

TERMS AND NOTICES

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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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Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH MCLEOD, D. D., EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4TH, 1895.

Pretty prayers often win admiration, but they do not often induce adoration. They are, therefore, a failure—a delusion and a snare.

When a minister is sent for to supply a pulpit or to attend a funeral, the least that should be done for him is to pay his travelling expenses. More would be better.

"Daft Jake," the first instalment of which will be found on the sixth page, should be read by everybody.

The "Canada Presbyterian" believes that Principal Grant, Prof. Bryce and Dr. Thorburn could, if given the opportunity, settle the Manitoba school's question in a week to the satisfaction of every reasonable man in Canada. Perhaps so. We wish they might have a chance to try.

A superintendent of schools in a Wisconsin county, has annulled the licenses of the Roman Catholic nuns who were teaching in some of the public schools. They were making the schools Roman Catholic schools, using the catechism, religious pictures, holy water, &c., and were clad in the garb of their order.

The "Casket," a Roman Catholic paper published at Antigonish, N. S., is now throwing mud at the priest Macrae, who a few days ago was received into the Episcopal church.

It is the course always pursued towards a priest who becomes a Protestant. What the Casket says of Mr. Macrae may be true; but it saying so, just now, is not proof.

Christians at home would do well to make a note of the fact, stated in Miss Wile's letter, that converts from heathenism who compose Bhimpore, India Free Baptist church, pay one tenth of their incomes to the Lord. And they are all poor people, too. If we in this Christian land would do that there would be no lack in the Lord's treasury. Our soul's would be saved from leanness, too. And God's work would go forward with power.

Dean Farrar, in a recent article in the "Fortnightly Review," deals with the alleged increase of Roman Catholicism in England. He gives statistics and quotes from various authorities, and concludes that he cannot find that Romanism is gaining to any very appreciable extent. But, he adds, and there is a tone of sadness in his statement, that it is "very grievously true that doctrines once regarded as distinctively Roman Catholic, are now taught on every side in the church of England."

We publish again the 1896 announcements—this time on the first page. We hope our readers will give due attention to what is said about the importance of prompt renewals, and the payment of arrears where any are due. It is quite imperative that everything be paid up without more delay.

The ministers will, we hope, excuse us for again asking them to do their utmost to interest their people—those who are subscribers and those who are not—in the INTELLIGENCER. This month should be one of earnest effort in this department of the denominational work.

Accompanying the article from the pen of Dr. Cuyler, which appears in another column, he sends the following note:

If the readers of your excellent paper are not tired of my articles, I send you this one for your columns. Thanking you for your constant defence of the "truth, as it is in Jesus,"

Yours in the Gospel,

THEO. L. CUYLER.

Brooklyn, Nov. 16.

Nobody ever wears of the good Dr. Cuyler. His name attached to an article insures its being read. No writer is more welcomed by the readers of religious papers, nor is there a more helpful writer. We trust he may be spared yet many years to stimulate, encourage and comfort the saints of God.

A note from Rev. E. B. Stiles says,—"I am off for India next month (December)." Mrs. Stiles is not yet strong enough to go, but hopes to go next fall. The needs of the mission field are so great, however, that Bro. Stiles is constrained to return to the work he loves, even at the sacrifice of being separated from his family.

He says,—"O, give us a man to take Bro. Boyer's place. How our force is depleted! Families have to be separated, because there are none to go."

We sometimes wonder whether, as a people, we are praying fervently that God will raise up amongst us workers for the foreign field. Much more than we are doing is, surely, required of us.

"The Preacher and His Place" is the title of the volume containing the lectures on preaching at Yale university, by Rev. Dr. Greer, of New York. It is well worth reading. University students, young preachers, and even some older ones, will find something of special interest in what is said about the preacher preparing his message. The principal thing in the preparation of the message is, in Dr. Greer's view, the preparation of the messenger—the man. Such preparation may be general or may be special; but it is the preparation of life and character. There is always danger that divinity students or young public speakers of any kind may be allured into thinking that there is some magical trick of elocution or method which will win the attention of an audience. With such arts and tricks Dr. Greer has nothing to do. But from his own experience he has, however, wise suggestions to make in regard to method. His own habit is to preach without notes. He does not commit his sermons to memory, which indeed has little or no advantage over preaching from manuscript; nor does he speak "extemporaneously," in the dreadful sense in which that word is often used, as a synonym for the uncombed, unfiled thoughts and impulses of the moment. Every sermon is carefully thought out with a pencil in hand, and many thoughts as they come are noted down; but no notes whatever are taken in the pulpit.

