

The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD, J.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

Twice within a few days Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, has delivered a popular lecture in London, taking for his subject "The Wives of Great Men,"—once at the lecture-hall of the Waltham Mutual Improvement Society, and once in the theatre of the London Mechanics' Institute, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Mr. Dawson commenced his lecture by referring to the estimate which had been formed of women during the whole of the literary history of England, from Chaucer downwards, throughout which, he observed, would be found a golden thread of praise for the female sex. If, however, leaving the book of history, in order to get a true estimate of woman, the pages of biography relating to the marriages of great men were turned over, some of these marriages would be found to be noble and true, many disastrous, many tragic, many farcical, and many absurd. If anybody needed a guide in this matter—if, indeed, anybody should be capable of guidance—they should seek some principle which would prevent the disastrous, tragic, farcical, and absurd results which had followed some marriages. The principle which he laid down on this subject in starting was, that there could be no true relation in life between man and man, or between man and woman, unless there were involved in it, in addition to whatever else there might be, a true element of friendship; and he used the word "friendship" in its old, true, real, and deep sense, and not in the modern, common, and vulgar sense in which many people now seemed to understand it. He considered as his friend not the man whom he invited to dinner because he was obliged to do so, nor the man whom he called his friend in accordance with the usages and customs of society; but his friend was the man whom he drew to himself, either by reverence or by love, or by some common pursuit,—in fact, the man whom he elected to be his companion and friend, and who would be his glory and his crown of rejoicing. Many of his relations were not loveable. They were thrust upon him; he had no choice in the matter; he looked upon them as a part of his fate, either his fortune or his misfortune; he bore them as his burden; they might be his friends or they might not. He had not the choice of his relatives, but he had the choice of his friends; and in all the relationships of life, to make them deep and true, there must be this element of friendship, as he had described it. Passing on to apply this principle to the question of marriage, Mr. Dawson said there never had been a true, real, noble, great, or genuine marriage in this world yet between man and woman unless the wife could have been a true "friend" to her husband, supposing he had never married her. Whenever a man had married a woman who could be his "friend," his marriage had been a happy one, but in other cases the most lamentable and disastrous consequences had resulted. To make a happy marriage, there must be some common object, whether books or business, or whatever else it might be. After instancing the wife of Pliny, Baudouin, and Samuel Clarke, as specimens of true wives according to the principle he had laid down, Mr. Dawson next referred to the wives of great divines for the purpose of seeing how such men had fared in the matter of marriage. First in order came the marriage of Luther, which Mr. Dawson declared to be one of the greatest and most important the world had ever witnessed, and before it the marriages of kings and princes sank into their native nothingness. All Catholics were, of course, shocked by this marriage, and believed it would bring a judgment on Europe. The judgment, however, did not come, and if they wanted to see a marriage that was in all ways noble, they must go to the *chateau* at Wurttemberg where Luther and his wife lived. Luther's biographer had given a picture of his married life, and broke out into an eulogy upon it. The woman was entirely and thoroughly Luther's friend. The books he loved she loved; his enthusiasm she shared; she surrounded him with the gentle atmosphere of love; and altogether the marriage was one of the sweetest, noblest, and tenderest on record. Very different was the marriage of Richard Hooker, the author of that splendid work "Ecclesiastical Polity." On one occasion, two friends of Hooker, Sanderson and Cranmer, were visiting him. The three were sitting in his study talking; and what a conversation it must have been! They had not got far, however, when Mr. Hooker put her head in, and told her husband to go and rock the cradle, and the great scholar was obliged to give up his argument and go. Richard went back to his friends, but was soon called away again. What a fool the woman must have been to have interrupted such conversation as that with such frivolities! Why not have left the cradle unrocked, or have rocked it herself! So it went on, and all that the "judicious" Hooker said was, that in this world the saints had many afflictions, and that he must not repine at what a gracious Providence had allotted him. This was very pretty, but when they came to hear how he got his wife they would be of opinion that he had much better never have said it, because when a man had made a great fool of himself he had no business to talk about what Providence had done for him. Hooker was a retired, studious man, living at Oxford; and on one occasion, went to London to preach at Paul's Cross. Near Paul's Cross was a house at which the different preachers stayed when they went there to preach, and as it was kept by a woman, it naturally came to be called "The Shammamite House." When Hooker arrived he was very ill, and it was feared he would not be able to preach; but the Shammamite nurse, him, and the following day he was well enough to preach. Before he went on the Monday the woman fell into discourse with him, and told him that he had a very delicate constitution, and a tender frame, and that the only thing that could possibly save him was a good wife. Hooker, forgetting that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," promised that if she would look him out a wife he would come up from the University and marry her at once. A short time after now came that woman had been found, and Hooker—the "judicious" Hooker—went and married her! She was one of the greatest dunces in England, and surely, after that, Hooker had better have said nothing about the lot which Providence

