

## TERMS NOTICES.

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

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New subscriptions may begin at any time the year.

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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 proprietors, 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.

## Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH MCLEOD, D. D., EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20th, 1893.

## Christmas Greeting!

Before another issue of the INTELLIGENCER goes to its readers Christmas will have come and gone.

To all, from the oldest to the youngest, we send hearty greetings and good wishes.

May there be light and peace in all homes, and in all hearts the "joy of the Lord" whose advent is celebrated.

Already a number of subscribers, sending renewals for 1894, have sent new names according to the offer published in another column. They have our thanks. We are expecting a great many more to do the same.

But those who wish to take advantage of the special offer will need to act promptly.

In the eleven days which remain of this year hundreds, even thousands, may avail themselves of the extraordinary opportunity offered.

We have no doubt many are intending to do so. Well, now is the time. Do not delay another day. Flood the INTELLIGENCER office with renewals and new subscribers during the remainder of this month.

Has revival begun in your church? If not, why not? The Lord is not unwilling to bless.

Joseph Cook has started on another tour around the world. His next series of Monday lectures will be enriched by his observations.

Mr. Moody is quoted as saying that he thinks we are on the eve of the greatest religious awakening of the century. We hope he is right. Let all Christians pray, and live and labour to this end.

Rev. Dr. Mackay, the well-known Formosa missionary who is now at his old home in Ontario for rest, denounces in vigorous language the Chinese poll tax. He says it is anti-commercial, anti-progressive and anti-Christian. He thinks Canadian Christians should insist on the repeal of what he regards an infamous law.

On the 10th ult. Dr. J. L. Phillips was at Suez, Egypt, enroute to India. He had been stirring up the churches in England, Ireland and Scotland for several weeks. On the ship with him were thirty-five other missionaries, representing several denominations, and bound for nearly as many different mission stations in India. They are all by this time well at work.

The order of the Militia Department of Canada prohibiting the sale of liquor in camp canteens is wise, and a sign of the times. The order was understood by many to apply also to Infantry schools; but it is now said that it is not so intended. It certainly ought to apply to them. The School in this city is much in need of an order of that kind. The Militia Department has been informed several times of the Canteen management here, and it is high time some attention was given the matter.

Somebody in the United States House of Representatives proposed to authorize an investigation into the methods of the American Protective Association, which is really a Protestant Association designed to counteract the great influence of the Roman Catholic church in the government of the country. A counter proposal was made, and very fittingly we think, that it might be well to investigate the methods of the Jesuits in the country. An investigation of the methods and influence of the Jesuits in Canada's affairs would, perhaps, reveal more than the people generally imagine.

Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, recently deceased, held strong views about the danger of alcoholic drinks. In an address on "An Enemy of the Race" he said:

"It is when I myself think of all this (the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol) that I am disposed to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men—beware of this enemy of the race."

This good suggestion to churches from a western paper may very properly be sent the rounds of the religious press. We gladly give it our hearty endorsement: Increase your pastor's salary at least fifty dollars next year, and suggest to him that he spend the money in some safe company for life insurance policy. Your congregation can afford it, and the pastor will be happier, and therefore more helpful, because he knows that when he has gone to heaven his wife and children will still be beyond the clutch of want. If religion is consecrated common-sense, there is nothing impious in good life insurance.

You are arranging to make Christmas presents. You have perhaps made a list of those whom you intend to remember—your children, your parents, your brothers and sisters, your minister and possibly some others. All well, so far. But do not forget the old, the sick, the poor, the widow, the orphan, the friendless. Be your Lord's messenger to them. "In His name" make them glad.

The Royal Victoria Hospital is the gift of Sir Donald Smith and Lord Mount Stephen to the city of Montreal. A motion was made in the Montreal city council thanking the donors for their generous gift. The French members of the Council strongly opposed the motion, and it had to be withdrawn. Their opposition was because the regulations provide that the board of management of the Hospital shall be Protestants although patients of all religious beliefs are to be admitted on equal terms. Such is Catholicism in Quebec Province, and such it is wherever it has the power.

