

## TERMS, NOTICES, ETC.

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

Terms \$1.50 a year, in advance.

If not paid in advance the price is 2.50 a year.

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Payment of subscriptions may be made to any Free Baptist minister in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and to any of the authorized agents as named in another column, as well as to the proprietor at Fredericton.

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 needless 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, Nov. 19th, 1890.

—Now! Statements of account have recently been sent to a large number of subscribers, with request for immediate payment. They were sent because they had to be. They need and ought to have attention at once. Will those who have received them kindly do themselves and us the justice of responding *now* to the call for payments? Do it by the next mail after reading this, if possible.

—Religion that is genuine needs no certificate. Like light, it reveals itself.

—CONDEMNED. The Anglican Synod of Toronto has, by its committee on systematic giving, condemned bazaars and other such means of raising money for religious purposes.

—Some people talk much of how they enjoy religion. A preacher recently said, with much point, "it does not make so much difference whether you enjoy religion, but whether other people enjoy your religion."

—The Salvation Army has invaded Belgium. It now has a footing in every one of the thirteen countries of the north-west of Europe. It is now directing its movements in a south-easterly direction.

—A temperance deputation, representing the Protestant and Catholic labor organizations of Montreal and Quebec last week waited on Premier Mercier urging him to radically amend the license law by a series of restrictive amendments.

—REFUSED IT.—A member of a New Orleans church drew \$10,000 in a lottery. He offered the church \$1000 of it. The treasurer of the church, sustained by the pastor, refused to receive it. They did right. The gambler evidently desired to get the endorsement of the church by his gift, and perhaps ease his troubled conscience. The church cannot afford to befool itself by compromising wrong doing at any price. "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

—FIFTY YEARS. Rev. Dr. Bachelor, the veteran Free Baptist missionary, known personally to many of our readers, has completed, with his devoted wife, fifty years of service in the India field. Writing from Madnapore, to the *Star*, Rev. E. B. Stiles says:

Fifty years ago the twelfth of September, Dr. O. R. Bachelor and Miss Hannah Cummins, landed on the sands, nine miles from Balasore, after a tedious journey of thirteen days from Calcutta, in a dirty boat, with short supplies of food and water. From that day to the present they have worked on with untiring zeal. Dr. Bachelor says that he has not been disappointed in his expectations. He has seen the work increase from twelve Christians to over six hundred; he has preached the Gospel to hundreds of thousands; he has blessed thousands of others by his knowledge of medicine; he has taught many of our teachers and preachers; and now, after all his labors, he is hale and hearty, a young man among young men. To be with him makes one ashamed to be sick, and if the young missionaries would faithfully follow his instructions the amount of sickness would be greatly reduced. May God spare him to us for years to come.

—DEVOID OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. Rev. Edward Judson D. D., is a worthy son of the great missionary, Adoniram Judson. With a spirit of self sacrifice like that which characterized his father, he has given himself to christian work in one of the most unattractive parts of New York city, amongst the most needy classes. To do this work he relinquished a fine church and a deeply attached people. He is a man of deep consecration. Writing of self-consciousness and self-seeking in religion, he says:

Piety, like beauty, is undone as soon as it is conscious of itself. The best men and women in our churches are those who don't know it. They mourn over their imperfections rather than claim to have reached some higher plane of goodness. In passing through the great fields of Indian corn in some western State, one observes that the ears which are small and green and not filled out stand perfectly erect upon the stalk, while the ears that are ripe and brown and weighed down with the golden grain, bend over, so that the husk forms an umbrella, completely protecting the fruit. The best people are like that. Laden with the fruits of Christian experience, they bend low with humility and a sense of imperfection. As bees fly home to their hives, their thighs laden with pollen, which they shake off, and never looking behind fly away again for another load, leaving it for others to pack away in the cells, so the true Christian forgets those things which are behind and reaches forth unto those things which are before. It is a good motto, to do all the good you can to all the people you can, and make as little fuss about it as you can.