had appointed him. He might have been judicious in regard to ecclesiastical polity; but that title could never be applied to him in regard to his domestic polity.

Then there was the case of poor John Wesley, a most talented man, and one who could have been king of men anywhere; but whose dealings with women were most disastrous. Everybody knew of the affair in Georgia, where he became acquainted with a young lady, and undertook to be her tutor, pastor, and lover. She cut off her curls to please Wesley, and gave up balls and parties; but when marriage came to be talked of, Wesley did the most foolish thing in the world; he went and consulted the Moravian elders about it.

Of course the lady did not like this, and her grief grew longer directly. A rupture took place between them, the lady married some one else, and Wesley excommunicated her, and whereupon her husband brought an action against him for defamation of character. After his return to England, Wesley preached one day in London against marriage, and soon after, as might naturally be expected, he married a widow. They both agreed that Wesley was not to preach one sermon the less, nor travel a mile the less for having married, and for a time things went very well; but the woman had not Wesley's enthusiasm and zeal,—was not in truth his friend,—and thus trouble came. He was always over the country preaching at early hours, and constantly receiving letters from women—of course on spiritual matters; but all this Mrs. Wesley did not like. She grew jealous, searched his pockets, and when he was going to a town to preach got there before him to see who came with him. Wesley wrote letters to her of such a kind as to be most unlikely to bring about a reconciliation between them. At last, after one and twenty years of misery, she left him, and then John Wesley opened his diary and wrote the pithiest Latin sentence that had been written since the famous despatch of Caesar, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Wesley wrote, *Non reliqui; non dimisi; non revocaui*; which meant in English, "I did not leave the woman; I did not send her away; I shall not send for her back." One and twenty years of misery did Wesley endure, because this woman was not and could not be, his friend. Her husband was the marriage of Richard Baxter, who was, perhaps, the greatest saint of the Nonconformity. Baxter married comparatively late in life. He was preaching at Kidderminster, and a young lady went to hear him who had been a pleasure-loving girl, but who was deeply affected by what she heard. While listening a little earthly love crept into her heart together with the love of God, and she found herself deeply in love with the ascetic, sickly-faced learned divine. How Baxter found it out was not known, for he was too great a gentleman to tell how it came out; but they were married, and a noble marriage it was,—late in the day with him, but still early with her; and he wrote upon her one of the most many eulogies that had ever been written on woman. She made his poor untimely death glad, and they lived together in unbroken peace. When the High-Church party came into power, and Baxter's sufferings commenced, his wife still cheered and comforted him, and when he was hunted from goal to goal, always went with him. No other person could share his sorrows; and at last she left this weary world long before he died, leaving a more forlorn and lonely man than ever. What a contrast the marriage of Richard Hooker and the marriage of Richard Baxter! The principle laid down was clearly shown in these cases: Baxter married his friend; Hooker did not marry his friend;—and they both had their reward. Passing from divines, one came to the marriage of Dr. Johnson with the widow, Mrs. Porter, who the first time she saw Johnson said he was the most sensible man she had ever seen, and thus found out in one evening what took the rapid British public twenty years to find out. Johnson married his friend, and lived happily with her; and his prayers and meditations forty years after her death showed how deep was her place in his heart. Another beautiful instance of a man marrying his friend was the case of Flaxman, the sculptor. When Flaxman married, Sir Joshua Reynolds told him he was ruined; but the result proved that he owed all he ever did to his friend whom he had married. On the other side of the picture there was the marriage of Sir Thomas More—witty, genial, loving, Sir Thomas More. More was married once, and had two daughters; but his wife died, and then he married his housekeeper, a woman who kept his household in beautiful order,—and that was all she could do. By and by he gave up the Chancellorship for a matter of conscience; but he did not tell her, because he knew she could not understand anything about it. When More was put on his trial and was requested to acknowledge the headship of Henry the Eighth, he would not do it, and was therefore carried to the Tower. His wife, the Chelsea housekeeper, went to see him, and began complaining of his being there in such a nasty, dirty place. More replied that it was as near heaven as anywhere else; to which she replied, "Tilly-vally, my dear! You have a nice house and everything you want at Chelsea, and why should you stay here because you will not say a few words?" The woman's only thought was of pots, pickles, and pans,—pans, pickles, and pots; and so she went back to Chelsea, and her husband no more. It was not the Chelsea woman who became to him his companion, his fellow-student, his lover, his friend; but it was his daughter, Margaret Roper. It was not the Chelsea woman who visited and cheered him, but his daughter. It was not the Chelsea woman who attended him to the last, but the daughter. It was not the Chelsea woman who begged for him, and took home his head after it had been taken off, but the daughter. And when that daughter died she was buried with her father's great head upon her bosom, and corruption never saw a fairer sight than when one of the greatest of English heads, pillows, went down to the grave. In strict conformity to this was the marriage of Lord William Russell, whose wife was one of the noblest and truest of women. She was her husband's true friend,—attended him on his trial, and up to the time when he was beheaded, and then devoted her life to the training of her children, and had left a name which had never yet ceased to be one of the great names of this country; for the name of Russell had been great in this country from those days even down till now. In more modern times many instances might be cited, but they would one and all establish the principle which the lecture commenced,—that, in order to make a happy marriage, a woman must be a man's

