

TERMS, NOTICES, &c

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Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D., EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23rd 1892.

—BUSINESS AND RELIGION are not necessarily antagonistic. They not only may go together, but ought to. The best business man is the christian business man. No business should be engaged in that cannot be conducted in perfect harmony with christian principles. Religion which does not enter into and give character and direction to his business—which is a mere Sunday or off-work thing, is valueless to the man professing it, and greatly injurious to the onlookers, who do not distinguish between true religion and its counterfeit.

—THE WORDS of honoured age ever have weight. Listen to the following noteworthy utterance of Gladstone. He says:—"The older I grow the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and forty-seven in the Cabinet of the British government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

—MINISTERS sometimes make strange choice of texts. A Universalist minister preaching on "The Lord's need of our church," took for his text Mark 11:3—"The Lord hath need of him." We have heard of the same text being used for a sermon on the death of a devoted minister. When it is remembered that the need referred to in the text was a donkey, it will be plain that the preachers, however well meaning, were not particularly wise or happy in their selection, and did not, in the first case, greatly magnify the church; nor, in the other case, greatly honour the deceased servant of God.

—THE GERMAN EMPEROR may be erratic, he may have many wild ideas concerning the rights and privileges of Kings, yet his utterance on the occasion of the Luther demonstrations bespeaks him a firm believer in the saving gospel of Christ. In the course of his remarks he said: "Free conviction of the heart and the decisive acknowledgment thereof is a blessed fruit of the Reformation. We Protestants make feud with nobody on account of belief, but we hold fast our faith in the gospel to death."

This is Protestant to the core, and especially does it express the tolerance of the Evangelical Church.

—THERE IS SOMETHING worth thinking about in this from the N. Y. "Inquirer":

If the cholera should come into New York and destroy the lives of 10,000 men, the consternation would be without parallel in this city. But run kills 10,000 every year, and few feel any fear or compunction of conscience. If cholera should come the customers of the saloon-keepers would be most likely to fall before it. Would it not be well while cleaning the streets to shut up the saloons?

The people generally are more afraid of everything that threatens human life than of the one thing which is more destructive of the race than all the others.

—AT LAST, there is every reason to hope that the United States Government will act in concert with the British Government in prohibiting the sale of liquor and fire-arms to the Pacific Islanders. In the course of an international discussion of Missions

the Americans were much ashamed to hear that, for a long time, their country had refused to restrict trade in this direction. Perhaps this shame has, through them, had its effect on the United States authorities. For many years the British have refrained from trading with the Pacific Islanders in liquor and fire-arms and it is too bad that the good effect of such restraint should be set at naught by a Christian nation. May the United States, for its own credit's sake speedily come into line.

—"WE HAVE the 'canteen system' here in Canada, and there seems to be no way of getting rid of it at present. The time must come however when such prostitution of the British uniform to the disreputable purpose of being the garb of a common saloon keeper will no longer be tolerated.

In the United States, General Howard does honour to himself by openly attacking the canteen system in his annual report. This soldier by his true Christianity and distinguished bravery has gained for himself the name of the Havelock of the Union Army.

It would be better for Canada if among her officers there could be found one to speak out denunciation of such a debasing system. Not only is this thing inflicted on license towns, but, worst of all, local option towns must also put up with the outrage and the law-abiding citizens of such, powerless to stop it, are compelled to submit to a breach of the law which they themselves, by their votes, have placed on the Statute books. There must be some way to put a stop to such an outrage; because "Man is unjust, but God is just and finally justice triumphs."

—DR. THORE L. CUYLER, writing upon "The Outlook for the New Century" says:—

"The questions of the hour are: How shall three or four millions of ignorant freedmen be fitted for good citizenship? How shall the suicidal conflicts between labor and capital be prevented? How shall politics be purified and genuine civil service reform be carried out? How shall wealth be made to know its duties, and poverty be lightened of its burdens? How shall the drinking usages be diminished, and the 'seven devils' of the drink traffic be cast out?"

