

TERMS AND NOTICES

The RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER is issued every week, except on the office of publication, New York St., Fredericton, N. B.

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PAYMENT of subscriptions may be made to any Free Baptist minister in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and to any authorized agent as well as to the proprietor at 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.

LAST WEEK IN JANUARY.

During these last days of January many hundreds of subscriptions should reach this office.

Everybody who, for any reason, has up to this time delayed making payment, should make a remittance within a week.

Let us hear from you all, good friends.

The best time to attend to the matter is to-day.

Religious Intelligencer.

REV. JOSEPH McLEOD, D. D., EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22ND 1896.

Religion can get along without politics; but politics needs the introduction of a good degree of religion.

Great men—at least those occupying positions that should be filled by great men, appear small some times.

While the Intelligencer is not, and never has been, a political paper in any degree, it is and will be actively against all politics and all political parties which enter to the ruinous run-traffic.

The Pope seems very anxious to act as arbitrator between Great Britain and the United States, in the Venezuela matter. His services are not likely to be accepted. If, however, he could persuade President Cleveland that it would be a sensible thing for him to mind his own business he would be doing some good.

Let those who sometimes repine because they are not called to great and distinguished service get comfort from what Dr. Cuyler says. Often the best Christians are those who serve their Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else He would not place his oaks in tiny acorns, or the wealth of a wheat-field in bags of little seeds.

The new Minister of Militia, Hon. Mr. Desjardins, is the gentleman, who, a few years ago, as Mayor of Montreal, refused to extend the courtesies of that city to the officers of an Italian warship visiting the city. His reason for refusing was his belief that Italy is the enemy of the Pope. Italy and Great Britain are friends, but M. Desjardins' allegiance to the Pope was greater than his allegiance to Britain.

Large sums have been raised in England and the United States for the relief of the suffering and starving Armenians. The money has been forwarded to Constantinople. The Turkish government, however, will not permit any distribution among its subjects, in its own territory, by any foreign society or individuals, however respectable the same may be (as, for instance, the Red Cross Society), of money collected abroad.

The difference between the mere sermonizer and the true preacher is stated by the "Congregationalist" thus:

The sermonizer plays upon the surface of things; the preacher probes the deep secrets of the heart. The sermonizer is a dishonest quack; the preacher is a true physician. There are short cuts to the knack of sermonizing; preaching requires long training of both mind and heart. The quack is often a better sermonizer than the

saint; none but the devout and humble soul can preach.

The "Free Baptist" has this to say about certain people: When a person stops his denominational paper because it is cheaper to take another, we assume that he is in the habit of calling on his neighbors just before meal time and eating there, because it is cheaper than to eat at home. But the undenominational paper does not furnish the same strength for working in your church to which you have promised your best help. You need to be in touch with your co-workers; it will help you just as the quiet chat at home is more restful than the visit abroad.

There are several kinds of correspondents. But the majority belong to one or the other of two classes—those who are afraid their communications may not appear as promptly as they desire, and who are fearful that some verbal changes may be made in their productions, and who make a great row if their notions are not carried out; and those who are willing to trust the judgment of an editor. One of the latter class wrote recently: "Enclosed find a MS. You can put it in the wastebasket if you like. I shall feel much better, perhaps, if it goes there than if it finds a place in the paper."

We have noticed that the men who are not afraid of the wastebasket rarely write anything that goes there. In the case of the others it often requires a good deal of patience and work to make their productions fit for any other place.

Talmage has evidently had some experience in newspaper management, as well as in writing for the papers. And this is what he says:

One of the great trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the sham of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weaknesses of the world—all the vanities that want to be puffed, all the revenges that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers that want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who were never right, all the crack-brained philosophers, all the bores who come to stay five minutes, but talk five hours.

United States papers often contain articles based on the assumption that there is a wide-spread feeling in Canada in favour of annexation. There never was a greater mistake made. There may be here and there a sore-head who thinks annexation would be a good thing, but they are even fewer than the victims of anglophobia amongst our neighbours. A Canadian, criticizing an article in the Independent, says:

But who are the "annexationists in Canada?" Unless citizens of the United States, who may be resident in Canada, are meant, the only persons that I know of answering to that description are Prof. Goldwin Smith, who is a Canadian neither by birth nor in spirit, and a former member of the Provincial Parliament from a border county of Ontario, who at the last election was relegated to private life.

