

Religious Intelligencer.

THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.—Peter

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WHOLE No. 2064

SPECIAL OFFER!

From this date new subscribers, paying one year's subscription—\$1.50, will receive the INTELLIGENCER from the time of subscribing till Dec. 31st, 1894.

Will pastors kindly make this announcement to their people, and solicit those not now taking the paper to become subscribers?

Other friends of the INTELLIGENCER may secure many new names also by making this special offer known to their non-subscribing friends and neighbors.

This is a good time of year to canvass for new subscribers. With a little attention to the matter it ought to be possible to secure a good many new names between now and Conference.

We will regard it as a favour if pastors will also call the attention of those whose subscriptions are due to the importance of prompt payment. It is especially important just now.

We are hoping to receive many renewals and new subscribers at Conference.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

According to the "Missionary Review" not one Arab woman in Algeria is able to read, hence the gospel must be spoken to them.

Dr. D. J. Burrell has made a tabulated statement of the Sunday editions of eight New York dailies, and finds them to contain "forty-three columns devoted to crime, 361 to gossip and scandal, and 517 to other news, of which three and one-quarter columns is religious."

The Sultan of Turkey will not allow a telephone within his dominions on any account. He says that his subjects are far too ready, as it is, to plot against his life, and he does not propose to introduce any means whereby they might be able to accomplish their ends more easily.

The fate of Uganda is not yet determined. Sir Gerald Portal seems to be in favour of a British protectorate; but the final decision will be made in London.—The British are now strengthening their lines up the Niger across Lake Chad to Uganda. France wants this region, but the British seem to have first claim.

The British South African Company is likely to have very serious trouble in Mashonaland with King Lobengula and his warriors. War is expected. The Gladstone Government is very careful not to get involved in South African wars, and it is doubtful if the Company will get much aid from the Home authorities.

Speaking on "Fallacies about the Jews" at the Parliament of Religions, Rabbi Silverman of New York said: "We deplore and condemn the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. He was without doubt one of nature's noblest men, pure in sentiment and action, a great leader and reformer of men, and as such fell a victim to the fanaticism and the jealous power of Rome. He was the execution of an innocent man." That Jesus fell a victim to the fanaticism and jealous power of Rome will be a new version indeed to many. The only trouble with such a statement would seem to be the historical facts.

"Scribner's Magazine" speaks of the contrast between British and American merchant ships greatly to the disadvantage of the latter.

To-day conditions are almost wholly reversed, and we find British officers necessarily holding a certificate that proves some degree of education, and American ships offered by bullies worse than the 'typical Blowhard,' worse even than the most brutal of imaginary Ducklings, and with absolutely no credential to prove merit of any kind. The other day an American ship arrived in San Francisco from

New York, in which the second mate had wounded one of the crew in seventeen places on the head, besides biting a piece out of his arms and trying to gouge his eyes out—a typical second mate to serve as a hero for a sea story. This is no exceptional case, but an almost every-day occurrence, with the Shipping Commissioners' records will prove. These cases of brutality go unpunished; otherwise they would not recur so frequently.

Some of the meanest, most indignation provoking chapters of European history are those which detail how weak but wicked governments have kept their people out of their rights by forming alliances with more powerful despots. The Papal tyranny was long forced upon the people of Rome, and Italy robbed of her rights, by such alliances, now with Austria and now with France. Now King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, seeing the growing spirit of democracy among his subjects—notably those of Norway—is seeking admission to the Triple Alliance, with the view of having the weight of all Central European despotism upon him when he sits down upon the people. Let him beware! The more rigid the repression, the more violent the explosion.

