

TERMS, NOTICES, &c

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 \$2.00 a year.

New subscriptions may begin at any time of the year.

When sending a subscription, whether new or a renewal, the sender should be careful to give the correct address of the subscriber.

If a subscriber wishes the address of his paper changed, he should give first the address to which it is now sent, and then that to which he wishes it sent.

The date following the subscriber's name in the address label shows the time to which the subscription is paid. It is changed, generally, within one week after a payment is made, and at latest within two weeks. Its change is the receipt for payment. If not changed within the last named time, inquiry by card or letter should be sent to us.

When it is desired to discontinue the INTELLIGENCER, it is necessary to pay what is due, and notify us by letter or post card. Returning the paper is neither courteous nor sufficient.

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 sometimes confusion and mistakes.

All communications, etc., should be addressed RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, Box 375, Fredericton N. B.

DECEMBER RENEWALS.

SEND THEM NOW.

December is the great month for renewal subscriptions.

More subscriptions expire in this month than in any other month in the year. Therefore more renewals are expected.

We hope to retain all present subscribers on our 1893 list. The INTELLIGENCER needs them all, and we trust they feel that they need it. We will do our utmost to give them a good paper—not less good in any respect than it has been and is, and as much better as it is possible to make it.

We are looking for renewals now. It is not well to delay till the end of the month before sending them. A little before the expiration of the present subscription is better than a little after.

Our friends everywhere will greatly oblige us and facilitate our work if they will begin at once to forward their subscriptions for another year.

SEND NEW NAMES.

We hope each subscriber will endeavour to send a new name with his renewal.

Remember the offer:

\$2.50 will pay your own subscription one year, and for a new subscriber one year.

It ought to be possible to double our list of subscribers this month. It can be done by each present subscriber sending at least one new name with his renewal.

Do the INTELLIGENCER the favour of trying this plan. And the sooner the canvass is begun the more likely it is to succeed.

We will regard it a favour if the ministers will direct the attention of their people to this matter just now, urging prompt renewals and counselling those who have not yet done so to become subscribers now.

We hope to receive more subscriptions this month than in any previous December. If each one who is concerned in this notice will promptly respond to the call, our hope will be realized.

Now for renewals from 11 over the field!

And a new subscriber with each renewal.

Religious Intelligencer.

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

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21st, 1892.

—HE WHO, from jealousy or envy, or for self-advancement, aims to injure or destroy another, is soonest destroyed himself.

—THE CORRESPONDENCE of a paper is always an interesting feature. It is always read. We are anxious to have the brethren communicate frequently to these columns. The people expect to hear from them, and are disappointed when they do not write. Write, brethren; write often.

—THE ARTICLE, "An open letter to St. Nicholas" appeals to the heart and will bear very careful perusal by all.

—OUR THANKS are due to a number of subscribers whose renewals have been accompanied by new names and subscriptions. We hope to have many hundreds such. Now is the time for renewals and new subscribers.

—DR. JOSEPH PARKER says that while personally the Pope might be the most excellent man living, officially he can only be regarded as the prince of usurpers, and the greatest hindrance to the largest and best progress of the world.

—DR. GORDON thinks "the danger to the church is greed." Devotion to gain in her membership is the canker-worm that preys deepest into her vitals. Her faith attested by works, and her money consecrated to the Lord will greatly multiply her power and cause her to surprise the age with her growth and achievements.

—CONSIDERATION of "the weak" is, certainly, a Christian duty. But, as the "Inquirer" puts it, sometimes "the weak look for defence and submission to their whims till they exercise a tyrannical power. Ignorance and prejudice are generally allied with obstinacy. It is not easy in such a case for an intelligent Christian to yield to the purlie and unreasonable exactions they demand. While it is a duty to "bear the infirmities of the weak," it is also the duty of the "weak" to become strong, and this they can do if they will inquire with a teachable mind.

—MANY CHURCH MEMBERS habitually neglect the Lord's Supper. In many churches not half the members observe the communion. And there are churches, even, in which the ordinance is not observed once in the year; in some, it is to be feared, it has not been observed as often as once a year. Why is this neglected? Is it because there has not been careful enough teaching as to the significance and importance of obedience to the command of our Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me?"

It is plain that neglect of the Lord's Supper cannot be persisted in without spiritual declension. Surely our Lord, who knew well the need of His disciples and what would contribute to their spiritual nurture, had their good in view when He instituted the Supper. To neglect his ordinance, disregarding his command, must be attended with serious loss to His people and church.