—THE WORLD IMPROVING. Hon. Oliver Mowat, leader of the Ontario government, in a recent address on the evidences of Christianity, which, by the way, was most admirable, said:

There never before was a time when so large a proportion of the world's population had faith in some form of Christianity as is the case now; never a time in which there were so many Christian Churches; or in which the Churches had a larger membership than now; never a time in which there was more activity in Christian work; never a time in which the contributions to Christian objects at home and abroad were more liberal; never a time in which there were so many true and earnest believers; and never a time in which the active defenders of Christianity were more able, more learned, more numerous or more earnest. Among the educated classes of English-speaking Europe and America, faith in Christianity is far more general in this nineteenth century than it was in the eighteenth, and is more general today than it was forty years ago. I may add that I am not aware of one organized society of either agnostics or infidels in the whole Dominion except Toronto; and I do not know of even one avowedly anti-Christian journal or magazine, though an occasional anti-Christian article or letter or paragraph appears in some of our secular journals. An avowedly infidel newspaper has more than once been begun here, but in every case soon died for want of support.

It is both gratifying and significant to have a man of affairs, a shrewd observer of men and movements, expressing himself in this clear and emphatic way. Those pessimistic souls who see everything going from bad to worse would do well to ponder Mr. Mowat's facts.

## "He Careth For You."

There is a sentiment, more or less prevalent even among religious people, begotten of worldly teachings and worldly modes of thought, that religion and the daily affairs of life which we call secular, have different spheres of action and no points of union. The influence of this sentiment induces many to confine their prayers, or at least to limit their belief in the efficacy of prayer, to spiritual things. How false and fatal is such a belief! It virtually shuts out the idea of God's supreme government; it makes Him the ruler of heaven and not of earth; it deprives men of that which they chiefly need in the trials and perplexities of the present life. The teaching of the Bible is not so. It says,—"In everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God."

The examples of Scripture clearly enough teach that God will have us make prayer to Him about all that in any way concerns us. We have but to recall the prayers of Moses for Israel, the petitions of Jacob before his meeting with Esau, the prayer of Nehemiah that God would turn the Assyrian monarch's heart to favor the Jews' return from captivity, the prayer of Peter's friends for his release from prison, and a multitude of other instances which are presented in the Bible, to dissipate the impression that God is not to be inquired of in things other than the purely spiritual.

Doubtless God is specially disposed to give spiritual blessings to those who ask them at his hand; but if he is ready to give these greater gifts, is it reasonable to suppose that he will withhold the lesser ones, the temporal mercies, guidance in daily embarrassments, relief from national calamities, the removal of temporal evils and deliverance from

temporal foes? The existence of such a sentiment is a strange piece of inconsistency in a child of God. Shall he entrust his Heavenly Father with the redemption of his soul, with his immortal being for everlasting ages, but fear to commit to his keeping the treasures of earth and the interests of time? Shall he rejoice to believe that God has prepared eternal happiness for those who believe in Jesus, and yet hesitate to admit that he has any care for their happiness now?

How strange a view for a Christian to take of His relations to his own children. He has declared by the mouth of his Son, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," and it were well for us to pierce to the kernel of that declaration.

There is always a reason for Christ's choice of illustrations; and is not the reason why such an expression was selected to deepen our feelings of God's providential care, evidently this? The hairs of your head are the most unimportant part of your body; their change or loss has no perceptible effect upon your health or circumstances; they fall to the ground and you know it not; but God notes the fall of each. Believe, then, that there are no circumstances connected with your temporal or eternal welfare which escape your Heavenly Father's notice; none that he deems so unimportant, trivial, finite, so wholly temporal as to be without the sphere of his direct agency and watchful care.

The effect of the hearty reception of this view of God's providential care, would be a large increase in the prayers of God's people for blessings which would make this world better, more like heaven, and a scene of preparation for heavenly enjoyments.

## M.

## Horrible Revelations.

Stanley's book does not it appears tell all the horrible things which occurred "In Darkest Africa." Major Barttelot, who was in command of the rear column of the expedition, was, it will be remembered, shot. Some of his relatives and friends thought that Stanley in his book and reports did not do that officer justice. His brother published a book in which he cast serious reflections on Stanley. It looks as if it would have been better for the friends of the dead Major to have left the matter as Stanley put it. The attacks upon him were so serious that Stanley has been compelled to tell more than, in his desire to shield his slain officer, he intended to tell. All the facts connected with the rear column under Major Barttelot are being made public, and they certainly are not to the credit of the major. He is shown to have been a very overbearing and cruel man, not at all the man for such a position as he held, and that his own harsh and brutal conduct provoked his slayer to the fatal act. Lieutenant Jameson also appears in an unenviable light.