The fact, well known to every one who has any acquaintance with Canadian political life, that the charge of disloyalty to England, or of the slightest leaning toward annexation, is the most damning that can possibly be brought against a political party or a public man, should be enough to indicate the attitude of the Canadian people. Nothing in favor of annexation is ever heard in Canada, unless from Prof. Goldwin Smith. The "Patrons of Industry," a recent political organization of Canadian farmers, has placed as the first plank of its platform, "Maintenance of British Connection," for no conceivable reason but to render itself proof against such charges as are indicated above, which have long been among the favorite and most effective weapons of the party now in power in the Dominion Parliament.

I do not think that the truth of this matter can be better stated than by a quotation from the Toronto Globe, the chief exponent of the principles of the Canadian Liberal Party, at present in opposition in the Dominion Parliament. In an editorial on Saturday morning, December 21st, it says: "The impression that upon any question affecting the loyalty of this country to Britain her people are divided, is as false as it is mischievous. In such a situation as the present the whole nation, without distinction of race, creed or party, is British and Canadian through and through. At least one invasion of Canada was encouraged by the notion that the invaders would be joined by a large body of friends upon Canadian soil. There is no excuse for allowing this mistake, disastrous in its consequences to the people of both countries, to occur again."

THE TIME.—By vote of the City Council the town clock is now showing standard time. But it does not seem quite satisfactory to many citizens, judging by the numerous signatures to the petition to have the clock returned to local time.

Care For The Erring.

Christians sometimes lack in sympathy for the erring. They do not intend to have less sympathy than they should have, nor to fail to express it in proper ways. They really feel sorry for the wayward and sinful, and heartily wish it were otherwise with them; but they fail to impress this fact of their sympathy upon those who need it most.

It is true that there is a sense in which there is not, nor can be, any sympathy between the pure and the impure; and Christians cannot, with propriety, and beneficial effect, have relations with the impure and vicious which obliterate from the minds of either class the consciousness of this fact.

Some Christian people go to the extreme of establishing such relations with the flagrantly wicked as to make the impression that there is no difference, or, any, that it does not matter much. This is, we think a serious mistake, involving unfaithfulness to Christ, and the loss of beneficial influence over those who need help and and who may rightly look to Christians as the instruments of it.

Between the two extremes—withdrawing wholly from contact with those who have gone wrong, and maintaining such relations to them as may make them lose the sense of their wrong-doing—there is a course which may be pursued by Christians which will honor Christ and be a blessing to the erring and sinful. Our Lord's life amongst men furnishes the example His disciples should follow. He mingled with all classes of men and women, yet never compromised himself; nothing He did or said gave any of them an opportunity to say that He regarded their wrong-doings lightly; on the contrary, His mingling with them was always in a way to impress them with the purity of His own character, and with a sense of their own sinfulness and need of divine forgiveness and help. Many Christians are following in His footsteps, and their lives magnify the grace of God, even in the judgment of those who are far from Him by wicked works. This disposition should be cultivated by all Christians.

Strange as it may appear, it is a fact that those who have been professed followers of Christ, but have fallen into careless or sinful ways, get much less than care and help from Christians than they deserve. They are not only allowed to drift on to yet greater distance from Christ and righteousness, without the tender entreaties that might win them back, but are often treated with actual coldness by those whose duty it is to be God's messengers to them—to save them. Timely care would prevent many a backsliding, and would recover many a one who, under severe pressure of evil influences has faltered in the Christian pathway. Jesus was patient with His erring disciples, not condoning their faults and sins, but, by His tender chidings and loving counsels, seeking to preserve them from the power of the world and the devil and to establish them in faith and service. This work of loving care He has given into the hands of His faithful people.

Parliamentary Matters.

