance man for the *Telegraph*; he is a strong enough one for us, and therein is our sin—against the *Telegraph*. Of course the *Telegraph* is a better judge than the INTELLIGENCER is of what a temperance man should be; it is also a more earnest and consistent advocate of total abstinence and prohibition than is this paper. It is, therefore, its right and duty to remonstrate with its weak and erring brother in the cause, which it does in the exceedingly delicate and gentlemanly way for which it has become renowned. This is what it says:

We had naturally hoped that with shame and contrition acknowledgment would be made of its untruthfulness and wrongful charges. But the INTELLIGENCER has not apologized, as an honorable and manly opponent will do when proven to be in the wrong. It is not penitent and contrite, as might be expected from its religious profession. No. On the contrary it is angry and discourteous. It does not offer any evidence in support of its false charges against the *Telegraph*. Nor does it produce any testimony to rebut the unanswerable evidences by which the *Telegraph* proved every jot and tittle of its case. It offers none. What then? What refuge remained but that of calling names, the last resort of beaten blackguards. And so the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, proven guilty of slander and falsification, calls the *Telegraph* "mean" and "vindictive" and "untruthful." It does this under the motto "That God in all things may be glorified," but that is not the real object. The service is paid for by a government advertising contract!

We are sorry for the humiliating position in which the reverend editor is placed, and we are quite sure that if he is not ashamed of himself all the better class of his readers are ashamed for him.

How convincing! Rarely is there presented such close reasoning, such unanswerable argument. Can there any longer be doubt that Mr. Foster is an avowed opponent of prohibition? or that the editor of the INTELLIGENCER is the paid friend and ally of the rum party? To doubt these things is about as difficult to doubt that the *Telegraph* is the most uncompromising prohibition paper in the world, and that its editor is the only immaculate specimen of honorable manhood and the sole representative of high-toned journalism.

And yet, in the face of all this—in spite of the overwhelming arguments of the foregoing extract from the *Telegraph*, and the chaste and tenderly persuasive way in which they are put, we are bad enough and bold enough to persist in the belief that Mr. Foster is a thoroughly good and consistent temperance man, indeed, nearly as good and able and even truthful as the *Telegraph* man; we even believe that the INTELLIGENCER leans just a little towards prohibition, and we hope our contemporary will permit us to help in the work even though it be in an imperfect way. Perhaps if, like our great and good contemporary, we could get a few rum advertisements our interest in prohibition might be strengthened, and our advocacy of it be more emphatic and consistent. We might then be able to more readily discern the hypocrisy of all the alleged advocates of prohibition, and cast in our lot with such unquestioned champions of the cause as the editor of the *Telegraph* and Mr. Anglin and the tribe of spotless prohibitionists whom they so well represent.

## India Letter From Mrs. Boyer.

Dear Sisters:—The very act of beginning a letter to you seems to bring a cool breath into my Indian home today. The oldest missionaries say that the heat this year is almost unparalleled. For the last two weeks the thermometer has severely fallen below ninety five degrees, and is said to have risen as high as one hundred and fifteen in the shade. Even in our darkened rooms, with the punkah swinging over us, the perspiration stands in beads on our hands and faces, and gives us the disagreeable sensation of water running down our backs.

The Bible women and teachers have had a vacation, but work is resumed now. Mr. Boyer has written of his work in certain Hindoo villages among the men. I have wanted to work in the same villages among the women, but have been unable to do much owing to the lack of native help. This month I have secured the services of a

young and inexperienced christian woman who goes with me. I hope in time she will prove a good worker. Another older and thoroughly devoted christian has promised to work for me in a short time. I hope you will not be discouraged but rather, encouraged to do your best for these people here if I describe to you my first attempt at work in one of these villages.

Manaw, the young native woman and I drive as near the village as possible and then take the narrow foot path. Presently we come to a house near which several women are sitting. Some of them timidly turn away when we approach, but after our assurance that we will not harm them they return. A few more come out of curiosity, bringing their children, till there are about a dozen assembled. They are dressed in the usual native costume, a sari, not very clean, nose rings, toe rings, and several large brass anklets and bracelets. Their cheeks are distended and their mouths red with *pari* which they are chewing, and spitting in all directions. We take our seats on the mud verandah with the women sitting and standing round us ready to listen. Manaw begins to read some easy tracts she has brought with her, stopping frequently to see if she is understood. We find that they do not comprehend a single word, so we lay aside the book and begin to talk. I asked them a few questions to see if they had ever heard of our religion. They said,—"Why do you ask us questions?" "All we know anything about is getting enough to eat and wear." "We are only women, and no better than animals, you talk and we will listen." So I told them as best I could of a country where homes are being prepared for women as well as men, where there is no trouble nor struggling for daily bread. A woman sick with fever listened attentively while I told her that in Heaven there is no sickness, and an old blind woman, who had come hobbling up to beg, stopped the story of her woes long enough to hear that in Heaven the blind receive their sight. They listened as Oriya women listen. It seems impossible for them to concentrate their thoughts for any length of time upon one subject. For instance, when we have made every possible effort and are hoping that an idea has been firmly impressed in their minds, some one will interrupt to ask if the native helper has any children, and why I do not wear jewelry.

We cannot tell how much earnest prayerful effort it will take before these poor women will have the courage to break the bonds of custom and idolatry, and find a friend in Him who says, "My yoke is easy and my burden light;" we cannot tell how soon the sick woman may find a cure for her sin-sickness in the Great Physician, nor how soon the blind woman may see by the eye of faith the King in his beauty, but we know that it must come, for He is faithful who has promised.

I have other work of which I will tell you another time, but there is none that I like so well as this house to house village work. It is direct work, and soul refreshing to teacher and learner. I cannot, as you know, do this work without native assistants. I pay the younger woman now, about a dollar a month, and the older one will require about a dollar and a half. A native bullock-garry to carry them longer distances than they can walk would be a very great help. It would cost about forty dollars. The women I need to do the work which you sent me here to do, and I know you will not leave me without the means to prosecute this work successfully. I need thirty five dollars, (a year's salary for two Bible women), and forty dollars for garry and bullocks. Won't you send your contribution to the Treasurer immediately, mentioning the object to which you wish them applied. Do not be afraid of there being a little too much. I will try and spend it judiciously, and you shall hear from me again.

Yours in Christ,  
CLARA J. BOYER.  
Balasore, 27th June, 1888.

Interesting Historical Sketch.  
[Address of Elder Walter C. Weston at the re-opening of Chebogue Free Baptist meeting house, afternoon May 6, 1888.]

It can not be said of the history of Chebogue church as in the opening of Luke's gospel, that many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of these things; but it has seemed good to the brethren that this should be done. Let it be understood that there is no hardness of heart in any seeming reflections upon the actors of those events to be spoken of now.

107 years ago, Henry Alleine kindled camp and bush-fires along these shores, and many souls were converted as he preached Jesus. I know not how many visits he made. Rev. Harris Harding came some years after and during his stay the Rev. Jacob Norton