Letters from Miss Gannoe and Miss Wile are published in this issue. All our readers who are interested in Foreign mission work will be glad to hear from these devoted young women. But especially the sisters in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, whose mission societies they represent, will be delighted to hear from them. About the time their letters are being read here they will be getting their first glimpses of India, where, by the will of God, they hope to spend many years in christian work.

Some parents have sad hearts as Christmas approaches. There are vacant chairs in many family circles. The dear boys and girls who were with them last Christmas have gone away forever. The parents mourn. For they cannot be chided. But they may be comforted with the assurance that the dear ones whom they miss so much are with Him who was "the child Jesus" whose birth the Christmas celebrates. How safe they are, and blessed beyond our highest conceptions of blessedness.

By the death of Mr. W. H. Howland, Toronto, Canada loses one of its best men. He died on Tuesday of last week. He was 49 years of age, and seemed a few days ago, to have many years of active and useful life before him. He was attacked by the prevailing influenza, and quickly succumbed. Though in charge of large business interests, and twice Mayor of Toronto, he found time for much moral and christian work. He was a devout christian, ready to every good word and work. He was prominent in all philanthropic and religious work. The last meeting he attended was the International convention of Christian workers at Ottawa a few weeks ago. He was a very earnest temperance worker, holding pronounced views about the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The country is poorer by the death of such a man.

The rum men in Ontario have organized, and are doing their best, or worst, to secure a majority

against prohibition in the vote which is to take place on the first of January. They have not, as yet, held public meetings, and probably will not; but they are carrying their work in the secret and unscrupulous ways characteristic of the traffic. Their agents are going all through the Province marshalling their forces, and probably placing the means by which they expect to get the votes. A Court incident of a few days ago let in the light on some of their methods: A man sued one of the officers of the Liquor men's organization for an unpaid balance, and it came out in the trial that he had been engaged at \$20.00 a week to write letters for various papers and over various signatures against prohibition, and he was also to answer his own letters if necessary. The same thing was done in this city in one of the C. T. Act campaigns.

We think there is good reason to hope that Ontario will pronounce emphatically in favour of prohibition, in spite of the endeavours of the rum gang and the tricks of self-seeking politicians.

## Christmas.

The glad feast—the home festival, is at the door.

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!" That is the uplifting, dominant note of the ever welcome feast of good will. "My joy, when truest joy I have, it comes to me from heaven." "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The "great joy" is in "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord"—the bestower of a new life; the giver of a new hope, the Creator of a new world. "Behold I make all things new."

Milton expressed the supreme thought of Christmas:—

"Our great redemption from above did bring." That is the sun and center of "exceeding great joy," the inspiration of the ever-memorable anthems. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Sin is the dark cloud of life; Salvation is the "bright light" above the cloud. "The light of the world is Jesus." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

LIFE, joyous, glorious, filled with an immortal hope, in our Emanuel—God with us. The devout Jew entwined his deepest thought around the Temple with its worship and feasts. Our world-wide feast is of the dearest spot on earth—"Home Sweet Home"—the place of the purest delights and holiest joys. With Milton, we say, "holy hearth," for "the Lord is come." Redeemed life made home a sanctuary of grace, and crowned it with Christmas joy.

"Little children, wake and listen, Songs are ringing through the earth; While the stars in heaven glisten, Hail with joy your Saviour's birth."

The Divine Christmas gift, makes all other gifts precious. "Thanks! be to God for His unspeakable gift."

"Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down."

Love, the great evangel, is the spirit of Christmas. Truth incarnated in deeds of outflowing love. "The heart grows rich in giving." "He went about doing good." He died for us. "Send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared," that they may "Keep the feast with gladness of heart." There's a blessing in it. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Not in Yuletide is the meaning of our greatest festival, but in "Jesus in the midst;" the King in the beauty of His own gracious spirit of sympathy, peace, and good will; the heavenly light, in the earthly lantern.