The London *Times*, to which Stanley has given all the documents connected with the Barttelot command, is publishing the papers. On Friday it published the full text of Assad Farran's affidavit with regard to the rear guard.

The original is in Assad's handwriting. Assad explains he was obliged in London to contradict his account because the committee did not desire him to reveal anything. He describes how Barttelot, after Stanley left Yambuya, finding food scarce, employed armed Sudanese to attack neighboring villages, but they were deserted. He then had recourse to capturing native women and demanding food for their ransom. Bonny did the same thing. Assad relates how Barttelot daily ordered that men be given from 25 to 100 lashes for various offences. He describes the arrival of and negotiations with Tippoo Tib. He speaks of numerous cases of stealing of food, the thieves being punished with 100 or more lashes each. The affidavit tells of the Jameson affair at Ribakibia. Jameson expressed to Tippoo's interpreter curiosity to witness cannibalism. Tippoo consulted with the chiefs and told Jameson he had better purchase a slave. Jameson asked the price and paid six handkerchiefs. The man returned a few minutes afterward with a ten-year-old girl. Tippoo and the chiefs ordered the girl to be taken to the native huts. Jameson himself, Selim, Masondie and Farhani, Jameson's servant presented to him by Tippoo, and many others followed. The man who brought the girl said to the cannibals: "This is a present from a white man who desires to see her eaten." The girl was tied to a tree, the natives sharpening their knives the while. One of them then stabbed her twice and she fell dead. The natives cut pieces from her body. Some took the legs, arms, and other portions straight to the huts, while others took the entrails to the river and washed them, Jameson meanwhile making rough sketches of horrible scenes. Jameson afterward finished his sketches in water colors. There were six of them, all neatly done.

Bonny makes a further statement to the effect that the cannibal incident was the cause of the death of both Jameson and Barttelot. He says Assad told him that they, indignant over the outrage, forced Assad to make an affidavit, which was sent to Europe. Barttelot heard of this and feared he

would lose his commission. He became more violent than ever and probably went crazy. Jameson worried himself into the fever that killed him.

There are intimations that Barttelot's relatives will bring an action against Stanley, but he is, evidently undisturbed by the threat.

## The Power of Prayer.

## NO. I.

The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working. Elijah was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months. And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.

Prayer is the only omnipotent force bequeathed to man. Its power is illimitable. "Whatever ye ask in my name, that will I do," is the promise of our Lord. Who dare assert that he who asks shall not receive? Heaven and earth may pass away but no word of God can fail.

The passage takes us back in imagination to the history of early days. For purposes known only to God, the people of his choice are divided into two kingdoms. The one retains in measure the true worship of God. The other apparently threw off all fear of God from their eyes. Sin settled down on the northern kingdom as a pall. God ever merciful, even in judgment, brought about in his providence just that correction, which, he had warned them of, as the consequence of forsaking their God.

God never lacks an instrument to do his work, and Elijah appears suddenly upon the scene. Elijah stands out in Bible history as a star of the first magnitude. He is a prophet of God's school, and a righteous man. He is pained at the degeneracy of the nation, and prays for a withholding of the dews and rains of heaven. God heard and answered—nature obeyed. The fruitful land became a desert. The rivers and pools of water disappeared. The foliage of forest tree—the green grass in valley and on mountain slope withered away. No blossom adorned the fig tree, no fruit enriched its branches, no fruit hung in clusters from the vines, no labor in the barren olive fields. "The wild asses stand on the bare heights, they pant like jackals, their eyes fail, because there is no herbage." The heavens over their head was as brass, and the earth as iron, and a dreary melancholy brooded over all. Did nature meekly respond to the voice of prayer? Even so.