With such an array of difficult problems, of any one of which so many are found to say, it is impossible a solution; it would be a small wonder, if he, having a full conception of the difficulties, were disheartened. But he is not! He believes the moral and religious influences are equal to the task. As a man, on whose honoured head rests the weight of time, he knows by long and keen observation the needs of the age and on the other hand, with a young man's spirit, he confidently sets about the work of reform. He says:—

"These questions must be met and grappled with by us, not as creakers and cowards, but as brave lovers of country and of God. If we are not visionary optimists, let us be cheerful and hopeful pessimists, decrying dangers and ready to face them."

TENNYSON.

Tennyson is dead. One by one the lights, that have made bright and glorious the Victorian age of literature are going out, and are leaving behind them only those, which have up to this time paled into nothingness amid the dazzle of greater brightness. America has very lately been made destitute by the loss of Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, and now England mourns him who, through so many decades, has stirred the English speaking world to nobler impulses and grander ideals. Yet such men cannot be said to die, as long as one vestige of Britain's glory in art, in literature or in arms remains, so long will Tennyson live in the hearts of his countrymen as one, who in the highest way contributed to and celebrated that glory, and as long as men continue to love and reverence the home and the fireside, so long will Longfellow live in the sweet, simple songs of the hearth. There is the truest earthly immortality.

Tennyson received the laureatship in 1850. Succeeding Wordsworth the laurel came to him, "greener from the brow of him who uttered nothing base." It was no easy task to fill the place, in the heart of the English nation, that Wordsworth held, but on the brow of Tennyson the laurel never grew less green. He was a most prolific writer and his writings ranged all the way from the Lyric to the Pastoral. Perhaps his best Lyric poem is the soul stirring and never to be forgotten "Charge of the Light Brigade"—the very highest type of Lyric poetry. His best known longer poems are Locksley Hall, In Memoriam and The Idylls of the King of which In Memoriam is probably the most esteemed. It was written by Tennyson in times when the world seemed very destitute

and empty to him on account of the death of his much loved friend Arthur Henry Hallam. A sweet tenderness and a delicate stream of sadness runs through the poem as the poet lays open to the world the heart of the man. Mark the depth of feeling in these lines.

"Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use."

Like Wordsworth, Tennyson was the poet of simplicity. To him the elements of poetry were the pure, the simple and the good—

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills."

He was not, perhaps, to such an extent as Wordsworth, the poet of nature, he was more the poet of the truth. His ethics taught that the good alone could be beautiful, noble and ultimately successful. He never pandered to the loose lightness, that so often gains the cheap popularity of the vulgar. He was a strong believer in the Bible and in a personal communion with a personal Saviour, he says:

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears and spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet."

He recognized through all his life God's guiding hand and his expectation of the other life is thus expressed. "I hope to see my pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar."

Such a man must have made a deep impress on his age and must continue to make his power for good felt as long as faith in the Bible exists. How firm is his belief in the power of prayer—"More things," he says, "are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

No greater disaster can befall a country than to have an impure, unholy literature and on the other hand no greater blessing can come from God, than to have pure and true writings, such as Tennyson gave us, become the popular reading of the many. He, in words of beauty and strength bore noble witness of God to humanity.

His death was the death of the Christian. The moon shining into a room, lighted by no other light, revealed the dying poet's face, bright with the radiance of a coming glory. So he died, and such a death recalls these lines of his written many years before.

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water in the west,
There comes a glory on the walls."

"The mystic glow swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray."

Death in the Dance.