The good cheer, the home returning, the social reunion, all so beneficial pervaded by the spirit of Christ, make Christmas a season of hallowed and cherished memories. For Christ is at home at the feast of Cana of Galilee, as well as at the sorrow stricken home of Bethany. The Christmas bells stir memory and awaken reflection. The past is re-lived. The present is made vivid. Perhaps a chair is empty. Hearts yearn, "For the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still." Sorrow is mingled with joy. But hope reigns. The dead, in Christ, are given back in fairer forms, "not on earth but in His heaven."

Many, with Job, exclaim, "Oh that I were as in months past." Hope has been broken; disappointment has given the "Spirit of heaviness." "Marah" and "Elim" are close together. Both are in our journey. Life is a discipline. But, "My times are in Thy hand."

At the edge of dark, the nightingale gives the sweetest song. "Songs of deliverance are born of 'a dark and cloudy day.'" Blessed! if with Browning, we have learned, as life's main

lesson, "to take what is, trust what may be."

"Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure."

The heavenly hosts heralded the "Desire of all nations" in a song of blessings. Christ closed His earthly sojourn with a benediction. "Blessing and benediction contain the one word of our deepest need, the chief word of our Christmas meditations—Peace."

"Hark! the herald-angels sing, Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled, Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings." S.

## Rev. F. Babcock.

It will, we are sure, surprise our readers generally to hear of the death of Rev. Freeman Babcock. He died at his home, in Lewiston, Me., on Tuesday of last week. To those who saw him at the General Conference in October he seemed in very good health for him. None would have supposed that the end of his life was so near. He was in good spirit, and greatly enjoyed the meeting with his brethren. He had not been at Conference for two years before, and in conversation with him during the last summer we learned that he had a strong desire to be at this year's session. It is a comfort to remember his desire was gratified, and that he enjoyed the meeting so much; he said he had never enjoyed one more. From Conference he went to his old home at Campobello, and there spent several weeks. He returned to Lewiston about the middle of November, and was ten quite ill, so ill that he had to go immediately to bed, and was not able to again leave his room. During the whole of his illness, which continued three weeks after he reached home, he suffered severely. But through all he was very patient. His mind was clear until the very last moment of life.

Brother Babcock was about seventy years old. He had been in the ministry about 40 years. His first church connection was with the Christian Church of Maine, of which body he was an ordained minister. In 1863 he was received into Free Baptist Conference of New Brunswick. He held pastoral relations in different parts of the Province, for longer or shorter periods—at Southampton, Tracey Station, Dover, Taylor Village, Campo Bello, Beaver Harbour, Grand Manan, and, probably, some other places which we do not now recall. Several years of his ministry were spent in Nova Scotia—at Cape Island, at Canning, and at some points in Yarmouth Co. Besides pastoral work, he on several occasions did home mission work. For several recent years his health was not robust, and he was unable to do pastoral work or undertake regular pulpit duties. He preached frequently, however, and always to the edification and comfort of those who loved the truth; and always to his own spiritual comfort, though often he suffered the physical pains which are the penalty of overtaxing one's strength. More than a year ago he moved to Lewiston, Me., for the sake of his family. It was the writer's pleasure to visit him at his home there a few months ago. He spoke of the pleasant surroundings and of the kindness of many whose acquaintance he had made, but his heart turned always towards New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and he yearned for the companionship of those with whom he had lived and laboured in christian service so long.

Bro. Babcock was a good man—emphatically a good man. He loved God with all his heart, and served Him in love. He loved the church of God, and laboured faithfully to build it up in true holiness. He loved his brethren in the ministry, and was loved by them. They esteemed him for his pure christian character, and admired his dignified christian bearing. He was a thoughtful preacher. When he rose to preach he had something to say, and he said it as one who understood the importance of the message he was given to bear, and appreciated the needs of those to whom he was commissioned. He preached the gospel simply, faithfully and with effect. In hundreds of homes in these Provinces the tidings of his death will cause sorrow, for scattered all over the country are those to whom, at one time and another, he was the messenger of peace and comfort, and many hundreds who, through his instrumentality, were brought into saving relations to Christ. They are not few who will be as stars in his crown of rejoicing. For ourselves, we must be permitted to say, we learned, many years ago, to love him for his goodness, his tenderness, his readiness to help, and as the

years have gone on that love has not become weaker, but stronger. We shall always cherish tender memories of him, and thank God that we knew him. And like feeling will, we are sure, be cherished by the ministers, younger and older, who have had fellowship with him.

