

TERMS, NOTICES, &c

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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.

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

Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D., EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9th 1892.

"TALE-BEARING emits a three fold poison; it injures the teller, the hearer, and the person concerning whom the tale is told."

MRS. SPURGEON continues to carry on the good work of distributing christian literature. Much help is, in this way, given to ministers and other christian workers whose means are limited.

THE GREAT congregation which attended Trinity Church, Boston, during the ministry of Phillips Brooks, has fallen off rapidly since he was made a bishop. There is probably no man in the Episcopal church who can fill his place.

THEY ARE WRONG who think all the good in the world belongs to the past. They also are wrong who distrust the future. There is more good in the world now than ever before, and the future will be better than the present.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER talks to his class of the danger of evil habits, and warns them against forming them. Next day those boys meet that teacher with a cigar in his mouth. What are they likely to think of him? How much importance will attach to his teaching? Are not they likely to think there is a sham somewhere?

DR. MACDONELL, of Toronto, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, declared that drinking is no sin, but that drunkenness is. Upon which the Templar comments thus:

"Well, it is not worth while arguing this point, because it is not at all necessary to establish such a basis for either total abstinence or prohibition. The strongest possible case can be made for either without assuming that drinking is a sin. At the same time, it is worth while to note that so broad and catholic a man as the great John Bright, who could not be called a temperance agitator, was not so dogmatic as Dr. Macdonell. He said:— 'To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober; one glass excites him and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage, and a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass. But when does the sin begin? At the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system an advance in sin and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?'"

WHEN MEN ARE pressed down by a great calamity and when every possible device is being attempted to ward off the evil; then their minds are sharp to note the cause of the evil and their physical manhood is prompt to utterly destroy that cause.

Thus it was in the city of Hughes-otka in Russia during the cholera scourge. The people noticed that the frequenters of the dram shops were the first and easiest victims of the pestilence. All their lives they had been going about their work, looking upon the liquor traffic as a good institution and so, at first they did not attribute the easy death of the drinkers to the drink itself but thought the saloon keepers were poisoning the

liquor. But there was a thinker among them, the philosopher of the town and he, after pondering a while, came to the conclusion that the liquor itself might be the cause of the evil. Thinking, he became convinced and convinced he so persuaded his fellows that they poured the liquor out upon the streets.

Thus did a great evil bear in its train much of good sound temperance teaching. May the people of that city always act in the spirit of that act and the cholera visit will have done them less of harm and more of good.

—IN ANOTHER column we publish some interesting facts concerning the Salvation Army and their Self Denial Fund. Many eminent men have expressed their hearty approval of the movement and have contributed to it.

Principal Grant, Kingston, Ont., says:—"I am much interested in your Self-Denial Effort, and gratified at its success. It has been objected that we should practice Self-Denial and pray every week in the year, but the objection is the same as that taken against Sabbath observances. Those who deny themselves one week are likely to live along the same lines on other weeks. I enclose for your fund a mite, which I have saved by denying self in little things."

Professor Blaikie, President Pan-Presbyterian Synod, recently held in Toronto:—"I highly respect and admire the spirit shown in the Week of Self-Denial, and often wonder how a people not rich in worldly goods should be able to realize so large a sum through that means. Such an offering must surely be acceptable to God."

Although there are many things about the working of the Salvation Army, the utility of which we cannot understand, yet, it has made a record that stamps it as one of God's agencies for evangelizing the world, and as such we cannot but bid it God speed.

The Flag Insulted.

A few weeks ago it was reported that a United States flag was torn and trampled on in Montreal. A slight investigation showed that the tearing and trampling was done by the owner of the flag, himself an American showman, his motive being to create a sensation. He confessed his work and his aim.

The people of Canada have too much common sense to indulge in such silly exhibitions. But in Brooklyn and other places in the United States, a number of instances have been reported where the British flag has been torn from private buildings and destroyed. And what a pitiful spectacle it must have been; what mere child's play; how degrading to a nation which pretends to be in the front rank of culture and advancement!