Delegates representing some three hundred Keeley leagues in the United States, with an aggregate membership of fifty thousand, have just been in convention in Chicago. One day a procession of hundreds of men, each one of whom had been a hopeless drunkard, marched through the fair grounds. Many of them have been sober for several years, most of them for several months and they all attribute their salvation to the Keeley treatment. It is a strange and puzzling fact, explain it as we will, that whereas these men, and the tens of thousands, which they represent, were once hopeless sots they are now sane and sober. But, dear reader, if you talk with one of these men it will not take long to discover that he regards it a "great salvation." He literally "goes on his way rejoicing." If the saving from the temporal effects of one sin is so great, what of the saving from the eternal consequences of all?

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.

"Bless ye ye women that are at ease." Isaiah 32: 9.

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the F. C. Baptist Woman's Mission Society will be held in Waterloo Street Church, St. John on Friday Oct. 13th, commencing at half past two of the clock in the afternoon.

By order of the President,
N. L. Weyman,
Clerk Sec'y.

ZENANA WORK.—The Hindus have discovered that some influence is beginning to work strongly against their old heathen customs and their religion in the household. One of the Calcutta newspapers tells us what this subtle and powerful influence is: "It is the lady of the zenana mission, inoffensive in appearance, who introduces herself into the apartments of our women to turn their heads upside down. The mistresses of the zenanas receive them with eagerness. If these missionaries succeed it is all over with Hinduism." They are therefore beginning an agitation on the subject and are entering into leagues to banish the missionaries from their zenanas. The missionaries have been expecting this opposition and do not wonder at it. One lady writes, "I am not surprised at this opposition; indeed, for two or three years I have felt that opposition must come, there was so much real good being done in the zenanas. Do pray for us all and for all the hidden believers, in the zenanas.—Helper.

At KITTERING, in 1793, Andrew Fuller, speaking of the opportunities for mission work in India, said: "We saw there was a gold mine in India, but it was as deep as the center of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?" Wm. Cary said: "I will go down, but remember you [Fuller and others] must hold the rope." Cary went down, but the others did not hold the rope very well. Remember, we have dozens of faithful men and women who have gone down into the dungeon of the pagan world, and we must hold the rope faithfully for them. Let them all be remembered in prayer and with liberal gifts.

THE EVENING BIBLE SCHOOL of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association opened Oct. 7, and will be held on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings throughout the winter. This excellent school is designed for the training of Christian women for city missionaries, Bible readers, pastors' assistants, Sunday-school teachers, and similar kinds of work; also, to lay the foundation for a more extended course, if any desire to enter home or foreign missionary fields.

Mrs. C. H. St. John, wife of the evangelist appointed pastor of the Gordon Place Methodist Protestant Church in Kansas City, Kan. She has also been made a member of the general missionary home board, and is the first woman to occupy such a position in the history of that denomination.

PARAGUAY has 5 foreign missionaries for its 500,000 people. The proportion is the same in Uruguay, with its 800,000.

THE PATH of a GOOD WOMAN is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps not before them.—Ruskin.

Across the Bay.

A visit to the Free Baptist Nova Scotia Conference is always a pleasant one; at least, this has been my experience. If any of the brethren have not had a similar one, or any of the others, think this an exaggerated statement, or have a dread of sea-sickness, and in consequence would consider a delegate's appointment no sinecure, I am ready (such is my self-sacrificing spirit) to take his place and be sea-sick for him.

The trip to Digby in the "Dominion" was a pleasant one, the day was beautiful, and the bay smooth. Digby is a pretty little town, and the view from the heights back of the town well worth the fifteen minutes climbing.

After a few hours waiting we were off for Yarmouth, via McAdam, it seemed to me. My geography may be a little mixed, but the rocks and scenery reminded me the most of the way, of the old familiar road between McAdam and Woodstock. Reaching Yarmouth we found that the steamer for Cape Island had left the day before (Monday) and that there would be no other until Friday and we must either go by stage, or stable team; a day's ride in a crowded covered coach, on a beautiful day might be a romantic mode of travelling, but could not be very pleasant or comfortable, so Bro. Goslene and wife and Bro. Phillips and wife started on their fifty-five miles drive with horses and carriages from the stable of McTeffrey; fairly good horses, and furnished at reasonable rates. The drive from Yarmouth to Barrington is a diversified one, some of the country is beautiful, and picturesque, other portions are dreary and barren. Arcadia is the classic name of the first little village we come to and is situated at the head of the Chebogue river.