Again Elijah prays. The curtain is drawn aside and we get a faint glimpse of this second scene in the prophet's devotions. It is a day of momentous events. On the eastern spur of Carmel God answers the prophet by fire. That act passes away with its greater or less results, and the prophet goes still higher up the mountain to meet his God, and to pray, this time not for fire, but for water—the gentle showers to refresh the earth. Down on the bare earth does the righteous man fall, and prays for rain—the needed rain.

Not once, but seven times did the cry go up for rain, rain. The young servant reports at last a cloud over the western sea, rising into the sky that had been clear and cloudless for years. There were immense possibilities in that rising cloud. It was an earnest token of untold blessings to the kingdom. It was the developing emblem of a coming prosperity. In that cloud was not only the yet unrevealed rushing river, the babbling mountain torrent, the refreshing springs and pools of water; but also waving fields of golden grain, the clusters of purple grapes in the vines, and the sweetness of the olive yards—a full and plentiful harvest for all.

"Hasten O King! speed thee down the steep of Carmel, and across the valley to thy home at Jezreel, that the rain hinder thee not," were the words that rang in the ears of the besotted and dazed Ahab.

"Rain—rain, the beautiful rain," as the prophet ran swiftly before the royal chariot, while the brooks and water-courses rushed with a wild tide of waters.

## An Evening With George Kennan.

Dear INTELLIGENCER:—I usually have given this evening each week to the reading of your columns; but owing to my rather sudden change of address you have not reached me yet. When I want to see my friends, and cannot, I usually take relief in my pen, and afflict them with a long letter. So, my friend, I shall persecute you in the same merciless manner.

Tonight, from eight to ten p. m., I

highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 188.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

had the privilege of listening to the celebrated Siberian traveller and lecturer—Geo. Kennan.

Last season he gave his lecture on "Camp-life in Siberia," in this city, and it called out the largest audience of the season. Tonight he spoke of the "Russian Convict System." He is a person of medium size, dark complexion, clear penetrating eye. His manner and style are easy and graceful. His voice is clear and natural—speaking with ease and distinctness in a low tone without any effort during the entire course. Mr. Kennan briefly outlined the object of his lecture, and his audience could almost see the long low chain of log huts and prisons, gold placers and convict settlements situated between two ranges of the Zablonski Mts 1600 miles from the coast and 5000 miles from St. Petersburg, known as the "Mines of Kara."

Mr. Kennan was accompanied in this, one of the most perilous of journeys by Mr. Geo. Frost of Boston. They started in Sept. of '85 to travel over ice bound and steep ridges, flooded plains, across swollen rivers, with the temperature from 15 to 20 degrees below. After several days of this cold the weather suddenly became more severe and they were obliged to alight from their horses to keep themselves from freezing, and wend their way on foot through the greatest dangers. Three days like this, and several more of walking, riding and climbing, brought them to the foot of the "Lower Diggings."

It was, says Mr. K., a series of low huts and cabins, and about a hundred and fifty shanties, long unpainted log barracks, and officers' red roofed houses.

Before us on one side of an open square forty or fifty convicts with grey coats were at work, while numbers of Cossacks with sheepskin coats and fur caps stood leaning on their rifles and watching their prisoners. This, in the cold grey light of the gloomy autumn afternoon was our first view of convict life at the Mines. It exerted upon me a most depressing influence.

By skilful movements Mr. K. became the guest of the Governor of the prisons, which only increased the difficulty of furthering his three fold plan. 1st to go through the common prisons, 2nd to make the acquaintance of the "free command," a body of persons released from servitude on a ticket of leave and living comfortless by themselves. 3rd to visit the political prisoners and see their lives of misery.

The first of these wishes was readily granted him.

The prison as he describes it is a most revolting place. He speaks of stepping over indescribable filth into the repulsive air of the corridors. The floors were almy with exhalations and the odor is never to be forgotten. He says, "I ask you to imagine a cellar the air of which has been fifty times breathed by human lungs, still further made foul by pungent exhalations from unwashed human bodies, and yet you can have no idea of the foulness. From this we entered the cells. Here the air is fifty fold worse than in the corridors. The walls are impenetrable and the windows are fixed. The convicts lie upon benches without pillows or blankets and are covered only by their coats." Mr. Kennan illustrated this part of his lecture in convict dress, consisting of coat, thin shirt and drawers, low shoes and heavy steel leg fetters.