friend as well as his wife, and that where this had not been the case the consequences had been most wretched, miserable, and tragic. Mr. Dawson was loudly cheered in many parts of the lecture.

A STIRRING SCENE.

We read in Ex. xxxv. 5, that when Moses was commanded to raise up the tabernacle, the people were invited to contribute materials. Now, the fullness of the Earth belonged to the Lord—without their aid he could have finished the work—but to gratify and honor them, He allowed Moses to take an offering of every one who gave it willingly with his heart.

As soon as this was known through the camp, men and women came in crowds, bringing the Lord's Offering. Gold and silver, and brass, and linen, and jewels, and bracelets, were consecrated to the God of the whole Earth. Old and young hastened to bring what they were able; every eye sparkled with joy. Yea, their hearts were so stirred, and their spirits made so willing, that at last it was found necessary to cause it to be proclaimed: "Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the Sanctuary!" Exodus xxxvi. 6.

So the people were restrained from giving. Not till then did the people cease coming, every one with his offering, and every one happy in giving it. "I have sometimes thought," says an old minister, 1809, "that this proclamation for restraining the people from giving, would occasion many varied displays of character and feeling. Scenes like the following would occur. The appointed herald sounds the trumpet; the people run to learn the cause. Amongst them a young woman listens, and hears with grief that the time for making offerings has expired! Her aged mother lifts up the corner of her tent, and sees her daughter returning in tears. She inquires the cause. The young woman answers, "O mother, you would not allow me to offer these earrings yesterday, and now it is too late!" "Comfort my child," says the mother, "I have a broken bracelet I will send this evening as from you." "Oh mother, you know that my father's earrings were sacred. Give me the Lord's best!" I would give the earrings were they a thousand times better—but now it is too late. Nothing will be now accepted; they have more than enough for the work." "Is it even so! Then, my child, it is plain you ought to be well satisfied. You have your earrings, and yet the Sanctuary is amply provided." "Alas! this is my grief, that I am shut out, or rather that I have shut myself out, from the pleasure of glorifying God with my substance. Oh that I had remembered sooner another saying of my father: 'Hasten a design of doing good, and hasten to accomplish it!'"