The "crisis" at Ottawa is over. The ministers who resigned, with one exception, are again in their places in the government. Sir Charles Tupper senior takes the place of his son, Sir C. H. Tupper, and Senator Desjardins takes the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Angers last year. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is still Premier. The statement of the trouble and the settlement of it, read by Sir A. Caron, is a very good specimen of how not to tell what is the matter. It seems to be generally understood that when the address has been passed, or, at farthest, at the close of the session, there will be a reconstruction with Sir Chas. Tupper as Premier. But, "the best laid schemes" miscarry; and so much has happened out of the ordinary that it is not safe to predict what, or how strange things, may now in anybody's programme, not occur before Parliament breaks up.

Remedial legislation of some kind will be introduced, as pronounced in the Governor General's speech, which is the government's programme. What it will be is what the people are guessing at now. Nobody knows, perhaps not even the members of the government, just what it is to be. The bill, when it appears, will be more carefully scanned by the people generally than any proposed legislation in recent years.

Manitoba has reaffirmed, most emphatically, its approval of the non-sectarian schools system.

What effect Manitoba's expression of determination to stand by its free schools will have upon the Dominion government and Parliament remains

to be seen. It would seem, however, that, taken in connection with recent bye-elections, it ought to make them hesitate to attempt any interference. If, in spite of everything, the demand of the hierarchy has more weight with Parliament than the rights of a Province, it will be discovered later that more than one Province will have to be reckoned with. And the political fate of many a member will be depend on the stand he takes on this question.

The debate on the address in reply to the Governor General's speech has been with a good deal of feeling. Members have said severe things to and about each other; but perhaps they do not mean half they say. A general election is near, and every speech has that in view, and is designed to produce the best effect for the speaker and his party.

Voices and Echoes.

A converted stingy man begins to grow in the grace of liberality immediately, or he begins to backslide at once.—The Telescope.

If backsliding attends upon stinginess, and we cannot deny it, there are many backsliders, and some who have slidden very far back.

The rum power could not last a year in this land if church members and preachers would unite to put it down. Nothing but absolute prohibition meets the demands of that Scripture which exhorts us to not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers.—Christ. Standard.

Are you a preacher? If so, are you doing your part, or are you talking weak generalities about evil, while the work of death goes on before your eyes? Are you a church member? If so, do you forget your duty in this matter in your anxiety for the success of your party nominee? Every Christian should make his influence and his vote tell against the destroying rum traffic. Be sure you do so.

There is one part of the paper some people never read. That is the label. It is an interesting thing, because each week it tells a tale. It speaks, as it were. Methinks I hear many of them saying this week, "I am due and should be paid! Please fix me up for another year." What is your saying? Consult it.—Phil. Standard.

Will the readers of the INTELLIGENCER please make a note of this, and act accordingly?

I think we should not lay too much stress upon character at the sacrifice of capacity.—Cor. St. John Globe.

The reference in the above is to the choice of a candidate for Parliament in place of the late Mr. Weldon, St. John. It is, surely, possible for the political parties to find nominees who have both character and capacity. It is not possible to lay too much stress on character in such cases. There is, we are glad to believe, a growing feeling that men should be chosen for representative positions more for their character and intelligence than because of their "capacity" to make stump speeches, to "stand in with the boys" and to do the party bidding.

My Vacation.

—No. 2.—

The first Sabbath in Boston, in the morning, I went, in company with Frank Fenwick McLeod, to hear Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale is a well preserved man of seventy, and is easily recognized by those familiar with his portraits in the magazines and shop windows. The text was an old, familiar one, "Bear ye one another's burdens," etc., and the sermon was one breathing such love for humanity, and such sympathy for burdened ones, that each hearer must have felt, as I did, that we had added burdens to each other, instead of bearing them. I turned away from the church in a thoughtful mood—thinking of what I had heard, and resolving that I would try and profit by it, when it came to me that I had better go back and tell the preacher that I had been helped by his sermon. I always shrink from meeting any hero of mine, for fear of being disillusioned, or met in such a way that I feel I am regarded as a bore, but at the suggestion of my friend we went back. Mr. Hale remembered my friend's name, having seen it at the head of an article in which he had been interested, and when I had been introduced as a Canadian and a life-long admirer of Mr. Hale's literary work, we received such a cordial greeting, and were made to feel at home in that charming, easy, gracious way, so characteristic of all he writes and says, that the remembrance of the interview will always remain with me as one of my pleasantest memories. Mr. Hale told me that Canadians were among their best citizens, and said it in such a way that I knew he felt he was not giving a compliment, but simply stating a fact. He invited us to call at his study that

week, and meant it when he said he could be glad to see us. And so Dr. Hale remembered his own sermon, and did what preachers do not always do, "practiced what he preached."

