# Relimins Intelligencer.

EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Editor and Proprietor.

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#### ALBION HOUSE, QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON. NEW GOODS

#### JOHN THOMAS.

FOR FALLAND WINTER TRADE.

Feels it a pleasing duty to present his grateful thanks to this friends and the public generally, for the increased scheme for doing good can be set on foot, and no support for the out three years, and trusts that unremitiong struggle brought to a triumphant issue, with ting new My Attention in every department will insure a continuace of hour Callarce it is his desire to merit and

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With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

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In all the New Materials at present worn.

THIRTY PIECES PLAID LUSTRES,

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In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and Fancy Crimean. Of these we have received 75 pieces, bought at last year's

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We purchase all Goods for Cash, in the best markets, from first class Merchants, in such quantities as to get them at the lowest prices, which enables us to offer Superior Inducements to Customers!

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HORSE RUGS, AND CAMP BLANKETING.

Grey and White Cottons, mothey guests. Men with coal-beginned faces, women in every variety of rags, lads of eighteen in COTTON WARPS. Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,

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PRINTS — fast colors, AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD. OSNABITRGS.

STRIPE BAGGING,

#### AND HOLLANDS.

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Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers at Saint John Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been purchased before the late advance in prices, and are now worth more than we are selling them for. An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

### The Intelligencer.

A RELIGIOUS TEA MEETING IN LONDON. The following interesting account of a Tea don, and attended by the poorest classes of society. is an illustration of some of the methods adopted there to reach and benefit the wretched and destitute. This is a model religious tea meeting. We copy the account from the Christian World :-

I presume that most readers are well acquainted with that very popular institution of modern times the tea-meeting. In many places, no special out its important assistance. Whether it be to get funds to build or to clear off a debt on a building already erected, to welcome a pastor or to bid him farewell, to rejoice or to weep, to inspire people to work or to give them a little praise and encouragement for having worked well, -- nothing is found to be so useful and so full of adaptation Is now Complete in every Department, for all kinds of purposes as the tea-meeting. received an invitation to ore the other evening which, for the benevolence of its design and the successful manner in which t was carried out, reflects the very highest praise on its promoters. The invitation, printed neatly on a pink card, with ornamental border, was to the following effect:-COUTH LONDON EVANGELISING BANDS TEA-MEETING. GEORGE HIGGINS' BAND, No. 7. Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM CARTER have great pleasure in initing you to take a social cup of tea with them in the Victoria Hall, Union-street, Friar street, Blackfriars-road. The working men who have been singing and speaking in meeting. Good cake, bread and butter, and plenty of it.

perish, but have everlasting life."-John iii, 16. wrath of God abideth on him."-John iii. 36.

This ticket will admit two persors.

To an invitation so hearty and novel I could not but respond, and some time before the hoar appointed I was at Victoria Hall. The reader must at once dismiss from his mind all those ideas of elegance and refinement which stand associated DOMESTIC GOODS - a large Stock. with certain tea-meetings he may have attended, if he would at all understand the kind of gathering in which I took part. There were no handsome decorations, there were neither flags, nor flowers, nor mottoes, except the memorable passage "Gon so loved the world," which in hold black letters fronted everyone as he entered the door of the hall. The hall itself, although capable of holding more than a thousand persons, is of the plainest, both externally and internally, and looked plainer still when thronged with the motley crowd which soon filled both ground-floor and galleries. It appeared that I was present at what was called the last of the Bands Tea-meetings. Six of them had already been held, and this was the seventh and last of the season. During the summer, a number of young men, all belonging to the working class, are accustomed Sunday after Sunday to go out in bands, into the street lying around the notorious Victoria Theatre, to sing, to read the Scriptures, and to give brief exhortations. To each band, Mr. Carter allows the privilege during the winter season of inviting a company to tea in the Victoria Hall, that after having had

