

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

Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D., EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5TH 1896

Sunday bicycling has become so general that it has become necessary for christian wheelmen to form a club whose object is to correct and prevent the Sabbath-breaking. The pledge taken is: "I promise that I will not use the bicycle on Sundays to attend meets, runs, or races, nor for mere pleasure riding, nor in such a way as to interfere with public quiet, personal rest and Divine worship."

In connection with a jubilee of Dr. Alex. McLaren, the eminent Baptist preacher, of Manchester, Eng., a memorial fund of \$10,000 has been raised by his fellow-citizens. All denominations have been equally interested in doing honour to him, the chairman of the committee to raise the money being a churchman, and the bishop contributing to it and writing a very appreciative letter.

The London News claims to have authority for the statement that the powers are about combining for the suppression of the Turkish horrors in Armenia. It says that the relatives of the Czar in England, Denmark and Greece have submitted to the Russian Emperor official documents bearing upon the atrocities committed in Turkey which have had the effect of alienating His Majesty's sympathy from the Turkish Government, and have given rise to the hope that concerted action will be taken that will put an end to the Turkish horrors.

Let us hope that the statement is true.

Rev. Albert J. Diaz, who is called the Apostle of Cuba, has according to figures given in the *Advance*, done a great work there. He is a Spaniard, and was a Catholic until converted. He has been preaching in Cuba for fourteen years, and in that time has been instrumental in turning many to righteousness. He is an attractive preacher, and has large audiences wherever he preaches. He has baptized 2700 converts. Among the converts was his mother, who had been so angry over his change to Protestantism that for six months she had not spoken to him. So great was his joy in baptizing her that he forgot the usual formula, and exclaimed: "Lord this is my mother!"

Rum-sellers and the papers which represent them do not tell the truth about their business. *Boulevard's Wine and Spirit Circular*, however, did recently say things about the traffic which if said by one opposed to the abomination would be called the ravings of fanaticism. This is what it said:

"We are familiar with society's complaints against the liquor traffic. We realize that there is good ground for many of these complaints. We deplore the fact but stand helpless and without a word of advice to those who would correct them. *We are without a policy.* We see young men becoming drunkards and we offer no remedy. We see old men turn to common sots but we offer no remedy. We see the ruin of society flocking into the liquor business but we offer no remedy. We see the retail liquor trade dragged down to the level of the bad house, and little hells are operated in public places under liquor licenses but we offer no remedy."

The "remedy" the *W. and S. Circular* would like is a little more "regulation," as though that would do any good. The history of all attempts at regulation proves that the traffic is thereby made more influential and more defiant. The only "regulation,"

which will have any effect is annihilation.

The Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States may stand for many things which we cannot endorse, but in the following statement made in his speech at the Chicago Convention, he uttered a truth not as well understood as it should be. He said:

"The miners who go a thousand feet into the earth or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who in a back room corner the money of the world. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer. The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the lawyer in the great metropolis. The merchant at a cross-roads is as much a business man as the merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and tills all day, begins in the spring and toils all summer, and by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of this country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes up on the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain."

At the great International Christian Endeavour Convention, an address by Rev. B. Fay Mills on "America and the Armenia question" made a profound impression. He scored the United States government severely, saying,—"I have an idea that if the Turkish gunboats were to bombard and destroy a Kentucky distillery, our American Minister would move fast enough, or if the mast of some millionaire's yacht, lying at anchor in the Dardanelles, were to be splintered by a Turkish shell, fired by accident, there would be a tremendous uproar. I charge the Government of the United States with misrepresentation of the enlightened sentiment of the American people in this matter. The President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the American Ministers have disregarded our broken treaties; they have permitted American lives to be endangered; they have permitted American property to be destroyed without reparation, and American citizens to be imprisoned. Our Government has stirred the passions of the American people to anger against England on the one thousandth part of the pretext that would have sufficed for a destructive war with Turkey. The administration officers have turned a deaf and almost scornful ear to the entreaties and representations of some of our best citizens, missionaries, churches and moral societies, and I denounce their conduct as unpatriotic, uncivil, undemocratic, un-republican, un-American, un-Christian, selfish, weak, wicked, barbaric and criminal in the eyes of the American people, and of God and all men."