Tusket is the next village, and the prettiest one to my mind on the route. The scenery is beautiful and the view from the bridge crossing the winding river is one to be photographed upon the memory, and recalled with pleasure when time and distance have separated you. There is nothing grand or sublime about it, but it is so quietly beautiful and restful that you do not wonder that every year strangers are finding it out, and are coming from the hot, restless cities, to freshen body and brain in the quiet retreat. Tusket is of peculiar interest to Free Baptists because for many years it was the home of Rev. Charles Knowles, whose name was once a household word in Free Baptist homes. Intellectually and spiritually strong all who came in contact with him, recognized the strength and beauty of his character, and I well remember the impression he made upon me when a little boy. I heard him for the first time in the old meeting house at Victoria Corner. In company with deacon Asa Robbins we visited his grave. It is in a beautiful spot, and the monument is neat and durable and this is the inscription, "My record is on high." In memory of Rev. Charles Knowles who died May 18th, 1877, aged 69 years, "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again bringing his sheaves with him."

By his side sleep two of his sons, gifted young men they were, one of them, perhaps both, passed over the river before him. We called to see Mrs. Knowles whose home is in Tusket, but she was not at home. We spent a few pleasant minutes with her daughter, Mrs. Blauit, in the old home of her father, a beautiful home on a terrace from which is a delightful view of the river, and surrounding country.

Deacon Robbins took us of to the church, a neat building, which has recently been painted, Mrs. Knowles

presenting the church with a cheque for the expense.

Bro. Robbins stood on the spot where Bro. Knowles last stood in the church and gave his last public testimony; he told us how that testimony thrilled them, as raising his arm he repeated three times "Treasures above, I lay up for yourselves treasures above" I think Bro. Robbins will soon be a very rich man, for he has been laying up treasures above for a good many years. He is more than eighty, how much more I have forgotten, but I have the impression that he is nearer ninety than eighty and although unusually erect and strong for his age, he feels that it will not be long before he will reach home—and his treasures.

Some one spoke of his strength a few days before we were there, and wondered at it, "I know why grandpa is so strong" said his little grandson, (about six years of age) "It's because he prays so much" I do not know why, but as we prayed before leaving my heart was strangely moved as I prayed for that bright-faced boy that he might grow up to be a strong man, and if God wills, preach the gospel of His Son.

A pleasant two hours not to be forgotten, and then good-night, to meet in the "morning."

Glenwood is the next village and then Argyle, Upper and Lower Pubnico and then the "nine miles woods" before we reach Barrington.

I have gone over that road and through those desolate woods four times now, and each time the days were pleasant, and there was the novelty, and the strangeness, to keep from getting tired to death, but what must they be in storms and in winter? Rocks to the right of you, to the left, everywhere rocks, and shrubby, scrubby trees and desolate barrens and more rocks. One of them stands by the telephone pole and if anything, it is the taller of the two.

The road is not very hilly but some of it is poorly made and wants work and money on it. There is one place where you have a view for miles in every direction, and you can see nothing but the virgin forest, and rocks. In one place you think, if you are a stranger, you see a village but you are told that you think are houses, are rocks, and I can imagine how by twilight or moonlight one could easily fancy they were castles and forts, and walls of cities; We are glad when we hear, before we can see, the sounds of civilization, and we look at our home-made, chart, to find that the place is called Oak-park, and wonders why, but come to the conclusion it is because there is no park, and there are no oaks.