"good cake, bread and butter, and plenty of it,"

there inight be an opportunity of speaking to them a few friendly words of warning and counsel in respect to their highest interests. To these teameetings come all kinds of persons except those who are able to have "a brass plate on their door;" this being my informant's node of describing respectability. Dustmen, sveeps, lightermen, pottery-men, rag and bone colectors, wood-choppers, -in short, the many graced poor of the south of London are Mr. Carter's guests from time to time in the hall in Blackfriars-rad. The meeting I attended was counted one o' the most respectable of the series; but several times during the evening I was lost in wonder as to how much lower in the social scale people could descend than those I saw. But a right hearty welcone, accompanied by the present of a hymn-book, was given to each one upon entering; and again and again, as the poor and wretched flocked in the words of our blessed Lord sounded in my ear, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kirsmen nor thy rich neighbours, lest they also bidthee again, and a recomfeast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." 'Pass on, friend; glad to see you. This ticket only admits two, friend-(this to a mother with three big boys); -but pass on,-you will find room up yonder. Now, you little children, this isn't your meeting, you know; but go up there-(upon some raised steps) - and you shall have some cake presently." In such strain did the kind ticket-collector welcome the

every kind of out-of abow jacket, some shirtless, some shoeless, came tocking in, and by six o'clock the ground-floor wasentirely occupied, and soon the three spacious galleries were tolerably well filled. At the hour pointed tea was ready. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered; and then came the din of hungreds of hungry people securing their cups and saucers. "Here's the bloke who will want on us" "Now, guvner, let's havea sareer-cheap at renny, you know (this for the attendant's infomation, we suppose)." " Hi, whiskers, be sharp with the cake in this corner." "If you upset my tea, I'll throw it at yer?" "Now then, Mary let mother have some, will yer? you drink as much as an old 'oman, you do."

"Oh, aint this cakejolly nice!" Such were some of the unmusical acompaniments which fell upon my ears while the good cake and tea, "and

the entire proceedings. There was no "moving of anyone to take he chair;" no speakers' names were announced; when one closed another began; and though there were occasionally "telling points" in the adiresses which in ordinary meetings would have dicited "loud cheers," there was Meeting held in one of the lowest districts in Lon- not during the woole evening a single expression of applause. I saw tears in many eyes, I heard mary responsive sighs; but a sanctuary solemnity of demeanour was general. I never saw, and should never desire to address, a more attentive and orderly meeting. Of all places in the world two poor mothers had come to the hall to be "churched," as they said, and in the prayer with which the proceedings were opened, special reference was made to them. The prayer for its earnestness and appropriateness, was one of the most remarkable in which I ever remember to have joined. "Lord," said the speaker, "if there be a poor thief here to-night, save that thief; Thou that didst speak so comfortingly to the dying thief on the cross, save the poor thief here. I there be a poor harlot here to-night, O! Thou hat didst say to the poor fallen creature 'Go, and sin no more,' save the poor harlot here." The speaker seemed inside the hearts of all the poor creatures that made up the meeting, and wrestled with strong cries, as it were, for their salvation. The same earnestness and the same outspokenness characterised the address of the first speaker, who marks upon it as he proceeded. The speaker, previous to his conversion, had been a notorious thief, and he made no secret of this. I suppose it would have been vain for him to do so in that locality; but, indeed, the task of all the speakers your neighbourhood during the summer will address the more or less seemed to be that of magnifying the grace of Gop, which had worked such a "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only be- change in them. I could not discern a trace of gotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not unhealthy egotism in any of the now and then "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and | painful details into which the speakers entered he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the concerning their former mode of life. The burden heart. of the whole seemed to be, "If Gop had such ! mercy upon us, -you know well what we were, will He not have mercy upon you? He will, indeed if you ask Him; we are His witnesses that He will." In this train the first speaker addressed was time for you to be converted; you were a was given one to see, as he lay on the cold pave- ing on the sand !