By stealthiness he succeeded, in the absence of the Governor by whom he was closely followed, in making his way to the lodge of the captain of the "Free Command," who entertained him and took great care to describe the prisoners as a class of persons enjoying great luxuries, with time to read, write etc. at their leisure. Mr. K. feigned the greatest ignorance as to his knowledge of their real condition, and great confidence in what the Captain was saying, then he asked to be allowed to see the prisoners. This request was refused on the plea that they were not allowed to see foreigners, chiefly because they (the prisoners) were a class of persons not to be trusted. "Why you have no idea," the Captain added, "in what a cunning manner these fellows will plan deception. Why I have taken letters out of the ears, mouth and even a charge of dynamite out of an old hollow tooth."

"A cold shiver," says Mr. K., "ran down my back as I remembered that

concealed inside the fur lining of my coat were letters, gifts, etc., from some of the dear friends of these poor victims who were so near me.

"One person, he adds, "I had determined to visit and talk with Miss—By great care I succeeded in finding her cabin, a miserable low hut, the inside of which was the home of one of the gentlest and most refined of women, who had been banished simply for being present in Kiev at the time of a resisting the police. Her sentence was for life.

The lady met me at the door in her prison dress, and stood in speechless amazement. When she had recovered her voice she asked, "Sir how did you get here? You are the first foreigner I have seen in all these years. Do you know the dangers you subject yourself to?" She took me inside and there I found a woman sixty or seventy years old, the feeble, aged mother who had walked these hundreds of miles to share the fate of her only daughter and die with her. I had never in all my life seen so hopeless a face.

They allowed me to remain but a short time, but I was to return at night to meet so many of the convicts as could be stealthily gotten to her home. When the dull twilight had faded I met there some thirty young men and women from twenty to thirty years of age, each in his convict dress (both sexes dress alike, except that the women wear a short skirt). On every side I heard the clanking of heavy fetters which the convict wears day and night. Oftentimes with ankles swollen and galled he is compelled to travel with the mud freezing to these poor bleeding limbs. The dress is barely sufficient to keep one from shivering in our mild October. Yet all this and much more is borne by scores of reformed cultured women and men—men better by far," he adds, "than I can ever hope to be."

"You can little imagine," he continues, "the eagerness with which these poor victims met me as they realized it was, perhaps, their first, only or last opportunity of sending a message to the dear ones whose hearts yearn year after year so wearily for some word from them.

At twelve o'clock on the night of Dec. 31st, this sad company watched the old year out and the new year in, while the fathers and mothers, wives and children, watched in homes thousands of miles away. A two-fold hopeless watching. It is no wonder that so many seek relief in death, or go hopelessly insane.

This very night one young lawyer seemed to be unusually depressed. He retired, wrote a long letter to his father and then shot himself." A copy of this letter, Mr. K. read to his audience. It was intensely thrilling and affecting. After describing that his sentence was made more severe and an increased misery added to it, he says—"My dear, dear father and my beloved brother, I feel that for the love you bear me, you will forgive the great sorrow I cause you in this act. I have long been tired, deathly tired of life and I can bear it no longer. The one hope that has kept me in all these years—to regain my liberty and serve my country in the cause of freedom and right, is now forever denied me and I die tonight. Farewell my loved ones, once more a last farewell."

"Just opposite us in another cabin a young surgeon, thirty-three years old, lay dying of prison consumption. I found it impossible to go to see him. On my return to St. Petersburg, I called on the young lady to whom he had been engaged. Fifty days had passed since death released him before she heard of it. At the time she was just about to start for the Mines, marry him and share his fate. "She is a beautiful lady," the speaker said, "and as she stood before me, her face like marble in whiteness and chill, she unfolded a piece of coarse linen thickly worked in vines and figures, done by the hands of her dear departed. She turned to me," says Mr. K., "and said in tremulous words, 'Imagine sir, what thoughts have been worked into every stitch you see upon this precious piece of cloth.'"

I might tell still more of his Siberian accounts, but the time and space will not allow. It seems to me that just such fearless truth speaking, the uncovering of such crimes as these and the wide scattering of facts, is the

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