The "Voice," of New York, created a profound sensation, and drew upon itself much severe condemnation, when it made the following statement of belief:

"The attitude of the churches of America is the bulwark of the rum traffic. The ungodly league between churches and saloons must be broken, if the churches have to be split from turbot to foundation stone to do it. A church that will any longer falter or stagger, in the presence of these 240,000 gaping holes in America, is one that is an enemy to God, and a menace to the moral health of the nation. The minister that any longer supports by his ballot, or his silence, the policy of license or a license party, is as guilty before God on this subject as a barkeeper, and no longer worthy to be a religious instructor or a moral guide. The saloon exists because it is legalized and protected. Its legalization rests upon the voters of America. Men who deliberately shut their eyes to this fact are men unfit to take communion at God's table, and a church that will let them do it is unfit any longer to be called a church. The guilt of the church remains, so long as a man who deliberately supports the legalization of drunkard-making is allowed to remain in its pulpits, or in its pews. A church that will not insist that its members array themselves against the license of drunkard-making, and against all political parties that uphold it, has lost its power to cope with sin, and has become an ally of hell. Men and brethren, come out of it!"

But why should the statement be resented? Its sting is in its truth—its awful truth. When Christians array themselves in down right earnest against the rum traffic, the end of the iniquity will be near. Till then, dislike it as much as they may, the responsibility of indifference and inactivity is theirs. Move up! men of God, and smite the abomination of desolation."

PARLIAMENT is to meet on Thursday, January 2nd. It will be a session of much interest, and, probably, an exciting one.

Do you Want It?

This city has been blessed—is being blessed, with a good revival. The gracious effects are manifest in the quickened life of the churches, in the addition to their membership of many renewed lives, in many homes changed and brightened, and, generally, in an improvement in the moral and religious tone of the community. These good results will, in a large degree, abide.

Moncton, also has been blessed with revival influences, touching hundreds of lives with gracious and saving power. All the churches have shared in the blessing, and doubtless the life of the whole community is bettered by the work of grace.

Reading the news of the gracious things wrought in these two cities Christians in many places have, doubtless, sighed and wondered when their churches and communities would have like outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Whenever you are ready for it, brethren. To the question, "Do you want a revival in your church?" a western paper answers, if you do, begin now. And the place to begin, brother, sister, is in your own heart. Give it a new to God. Ask Him to direct you in your efforts to save others. Let a new song be upon your lips. Pay no attention to your circumstances, for circumstances cannot hinder God's revivals. When Paul and Silas were tied up in the Philippian jail, they began to sing and to praise God, and a great revival instantly broke out. Were the silent-tongued to begin to praise and pray and testify, they would soon arouse their neighbors to new life. Were the hesitating ones to throw themselves on to the strength of God and begin boldly to toil for Jesus, they would speedily witness their reward. In their inception, revivals are simply the quickened religious life of one or more people, but in their sweep they often gather in hundreds or thousands. They are the most important and the happiest events that can come to communities. They thrill more people with true joy, and bring more solid comfort and satisfaction to the community, than anything else that can be named in earthly experience. Oh, for ten thousand of them now! They would cause a shout to girdle the globe and to penetrate the ear of heaven.

The Missionary Spirit.

There was never a more amazing contradiction—says *The Spirit of Missions*—than that a man who calls himself a Christian should say that he cares nothing for missions. The missionary spirit is an essential part of Christianity, without which whatever calls itself by that name is a caricature, and is dead. The lack of an interest in missions, therefore, contradicts the essential nature of Christianity and the character of God.

In the next place, the man who has no interest in missionary work is blocking the wheels that roll the world on to its glorious destiny, and destroying the surest safeguard of property, home, family, and everything that men hold dear.