He was twice married. The children of the first marriage are widely scattered, though one or two of them still live at Campobello, his old home. His widow and her two children, with the other members of his family, will have the sympathy of many in their bereavement. Mrs. Babcock, so well known in the churches of this Province by her active interest, through many years, in the work of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, will be remembered in the prayers of many. Alone, with two young children, we trust she will not be forgotten by those who remember her christian work amongst us, and who at this glad Christmas season are seeking to minister cheer to the depressed.

Brother Babcock's burial was at Campobello. An account of the funeral will, doubtless, be furnished by the minister attending it.

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won  
Enter thy Master's joy.

## Letter From Miss Wile.

S. S. "CLAN GRANT"  
MEDITERRANEAN SEA,  
Nov. 28, 1893.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER:—

Through your columns I wish to send a greeting to the friends in Nova Scotia.

I know that your thoughts and prayers have followed us across the sea, and as we are nearing Malta, I want to talk with you, on paper it is true, and let you know something of our movements.

At Boston I met Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen, and in company with them, went to Lawrence, there to attend a mission rally. The pastor of the Lawrence church, Rev. Thos. Spooner, met us at the station and at his home we met Mr. and Mrs. Wyman.

A pleasant programme had been arranged. Supper in the basement of the church, 6.30-7.15 p. m.; informal reception 7.15 to 8 p. m.; public missionary meeting 8.15 to 9.30 p. m.

Their kind words and "God be with you" rings in my ears as a benediction.

I met Miss Barnes, Hillsdale, Mich., and Miss Gannoe, N. B., at the farewell meeting in the Shawmut Ave. church Boston. I met many Nova Scotians there, strangers, it is true, but their nationality made them seem nearer. In the many God bless and keep you's we could gather some idea of how near the subject of F. M. work is to the hearts of the people of our faith.

It saddened us as we left the shore of our own land and knew that for ten years, if God willed it, this was the last glimpse. But we looked ahead and the far-off shore seemed very bright. Sadness and gladness so often go hand in hand. Our voyage was very rough and we saw the Atlantic, and some of our party, in a very disturbed state.

Land was hailed with delight, and though we did not disembark at Queenstown, we shared, in part, the joy of those who greeted friends in Ireland.

At Liverpool, Nov. 15, we were met at the Custom House by our agent, Mr. Mills, of the firm of Bywater, Tamworthy, & Phayre. A most courteous gentleman he proved to be and aside from the business matters connected with our stay on England's shore, added not a little to our pleasure and comfort.

Mr. Cotterell's family, of Liverpool, strangers to us, but brothers and sisters in Christ, taught us what true English hospitality is. Mr. and Mrs. Stiles doubtless hold them in loving remembrance.

To a Canadian the thought of visiting the "mother country" sends a thrill of loyalty through the veins, but the realization of the thought intensifies the feeling. Though a very unpromising time of the year we found many points of interest. The architecture of the public buildings, though less showy than some in our own land, gave us the idea of solidity that corresponds well with our estimation of England's position in relation to the world's affairs. We walked around and through the great Exchange buildings in front of which stands a marble monument of fine sculpture bearing Nelson's message to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty." Then a ride on the Elevated Electric Railroad reminded us of our own land, though there are many points of difference—the small compartments, one cannot get out until a guard opens the door, etc. which showed us we were not in America. The great docks, seven miles along the Mersey, gave us some idea of the vast amount of the shipping done in this city that rivals London in commerce. There was great gladness in England. Friday, when it was learned the coal strike was at an end.