"A More Excellent Way."

Lord Salisbury has been expressing himself about the raising of money for church purposes. His views, as might be expected from a Prime Minister, are eminently sensible. The occasion was a meeting in the interest of an East London Church fund, at which the Premier was asked to make a speech. He did not content himself with saying pleasant nothings—he does not seem to be given to that, either in things political or religious—but pointed out what he thought were mistaken methods, and urged the better way. He complained of the fashion, so very general, which requires men in order to support a good cause, "to eat a bad dinner and to listen to very indifferent speeches." The assembly he was addressing had no ground of complaint on that score; there was no dinner, either good or bad, and the speaking was not poor. Judging from the newspaper reports of what he said, it is not often that, at such gatherings, there is such a mingling of wit and good sense as in the speech of the Prime Minister. His gibe that "the largest efforts which christian munificence ever makes are made in response to organizations and schemes by which people are invited to purchase worthless articles at ridiculous prices," was made pleasantly enough, but contained so much truth that, doubtless, many who heard had an uncomfortable five minutes; and, let us hope, that at least some of them felt so ashamed that they will not again be guilty.

The Premier, however, touched a higher note, and stated the real ethics of christian giving, when he referred to Paul's teachings and practices. "It is," he said, "a strange contrast to what happened in the earlier and higher days of christianity, when you read in St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians the request that they should send relief to their suffering fellow-Christians in Jerusalem. Yet we do not read that he found it necessary to hold a bazaar or a charity dinner or even a public meeting with a Roman magistrate to make a speech. . . . The bazaar or the dinner may furnish a portion of the money which

is required. But it satisfies no self-discipline, it leaves no feeling of devotion or gratitude or beneficence behind it. It uses the largest amount of material with the smallest amount of moral improvement that is possible."

He certainly struck the true note when he set forth the New Testament idea of contributions as compared with the methods so largely in fashion now a-days. There is, doubtless, a degree of self denial, much good motive and a hearty willingness to work in getting up a bazaar or dinner for the church. But much is done for small results, financial; while the effect on those from whom the money is obtained in this way, and on the people generally, is not such as is desirable; they are not taught their obligation to God, nor given the joy of direct contribution to His treasury. There is, as Lord Salisbury suggests, "a more excellent way." We all need to be taught to give to the Lord's cause without the help of any of these intermediaries. We are beneath the normal christian level unless the character of the objects which appeal to us, and our own sense of obligation, furnish us with a sufficient motive. That christians generally are coming to understand this is gratifying. There is yet room, however, for much teaching.

Christian Citizenship.

Considerable attention was given to the question of christian citizenship at the great Christian Endeavour Convention of a few weeks ago. Papers were read and addresses made, all emphasizing the duty of christians to make themselves felt in the affairs of their communities and the country. Of course there are some very good people, under the influence of the old notion that religion and business, religion and politics should be kept quite apart, who fear that there is great danger to the church and to the cause of Christ if church members become active participants in political affairs.

The *Independent* suggests that the best way to answer those who are so zealous for the church and who fear that it will be contaminated if brought into close relations with all the concerns of life, is to study Christ's life and see what His method was. And this it proceeds to do:

"Of course Christ was religious, and no one questions the wisdom and righteousness of anything he did. He came as the Son of God to show us how we ought to live, and he came as the Son of Man to show us that we can live as we ought to live. The keynote of his life is found in what he said to his parents when they rebuked him for tarrying behind in Jerusalem to dispute with the doctors in the Temple: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?' What was this business? We say that it was to preach and teach, to reveal the gracious purpose of the Father, live a perfectly holy life and be offered in sacrifice for the sins of the world. But after that memorable conversation Christ returned with his parents and became a carpenter. He worked at Joseph's trade. He had his living to earn, and he earned it. Before he began his public ministry was he a carpenter and a devout Jew, or was he a devout Jewish carpenter? Did he carry religion into his business, or did he try to separate the two? Was not his religion as characteristic of him as his manhood, and as indelible in the lines of his life as his Jewish lineage? Was he any the less engaged in his Father's business when he was handling the saw and the plane, than when he went into the Temple on the Sabbath? We do not imagine that he ever held that a carpenter must suspend his religious obligations while engaged in his trade. When he began his public ministry he did not confine his religious teaching to the Sabbath, nor to the synagogue; nor did he cease to take an interest in the business affairs of others. We do not learn that his Sermon on the Mount was a Sabbath sermon. He did not refuse to give great spiritual lessons on working days, and some of his most effective teachings were drawn from events in the secular world, as we sometimes call it. On more than one occasion he was with his disciples when they were fishing, and he did not seem to think that it would be incongruous to mix the truths of the gospel with the fish of the nets. He was much with the sailors, both in calm and storm, and he never forgot while he was in un consecrated ships bound, it may be on secular errands, that he was a teacher sent of God, and that all hours and days and all occasions were suitable opportunities for the delivery of his message. Did not Christ carry the Gospel into business, into business hours and business places? and did the Gospel suffer, and was business the worse for it?"

Christianity is to the whole life of thought and work and rest what the blood is to the physical life. The heart

beats when we sleep, it beats when we rest, it beats when we work. It never stops till sleep and rest and work are done forever. It beats by day and by night; in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, beats, beats, beats—knowing no interval of cessation—sending the blood, which is the life, through every artery to every portion of the body, through the chest to all the limbs, through the arms to the very finger-tips, that every muscle may be fed, every cord strengthened, and every bone and sinew kept in perfect condition. If we cut off the arterial supply from the hand, it falls; from the arm, it dies; from the brain, it shrivels. Free and continuous circulation is the law of life. We want it whatever we do, wherever we go, whether we work or whether we play, whether we sleep or whether we wake.

Christianity is the law of our life. There is never a moment when we do not need it. There is never an experience from which it is safe to banish it; never a thought or purpose or deed which it ought not to dominate. If you leave it behind you when you go to business or into politics, or lock it up at home when you go on a vacation, or lay it away every Sunday night with your Bible you will be hopelessly crippled in the high duties and destinies of every-day life. It would be like binding arm and leg so that the blood could not flow into them.

Some Christians are horror-struck at the idea of associating politics and religion. Politics are so wicked, so defiled, so degrading, that good men must have nothing to do with them. They are not always and everywhere so bad; but why are they ever bad? The answer is easy to find. Take the light out of a room, and darkness becomes supreme. To banish the darkness, you have only to bring back the light.

The great need of the world is that God should be everywhere and constantly present. We want God in our business as well as in our churches; in our amusements as well as in our devotions; in our politics most of all. What are politics? In the language of President Hitchcock politics are "the principles by which nations should be governed and regulated," and are "only a branch of ethics," or rather "a special application of the principles of morality and religion." It is a fair field for christian endeavor; and we believe that any christian may be as much "a missionary of God in our politics as in the forests of Africa." He should go to the primary, the polls or the political convention as regularly, as religiously as he goes to church or to conference or to prayer-meeting. Let us all be not only christians but citizens; not christians in the church and citizens out of it; but always christians, always citizens, citizen christians, christian citizens.

A Trip to Mexico.

FROM THE BORDER TO THE CAPITAL.

No. 3.