> I would willingly eall attention to all the addresses which were that evening delivered. Suffice it to say, that the simple story they had each o tell was one of the Saviour's love to them. sounds of street-life, without being surely convinced all in "great tribulation." wish the Gospel bandsmen God-speed, and trust bility, is suffering the will of God. the day is not far distant when all who know and rejoice in the salvation which is by faith in Christ Jesus will not be content week after week with being ministered unto, but will themselves aim to save those who are living without God and without hope in the world. If Christians really believe that such are actually living and dying every day around them, I can hardly see how they can excuse themselves to themselves for their lack of zeal and energy in Christ's service.

LIFTED OVER. As tender mothers, guiding baby steps When places come at which the tiny feet Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms Of love, and set them down beyond the harm, So did our Father watch the precious boy, Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft Myself, but strove to help my darling on: He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail; So reached from heaven, and, lifting the dear child, Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad, And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

Dec. 15. Near Phoenix Square. | whole thing. An irof downright reality pervaded | ever humble. - Gospel Messenger.

#### WITHIN THE VEIL.

BY THE REV. E. PAXION HOOD. Sometimes we say, Oh, for the hour when, in the language of Scripture, the veil shall be folded up, when the lightnings of dissolution shall strike this great imposture; when the veil shall be dissolved, and all shall be disclosed; dissolve; that we may be dissolved and see all revealed. It seems to us often as if it would be so merciful, could we but have a glimpse. A beloved friend of mine, a dear brother minister, has told me how he was early, when a very little child, left by his father. His mother had tenderly loved her husband; she was distracted, she was desolate, all day long; and for many days she lay as one stunn-She could not forgive God, She could not live for her child. One night she dreamt she was in a deep forest alone; she could not see her way, she could not see her path, yet she knew she was in the forest. Suddenly a shining one stood before her; he was clad in white, but he was radiant, and he illuminated the forest, he revealed the path, he revealed himself, he held in his hand a golden wand, and with it he touched the left eye of the mourning widow, and she saw no longer the forest; all was lit up with heaven, with brightness, and there, there, beyond a doubt, there was her husband, and he knew her, recognised her, gave her his well-knownsmile. The stranger stood still read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel,—at by her side. Oh, she said, touch the other eye. least, a portion of it, -and made some forcible re- She was all impatience. What might not that touch do-bring her to him, bring him to her! How calming when Jesus says, 'Come unto Me!' Better not, said the white-robed shining one,better not; but she said, Do, do, oh, do,-the impatient heart. Well! he said; and he touched the other eye; and instantly all faded—the husband, the heaven, the stranger, the forest, and she woke to her lonely pillow. A foolish dream, you say, but I tell you in the strength of it she arose, and went forth to life and to duty; the dream became cheerfulness, and solace, and hope to her

bad 'un and no mistake. Yes, my friends, you ment of distraction. "I lifted up my eyes," he In building for eternity there is but one sure amiable life as a Christian woman, delighting in

The history of the Church is the story of mar-Whether by arrangement or not I cannot tell, but tyrs-the earth is red with the blood of the mareach speaker occupied the same time, and every tyrs-the heaven is bright with the crown of speaker dwelt upon the history of Christ from the martyrs-the churches are rich with the memocradle to the cross. Also, not one sat down with- rials of martyrs-our hearts are sustained by the out repeating, some of them two or three times, memories of the martyrs-the very seals and the glorious words to which we have alluded as armorial signs the heroes of the faith adopted, acing every one who enters the hall, "God so show the designation of the martyrs. " For Thy oved the world, that He gave His only begotton sake," said one of the first of the heroes, " for Thy Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not sake we are killed all the day long; we are acperish, but have everlasting life," I left Victoria counted as sheep for the slaughter; yet in all Hall, strongly impressed with the thought that things we are more than conquerors through Him there was in this neighbourhood a strong hand-to- who loved us." Hooper's crest-the brave Bishop hand encounter with the powers of darkness. Hooper-was a lamb burning in the flames; on There is no doubt that here evil holds no mean Calvin's seal was a hand holding out a burning empire. I could not pass the shining gin-palaces beart; and Luther's, a rose, in which was a neart, and come in contact with the painful sights and and within the heart a cross. "These are they :"