Any one who reads with clear eyes the history of the evolution of human society can see that religion, with its missionary motive and action, has been both the impelling and cohesive power of the progress of civilization, and has kept it, and will keep it forever, from the delusions of an impossible socialism, the madness of anarchy, and the destruction of the devil.

We therefore call upon men everywhere to cultivate the missionary spirit because it is the spirit of God, the spirit of love, and the only spirit that assures the safety, peace and progress of the world.

The opportunities for missionary work were never more numerous or important. The gates of the world stand open to-day. Commerce has made us acquainted with nearly every nation of the earth. Science almost annihilates distance and time, and public opinion and enlightened self-interest make ample protection for Christian workers and their work. For that work there is pressing need.

In foreign lands hundreds of millions of people are living "within the bounds of habitations determined" by God, indeed, but living in the darkness of ignorance and superstition; for which, now at least, Christian people are more responsible than they, because God has given the gospel of salvation to us and commanded us to carry it to those who are in dark and lonely places.

There are at home and abroad, thousands upon thousands of human beings who were born and who live, and love, and hate, and suffer and sicken, and die in ignorance, and in misery, and sin—needing well-nigh everything, but above everything else the elevation, life, joy, and comfort that come from a knowledge and practice of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Brother men, the call, the command, the opportunity, the need are before

you. What will you do with them? It is a personal and practical question. Surely every soldier will obey his commander, every brother will hold out a hand to his struggling fellow.

Fruitful Christians.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Autumn is the season of fruit harvests, when the orchards have "paid their dividends," and the music of ripe apples is heard as they go rattling into their bins. The wormy and worthless fruit has been thrown to the swine; only the sound fruit is accounted fit for the cellar or the market.

Every Christian church is an orchard, and every tree in that orchard is "known by its fruits." Too many there are who try to pass for Christians; but from them the yield of genuine graces can no more be expected than the owner of a grove of scrub oaks would expect a crop of Bartlett pears. The fruits of the Holy Spirit—as the apostle catalogues them—are love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance.

The first essential to a fruitful Christian is that he be well rooted. No part of a tree is so invisible and yet so important as its roots. The condition of a tree commonly reports where its roots are, and what they are doing. A dearth of life below means barrenness above ground. The roots of our religious life are our secret motives and our ruling affections; and no one can claim to be a genuine Christian unless Jesus Christ dwelleth down in the core of his heart. When we are shocked to discover the loose living and spiritual barrenness of some church members, it is because the branches of their profession hang over on the church side of the wall, while their roots are in the sandy soil of worldliness on the other side. There is no heart-union to Christ; and he has declared that "except ye abide in Me ye can bear no fruit."

A godly life is not the result of a divine decree without any free agency on our part, much less is it a matter of happy accident. Grapes do not grow on thorn bushes, nor are figs gathered from thistles. Multitudes of people expect at some day to become Christians, and often wish that they were Christians, and yet they do not apply the common-sense principle of causes and results. To be a Christian signifies that one has the divine "root of the matter in him—that he has a character which grows out of faith in the crucified Christ, and proves itself genuine by obedience to Christ's commandments. Such a character is not a matter of divine decree or of human haphazard, any more than wheat grows up without planting, or that Hamburg grapevines spring up spontaneously in our gardens. Christian character is a growth—first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full ripe corn in the ear. There can be no vigorous growth without a deep rooting into Jesus Christ, and shallow conversions produce shallow Christians.

Some Christians are bountiful fruit bearers, and the reason is that they draw all their supplies of grace and their inspirations of daily conduct from their deep down heart union to Jesus. Love of Jesus is the motive that subdues selfishness; and loyalty to Jesus holds them as a stout root holds a tree amid the blast of winter's tempests, or under the summer's parching droughts. Glorious old Paul was always abounding in the work of the Lord and he tells the secret of it when he said, "Christ liveth in me." A drought never affects a well rooted Christian whose soul is in constant connection with the fountain-head of all spiritual power.