A dancing-teacher in California recently came under the influence of the Gospel and was converted. He immediately gave notice through the papers that he would give no more dancing lessons, which is very good evidence of the thoroughness of his conversion. Commenting on this incident the "Southern Advocate" says:—"Thus religion prevents him from initiating others into a form of amusement which is as dangerous to spiritual religion, if not to morality, as diphtheria is dangerous to physical health. The dance can never be successfully defended while its customs and accompaniments remain. The round dance the masquerade ball, the 'german' and other similar dances are evil, only evil and that continually. They have never helped one soul into the kingdom of heaven, but have dragged millions down to bottomless perdition. They are excellent traps for fools and not infrequently catch those who ought to know better than to step in. The Christian pulpit should sound an alarm. Better to wound some if you can save any, than to please all and let them be hopelessly ruined. Pity the fathers and mothers professing religion who suffer their children to attend the dancing academy. He that soweth to this wind shall reap the whirlwind."

Stray Notes.

NO. II.

Prohibition feeling is very strong in Manitoba. The recent plebiscite on the question was a very emphatic declaration of the people's desire that the liquor traffic should be legalized. The vote polled was large, within a few hundred of the number polled for the candidates for the legislature, showing that there are very few indifferent voters. The majority in favour of prohibition was over 12,000. Even in the city of Winnipeg, there was a majority of over 1,100 in favour of it. The Government, it is understood, is expected to introduce legislation in accordance with the mandate of the people so imperatively uttered. What

form the legislation will take is not known, probably is not yet decided upon. It is a somewhat perplexing matter, the question of the right of a Province to prohibit being involved. The belief has been general that the question has been decided adversely to the Provinces, though latterly it has been claimed, and by some who are regarded as having intimate knowledge of the subject, that no judgment yet given has been on the point at issue, pure and simple. Which is the correct view we do not pretend to say. It is highly desirable, though, that whatever uncertainty exists should be removed. And it is hoped that Manitoba's legislation, whatever form it may take, will compel a definite and final decision of the question of Provincial powers in dealing with the liquor traffic.

Governor Schultz presides over the affairs of Manitoba with dignity and wisdom. Both he and Mrs. Schultz are deeply interested in everything which affects the welfare of the Province. They were in the country in the early days, long before it became a Province of the Dominion, and have intimate knowledge of its whole history. Dr. Schultz did more, perhaps, than any other man to bring it into the Confederation. During the first rebellion he was imprisoned a long time by Riel, and only escaped with his life by the most heroic effort and daring. It is fitting that he should now be the Governor of the Province, to create which he did and suffered so much.

Brandon is well situated on the bank of the Assiniboine. It is a much pleasanter and more thriving town than we had thought. It has a population of about four thousand, and is growing steadily. There is much business done, and there are many signs of prosperity. There has been much building this year, and several fine buildings, stores and residences are now in course of erection. A large and well equipped public school, of brick, has just been completed.

The traveller regrets that he has to pass through some parts of the country in the night; through other parts of it he is quite willing to go under cover of darkness. Between Brandon and Regina it would have been pleasant to have a daylight ride, but the timetable rules otherwise. There is only one passenger train each way daily, and both go over this part of the road in the dark. And when one stops off he must remain at least twenty-four hours. This will, of course, be remedied when there is demand for regular local trains.

Regina is a somewhat pretentious place—the capital of the Territories. The Governor lives there, the Legislative Assembly meets there, the departmental offices are there, it is the headquarters of the mounted Police, and the rendezvous of officialdom generally. We wish we could say that it is well situated, good to look upon, and in other respects desirable, but we cannot. It has a population of, perhaps, two thousand, which is scattered over the prairie in a very irregular way. How the town came to be located there, and how the public buildings came to be distributed in such a strange way, no one undertakes to say positively though shrewd guesses are ventured. It may some time come to be the Chicago of the west, as some people pretend to believe, but just how is not clear to one who has no special interest in trying to believe it.