In no other country do the people descend to such practices—practices unworthy of a civilized people. In those parts of the world where strength and power alone make life and property safe and where the name of Britain and British vengeance are the only pass words to safety—in these places and there are such places, American citizens have often sought and have most freely obtained the protection of that old flag which in the arrogance of crowds they so wantonly insult. We would gladly ascribe such disgraceful scenes to the baser element of their society but none of the large New York newspapers have repudiated such actions nor said one word in condemnation of such baby's work. Nay, they record these events as if they were great national triumphs.

In what a pitiful state must that nation be, whose representative papers can find no cause for national rejoicing other than the fact that a flag, unfurled by one who, a citizen of their country, cannot forget the land of his birth and love has been trampled upon by a crowd.

An old United States soldier, who has with honor borne his own country's flag through many a hard fought conflict, rises with a contempt he does not endeavor to conceal and writes scathing lines against such actions on the part of his countrymen.

That flag torn from the residence of an inoffensive private citizen is the same flag that is borne untouched and unblemished by those men, whom the hardest fighter the United States ever produced General Grant, characterized as the best soldiers on earth—soldiers who have the "swing of conquest."

The difference in the position is what makes the difference in respect.

A Deliverance.

The following is rather a peculiar deliverance for any religious body to make as setting forth its principles and plans of action, yet this is the broad policy enunciated by the Roman Catholic Congress at Newark, "New Jersey":

"The Congress strictly adheres to the unerring principle that 'We approve what St. Peter approves; we

recommend what he recommends; we condemn what he condemns and we tolerate what he tolerates.'"

"St. Peter" to them is the Pope and the utterance means that the thought and action of the church's best minds and the noblest ambitions of its purest souls shall be limited by the mind and soul of one narrow mortal, who sits at Rome deeply sunk in the dust of ages long past, a mummy as it were of very far bygone days. The "Independent" says very forcibly:—

Would it not be well for our Roman Catholic brethren to try constantly to enlarge rather than to diminish the sphere of their freedom of thought and action? Does it never occur to them to ask why it is that the world's progress in all scholarship and statescraft has left them so far behind? Why is it that Germany leads the world's scholars and not Austria? Why is it that Catholics have had no part in the establishment of the French Republic? Why is it that they are not Catholic France but unbelieving France and Protestant America that invented the modern republic with its liberty, equality and fraternity? Why is it that the enterprise of the world is in the hands of Protestant England, Germany and the United States? Does it never occur to our Catholic brethren that this doctrine of meek submission, which so often dominates even the facial features of ecclesiastics, is destructive to independent and enterprising progress? Do they know why Catholicism, with all the enormous advantage of possession and numbers, has, in these last two centuries, been hopelessly distanced by the Protestant nations, has lost the confidence of the people in the countries where it is established, and has come to be almost a negligible factor in the story of the world's intellectual and social advance, so that it is now clear, even to the authorities in Rome, that somehow a new policy must be adopted, and old medievalism dropped? This is the meaning of the late interference of the Pope in behalf of the French Republic.

The Romish Church and the Public Schools.

Once again we refer to the attitude of the Romish church toward the public schools. As the years go by, that attitude of hostility is becoming each day more pronounced. In every state and community where it is at all possible this church has interfered with the public schools yet there are people who imagine that concessions to them would be just. But they care nothing for justice and fairness. They want everything they insist on having everything. The rights of other people are nothing to them. Take an instance from the neighboring republic.

The following letter from Elroy, Wis., appeared in the *Patriotic American* of Detroit, Mich., on August 27:

There are thousands of people in the East who will be loth to believe the high-handed manner in which the representatives of Rome conduct themselves where they get the opportunity, but the case which has just been decided in the Circuit Court here, and which has been appealed to the Supreme Court, will give them authentic information and open their eyes. This town has a very large Roman Catholic population. It is not a large place, having a population of about 1,600, and is located on the C. & N. W. Railway in Juneau County, about seventy miles west of Madison. They have one public school, with four rooms in charge of four teachers. There are three school commissioners elected by the voters, and last fall two of those elected were Roman Catholics and one a Protestant. They met and elected one of the Romanists president and the other secretary.