In another part of the camp, a man of the tribe of Manasseh was seen burdened with a load of brass. Meeting a friend he let down the load from his shoulder, and began to talk. "Why," says he, in great wrath, "this is intolerable—to issue orders to-day, and to alter these orders to-morrow; as if to be shut out from the whole world in a wilderness were not grievance enough!" "To what is it you refer?" "Why, to the business about the offerings. They ordered us to bring the best of our possessions; and now, after I had brought a load from one end of the camp to the other, they told me that they would not take it in." "Nabal, you are wrong," replied Caleb. "You were not ordered to bring an offering, you were permitted if your heart inclined you." "To be ordered and to be permitted is the same thing to me, in the present state of my family." "Your family is your greatest honor and ought to be your greatest comfort," said Caleb. "Why, I do not deny that they are comfortable enough to me in many respects; but ever since that passage of the Red Sea, I am afraid I am going to speak unadvisedly. The fervent devotion and the exalted strains of praise poured out by your wife and three daughters after the passage of the Red Sea, were like the breathing of the Almighty." "Well, as to that I say nothing; but this business of the offerings came abroad from first to last a trouble to me. You know that in Egypt I dealt in brass, and I may be bold to say there is not a better judge of brass than I am; and this piece of brass which I was carrying I adduce to be more precious than gold. As soon as this business of the offerings came abroad, my wife and daughters gave me no rest till I should promise to treat it as an offering for the Sanctuary!"

Our readers will remember how the whole camp had been moved from one end to the other; how the tide of feeling rose, pouring along toward the spot where the gifts were received by Moses and the leaders of the people. They will also remember how the proclamation that no more offerings were needed, because enough had been brought was producing a reaction in the camp; the tide of feeling was ebbing in various currents as it began to ebb and retire. We heard of the conversation between Caleb and Nabal, the man of Manasseh, in which he told how his wife and daughter, full of deep gratitude for past mercies, insisted on his giving the best piece of brass in his possession for the use of the Tabernacle. Let us hear the rest—

"I gave them some evasive answers, and carried another piece of brass to the elders. But, fool as I was, I could not keep my own secret. I told them the one would answer for the work as well as the other, and that I was still rich in my brass. My wife presently trembled and fainted away. When she came to herself she looked upon me, and upbraided me—wrote bitterly, and said that she was most miserable. I urged her to explain her meaning—she was silent; I brought her—she was silent still. I conjured her in the name of the Lord. She then said, 'O Nabal, my beloved Nabal, O that this brass of thine had gone down with the Egyptians to the depths of the sea! I have an awful foreboding that it shall prove thy ruin, unless it is now offered to the Lord—I am afraid thy soul shall soon be required of thee; for thou hast led to the Lord God of Israel.' I saw that she was affected, and I promised to contribute this brass also. She and her daughter spent the whole night in prayers; and from what I overheard, I am persuaded that their affection for me is very strong. In the morning I set out with the offering. I heard by the way that Moses and the princes would accept no further contribution. However, as I greatly wished to be done with it, I went forward and entreated them to accept my offering. They told me that there was one rule for rich and poor, and that they had no power to depart from it."

"O Nabal" (replied Caleb), "what can riches profit in the day of wrath? Thou art not judged worthy to have thy brass laid up in the presence of Jehovah; thou mayst still call it thine; but never shalt thou have another such opportunity of consecrating it. If thy soul is thus shut out from God, ah! what horrors of deep darkness follow!"

The scene at the place for receiving the offerings was all confusion. A multitude of all descriptions was collected. There a man was seen with a parcel of ram's skins dyed red. There was a woman with blue, purple, and scarlet, and fine linen. Her neighbor had in one hand a beautiful box of jewels, and in the other a pot of precious spices. And before them stood an old man with his two sons, bearing a heavy load of shittim wood. Some were clamorous—some were weeping. One while they spoke to each other, explaining the hardships of their several conditions in losing the opportunity of offering. Again they addressed the elders with arguments and entreaties. The answer of the elders was always the same—We have no power to dispense with the proclamation.