What interested us most at Regina is the Industrial School, a government institution for Indian boys and girls. It is on the prairie, about four miles from the town proper. It is in charge of Rev. Mr. McLeod, Presbyterian, gentleman who is, evidently, well qualified for the important work entrusted to him. There are about one hundred Indian boys and girls in the school. They are taught the three Rs and all the other things which belong to the ordinary school, and, besides, the boys are taught farming, carpentry, shoe-making, etc. etc. and the girls, sewing, housework, etc. etc. The Principal says they are quick to learn, and in many cases become much interested in their studies. Some of the boys have quite marked aptitude for mechanics, and there is scarcely a gl in the school, who is old enough, who cannot run a sewing-machine well. The consent of parents has to be had before children can be taken into the school. When the parents consent to have their children enter, they make their principal their guardian, and, having signed an agreement, Mr. McLeod says they are very careful, in nearly every case, to regard and faithfully observe it. They have great affection for their children, he says, and often visit them, pitching their tents just outside the grounds. Dur-

ing the few days they remain at each visit, they are allowed to have their children with them for a time each day. Occasionally a boy gets homesick, and starts for his old home, it may be 20, 30, 50 or more miles away. But some one from the school goes after him, and brings him back. They are given religious teaching, and attend church every Sunday. The Principal says they are very fond of Bible stories, especially the Old Testament stories, and that of all the Old Testament characters Sampson is to them the greatest man—their ideal.

There are several of these schools in the territories, the control of them being entrusted to different denominations. Whether the plan of making them denominational schools is the wisest is a question on which there are widely differing opinions, and the plan may have to be changed. But that the establishment of Industrial Schools for these children—the wards of the nation—is wise there can be no doubt. Not all, but a percentage, and it is hoped a large percentage of them, will be so trained that when they go forth from the schools they will not desire to follow in the ways of their untutored parents, but will seek employment at the trades they have been taught.

The Prodigal Son.

As an illustration of man's separation from his heavenly Father, and the nature of the estrangement, how he may return and what follows, the parable of the prodigal son is one of the most beautiful, clear and cogent.

Our present and future well-being God has placed very largely in our own hands. While He is very desirous that all His children should stay at home with Him and enjoy its bounties and pleasures, yet if dissatisfied, He permits us to go away, even into a "far country." Also that no injustices shall be done to the elder or to the younger son, he gives to each the portion which falleth to him. And when God gives to man a mind to perceive, a soul to feel and a will to act, he has given to him a portion of infinite worth. And whether we remain at home, or go far away and among harlots and in riotous living waste our substance,—the portion given us—we will be compelled by our intuitive sense of justice to acknowledge that he was and is an impartial Father. This justice and impartiality may not seem clear to us in all cases as yet but, this may be because the evidence is not all in. Possibly we have not seen thus far the other side. Possibly our moral vision has become distorted. We may have taken sides. Wait until the judge sums up the case. This wayward younger brother no doubt, had thoughts of this kind after he had spent all, and became a servant to the man who was in the swine business. We know not how long he may have brooded over the injustice of his lot in life. Quite likely he regarded himself as more than an average young man; and no doubt, the harlots and others thought so while his money lasted. But when he "came to himself" he had a different view of things.

A personal knowledge of one's condition must precede the improvement of that condition. People do not become better by accident. Men do not stumble into moral power or position, nor will they into paradise. It takes head and heart and will. Not that reformation is certain after reflection sets in; for many behold themselves in the mirror of truth, and go their way for getting what manner of persons they are. Not so with the prodigal son. He had a good view and the image held. His abject condition, home and plenty were so photographed on the mind that he cried, "I perish with hunger." Then followed the best resolution of his life; and what was better still, he carried out the resolution of going home. All the while in his wanderings his father had his eye on his wayward boy, and now meets him. Beautiful, blessed, glorious! The lost is found!

"Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

Who has not felt at times, as did this young man, the utter destitution of his moral condition when away from God? What soul when it has come to itself has not cried out, "I perish with hunger." God's method of feeding the soul cannot be set aside with impunity. There is no substitute nor antidote for spiritual food. And the soul, as well as the body, must be fed or starve. It must have air and sun and shower or die. It must slake its thirst from the fountain of life or parch upon the dreary wastes of doubt, disbelief and despair. Away from God, spiritual starvation is the result. Turn itself which way it may there is nothing but the husks upon which the swine feed. Nothing has been invent-

ed by atheist or agnostic to meet the normal wants of the human soul. No foolhardy explorer has discovered a way by which the redeemed of the Lord may come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. The easiest bed upon which the soul may recline in life, and the softest pillow for it in death is the Bible.