At the regular meetings the two Romanists would not attend, so there would be no quorum; then they would call a special meeting and not notify the Protestant. They appointed three Roman Catholic teachers and retained one lady who had long been teaching there, and who was a Protestant, though there was a clamor among the Romanists of the town for her removal also; but they seemed satisfied with seventy five per cent of the teachers. Then came the priest of the Roman Catholic Church and ordered the Bible out of the schools. This was done. Then he ordered that the Roman Catholic catechism should be taught in the schools; the Protestant teacher objected, but she had to submit or resign. Then came the crowning outrage of all. One morning the priest came into the school and ordered the three Roman Catholic teachers to take all of their scholars over to the church at once.

He then went into the other room and notified the lady to take all her pupils over to his church, as some interesting proceedings were to take place; she protested, but he marched every one of the scholars off, and taking every child over to his church, he publicly "consecrated" or baptized them into the Roman Catholic faith, Protestants and all, and many of the little folks did not know what was being done to them.

This last indignity was too much for some of the Protestant parents, and, with the Protestant school commissioner, they applied to the Circuit Court for an injunction to restrain the priest from further interfering with the public school. The court has granted the injunction, and the priest and his backers have appealed the case to the Supreme Court. This is the Supreme Court that last year decided that the Holy Bible was a sectarian book, and must not be read in the public schools.

The Supreme Court decides such appeals on the briefs submitted, and the Roman Catholics have plenty of money to retain the best attorneys to

fight their case, while the Americans have no such powerful organization. In case the Supreme Court decides in favor of the priest, what will he do next? And what will every priest in Wisconsin do, if the people submit? This is in America in 1892. The records of the Juneau County (Wis.) court will verify every particular as given above.

A Bit on Sociability.

In the quiet of an evening hour I made my way to a snug brown church not far distant. It wasn't a large church, it had no gilded dome and its little spire would scarcely be noticed among the many whose height seemed to rival the hills. No bell pealed out its heavy tones or sent forth its silver notes to tell the hour of worship or invite the passers by its come come come on a Sabbath morn.

Yet, the worshippers did come and the passers by dropped in and the seats were early filled.

The seats? O yes, restful, very restful they must have seemed to the weary ones who sometimes sought the courts of the Lords house.

Yes, the floors were carpeted and the walls were of pleasing modest shades.

It was a prayer meeting that I had come to at these quiet closing hours of the Sabbath day. Possibly not similar to the one where they prayed for Peter's release, but it might have seemed like the one held in the jail at Philippi, for they certainly "prayed and sang praises to God."

I am sure young deacon —'s prayer went right up to heaven. This is what I remember most about it. "Father, help us to make this a helpful, welcome, homelike place to strangers."

Now, when the benediction had been uttered the people did not pass out with elevated or bowed heads but each greeted the other with a pleasant word or a warm clasp of the hand.

Later, a slender girl who stood beside me said, I enjoy that little church so much, usually I attend the church and O, they are so strikingly cool.

I called to mind the words of a prominent member of the same, said he, "This very day I had resolved to be more social and made up my mind to speak with any stranger I saw. Well, I did speak to one person and the man looked at me with such utter amazement that it took away all my gathered courage."

Now, why would it not be easy to speak with that aged man over there? Tell him you are glad he is able to get out and hope he has been much blessed during the hour, or that pale girl a little to your left? Tell her you trust she has found the service restful and helpful, or those two boys who came in late and sat near the door? You might ask them to join your S. S. class. Don't ask them in an indifferent tone, but cheerfully, frankly and try to show them that you are interested in them.

A kindly look of recognition, a cheerful word or a smile sometimes does much to brighten the life or encourage the heart of some lonely or discouraged one, and then, too, one's own life becomes so much brighter by seeking to bring sunshine into other hearts.

R. A. PORTER.

How A Christian Bears Trouble.

As the Bible was intended to be a guide for human life, quite a large part of it is made up of biography; and it abounds in object lessons drawn from human experience. One of these many object lessons is presented in the twelfth chapter of the book of the Acts of the Apostles; it pictures to us a scene at midnight in a Jewish prison. Peter is in his cell, and on the next day he is to be brought out by Herod, and sent to heaven in the bloody suit of a martyr. This is his last night in trouble. To-morrow the executioner's axe will send him where trouble never comes.