"Well," says a man as he turned to go away with a bundle of badger's skins on his back, "I take you all to witness that I was willing to have offered all these skins (and there are a dozen of them!)—but if they will not take them, what can I do but carry them home again?" "Why I am sure, Esau, thou couldst have brought them some days ago." "Yes, to be sure I could, but if I consent to bring them till now, what is that to thee?" "Perhaps it is nothing to me" (replies the elder), "but it seems to say that thou hast but little reason to complain; for, hadst thou been at all anxious, thou couldst have made thine offering sooner."

"Was ever anything so unfortunate!" cries a woman in the crowd. "It was always in my mind to bring this yarn, but I thought there was no need to be in such a haste as some of my neighbors were; and now I shall be the only woman in our six tents whose offerings have been rejected." "Daughter," says the old man with the shittim wood, tapping her on the shoulder, "Remember hereafter whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it at all thy might. For my own part, I only wish that I had offered at once all I had to offer." "Nay, father Uzzah, (said one of the elders to him), 'thou art too covetous of the pleasures of offering. How canst thou blame thyself? Thou hast brought several presents of wool, and they are all found to be of great use in the work.' "O! He is the God of all my mercies!" (cried the old man); "He has redeemed me from all evil; He has led me and fed me these four-score years—what can I render unto Him for all His benefits? I wish that I had been here yesterday." At this point the elder son of Uzzah broke in; "Father, remember how you were employed yesterday. To convert a sinner from the error of his way is as acceptable a service as to assist in raising the holy Tabernacle. The Lord knoweth that it is in our hearts to offer ourselves and all that we have to Him."

As they were going home, Uzzah took occasion to refer to some of the scenes they had witnessed. "You will observe, my children, that the greater part of this crowd which is now so noisy in composed of the careless daughters and sons of Belial, who have often troubled the camp. This is always their way. When an opportunity of doing good, or of receiving it, is offered them, they slight it, and neglect all counsel; but when the opportunity is passed, who so anxious as they to regain what is irrevocably lost? It was thus meted in the days of Noah—they believed not in the threatened deluge till the descending waters and swollen fountains proved the wisdom and truth of Noah's friendly admonitions and earnest warnings. So have I seen men slight the promise of the Woman's Seed—the Son of Abraham; but in sickness, they felt their want—their unsupported hearts failed them. At such times, I have tried to comfort them by the truth of the Deliverer who shall come; but generally their hearts were barred against it. They were looking anxiously for some comfort, but the most comfortable light of the promise they could not see. Though I endeavored to strengthen the light, yet still to them all was darkness. Alas! it was too late! Remember, my sons, when God calls to any duty, He calls it now. To delay is to refuse. In the crowd to-day I saw a friend of mine who, in other respects, is a very worthy man, but who is strongly unwilling to begin to do anything. I am almost glad that he has lost the opportunity of making his offering, for I hope that the grief, which I am sure he will feel, will help to correct his tardiness."

It was in the days of Moses as it is in our days. Men did not understand the superior happiness of giving, and fondly thought that they were gainers by reserving for their own use what might have been cast into the Lord's treasury; and many by a delay and supposed wise caution missed the time when the Lord was passing by, and giving them opportunity to be blessed.

SELF-RULING.

There is no safety for the man that cannot govern himself. His passions will rule him, if he do not subdue them. There is no partitioning of the throne. Either like the parent of a household of children, he must be their master or their slave. And if they are the masters, he is the sport of their caprice,—tossed helplessly on the wild waves of their fury,—drifted off to savage shores on their headlong trips, and before their fierce gales, and stranded there a wreck.