of that. And how much of real vice is hidden | Witnesses for Jesus over the whole earth, milfrom our gaze, who can tell? But I thanked God lions are mutely appealing from this world's inthat evil was not having it all its own way. The justice to God's infinite and eternal justice. The meeting I had attended was an encouraging sign voice goes up, Why am I so poor? We fall that many earnest ones had arisen to the help of back upon the principle of martyrdom. Each the Lord against the mighty. I can but heartily in his or her several way, and degree and capa-

> " Nor deem who to that bliss aspire Must win their way through blood and fire; The writhings of a wounded heart Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.

" Meek souls there are, who little dream Their daily strife an angel's theme; Or that the rod they take so calm Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.

sion of the crosses. In an old church legend, I little out of my usual route, we made a call or two read how a good man once saw a vision. He be- on persons with who n I had some acquaintance. held a number of angels bearing golden crosses | Not far from the house where we last stopped we with solemnity, and yet with joy. He met, walk- saw a dilapidated dwelling, with door open, and a ing along the fields, a poor man, a rustic, who general appearance of poverty and unthrift. Stepseemed as if in search of something, "Servant or ping up to the threshold, I knocked with my God, whither goest thou?" said the angel. "I knuckles on the door, but no one answered. seek," said the man, "that treasure which the man then ventured to advance to the door of the apfinding in his field sold all that he had and bought artment, and saw a woman lying on the floor it." "Come with me," said the angel, "and I evidently deeply intoxicated. I beckoned to Bro. will show you this treasure;" and he ted him to B. He entered, and his looks sympathized with the Cross, and he said. "Lo! there is the treasure mine as we scanned the room. A rickety bedwhich enriches the soul, and leads it to eternal stead, with a tick filled with straw, a couple of life; for whose finds it, finds the chief good;" and broken chairs, a fragmentary table, and a few the poor rustic bowed low, and adored at the foot pieces of earthenware on the mantle-shelf, comof the cross. "Now," said the angel, " I will re- pleted the furniture of the house. The place was main with you to the end of life, and will help you the very picture of squalor, wretchedness, and SEEKING ANOTHER'S GOOD .- When the gallant to bear that cross." Then the dreamer saw an- want. In the centre of the room lay the occuplenty of it," werebeing almost ravenously swal- Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in other angel, who also fixed his cross in the ground, pant—the mother of three young children, who lowed. It was pleasant to watch, as the tea pro- the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on and a certain pious woman came along the way, were away, ragged and suffering, playing with some ceeded, many an inwashed face losing its hard- board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain a with expanded arms, as if in search of something. children of the neighborhood. ness and become nore genial, and to see a degree soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from "Servant of God," said the angel to her, "what The scene made a deep and burdensome imof good humor becoming more and more general which he received great relief. He asked what it seekest thou?" "I seek," said she, " the beauty pression on my heart. I felt that here was a throughout the asembly. Altogether, too, the was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the of holiness; I seek a plain and secure way to God, woman perishing in her sins, going down to death meeting was far mire orderly than one could have answer. "Whose blanket is it?" he asked, half my God;" then said the angel, "Behold that and ruin, unprepared to meet her judge. I felt lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." cross, that is the way to holiness, to blessedness, an irresistible impulse to pray for her. Uncon-Tea being over, and a hymn having been sung, "I wish to know the name of the man whose the plain safe way to heaven; that way, no one scious as she was, wretched and helpless as she there was not, as I had anticipated, a general rush blanket this is," insisted the dying commander. perishes." Then the woman a lored and em- was, I could not resist. I said, "Let us pray," ed during an illness which proved fatal, though from the hall. A few, it is true, left, but others "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-Second, Sir braced it: and I knelt down at her side, and prayed for that this was not apprehended when he seemed to give soon supplied ther places, and at seven o'clock, Ralph," answered his attendant. "Then see that shoulders, and helped her to bear it to her poor woman, as I had seldom prayed before. I pleaded his heart to Christ. When his physician announcewhen the speaking ommenced, the hall was well Duncan Roy get his blanket this very night," said house, and he said, "I will remain with you all with God in her behalf for the sake of his dear ed an unfavorable change in his condition, he exfilled. What pleased me most was the decided the brave man, not forgetting, even in his last the days of your life on earth, and I will assist you Son, who had pardoned the wanderer, to save this pressed entire resignation, and requested his friends