In the afternoon I am almost afraid I broke the Sabbath, for I went to hear a spiritualist preach, or lecture, or something. The church is a large one, not far from Dr. Hale's, and is finely fitted up. They have a magnificent organ, but there was no choir that day. A soloist "soloed," but what she sang, or said, I never can tell. Why is it so many singers mumble their words so that one cannot tell, unless he follows them with the book, what they are singing? I suppose for the same reason that preachers mumble their words, because they have never been taught to enunciate distinctly.

No scripture was read, but a prayer was offered, and I thought of the criticism of a prayer I once read about, "He made one of the most eloquent prayers that was ever offered up to a Boston audience." I paraphrased that criticism, and said to myself, that is one of the most incomprehensible prayers ever offered to a Boston audience. I shall never forget the sermon that was "offered up to us," and for the best of reasons—I never remembered it. I took notes, and I can't read them. But it went on for forty minutes, or more, something like this, "The cycle of the infinite environments of the whereas is metaphysically impossible to the this, surrounded by inchoate affiliations. Why is the spirit of man searching for the confluent, subterranean, . . . and then I must have slept, for I was a boy again, and with my father, was crossing a black muddy stream, which to boyish eyes, seemed to be of great depth, for I could not see the bed of the brook; and I said to my father, 'Oh, how deep the water is.' 'No, my son,' said my father, 'it is not deep, what you take for depth is only mud.'"

Perhaps my father builded better than he knew, perhaps he meant to speak in parables; I never hear a sermon, or read a book, that is not clear and sparkling, but I think of my father's words, "it is mud." Only last week a man, telling of his former pastor, and how he was loved, "but," he added, "he was not a great preacher, a child can understand him." I thought how I had met that man in Boston, a few weeks ago, and, although I did not hear him preach, I heard of him as one of the best preachers and pastors in the city; and yet, in his little country town, he had been considered a very ordinary preacher, because "little children could understand him." When a man of ordinary intelligence and culture cannot understand a sermon and follow its thought, instead of his thinking "it is my ignorance, the sermon is too deep for me," let him say, "it is mud, my boy, not depth," and his verdict will be the correct one.

I awoke from my sleep, to chide myself for my inattention and to glance around to see if the rest of the hearers had been carried away. Yes, every bald head, and every grey head was nodding; they too, were dreaming of ghosts or stocks, or were boys again. C. T. PHILLIPS.

Who Did This?

At half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday night a boy of eleven years of age was brought into the Halifax Police Station dead drunk. He was unable to speak and had lost the use of his limbs. He had been found by a police officer lying in a porch on Cunard Street, and had the night been as cold as some have recently been, would probably have frozen to death. And yet it was Sunday night in the respectable and law-abiding City of Halifax when this poor little fellow, not long out of babyhood, was so nearly doomed to death. Again we say, who did this? Who all but murdered a little boy in the closing hours of the holy Sabbath? Some one did. Who that someone is the public and the courts have the right to know. Let those whose duty it is to do so, find out—or get out. It is time some thing more was done to save boys from the dens of this city. But a few days ago a temperance worker received an anonymous note from a mother, a member of one of our churches—begging him to tell the authorities of a place where her own boy had been playing cards till four in the morning, and stating that she knew of three such places. Her boy was being ruined she said, and she implored this Christian man to see if anything could be done to bring the law to bear upon places of the kind. That such things can be, shows grave delinquency somewhere.—The Wesleyan.