He is calumniated. He has a keen sense of personal honor. Reputation is the most precious of all the jewels of his casket. Let him give way to this sensitiveness,—let him revolve the offence,—let him determine to secure redress,—let him meditate his plans till they take possession of all his faculties, and away his whole soul, he is himself no longer—he is beside himself. No man can tell what he will do, or will not do. He cannot tell. He goes under a spell to do the bidding of intemperate passion.

What words are spoken in haste—sharper than arrows, piercing the heart of friendship and affection! What ties are violently broken asunder by some unguarded outbreak of temper! What mischiefs set in train, that leave long mourning behind them! What awful tragedies enacted—food for eternal remorse!

There is no safety for the man who cannot rule his spirit. None for him or in him or with him. He will rashly betray himself into evil; he will betray his friends; he will wrong trust and affec-

tion; he will sacrifice even principle. For these despotisms and imperious passions are stronger than all the forces he can oppose to them. And what a kingdom does he put on who is the ruler of his spirit? He is conqueror in every controversy. His calm dignity, his patient, cool deliberation, foil every assailant. This unflinching composure is armour of proof. No man has him in his power. His sensibilities lie not exposed to the harping of every wind that blows. His inaccessibility of repose puts down the violent man. Railing, abuse cannot reach him. The moon shines on though evil-minded curs bay themselves hoarse at her lofty and silver brightness. The self-restraining man, tried and goaded, but possessing his soul in steadfast serenity, makes the impression of greatness upon all beholders. This firmness with which he holds the reins, argues in him somewhere a reservoir of power.

HOW THE HARD HEART IS SOFTENED.

"A sinner's conscience is the sinner's heritage." It is upon this that the Holy Spirit first lays His hand when he awakens the soul from the sleep of death. He touches the conscience, and then the struggles of conviction come. He then pacifies it by the sprinkling of the blood, showing it Jesus and His cross. Then, giving it to taste forgiveness, He causes it to rest from all tumults and fears. Thoughts of peace are ever breathed into it from the sight of the bleeding sacrifice. "There is no more for it; it sees that that which made it tremble is that very thing concerning which the blood of Christ speaks peace." "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." This is softened. Its first terror, upon awakening could not be called a softening. But now conscious forgiveness and realized peace with God have begun to it like the mild breath of spring to the cold winter. It has become soft and tender. Yet only so in part. God's desire, however, is to make it altogether tender. He wishes it to be assisting in regard to the very touch of sin, and earnest in its pangs after perfect holiness. To effect this, He afflicts; and affliction goes directly home to the conscience. The death of the widow's son at Sarepta immediately awakened her conscience, and she cried to the Prophet, "O man of God, art thou come to call my sin to remembrance?" So God, by chastisement, lays His finger upon the conscience, and forthwith it starts up into new life. "We are made to feel as if God had now come down to us; as if He were now looking into our hearts, and commencing a narrow search. Moreover, we see, in this affliction, God's estimate of sin. Not, indeed, the full estimate. No, that we only learn from the sufferings of Jesus. But still we gather somewhat of His mind regarding sin, from the new specimen of sin's bitter fruits. This teaches the conscience, by making the knowledge of sin a thing of experience—an experience that is deepening with every new trial. If they be bound in fetters, and be held in cords of affliction, then He sheweth them their work and their transgressions that they have exceeded. He openeth also their ears to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity."—Rev. Horatio Bonar, D. D., Kt.

HENRY VIII.'S AMBASSADORS AND THE POPE.—The following is extracted from the last volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin: "The whole volume is very interesting. This extract refers to the embassy sent by Henry VIII. to seek from the Pope his divorce, in order that he might be married to Ann Boleyn:—