If we could borrow the jailer's lantern and enter that dungeon, we should find a "quaternion of soldiers" watching the manacled apostle. Two of them are in the cell and two are before the door. If the prisoner escapes, the guards must pay the forfeit with their lives. This is stern Roman law. The keeper, therefore, are wide awake. Perhaps some of the leaders in this infernal persecution are awake and busy in preparation for the "auto-da-fe" on the morrow. Around at the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, are a company of God's people who cannot close their eyes on that eventful night. They are holding a prayer-meeting and entreating God to interpose and spare their brother "Great-Heart" from his bloody doom. It was the right sort of prayer, for the Greek word describes them as "straining" in supplication; for they realize that this is their last resort.

But in the meantime where is Peter? Lo, he is fast asleep! The children of

heaven are awake to pray for him; the children of hell are awake to destroy him. But the heart for which other hearts are throbbing dismisses its own anxieties, and falls asleep as quietly as a tired child on its mother's breast. There were many things to keep him awake during that doleful night; there was a far-away wife, and perhaps a group of children up in that home on the shore of Galilee, and he might have worried his parental heart about them. John Bunyan, when in prison for Christ's cause, tells us that "this parting from my wife and children hath often been to me in this prison as the pulling of my flesh from my bones. Especially from my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. But I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the very quick to leave you."

So did the heroic Apostle venture all with God. Family, home, labours for Christ, the welfare of the Churches, and his own life, were all handed over into God's keeping, and he, like a trustful child, sinks to rest in his Father's arms. So God "giveth His beloved sleep." Here is a lesson for us all. How did the Apostle attain that placid serenity of spirit? As far as we can understand, he attained it by keeping his conscience void of offence, and by anchoring his soul fast to God. An uneasy conscience would never have allowed Peter to cover himself under the sweet refreshment of slumber. One great secret of composure in time of trouble is to be at peace with conscience. It was not through Peter's fault but through historic faithfulness, that he had reached that prison cell. It lay right in his path of duty, and he had kept that path unflinchingly. He had come there for Christ's sake, and his Master had once assured, "Lo, I am with you always." How he should escape from that dungeon, or whether he should escape at all, he left entirely to that Master's hand. Faith was the pillow beneath that persecuted head, and so that midnight hour witnessed that sublime scene of tranquil slumber, while the executioner's axe or sword was sharpened for the impending blow.

Troubled child of God, go look at that most suggestive scene in that Jewish jail. Look at it until you get ashamed of many a peevish complaining you have uttered, and many a worry that has driven all sleep from your own eyes. Learn from it how to trust God, and in the darkest hour. Peter was simply practicing the same grace that his brother Paul did afterwards, when from his prison in Rome he wrote to his son Timothy "I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day." Paul knew that his martyrdom was just at hand, but he had made Jesus Christ his trustee, and he felt no more uneasiness than he did about the rising of to-morrow's sun. Both these men were just what you profess to be, no more and no less; they were Christ's men. They had no more promises than you have, and no other arm to rely on than you have. The watchword of their brave, fearless, composed, and compacted lives was, "I will trust!" That gave them such calm and delightful peace. In this world so full of difficulties and diseases and disasters, there are a great many anxieties that make people lie awake. "To-morrow morning I will go and draw that money out of that bank," says the uneasy merchant, who has heard some suspicions of the bank's solvency. Distrust of our fellow-creature's honesty, or truthfulness or fidelity is sad enough, but a Christian's distrust of his Saviour and his almighty Friend, is a sin that brings its own punishment. Half of the misery of life comes from this very sin. There was a world of truth in the remark of the simple-hearted nurse to the mother who was worrying over her sick child: "Ma'am, don't worry; you just trust God; He's tedious, but He's sure."

Perhaps this article may find its way into some sick room. Here is a motto to fasten up on the wall in full sight, "I will trust." Look at it often; it will be a tonic and a sedative too. If you are restless, put it under your pillow and go to sleep on it. Peter must of had it under his head. Swallow the whole fourteenth chapter of John. It will help you to get well, and if it is not God's will that you should recover, it will soften your dying bed and pilot you home to the Father's house in glory. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things?" If God has done the infinitely greater thing for you, cannot you trust Him to do the lesser thing? To slumbering Peter came God's angel of deliverance that night and struck off the chains. Perhaps there is an angel of mercy on his way to you, or will be soon.