ing in his field very thoughtful and seeking, and knees, and, seeing the woman still stupidly unhe said, "Noble servant of God, what seekest conscious of our presence, we retired. thou ?" to whom the nobleman replied, "I seek | As soon as we had regained the street, Bro. B. the true treasure, rest and security for the soul." remarked: "You have more grace than I have. "Come with me," said the angel, "I will show I could never pray for a case like that!" "I you all at once," and he pointed him to the cross. | couldn't help it," I said; "God will do as seems "There," said he, "is the treasure of the soul; he | best to him. This is the law, Christ's life illustrates it to us, and stopped me, and said: "How do you do, sir ? I bears it for us. The cross becomes all joy when | would like to speak to you."

Lord, for me.' And now let us comfort each other by chanting

"Heart-broken and weary, wher'er thou mayst be, There are no words like these words for comforting thee: When sorrows come round thee like waves of the sea, The Saviour says cheerfully, 'Come unto Me.'

"There are no words like these words, 'Come bither and rest.'
Afflicted, forsaken, the thorn in thy breast:
All lonely and helpless, He thought upon thee,
And He said in His tenderness, 'Come unto Mc.'

"O Saviour! my spirit would fain be at rest; There are passions which rage like a storm in my breast; Oh, show me the road along which I must flee, And strengthen me, Saviour, to come unto Thee.

"There are no words like these words: how blessed Oh! hear them, my heart, they were spoken to thee, And still they are calling thee—'Come unto Me.' "I will walk through the world with these words on my

Through sorrow or sin they shall never depart; And, when dying, I hope He will whisper to me, I have loved thee, and saved thee; come, sinner, to Me.' "

#### BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

Christ, in his searching Serm on on the Mount, spoke of two classes of builders. The one built on the sand, and the other built on the rock. Can you doubt? Hush, hush, pale mourner; When the hour of trial came upon both alike, the thou who are treading the moonlit cemeteries of quicksand upset the one, and the rock-bed upheld memory. Hush! the loved and the lost are there! the other. The one stood because it had a founand they weep no more! " Because I live, ye shall dation; the other fell for want of one. Now, just those present, not, I trust, without blessing from live also;" "that where I am, there ye may be here is the vital point with every anxious seeker to another town, engaged in some respectable and on high attending his words. "You know me," also." What wonderful things have been seen in after salvation—for it will be a terrible thing for profitable employment, and had made profession he said, "and I doubt not you are saying, Ah! it Patmos!-which, I am told, means desolate. It you to find out at last that you have been build- of her faith in one of the churches. The last in-