"Henry VIII. desired that his representatives should appear with great pomp, and accordingly the ambassador and his colleagues went to great expense with that intent. Withshire entered first into the audience-hall; being father of Anne Boleyn, he had been appointed by the King as the man in all England most interested in the success of his plans. But Henry had calculated badly: the personal interest which the Earl felt in the divorce made him odious both to Charles and Clement. The Pope, wearing his pontifical robes, was seated on the throne, surrounded by his cardinals. The ambassadors approached, made the customary salutations, and stood before him. The Pontiff, wishing to show his kindly feelings towards the envoys of the 'Defender of the Faith,' put out his slipper, according to custom, presenting it graciously to the kisses of those proud Englishmen. The revolt was about to begin. The Earl, remaining motionless, refused to kiss his holiness's slipper. But that was not all. A fine stream, with long silky hair, followed him to the episcopal palace. When the Bishop of Rome went out his foot, the dog did what other dogs would have done under similar circumstances; he flew at the foot and caught the Pope by the great toe. Clement hastily drew it back. The sublime borders on the ridiculous; the ambassadors, bursting with laughter, raised their arms, and hid their faces behind their long rich sleeves. 'That dog was a Protestant,' said a reverend father. 'What ever he was,' said an Englishman, 'he taught us that a Pope's foot was more meet to be bitten by dogs than kissed by Christian men!'"

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—W. FORD, some time since, in a book, an illustration which much pleased us. It was this:—A weeping willow stood by the side of a pond, and in the direction of that pond it hung out its pensive looking branches. An attempt was made to give a different direction to these branches. The attempt was useless; where the water lay, thither the boughs would turn. However an expedient presented itself. A large pond was dug on the other side of it, and as soon as the greater quantity was found there, the tree of its own accord bent its branches in that direction. What a clear illustration of the laws which govern the human heart. It turns to the water—the poisoned waters of sin, perhaps—but the only stream with which it is acquainted. Remonstrate with it, and your remonstrances are vain. It knows no better joys than those of earth, and to them it obstinately clings. But open to its apprehension the field of heaven, heavenly water, allow it to some better thing, some more satisfying joy; and then, it is content to abandon what it once worshipped, and turns its yearning affections heavenward. "When he had found one park of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—

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Through Tickets from Woodstock to St. John, or from St. John to Woodstock, will be given to persons passing directly through for \$2. Way fares in proportion.

Freight and Parcels carried on reasonable terms.

Agencies—Woodstock, H. McLeod; St. John, J. Leal; Atholton, Union House; Fredericton, at the Subscriber's Office.

GEORGE H. ATTENTON.

Fredericton, Feb. 16, 1866.

C. SALMON.

No. 2 South Side Market Square.

WILL sell at very reasonable prices—Fashionable TOP COATS; Shooting Coats; Dress Coats; Reef Jackets; PANTS; VESTS; &c.

Also on hand—Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Drawers, Comforters, Ties, Collars, BLANKETS, Rugs, Mattresses, &c.

Child Clothing, Beavers, Winceys, Fine Cloths, Tweeds and Duckings, made up to order, and warranted to suit in price, style and quality. nov 2—1866

MEN'S KIP SKIN BOOTS.—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen St. E. Fredericton, N. B.

MEN'S COARSE BOOTS.—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen St. E. Fredericton, N. B.

COBOLD OIL.—Just received and for sale by the subscriber. 24 lbs. Cob. Oil. W. J. PETERS, 185 Union Street, Fredericton, N. B.

BOARDING HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE, No. 21 German Street (near King Street), where he is prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders. [June 2.] A. YEHKA.

HARNESS! HARNESS!—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has rented the Village of Elmer, Parish of Springfield, K. C., comprising a Farm containing about 70 acres of excellent LAND, under good cultivation, has a small thriving Orchard and a well cultivated Garden; two DWELLING HOUSES, one suitable for two families, the other is large, two stories high, finished in modern style, and is entirely free from dampness and contains a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and can be transacted profitably with a small capital. Located as the above named Property is, in the most desirable and beautiful part of the Province, for pleasure, comfort and convenience, as well as business, makes it a very desirable residence.

The above would be exchanged for a Farm or City Property in St. John.

For further particulars enquire of White & Bros., St. John; J. E. White & Co., Sussex Vale, or the subscriber on the premises. may 4.

W. H. WHITE.

PERKINS' PAIN KILLER.—5 gross Perkins' Pain Killer, just received. 6500. J. HAYARD, 7 Market Square, Fredericton, N. B.