There is too much periodical plety in our churches. Some brethren are only flourishing during seasons of "revivals." The rest of the time they have a very dingy look; their leaves get powdered over with the dust of worldliness that they are very unsightly objects. There are some others whose leaf turns yellow very soon after they are planted in the church; this betrays a lack of moisture at the root, or perhaps a secret worm of indulged sin that is devouring the life of the tree. It is a wretched mistake to deal with the externals before the world while the condition of the heart is neglected. If the heart is rooted by "the rivers of water" the leaf will be always green and the fruit abundant. Such a disciple never ceases to yield fruit. Every year is a bearing year. It is the fixed habit of this faithful brother to attend the place of prayer in all weathers, to give according to his means, to pay every one his dues, to share his loaf with the suffering, to give his vote as conscience commands, and to stand up for Jesus Christ everywhere and on all occasions. He is always abounding in the work of the Master. This is the sort of Christian who

glorifies his Father in heaven by "bearing much fruit." The word "much" here is comparative. What would be much to a washerwoman would be paltry from a millionaire. A certain city church may plume itself on contributing fifty thousand dollars a year to foreign missions; but who in that church pinches himself or herself to do it? We could match against these dwellers in freestone and marble a poor widow, who at the end of a day of drudgery puts on a dress that has been "turned" three times, and trudges two miles on foot to her prayer meeting, saving her car fare for the missionary box; verily her gift outshines them all. The Master weighs gifts and labor in the scale of self denial.

Barnabas heads the column in the apostolic church; he gives his real estate to the Lord, he goes a city missionary to Cyprus, and wins the lofty title "full of the Holy Spirit."

"Much fruit" means the giving to Christ the best we have got. It is the lading of every limb on life's tree—be it a giant tree or a dwarf. He who in the lowliest sphere walks according to the Scripture rule, employs his time and single talent, controls his words, regulates his conduct, and does his work in such a conscientious way as to make his religion legible and luminous to all around him—such a man is a bountiful fruit bearer. In the Isle of Wight dwelt a poor "Dairyman's Daughter" and a "Little Jane, the Young Cottage" whose precious clusters of choice grapes of grace have sent out a sweet fragrance over Christendom. They "did what they could." Luther the prince of Reformers, Wesley the prince of Church organizers, Livingstone the prince of missionaries, Shaftesbury the prince of modern philanthropists, shook down their fruits over many lands; yet in God's sight they won no higher honor than those two cottage maidens. One of the most magnificent bearers who "yielded his fruit every month" for forty years was transplanted last winter from the soil of Boston to the soil of heaven. Adoniram Judson Gordon's power for Christ, instead of being terminated by his earthly life, increases every day; his goodly branches like the cedar's extend to the rivers; he is teaching to the churches the "Ministry of the Spirit" as no man in our day has taught that sovereign truth; grateful souls will be gathering his ripe fruits, delicious to the taste, when the millennial glory breaks!

Living to Jesus Christ every day and in the minutest things of life is the secret of fruitfulness. A fruitful Christian is a growth, not a sudden creation. A noble Christly character cannot be finished up by a religion of Sundays and sacraments and special services; it is the product of many days of sunshine and storm, of drawing in the vital sap from Jesus as the living Head, of conflict and prayer and self-denials, and downpourings of the Holy Spirit. The religion that would rather be poor than touch a dishonest dollar; that would rather go through a Sunday's fierce storm to its mission school than lie on its lounge; a religion that in all things serves Christ for the sheer love of serving Him—this is the kind of spiritual growth whose fruit tastes of the divine life within it. Blessed is that Christian whose broad boughs are laden with "apples of gold" for God's "baskets of silver!" Such blessedness is within the reach of every one who reads this article; as you lay it down, ask yourself, Am I bearing the genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit?

Voices and Echoes.

The Rev. Canon Dameron preached a "powerful sermon" on the evils of gambling in Toronto last Sunday.—*The Globe*.

We have heard of this gentleman before. With all that he says against gambling we can agree. But the value of his "powerful sermon" is discounted by the fact that he approves of the use of intoxicants—"in moderation," of course and thinks temperance would be promoted by the encouragement of the plentiful use of wines and malt liquors. He would even go so far as to establish "beer gardens" for the drinking convenience of parents and children. His fulminations against gambling are not likely to have much good effect.