THEOPHILUS H. CUYLER.

Letter From B. U. Taylor.

DEAR SIR,—I have been at home again about two weeks, from my trip to the East. On Sept. 8th Mrs. Taylor and myself left home for a month's rest among the friends of our early childhood. After a few days in Boston we went on to Gardner, Maine. Some of my wife's relatives live at that old historic place. We spent Sunday the 18th at Campobello, which was the home of my early childhood. I went up to the old church in the afternoon and joined with them in the Sabbath School. Memories of other days, came up fresh in my mind. I missed the veterans of 20 years ago. I am sure many of them have joined the Church triumphant. I had the pleasure of spending a quiet hour with old Bro. Phiney and Bro. Savage, at the Christian home of Bro. Savage. These good old brothers spoke feelingly of the work that my father had done in building up the religious life of that beautiful Island. His memory is green in the hearts of that kindly people. The writer's heart was made sad to see some 50 or 60 young men of tender age, walking up and down the streets, while the doors of the time-honored old church were closed. My prayer is that some one full of the love for souls, will go to the rescue of the young of Campobello. But I must hasten on. I arrived at Hampstead, Queens Co., on Wednesday, 21st, and with the help of a goodly number of Christian gentlemen we erected to the memory of my sainted father a monument which had been prepared, and shipped to Hampstead some months earlier in the season. The writer regrets that this could not have been done two years before. But we rejoice with you and the great host of father's friends that at last a fitting monument marks the last resting place of him who, amid great hardships and many trials, spent his days preaching unto the people the words of Eternal Life.

I wish again to acknowledge the kindness and thoughtfulness of the many dear friends of Hampstead. Just previous to my leaving for home Bro. Slipp handed to me a goodly sum which had been collected from father's many friends, saying they wished it applied to the monument fund. I inclose a partial list of the subscribers.

I see this letter is already too lengthy and will close. I would have been glad to have said something about my visit to St. John and Grand Manan. But space will not permit. Mothers health is still quite good. She looks for the INTELLIGENCER each week, and would feel disappointed indeed if it did not come. Both mother and the rest of our family wish to be remembered to you all.

B. U. TAYLOR.

Olean, N. Y.

TAYLOR MONUMENT.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Beverly Slipp..... | \$5 00 |
| Mrs. McGory..... | 2 00 |
| Thomas Crawford..... | 1 00 |
| Stephen Clark..... | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Solomon Cameron..... | 1 00 |
| Leander Estabrooks..... | 1 00 |
| Albert VanWart..... | 1 00 |
| Joseph Douglass..... | 0 50 |
| Miss Drisilla VanWart..... | 1 00 |
| Edward W. Slipp..... | 5 00 |
| G. L. Slipp..... | 5 00 |
| James Slipp..... | 5 00 |
| Asa Slipp..... | 1 50 |
| James Davis..... | 1 00 |
| | \$31 00 |

Mission News and Notes.

Mr. Dungan M'Laren says missions in Manchuria are having a wonderful success, the people there being more willing than the other Chinese to listen to Christian doctrine.

Dr. Montague, an English missionary in British New Guinea, venturing in May of last year too far from his station on the west coast was captured by cannibals from Dutch New Guinea. He was rescued by a Dutch ship in February. He speaks well of the country, but says that leprosy is prevalent. The tribe are still in the stone age. New Guinea is being rapidly opened up to trade, civilization, and christianity.

Among the natives of Africa there is no worship in the proper sense of the word, says Dr. William Brenton Greene in the *Missionary Review*. Religion has degenerated into a superstition called fetichism, which does not come so near to the worship of God as idolatry does, for the idolater professes to worship God through the idol, while the African, though admitting the existence of a Creator and Father, gives Him no actual worship. Sacrifices are made and prayers are regularly offered, but there is no confession of sin, no thanksgiving, no praise. Fetichism consists in the wearing of charms or amulets to secure a wish or to ward off an enemy. These charms may be anything—a shell, a bone, even a rag—that has been consecrated by the fetich doctor, who professes to inject into it by means of drug and in-