Halifax, let it be remembered, licenses its rum-sellers. And the above describes what they do. There are no licensed liquor sellers anywhere who observe the prohibitions of the license law. Halifax licensees are notorious for their disregard of the restrictions of the law. And the City Council of Halifax seems to be under the control of the rum-selling gang. The Presbyterian Witness, of that city, dealing with the deplorable condition of things there, tells how flagrantly the law is disre-

garded. Though the law says a licensed liquor shop shall not be within 100 yards of a place of public worship, there are two licensed places within 100 yards of the First Baptist church. The Witness says:

The thing is an insult to decency. We may add a curious commentary on the fact, the church has had to dismiss four sextons for drunkenness! About 400 yards from this church there is a corner where two licensed liquor places face each other, and we are informed that a third aspirant, on an opposite corner, is ready with an application; so that three shops, retailing liquors, will likely adorn three corners about 60 feet apart. In this way our civic authorities—the elect of the people—are taking care that boys and men will have ample opportunities to invest their money and their souls in liquor. There is likely to be an invasion of Chalmers Church, the oldest Presbyterian church building in the city. Strongholds of the Devil are creeping nearer. * * * In the name of law and order and decency this sort of thing must be stopped. The citizens of Halifax have not forgotten the circumstances under which licenses were dealt with last year. Intoxicating drink was taken into the city building by men who knew where it would "do the most good." * * * The heads of City Fathers were kept clear by timely "refreshments;" and in this manner the way to break the law was easily found out. * * *

We are a Christian city. There are in Halifax thirty-five churches, perhaps more. We have day schools and Sunday schools. We have Temperance Societies, and many other organizations for the public good. Yet we have places—many of them—where drinking and gambling is carried on; and we have places of infamy where the souls and bodies of men and women are destroyed. How many illicit liquor places, gambling halls, and dens of infamy are in the city we are not able to state, but the number is disgracefully, inexorably great. * * * Boys not out of their "teens" frequent such places,—boys and young men whose parents are poor and struggling and heart broken. * * * The most distressing element in the case of young fellows is that fathers and mothers suffer; that the happiness of a family is involved; that ruin threatens not the young victim alone but those also who hold him as dear as life.—Still, what is all this to the money to be made by the proprietors of the haunts of villany,—the abodes of "horrid cruelty," for they are no less! Opium dens in China and India are not more infamous than the dens in Halifax to which we refer, that bring grief and shame and ruin upon the young of the city.

Rum-selling is the same everywhere—devilish. It has no regard for even such law as it pretends to favour, and revels in doing violence to every interest of home, church and community. The strange thing is not that the traffic is of this character, but that there are men who like to be recognized as Christians who approve of the legal sanction of the traffic, and sign petitions for the establishment of such places as are described above.

Extracts from Letters.

Rev. Gideon Swin writes: "Our little girl, Edna, has been dangerously sick with pneumonia, but, by the blessing of God and the skillful treatment of Dr. Fleming, she is now better, and we hope will soon be well. The people here have been very kind to us of late. God bless them all."

Rev. J. E. Gosline, now at Adamsville, R. I., sending INTELLIGENCER subscription, says:

"We are in good health, and enjoying our work. Our people remembered us at Christmas to the extent of \$40. Amongst the things they gave us were two Bibles, one for Mrs. G., an Oxford, and an interleaved Oxford for myself."

Rev. G. N. Musgrove, pastor of the Free Baptist church, Biddeford, Me., sending payment for the paper, says: "I appreciate the old paper more than ever. Perhaps you sometimes think we forget you. I am sure your excellent paper is having effect, and doing great good. THE INTELLIGENCER is the first paper of which I have remembrance. I always enjoyed it as a boy, and now I find it profitable and a source of blessing to me in many ways."

Bro. Musgrove, like bro. Gosline who is quoted above, is a New Brunswicker. The INTELLIGENCER was a visitor to his father's home, and, as he says, had an influence on his young life. The children of Free Baptist homes are helped by the visits of the denominational paper. If you know parents who are neglecting to give their children this help, do them and their children the kindness of telling them about it.

General Religious News.

—Last year the Presbyterian church in Canada spent for Home Missions in the North west about \$25,000.

—Moody's church, Chicago, has a ladies' society whose sole object is to meet at stated intervals and remodel and repair second-hand garments to be given to worthy poor families.

—In the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. there are 25,000 Jews and not a single Chris-