Silence is not always golden. There are sins of omission as well as commission, and silence is often one of them.—*Lutheran Observer*.

When, for instance, you allow your friend, or any one else, to be misunderstood when a word from you would make all clear. When, to keep in with the majority, you refrain from declaring your convictions. When, for fear the plain truth may displease some influential man and lose you his friendship, you say nothing. There are times when silence is cruel and wicked. Don't be guilty of it.

Tammany seems to have won again in New York, after having been well nigh crushed. Of course no one need be told that the worst elements in the city conquered because the better elements could not agree among themselves.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

The same thing is occurring everywhere. The selfish and vicious elements hold together. The better classes of citizens allow themselves to be divided by petty questions, or are indifferent—and the devil wins. It would not be fair, perhaps, to say that the fellows of the baser sort have more sense, but they certainly act like it when an election which may affect their bad interests is on. Good citizens might profitably take a lesson from them.

Rev. Mr. Pearce of Weiser, Ind., speaking of young men's sowing wild oats, says, "Did you ever hear anyone say of a loose and dissolute young woman, 'O, she must sow her wild oats; she'll come out all right?'—*Exchange*."

Of course you never heard it. And yet there would be just as much morality in that view of a young woman's bad course, as of a young man's. The divine law of morality does not discriminate between men and women. But society, even in this Christian country, does. Shame on the women who cast out their sisters for sin, and welcome the men who are equally, if not guilty.

India Letter from the Nova Scotia Missionary.

Dear Friends:—"Time waits for no man," comes to my mind as I realize that just two years ago to-day I left Nova Scotia en route for India. It has been, in some ways an exceedingly short time. I am able to adapt myself to the customs prevailing here with comparative ease, and am learning each day that God will measure our progress toward Him, not by what we have endured but by how much we have desired to diminish the sufferings of others; by how much our efforts have been directed to the saving and perfecting of our brethren.

We are to start for our Yearly meeting the first of next month, arriving at Balasore, the place of meeting, about the 6th or 8th.

We, Mrs. Burkholder and children and myself, expect to go in a "garry drawn by bullocks, a much more comfortable conveyance than one would think from the name; while Dr. B. will, probably, go by steamer, via Calcutta.

We are hoping much from our gathering, and praying much for God's blessing on it, that He, who only can "give the increase," will show us the path in which to walk during the coming year.

The morning air has a hint of the cold season in it, and we are hoping much from its coolness and its bracing, exhilarating effects.

I think my last letter was written from here—Bhimpore. Well, I am settled now and at work with Dr. and Mrs. Burkholder, personal friends of many of the INTELLIGENCER readers. The work is constantly enlarging, out here at least, and as far as possible the demands are met.

I wonder if you know that nearly every member of the Bhimpore church gives his tenth to the Lord? They are poor people, most of them exceedingly poor, but find a blessing in giving. Of course the church is self-supporting, and there is now a plan on foot to enlarge the church, which is too small to hold the large congregation.

Rali poojah or worship, is going on now, and sounds of drumming, dancing and all the accompaniments of idol worship fill the air day and night. Every drum-beat seems a lash to spur us on to more energetic, concerted action as a mission, that Christ shall be theirs and they His.

The Santals who live near or among the Hindoos gradually adopt the outward forms of Hindu worship, but more for the sake of the noise, drumming and dancing than for any belief in the idols. Kali is the goddess of war, and is a most horrible looking creature. She is represented as having a necklace of human skulls about her neck, from which the blood is dripping, and sacrifice is made daily to her. In Calcutta there is a famous temple to Kali, and many goats and lambs are daily sacrificed there.

This is but a short and hurried note, but I want to write each month and so send this rather than nothing, and with it my heartfelt thanks to friends who have written me asking questions about the mission. God bless and prosper you.

Sincerely yours,

EDNA WILE.

Bhimpore, Oct. 17, '95.

Loss.—The Presbyterian Women's Foreign Mission Society loses \$3,000 by the failure of the banking firm of Farquhar, Forrest and Co., Halifax. The Presbyterian Theological College will lose \$6,000 by the same failure.