—THE FOLLOWING from the pen of an infidel editor, is a striking testimony to the power of New Testament Christianity. The Bible is the best work on theology in existence.

The tent meeting in the park under the auspices of the Christian society has been a phenomenal success. Beginning as a blank among the church societies of Anamosa, the evangelical work by Rev. Bruce Brown, and the gospel singer, Prof. Martindale, have been prolific of results. So far there have been between sixty and seventy conversions made, and the work is not ended. At the date of this writing there have been sixteen baptisms by immersion, and a large number are still waiting for the administration of the rite. There is a consistency in the Christian teaching that commends itself to Christian people who love logic. The evangelical denominations profess implicit belief in the Bible. It is their bedrock, and yet the most of them in the actuality of their religious instruction cast the Bible aside and substitute creeds that are man made, and frequently the most narrow contracted specimens of human invention. The Christian society takes the Bible for their creed, and offers none other. Their preaching is on a par with their creed, and they are consistent and strong.

Merry Christmas.

Before another issue of the INTELLIGENCER reaches our readers Christmas day will have come and gone. To you,—one and all, the INTELLIGENCER would express its wish that you have a good Christmas in the fullest and truest sense. It is essentially the Christian's day, and during the Christmas time, more than any other, is demonstrated the fact that,

"Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less."

The spirit of the Christmas time, that friendly, generous, sympathetic and mutually helpful spirit is the true spirit of Christianity. To enjoy Christmas fully we must be free from selfishness, above meanness. We must be broad, frank and above-board and in full touch and sympathy with our brother man. A man, who is narrow and selfish never has Christmas in his soul.

And so, when we wish that you may enjoy, in the largest degree, the many pleasures of this blessed season, we are wishing that you may all be true, noble men and women, worthy

of the birth, which this day commemorates.

Christmas well deserves to be held sacred as the gladdest, merriest day of all the year and it is pleasant to remember that the observance of Christmas is a chain, binding all Christendom past and present into one—encircling the ages of the globe.

From our "inside heart" we wish, in conclusion, to all our readers—a very merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ST. NICHOLAS.

The other day I overheard a little girl not twelve years old, say in answer to some question of a younger sister about Christmas "That she just dreaded Christmas." The pessimistic words set me thinking, and I have come to the conclusion that something ought to be done to make the sweet old day more simple and less burdensome than it is.

What made the little girl whose words I have quoted "just dread Christmas?"

I suppose she was thinking of a scanty purse, and the many presents she was expected to give, and the worry and work involved in their selections.

And that very thought is to day troubling her father and mother, and her uncles and aunts, and countless uncles and aunts and fathers and mothers all over the land.

That little girl found out long ago, that her doll was stuffed with saw dust, and like Betsy Prigg who got sceptical about Mrs. H. "arris" and there are times when she even doubts the existence of Santa Claus.

Next year her school girl essay will be "Is life worth living" and a few years later is "marriage a failure?" I wonder if we can't put some of the blame of our half-joy, and half-dread of Christmas on your old broad shoulders St. Nicholas.

When we exchanged our wide old chimneys, and deep fire places with their big back-logs for cylinders and registers, and you had no chimney to climb down, and had to find some other way of getting into our homes, I suppose you were dazed, and annoyed for awhile, and then when you had adapted yourself to our modern ways, and the new condition of things, I don't think you were the same simple old soul of "ye olden time," but more dignified, and I don't want to hurt your feelings Santa, just a trifle "dudeish" perhaps. I think your heart has been slightly "turned" since you have grown rich, and have so many fashionable friends.

I do not accuse you of down-right snobbishness, Santa, I don't think you would "cut" a poor relation; but are you just as attentive, and generous to the poor, as when you were poor yourself? Do you go "over the hill to the poor house" every Christmas as you did when I was a boy? You have grown such a rich manufacturer and importer, with your factories all over the land, and your fine toys from Paris and Germany, that you have almost forgotten that you had to work so hard and make your own toys before you came "into your money."

Do you remember the hand-sled you whittled out for me; and the skates you made at the black-smith shop? I got more fun and bumps, out of that old sled, gull-shaped steel runners, and paint than your little Lord Fauntleroy, gets out of their "meteors" and "electricity," painted in all the colours of the rainbow. Do you remember the stockings you filled, (or only half-filled) at our house? We knew you were poor Santa, in those old days, and so we never complained—Complained!! Oh no, we never dreamed there was cause of complaint, and we got more joy out of the toes of our stockings when you put in a dough-nut, and an apple not much larger than one of our red, or golden crabs, than your little folk get out of all their treasures.