Now we leave Saltillo, southward bound. When we have travelled a few miles we come to what our guide and the conductor tell us is the battle-field of "Buena Vista." We are still climbing the heavy grade and winding our way along the mountain side; the summit is reached at Carneros. We are more than seven thousand feet above sea level, and find the air much cooler, in fact an overcoat is among the articles of comfort. We stop a few minutes and the stock of wood for the iron horse is replenished. We have now our first down grade, as we descend a few hundred feet to the plains. Here we have a hundred and fifty miles of track without a curve, and as good a road as we have ever travelled over, and although a narrow gauge it is smooth and in perfect order. Just before we leave the hills our attention is directed to a little village on our right the name of which is Gomez Farias, once the home of a noted brigand, and now inhabited by his descendants who are said to be better-behaved. We have come to a fine grazing country, and as we look across the plains we can but admire the large herds of cattle, horses and burros. Some may wonder what kind of an animal the burro is; it is a small jackass, and altogether indispensable in Mexico, especially in the mountains, as it is a great climber, very sure-footed, and possessed of wonderful powers of endurance and great strength; they can live on anything, and eat anything in reach, drawing the line at granite and railroad spikes.

Time would fail me to go into particulars and tell of each place in detail. Vanegas is the next station of note. From Vanegas south we keep close to the foothills of the mountain range on our left. Our next stop is at Catvica, where we had breakfast about 10 a. m. July 1st.—Looking around, there was but little to attract one's attention,

other than the fine depot, which is a rock structure, and the large numbers of burros browsing or lying in the shade. We were tempted to ask why so fine a building had been built away from every place; our guide pointed to the mountain range and asked, Do you see that little plot of green at the foot of the mountain; then, said he, look closely and you will see that it is a little village; now look far up the mountain side and see that long brown line which is the path that leads to the great mining city of "Catvica," with its population of ten thousand, where no wheeled vehicle has ever disturbed the quiet. The word "catvica," in Spanish, means fourteen. The mines were discovered by a band of fourteen outlaws, hence the name. The mines were discovered in 1780, and at once became noted on account of their very rich ore, some of which assayed fifteen thousand dollars to the ton. We could almost write a volume about the wonderful and striking things that are told us of this place. The city is eight miles from the depot, and the only means of transportation is by means of the patient burro, with his jack saddle, and the little village at the foot of the mountain is the place where they rest and feed. A gentleman told us that the trip up the mountain is one always to be remembered. "I would not have missed it for a hundred dollars," said he, "but the next day I would not have made the trip for five hundred."

We are informed that the mountains are tunneled until they are like a honey-comb. The town is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, with narrow paved streets that run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of forty-five degrees. Catvica is the last stop we have in the Temperate Zone. Ere the train reaches La Maroma, the next station, we cross the Tropic of Cancer and enter the Torrid Zone. As we remember our early geography lessons of the hot zone we begin to think of getting our fan ready, and our ice cream suit for actual service, but while we are trying to arrange our forethought, which usually comes afterwards, the conductor says, "Look out of the windows to the right," and looking we saw a pyramid on which was this inscription, "Tropico De Cancer Zona Torrida." This is an interesting feature, as it marks the exact line between two zones, that we have been taught differ so radically in climate. But to our surprise we have no use for a fan, the air seems about as cool as if we were in the beautiful city of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, enjoying the invigorating breezes from the old Atlantic. Now we remember, our geography spoke of latitude only, not even referring to altitude, and although within the tropics the climate is most delightful. Our road is still across the plain. We pass Los Charcos, the station of another mining town, where there are several things to interest us. Venado is our next stop, and we are told that half our journey is accomplished.

The town or village of Mexico that has not its legend, is not worthy its name; and every place we stop there is much of history in the story that is hurriedly told, and if the starting bell interrupts, then the conductor or train man will complete the story. The legends are sacred and profane, not confined to this sphere, but reaching the heavens above and the depths beneath, and from the boundless expanse the spirits have been brought. If you doubt it, the most convincing proofs are forthcoming, such as the prints in the bridge at Monterey, where the Virgin stood and kept back the invading Americans in 1847. We will tell you of other legends and their miraculous proofs. The next stop is at Bocas, which is really a tropical town, of rare beauty. Having just completed the hundred and fifty miles across the plain, the beautiful gardens and trees make a very pleasant and lasting impression. As the train is nearing Bocas we are told to look eastward, and near the line of railroad is a large "hacienda" (which is a very large ranch owned and controlled by an individual or company; many of them contain more than a hundred thousand acres, and are worked by peones, the poorer class), which is the first really fine and typical hacienda, that we have seen, with its castle-like residence, towered church and group of bells, arched bridge of stone, walled gardens with growing fruits and flowers, and court-yards with frowning parapets built in the old bandit days for protection to the peones and the herds at night. On the other side, in a grove of green trees, is a place which it is said once belonged to Emperor Maximilian, while another tradition says a rich land-owner commenced to build it but died before the house was completed, and it was turned into a chapel; the white tower of the chapel is seen above the trees. We notice that the maguery, or century plant, is growing in abundance, and the pulque and mescal, also, are plentiful. We