say the truth. Two years and a-half ago I was as told me, and "behold, the tabernacle of the testi- foundation. God is rich in resources, but he has good words and works.—Nat. Temp. Advocate. black a wretch as ever lived; my heart was steep- mony was opened in heaven, and I saw within the provided only one plan of salvation. "Other ed in crime; my hand was against every man, as veil; and above the thunderings and the light foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which I believed every man's hand to be against me. I nings, and the voices, which shook our lower is Jesus Christ." What is meant by this? We was black, indeed. But I went to the preaching heavens, I heard the sound of harpers harping believe that it means that when sinful man has no "Never neglect, never forget secret, daily prayer. at Astley's Theatre. I went in dead, and I came with their harps;" and I saw a white-robed pro- righteonsness of his own to stand upon, Christ It is here that the Christian always loses ground. out alive. I saw Curist's love for me, and my cession pass by. "These words are true and faith- "becomes to him rightcousness." When he has Neglect this, and you cannot fail to grow cold and heart was melted and all broken in a moment; and ful;" and a voice said, "These are they who no strength, Jesus offers to put his infinite arm indifferent. Never let a day pass over your head when I came out of the theatre I felt that, if I came out of great tribulation, and have washed beneath him. When the sinful soul has no inward without earnest prayer." were to drop dead in the street, I should go to their robes in the blood of the Lamb." Hush! principle to base a godly life upon, Jesus implants The good old man is dead, but the words he heaven." And then, using the most touching il- "Therefore are they before the throne, and serve one through regeneration. When he has no patlustrations, he dwelt upon the love of Chaist, and Him day and night in His temple. They shall tern to live by, Jesus furnishes a perfect model. especially to the young. Never neglect secret hunger no more, neither thirst any more!" And when any penitent man sincerely embraces prayer. Are you busy? Do you excuse yourself He had saved him. There was a momentary Hush! distracted weeping one; hush! brother, Christ Jesus as his Saviour, rests on his atonement because you are so hurried every day? Remempause, and then the assembly took up a verse of a sister; hush! "Neither shall the sun light on for pardon, looks to Jesus for guidance, leans on ber who gives you time. Are you well and nymn with which the speaker concluded his them; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the Jesus for support, and is united to Jesus in heart strong? Thank God for health. Are you sick? address; and "There is life for a look," evi- throne shall feed them, and God and in daily life, then may be be said to have Surely your heart must frame petitions to him dently a favourite hymn in the hall, was sung most shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Hush! be built on Je us as his spiritual foundation. When who holds life and death in his hand. Are you still, bursting heart, such blessings are "within a man thus embraces Christ, he has a rock bed exposed to temptations? There is no safeguard cleanseth from all sin." If you ask him the ing." Do not neglect secret prayer. ground of his assurance, he answers with Paul, "I know whom I have believed." If you inquire of him whence he derives strength for the strain of daily life, its wrenching trials, its wrestling temptations, and its toils, he can humbly testify that down in the depths of his soul there is an underying grace which Christ doth furnish. This work of Christ for him and within him is his foundation. It underlies New Hampshire's heaven-kissing hills. If you take away the Divine Jesus from this man, you take away his faith, his hope, his peace, his strength, his character, his all. It is as if you tore away the granite bed from beneath

Mount Washington. Now, my friend, here is a rock for your soulthe Rock of Ages. If you build on anything else -on your prayers or your professions, on your morality or your philanthropy, on your ceremonies or your church-membership-you are building on the sand. Morality is a very beautiful part of a Christian's superstructure, but it is not a foundation. Other foundation, remember, no man THE CANDLE OF LOVE .- "O Lord, we beseech can lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus .- thee, snuff de candle ob lub in our hearts!" T. S. Cayler in the Independent.

#### THE LOST RESTORED.

A pastor, for many years settled in one of the he wished to have it brightened.