I don't want to be too critical Santa, but have you not made a mistake in leaving so many toys, and costly presents at some of our homes, and half neglected other homes where there is only one pair of hands to keep the proverbial "wolf from the door?"

I peeped into one grand home last Christmas, where you had left an abundance of beautiful presents the night before and the children were fretting, and complaining because there was something you had forgotten, or could not afford to give them; and I thought of poor Flora McFlynsey with her "nothing to wear" in the midst of her beautiful ward-robe. And I know Santa, that within a stone's throw of that beautiful home with its many presents there was one poor home, where the fire was low, because the fuel was dear but there was fire enough to cook the scanty meal, and there were tears in the mother's eyes, and an ache in her heart as the children asked with tears, that made my own eyes dim, why you had passed them by.

I don't want to be impertinent St. Nicholas, I know you are several centuries older than I, and I know you have a warm sympathetic heart and you cannot bear to hear a child cry, but most old people are forgetful and your memory may not be as good as your heart, so I have been impelled to write you this open letter, (I have forgotten your address) to ask you to be sure and not forget some children and old people you forgot all about last Christmas.

There is one old couple living out here in the country, (you know who I mean, and where they live) whose son went out West four or five years ago. At first he wrote regularly, (as you know) and his old father and mother leaned on those letters, and read them until they were worn out, but that did not matter, they knew them "by heart," but the last letter came more than a year ago, and sometimes they think he is dead, but you and I know better; he is living yet, but he has not found the fortune he went to seek and (let me whisper it) he is just a little "wild" and he is half ashamed to write and half careless too, and I want you to tell him, that the old people have "aged" very much during the past year, that his father stoops more, and looks ten years older than he did last Christmas. Tell him that his mother worries and frets, and dreams that her little boy, he is always a little boy to her, he is six feet in his stockings, and strong, is in trouble, and she grows weaker and older, year by year apparently. Tell him to write to the old folks next mail, and to write "God willing I shall be home for Christmas, father and mother."

There is a young fellow in Boston, Santa I want you to be sure and see, "He is the only son of his mother, and she a widow." His mother heard the other day that he has gotten into a "fast set" and is going the "pace" that kills. Tell him Santa how his mother frets, and prays for her wandering boy, and that he is breaking her heart, and that if he don't write to her, and say "mother look out for me I shall be home Christmas," his mother will be with his father in heaven, before another Christmas, and he will have lost the best friend good, or bad boy, ever had in this world.

And Santa, that young girl who went from the country to New York, I think; you know who I mean and her old, sad story, she will be in "Potters field" soon, unless you can find her out; and get the good Angels to send her home. Tell her the story of the Magdalene and that the Christ who said "Go in peace and sin no more" will receive her.

There are two neighbours who once were friends, but they have become strangers and have not spoken to each other for months. Can't you whisper words into their ears Santa that will put kindlier thoughts into their hearts.

Whisper the old Christmas story of the Angels "Peace on Earth and good will to men," and if to-morrow's sun goes down upon their wrath, may not the sun of Christmas day.

And Santa, that man who works in the factory, when he is sober enough, I want you to touch him with your wand, have you a wand? or speak to him and sober him, and wash him, and clothe him and then if you want to see the happiest home you have seen for many a long year take him home with you, clothed, and in his right mind, a Christmas present for the children, of a father, and for the wife a husband, for that saloon has stolen the husband, and father, they once had.

Lastly, as the preacher's say, Santa don't forget the old, and the poor. If you forget any let it be the rich, "Go over the hill to the poor house" without fail, and let the old, the blind, and the foolish, and the good and the bad, know that Jesus who went about doing good, uses your feet to go on His errands, and your hands to carry his gifts. And let them stop singing for one brief day, at least. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun."

P.

Stray Notes.

NO. V.

Banff about eighty miles west of Calgary, is the station of the Rocky Mountains Park. The Park is a national reservation, and is under control of the Department of the Interior, Mr. G. A. Stewart being the resident Superintendent. It contains two hundred and sixty square miles, in which are embraced portions of the valleys of the Bow, Cascade and Spray rivers, sundry lakes, including the Minnewanka (or Devil's Lake) and several fine mountain ranges. Already \$150,000 have been expended in bridge-building, road making etc., there being now about thirty five to forty miles of excellent roads, and several miles more in course of construction. The drives through the valleys and up the sides of the mountains are delightful.