The service on Sunday was inspiring to me. I attended church at the Blind Institution, and the service of song by the children was a very fine feature of the gathering. It seemed that Our Father had sent them this great gift to lighten their affliction.

At last the time for departure came and, accompanied by Mr. Mills, we re-embarked on the "Clan Grant." We left the dock at Burkenhead Nov. 20, and today, Nov. 28, find us in the blue Mediterranean. We passed Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean, and the pillars of Hercules, standing in such bold relief opposite, and realized that we were and are on historic water; though the blue, dancing waves give us no hint that their water has been dyed with brave blood, and that their foam crested waves have been lighted by the conflagration of a nation's fleet.

Our field of labor lies ahead, and we are praying that God himself will prepare us for the work, he is preparing for us. And now, with loving thoughts to all that I hold dear I say from my heart, God bless and keep you until we meet again.

Yours sincerely,  
EDNA C. WILE.

This month should bring us many hundreds of renewal subscriptions—and as many new subscribers.

## Voices and Echoes.

Canon Brown, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been recently noting the length of every sermon he preached and the effect it had on the congregation. He has come to the conclusion that a sermon should not exceed thirty minutes in its delivery.—Standard.

A good deal depends what kind of a sermon it is. Some sermons seem long at twenty minutes, and some that have occupied an hour seem short.

In a circular issued by a prominent whiskey firm of Louisville, Ky., occurs the following sentence: "There are many kinds of whiskey, but only two kinds are served in many barrooms through the country—the bad and the worse."

The whiskey firm told the truth, without meaning to perhaps, about the character of whiskey. But if some "temperance crank" had said as much what a fuss there would have been.

It is easier to prevent than to undo.—Union Signal.

And that is why those who see the evils of the drink traffic are labouring so hard to delegatize the rum shops which exist to debauch the young. It may not be possible to rescue many of the traffic's miserable victims, but it is the duty of all good people to prevent it making more of the same kind.

If Paul had any church fairs, raffles, theatricals or festivals at Corinth when he was raising money for the relief of the poor saints at Jerusalem, it is unfortunate that the record fails to state the fact.—Exchange.

The churches which resort to such methods of raising money are not particularly careful about what the inspired word says about that or anything else. It will be a blessed day for the church, and for the world too, when Christians learn to pay into the Lord's treasury what they owe to Him.

It is a confession of one's own meanness and poverty of spirit to be always putting suspicion on the words of others, simply because they do not belong to our party, or to our church, or because they represent ideas that do accord with our own.—Rev. Dr. Munger.

Make a note of it.

The most acceptable Christmas offering you can make the INTELLIGENCER is a prompt renewal, and one or more new subscribers.

## Mission News and Notes.

Africa has about 210,000,000 souls.

Counting all the Protestant missions in India there is one missionary for every 500,000 persons.

The will of the late Sir William Mackinnon assigns \$50,000 to missions in India, and \$100,000 for annuities for aged or invalid missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland.

The Japan Mission of the Evangelical Association, which was founded in 1875, when four missionaries began their work in Tokio, has been formed into an annual conference with one presiding elder's district and sixteen pastoral appointments.

After twenty years of mission work in Mexico, the Methodist Episcopal Church reports 127 preaching places, ten missionaries, 104 native workers of all kinds, forty-six day schools with 2,791 scholars, fifty-one Sunday schools with 1,562 scholars, and 2,853 members and probationers.

Missionaries of the English Church engaged in itinerating in southern India find numerous instances of educated men and Brahmins who are convinced of the truth of Christianity. In one place a whole Brahmin street was found to be in a state of dissatisfaction with Hindooism, their leader confessing, "The more I read of it the less I believe it."

Of Africa what shall we say? asks Miss Lucy E. Guineas in Regions Beyond. What of the unlighted darkness of the vast interior Sudan? What of the untouched millions on the whole course of the Nile, where from Uganda to close on the Mediterranean it runs through pagan countries without one

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