A few more miles of dreary road, and rocks and then we reach Barrington. This is a beautiful place filled with kindly, hospitable people. Here has been born men who as masters of vessels has sailed every sea, and ministers who have filled no mean place but are honored as men of thought and spiritual power. At six p. m. we reach "Barrington passage" which is about a mile wide. Crossing this, we have eight miles to go before reaching Clark's Harbour the seat of conference. That eight miles was the longest, and drearest eight miles of the journey, for the road was strange and the night was dark, and after we had gone eight miles we thought, every man and boy we met, would tell us it was four miles, further with the exception of one intelligent boy who "guessed" it was about eighteen miles. Then we got discouraged and so did the horses, and if time is measured by feelings, we went on for years, until many twinkling lights before us, as we came around a curve in the road, told us we were somewhere, and perhaps our mecca was reached. Yes; we were told we were at Clark's Harbour, and we were a mile beyond our stopping place. Meekly and humbly we went back, to our home, to receive a kindly welcome from our hostess Mrs. Peter Kenney, our host Captain Kenny was away fishing, and we did not see him, but if he should see this letter it will tell him that his wife, and daughters, did all in their power to make us feel at home, and we shall not forget their kindness.

Next morning was bright and beautiful, and we were anxious to see the church and greet, and be greeted by the brethren.

As the clerk of Conference will report the doings of Conference, and his report will likely appear before my

letters, I will only say in reference to it, that it was a good, harmonious, Conference. They have good, strong young men and their old men are safe counsellors. The social conference was a meeting of power, and there were one hundred and nine testimonies.

The missionary meetings were among the best I ever attended. Miss Wile is their missionary elect and has been given them in answer to their prayers, as Miss Gaunce has been given us in answer to our prayers. She has been a successful teacher, and will make a successful missionary, for she has ability of head, and consecration of heart.

It was an impressive sight and deeply affecting, when nearly all of the large congregation rose, and pledged their prayers, and offerings for her support.

I enjoyed all the meetings and the ministers were very kind, and I made the acquaintance of numbers of Christians I shall never forget. I missed some familiar faces, especially the sweet spiritual face of Bro. Porter, but his mantle has fallen upon his son, who reminds me much of his sainted father.

Elders West and Weston are having a green old age. "At evening time it shall be light." They are comparatively rigorous men, and have possibilities of years of work.

Bro. Knollin was confined to his room by sickness and could not be at Conference. I saw him for a few minutes, and expected to see him again, but could not.

We left the Island Monday morning, reached Barrington at noon, spent a pleasant two hours with a number of friends at Mr. Paul Crowells and then drove to Glenwood and stopped all night with deacon Forbes, and then back to Yarmouth to the home of deacon Albert Cook. That evening we went to hear Dr. Paton in the Presbyterian church. A lecture I wish all of our churches could hear. I don't think there would be an empty missionary treasury if they could hear that brave, self-denying missionary tell of the work done in the New Hebrides by himself and his martyred colleagues.

The next morning Bro. Cook drove us to Tusket Wedge. It was here that the late Rev. C. Lovette was born. We saw his birth-place and two of his surviving brothers, and their families. One of the brothers although upwards of eighty years of age is still alert, and vigorous and bears a strong likeness to his "heretical" brother; the other is palsied and infirm. The "Wedge," so called from its shape, is a long-wedged shape point of land running to the sea against which the surf of the Atlantic beats. There are no English families at the Wedge and many of the French families cannot speak English. English and French are taught in the schools, and there are three school districts and three good schools.

The chapel is large and finely built, and the Priest an old venerable man is the same one who excommunicated Rev. Cyrell Lovette for leaving the church of his fathers more than two score years ago. The most of the people are in comfortable circumstances, and have neat homes.

That evening after calling upon several old friends; and some we had never seen before, brother Cook's aged parents among the number, we reached Yarmouth in time to attend the prayer meeting. Rev. Mr. Cooper is pastor and he has done excellent work.