stop at Bocas, and get the tropical fruits (and mescal, if you like it) they (the fruits) are fresh from the trees, and good.

Soon we will be to the city of San Luis Potosi, but before we get there we have to climb the hills and leave the plains behind. There are many turns in the road before the city is reached, which is on a table-land. It is a fine city, and we are told that it ranks second to none in the Republic, outside the capital. The depot is near the centre of the city, and is as fine a building as will be found in any country. This is the city that boasts of the largest smelter in the world. The city is nicely laid out, the streets running at right angles, they are kept marvellously clean, and the houses (as required by law) are kept newly painted, examples that might be emulated by countries, said to have a better reputation than has been given Mexico. There are many fine buildings, of which I might write if time would permit; it is enough, however, to say that this, as all Mexican cities, is a city of churches, some of which are very fine. Our party is anxious to be going so we have to get ready, and leave writing for the present.

J. H. EBB.

San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 1st, '96.

Mission News and Notes.

—Missionaries on foreign fields bring in three times as many converts every year as all the ministers here at home, aided by Christian influence, workers and literature.

—One hundred and fifty Chinese converts were baptized during the last twenty months by the Rev. Hopkin Rees, a Welsh missionary of the London Missionary Society, who is located at Tientien, North China.

—Seven years ago the Church Missionary Society of England had on its list four "honorary missionaries," that is, missionaries who supported themselves from their own means. Now there are seventy such missionaries connected with the Society.

—The oldest Protestant mission is the Swedish mission among the Lapps, begun by Gustaf Vasa during the sixteenth century. The Swedes were also the first Protestants to begin Foreign mission work—that among the American Indians, begun in 1637.

—Prof. G. H. Schodde, in the *Churchman*, calls Abyssinia "The Hermit Nation of Africa." In that land Christianity has had an unbroken history from the early centuries, and this "Switzerland of Africa" is about the only part of Africa which has been able to resist the onslaught of Islamism.

—There is in South Africa a country called Basuto Land, from which all colonists are expressly excluded. Here the missionaries can go, however, and preach the gospel to the black man without the great and exasperating hindrance of the voices brought in by degraded white colonists.

—Sir Charles Elliott, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, says,—"There is unquestionably an under-current working among the higher classes of India toward Christianity, in spite of all the open manifestations against it, and we look forward with confident expectation to the day when all India shall bow at the feet of Christ, who alone can uplift, justify, and save."

—Here is a striking contrast, showing the superiority of Christianity over all other religions: "Mohammedanism has a history of thirty centuries. It has won 200,000,000 followers, and its degraded and wretched myriads are confined to southern Asia and northern Africa. Christianity, after nineteen centuries of life, has won 400,000,000 followers, and with the exception of China and Turkey, its happy and enlightened people rule the world."

—It is not only the Irish Presbyterians that have trouble with the Salvation Army in India. The report of the Lodian Mission of the Presbyterian Board says that the Army officers visit the stations, offer increased salaries, pay debts, and carry on a system of bribery which is almost inconceivable. Men under discipline were taken and put in charge of important posts almost at once; and it was even the fact that a number under the charge of immorality were at one time among the leaders at Ambala. The evil effects extended elsewhere. Whole villages not in the Presbyterian mission "have been induced to leave their work and become beggars, thus transforming honest working Christians into wandering vagabonds." When it was found that the promises were not kept, general discontent spread everywhere. Many of the poor villagers having sold all that they