To describe all that is to be seen at Banff is not easy. We quote one who has spent much time there, and who says, "On the sheltered terrace which commands the whole of it, we take our place and all day long wonder and worship. The air is balmy with all the fragrance of these wind-swept forests. There is the sound of rushing water, from the great falls of foaming water, the Bow river hurries on to its junction just below the Kicking Horse. The one is turbid, the other clear, green and swift as the arrowy Rhone. On either side of this mighty stream huge cliffs rise, making a granite gateway. The one mildly defiant, softened at its base and summit with vegetation which gives it a touch of gentleness; the other stern with all the broodings of the ages, storm-scarred and frost-indented, rising four thousand feet, until in serrated lines as clear-cut as the scimitar's edge, it stands against the sky. What mighty peaks, promontories rising on peaks, stretching backward with mighty reaches, until the great range merges in the remoter peaks in this great panorama of mountains. Looking down the valley of the Bow we see an amphitheatre indescribable in its grandeur. The mountains concede little to the river; room for its channel, a river of green, a solitary island, forest covered, and then the mountains. Pile together the Presidential range, strips them from base to summit of their forests, scar them with ravines and gulches, set upon their lower peaks the crag of Drachenfels, put upon their face the peaks of a dozen Gibralters, and a score of Storm Kings, build up their summits on great terraces pillared like Fingal and Staffa, weave all the strata of all the ages into fantastic scar and patches like the disfigurements of a scalded face, and then fleck the ravines with snow and balance the clouds above them with their dancing shadows, and make background for it all the great clouds sailing like freighted argosies on sapphire seas; and one can have the outlines of the vision that lies before us as we sit above the foaming waters of the Bow river. "This description may seem overdrawn, but there is really much more that might be said of the Park, for from every point of view, as one rides or walks through the valleys or up the mountain sides, new beauties and grandeur meet his gaze, and delight and impress him. The wisdom of reserving this magnificent place for a National Park will, we think, be clearer as the years go on. It is already a favourite resort for tourists. The C. P. R. has erected a very fine hotel; but there are other good, and less expensive hotels there. Besides being a resort for pleasure-seeking tourists, it is becoming widely known as a health-resort. Sulphur Mountain abounds in hot-springs, which are said to have quite remarkable curative properties. The more important of these springs have been improved by the superintendent of the Park, neat buildings for the convenience of bathers have been erected, and caretakers are in attendance. Many persons, suffering from rheumatic affections, skin diseases and other troubles are said to have been either cured or greatly benefited by the mineral waters.

The journey through the mountains, from Calgary to Vancouver, a distance of six hundred and forty-two miles, and occupying about thirty-five hours, is indescribably sublime; as the hours go on it gets to be a monotony of sublimity. Up, over, down, around and through mountains, close to swift running rivers and across them, along the edges of great and deep ravines, looking down which makes some heads swim, through miles of mud tunnels, and more miles of rock tunnels, down the Kicking Horse pass, along the Thompson Canyon and the Fraser, in full view of the old Caribou road, which in places seems pinned to the bald and perpendicular mountain side, through the Rockies, the Selkirk and the Cascades, on and on, mountains, mountains, every where to the very coast. Mountains, rugged, bald, riven, snow-clad, cloud-capped, everywhere to the very coast. No one can quite describe the Gap, Cascade, Castle, Stephen, Sir Donald, the Hermit, Macdonald, the great Glacier, and the numberless other heights and depths which pass panorama-like before the traveller through these majestic mountain ranges. To be appreciated they must be seen, more than once studied.

Ministers in Business.

For the minister of the Lord Jesus to engage in secular business is quite too often to betray the cause of the Master he professes to advocate. In transcending his legitimate sphere he enters the enchanted ground where dangerous temptations are all about him. Secular business is no part of the great commission, and was not in the special divine call to the sacred office. In going outside to engage in secular

affairs and get gain, he is pretty sure to compromise his standing as a man of God and a messenger of the Lord Jesus. He will be thought no better than the average man of the world.