Yarmouth church has evidently been fortunate in pastors, for it is among the most prosperous churches of the city. The next morning Mr. Caleb Cook drove us to Chebogue. We called to see brother Barker who has just completed his studies for the ministry and has been supplying for several of the churches during the past summer. We were sorry to find him very sick and low from typhoid fever, and as our call was about over, and with a brief prayer that God might raise him up we bade him good-bye to meet in God's good time, whether here, or "there", only He knows. A short call to Mr. Walter Cook's and then back to Yarmouth. We met brother Charles Robbins and regretted much that we were not able to visit him at his home. We were glad to hear that he has a son studying for the ministry. God grant he make a efficient workman and a faithful servant of the most High.

The afternoon was spent, or two hours of it, in driving about the school of the city. There are many fine residences; and the hedges of thorn and spruce, and fir, are the finest to be found in the Maritime provinces. Why other cities and towns do not spend more time and money on the adornment of their grounds, and less (if they cannot do both), on their houses is a puzzle. Spruce, I was told is the favorite hedge, as it grows quickly, and is easily trimmed and looks beautiful at all seasons of the years.

There are many towns in our province that could more cheaply adorn their grounds than they can in Yarmouth, as spruce is more plentiful here than there. Bidding good-bye to the kind friends (especially brothers Albert, and Caleb Cook) who had made our visit such a pleasant one, we committed ourselves with many misgivings to the tender mercies of the steamer Alpha and the Bay of Fundy.

The wind had been blowing for two days, and although sailors said there was only a "cap-fal" of wind, my landman's eye thought it was the largest hat I had ever seen.

We stayed on deck as we sailed out of the harbor, and then feeling "moodyish" as the steamer caught the roll of the sea, I thought I ought to go to my state-room and look after my wife. This story is about ended, for I don't remember much more. I don't remember saying my prayers, or taking off my collar, or boots, or hat or looking after my wife, if she was in the ceiling of my berth or not. I must have gone to bed with my clothes on, for when I rolled out of my berth as the boat reached the wharf I was ready for the street, even to my hat. And so ended a trip that will be pleasant to recall, in spite of the experience, of that night on board the Alpha and Omega.

C. T. P.

An Illustration.

There are, says the Star, good folks who will allow the preacher (and the editor also) to say what he will so long as his remarks tally with their own thinking, but so soon as he gets off their line they think it is time to snuff the candle of his speech. They are like Tom Mulcahy whose wife lay dying, and Tom was making note of her directions on this wise:

"Tom, there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing. She owes me \$1.80 for butter. See ye get it."

"Sensible to the last, ye are, my dear," said Tom; "I'll get it."

"And there's Mrs. Jones at the creek; she owes me \$1.50 for chickens."

"Ah!" said Tom, "look at that for a moind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown owes me \$2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sensible to the last. Go on my dear."

"And—and—"

"Yes?"

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her—"

"Ah? poor dear," exclaimed Tom, "poor dear! How her moind begins to wonder! Sure, we've allowed her to talk too much entirely; so we have!"

Dishonesty at Church Fairs.

To charge from fifty cents to one dollar for a boutonniere which represented only the cost of picking the flowers out of the fields, is robbery pure and simple, writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home With the Editor" in the September Ladies Home Journal. On two different occasions that I distinctly remember where I was asked fifty cents for not five cents' actual worth of flowers, I was laughingly told by the young lady to whom I tendered a bank-note that, "We never give change at this fair, and gentlemen, like yourself, won't insist upon it, we know." It was not enough that I was overcharged, but I must be twice robbed, and this, in each instance, in a church and in the name of charity! Is it any wonder, I ask, that it is so difficult to induce men to attend bazaars and fairs? They know what is in store for them if they attend. They know that the innocent "25 cents admission" represents an exit costing all the way from \$10 to \$25, in proportion to their good nature. I am calling this practice by its proper name, because I think it is time that the great and noble works done for honest charity in this country should not be asked to suffer, as many of them are undoubtedly suffering to-day, from this and other forms of abuse practiced in the name of charity. And I do not believe that the managers of charitable fairs really have an accurate realization of the rapidly-growing aversion on the part of men for these events. If they had this knowledge I think they would apply the remedy without delay.