Having on one occasion invited a worthy brother to accompany him on one of his visits among Look to the Cross. Heaven will be the festi- his parishioners, he cheerfully consented; and val of the crosses, as here on earth is the proces. turning into the street to a portion of the town a

absence of officialism and artificiality from the agonies, the welfare and comfort of another, how- to tear that cross." Then the dreamer saw an- woman to the glory of his grace and the honor to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. other angel, and he met a certain nobleman walk- of his Son. When I closed, we rose from our | An hour or two after, in the silence of the

who can embrace it and love it possesses true A few months afterward I was passing along peace and finds true security." Then the noble- the street, when I saw a very respectably dressed man prostrated himself, and the angel aided him lady on the same side of the way approaching. to place it on his shoulders, and said, "I will re- Her appearance was pleasing and prepossessing, main bereafter with you, and help you to bear her carriage betokened the lady, and her dress was that cross; for only by the cross man attains." neat and handsome, but not extravagant. She

we can look up and say, "Thou shalt answer, "Have you not made a mistake, madam?" ]

"No, sir, I have not. Do you remember on one afternoon, some months ago, going into a house where you found a woman lying intoxicated on the floor, and that you prayed with her?" "Yes, I remember it," I said.

"Well, sir, I am that woman. I was respectably brought up by Christian parents. I married, but my husband died, and poverty and sorrow laid thir hand on me. I thought I saw no way to support my children but by own shame. With the loss of self-respect, I took to the intoxicating cup. I was at the very bottom of my career when you found me. I could sink no lower this side the grave. You came to my door. You saw me and pitied me. You had faith in God and in bis word. You prayed for me. You thought I was unconscious-that I was too far gone to know what was passing. But I was not so. I heard and understood all. Your prayer carried me back to my early days. It made me think of a Christian home, a mother's prayers, and a father's love; now both gone to heaven. I felt once more that God had not forsaken me. My heart was broken, I heard your prayer, and God heard it, and has answered it. Blessed be his name. He has saved me, and I could not keep from telling you that

your prayer was heard." My heart was almost too full for utterance as I listened to her earnest and impressive words. She had risen from that day's dissipation, alconvicted sinner, sought pardon and found it, had removed telligence I had of her was of her consistent and

DAILT PRAYER .-- An aged minister once gave some advice to a young Christian. It was this:

infinite and immovable beneath him. If you ask like prayer. Have you neglected this duty? such a man why he expects to be saved, his simple Take up again the broken threads. Have you answer is, "Christ died for me, and his blood never begun? "Life is short, and time is fleet-

A SURPRISED FATHER .- A fine looking man, of noble physique, and clad in overcoat, gloves, and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year-old daughter-a pale-faced child, with bare neck and arms, and moroeco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask with great apparent concern after the father's "But I'm glad your little one does not inherit

your feeble constitution."

ed parent; "why, I was never sick a day in my life, while as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies." "Indeed," replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye; "you took such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare-necked

and in pasteboard shoes, I inferred that it was you

that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies,

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonish-

Thus prayed a poor negro in one of the waste places of Virginia. The flame had burned low : it was obstructed by black accretions: the light that it gave was dim, gloomy, and uncertain, and beautiful towns of Western New-York, narrates the | It was a homely metaphor, and yet it was full

of meaning. How often the candle of love in all our hearts burns low! There is much to impede the pure heavenly flame. The follies of the world clog around it: its diversions, its joys, its successes, its reverses -all these affect the Christian's love toward his Master in heaven. Sad indeed is it for him, when he forgets what he owes to his Lord: when his heart become steeped in ingratitude, and his love dies out. Then everything else dies out along with it. The Christian in whose heart the candle of love has burned low, lives as if he could not give too much time to his business, too little to devotion; could not give too much time to the amusements of the world, too little to the ordinances of the sanctuary. The Christian in whose heart the candle of love has burned low, forsakes the mercy seat, tampers with conscience, finds fault with his brother Christians. and injures himself and the cause of religion generally. You never see the face of such a Christian brighten at the name of Jesus; you never see him over-auxious about the spiritual state of those around him, or over-zealous to put forth his hand to any good work. These are the tests by which we may judge of the state of love in our hearts. Now, apply these tests; and if you find that they enrich you, oh as you have a regard for your own soul, seek, as' this poor negro did, the restoration of Christ's love within you. Pray that the Lord would snuff the candle of love in your heart. - Observer.

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