The minister is liable to follow exceptional lines of business and to operate by irregular and illegitimate methods. Accustomed to deal with good people, he is less likely to be on his guard than those doing business in the world. Accustomed to accept the word of people as authority, bold assertion is liable to carry him, often to his own sorrow. If any one has a wildcat scheme, an enterprise without bottom, a castle in the air, he is quite likely to find favor with a class of verdant ministers who accept assertion for fact. If any one has a machine charged with dynamite and especially dangerous to handle, he usually can find a minister quite ready to put his hand into the gearing, just to test it, for a moment. He usually finds the machine to be a trap, baited with large promises of gain, and sure to spring the moment he has a firm hold.

The minister is extremely liable to make a failure. If sharp business men fail in so large numbers, how is it likely to be with these untrained and green men? And, then, failure disgraces his office and embarrasses all his associates. A man who preaches usually comes out best who devotes himself to his single calling. Let him abandon secular business or put off his clerical robes. A man who uses his standing as a minister as an advertisement to his business, is a humbug and a cheat, who deserves to be excluded from the clerical ranks.—*Zion's Herald.*

Denominational News.

FORT FAIRFIELD.—I began holding meetings in this place (Fort Fairfield) a few days ago and I am glad to say the Lord is reviving his work here. Some have already been made happy in his love, others are seeking. I was out to California Settlement last Sabbath morning and met with Brother Dudy, a Licentiate of this district. He is labouring with this little church that was organized by Bro. Harry Hartt last year and is doing good work for God and souls. Brother Hartt is very highly spoken of here and is loved for his work sake. Brother Dudy is a good earnest man and is being made a blessing to this people. I had the privilege of speaking for God to a good congregation in the morning, and in the afternoon went to Gamet's Mills just a little way across the Boundary line and met about 150 persons and tried to speak to them the word of life. It was a deeply solemn meeting and at the close I baptized two happy converts on the profession of their faith and with one other received them into the church. The church here is located some two miles from Fort Fairfield on the east side of the river. It was organized last May by the Rev. J. J. Barnes with a membership of 21. He afterwards added some five others here, and ten more was added to this church who live in Limestone township. Soon after the organization the enemy of Righteousness made a most determined effort to destroy the church and it was rent in two pieces by two persons of whom we would have thought better things. A Free Will Baptist church was organized, the oldest deacon going off with the new organization, and now instead of our having one good strong church there are two weak ones. But our church though weak in number is true to God and the denomination to which it was united by our brother Barnes. He did his work well and is much beloved by our people here and I can see no cause for any blame upon him. The division is very hard to work over, our hope is in God, pray for us. Brother Israel Slipp and family live here and render us valuable assistance in the work. The prospect is that with God's blessing we may see much good work done here this year on this side of the boundary. It is a large and prosperous country and the people are much blest in worldly things. This is apparent to all. We have a good finance committee in connection with the church who have taken the responsibility of \$200 of my salary which is very good for a young and small church. This they did with a will. We feel we need much wisdom to enable us to build up this interest in this County of Aroostook. We are working for the INTELLIGENCER. We hope to put this, best of papers, in the homes of a number of families soon, as far as I know there is but two now, there may be more.

J. N. BARNES.

RUSAGORNISH AND LINCOLN.—As I have not written anything for the INTELLIGENCER in a long time perhaps a few lines may be interesting to some of your readers. When I left the Conference I was undecided where I should labour this year. After having returned home, I received a call from Hartland pastorate but I felt a strong impression

to go to Lincoln and so I am in the cause low make a disunion a past difficulty am harmoniously down to the setting field, From one or other is over preaching stony every Sunday better, and the out are very kind parish is the and is one was organized Elder Geo. C. Charity changed the church nomination among Free or one of our Now as I intend to write week, for the

FROM REV. close of my island approach God for given bath given n Our sever at the South in the conv precious son members in turn of a larg to Christ, th In all I converts, on my people h thanks to a their loving co-operation lighter and May God churches on prayer.

Cape Islan

FROM REV. been holding Hall, Hall's church is in condition a much though able to large requested by interested C. E., hold ing in our Dwayne's w had a very effect throug

Canning,

FREDERIC last month six letters o to persons of them yo States; at the missionary, and, after s after month that she w the doctrine requested a sister was only at her The follo was a good munion ser persons were ship of the previously three by let Yesterday Christ in t The spirit is a good and outpouring The past people for received of

FROM RIR rapidly the seem to go go, life is nearer, few fewer days We are v very nice h at home. for situat this if from to Berwic inland tow the hills. to a great people are perity. Th cent distri vigorously modern im I find ou thoughtful are good, in the chu in darkness God. Perhaps columns,