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain."

We live in a day when distance is said to be somewhat annihilated. Men travel faster by modern conveyances than formerly. The same may be true in the moral realm. This we know, it doesn't take long to get away from God. Foreign lands are soon reached; and there are many, and so are the conveyances thither, and the competition such that the fare is low on the outward passage. But it costs to get back! Inducements are held out as to accommodation, places of attraction and so forth, and returned tickets issued at reduced rates, and all that. Such are not accepted by the other road, and are worthless, and the traveler is swindled. All ways that lead from God are so, and there is no redress. Beside, those foreign lands are moral delusions, and it costs to travel away from home even if we take the third class, or the steerage. Very soon is our substance wasted. Soon we have spent all!

1. Take the land of sensuous pleasure. This is the realm of activity where the soul lives—or dies rather—upon the good which the carnal senses crave. This is called a fertile land,—inexhaustible soil,—where everything of beauty, and good grows spontaneously! What soul was ever satisfied with what the eye could see, ear hear, or tongue taste. It has proved to be a land of barren waste.

2. The same is true of the domain of wealth, and yet how many seem to think that money is a synonym for all our necessities, pleasures and wants. Notwithstanding the accumulated evidence of the ages from men of vast worldly wealth proves that this gold region is a spiritual Sahara, yet what an alarming percentage want to emigrate. Surely it is a merciful provision of Providence that the way to wealth is so difficult and dangerous that many are deterred from selling all to get there.

How many a younger brother has left his Father's home where there was plenty and to spare, and in his desperate determination to get rich has spent all,—all his worldly wisdom, all his energy, all his will power, all his physical strength, and even all his good name—honour, conscience and character—but has fallen by the wayside in an unconscious moral state from which there is no arousing until he stands confronted by the righteous judge to give an account of his stewardship. There will be no sympathetic brother or friend then to make 'up' the shortage and condone the fault. Gold of itself can no more feed the soul than it can the body. The realm of wealth is a dangerous foreign land since its climate may not only generate avarice, but it destroys the appetite for spiritual food. Is it not true now, as in our Saviour's day, that Christianity as a staple diet is to the man of wealth a nauseous thing. When such is the case, what can be done? In the nature of the case our Lord's comparison is nothing at which the disciples then or now should marvel. I saw some full grown camels the other day, and observed that they were very docile and obedient to their master. Hence with greater ease they could be made to pass through the most difficult place, than can a rich worldly man be induced to enter the kingdom of heaven. And outside the kingdom is inevitable starvation.

3. And the same holds true in regard to that sterile soil of human excuses which men can make for staying away from home and plenty. Says the young man, I am too young to take upon me the vows of the church. Does such excuse satisfy us in our moments of candor and reflection? Is there food for the soul in this excuse. Another excuse is the shortcomings of christian professors. Mr. A. loaned money at 8%, and then spoke and prayed in the prayer meeting. Mr. B. kept cider in his cellar, and though he couldn't read without glasses, he could find the fauce to the cider barrel. Deacon D. looked sanctimonious during the service Sabbath morning, but was hauling hay in the afternoon.

Admitting all this true, is there any soul nourishment in it! If not then you perish with hunger on this sterile soil. And though these excuses are pursued to the end, they are the same—nothing but husks upon which the swine feed.

All these foreign lands are filled with danger, and destitution, and the soul that tries to live upon them must starve. At home with God there is safety and abiding joy. To the penitent prodigal then, waits the kiss of forgiveness, the ring, and the best robe, and the fatted calf.

B. A. SHERWOOD.