

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.]

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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PAPACY AND PROPHECIES

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION IS A MOST GIGANTIC power in the world—a power that we may well fear from what it has done in 'treading under foot the saints of the Most High God; and also from what it would still do of the same work, if only permitted to set out its spirit; as even it is now doing where it still holds rule.

That the Papal church is the 'Anti-Christ' of the Bible; the 'Man of Sin'; the 'Mystery of Babylon'; the 'abomination of the whole earth'; that was seen to be 'drunk with the blood of the saints'; there can be no doubt, when we call to mind that the Catholic church have put to death no less than fifteen millions (so called) of heretics, according to Dr. Barnes' estimation! To persecute, punish, and put to death her enemies in faith, the Roman church has ever claimed the right, as a Divine commission. And even now, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, this 'mother of harlots' claims the same right, and exercises the same authority, wherever she possesses the temporal power.

With the past history of the Papacy before us, and in view of her present mighty struggles to retain and to gain power, it is but natural for us to inquire with Daniel, 'How long shall these things be?' and what shall be the end? These things we now propose to turn our attention to, learn what we can from the history of events, and the signs of the times, about these obscure and mysterious numbers. That Daniel and John both saw the same events, there can be no doubt (See Dan. 7 and John 13); and that these visions were a presentation of the rise, work, and downfall of the Papal power, is a very clear point.

When Daniel saw the 'Little Horn,' or persecuting power, 'treading down the saints,' he inquired as to its continuance and end. To this query the answer was given, 'It shall be for a time, times, and a half.' And then, soon after, the numbers 1290 days are given, and also 1335 days. (See Dan. 12.) And John saw the church, under the figure of a woman, fleeing from before this persecuting dragon into the wilderness, where she should be 'preserved for a time, times, and half a time.'

Now the most and the best Biblical scholars and divines agree in the opinion that these numbers refer to the existence of the Papacy; that they are to be understood as prophetic numbers—that a day stands for a year—that 'time' means one year, 'times' two years, and 'half a time' means half a year; and that they are to be understood as 1290 years.

The difference between the 1290 and the 1335, and the 1260 is not a material matter in this investigation, as they refer to longer or shorter periods of the same events. If this be the correct view of these matters (and we do most heartily assent to it); if we can but determine the beginning, we can also ascertain the end. But here is the great difficulty; for if we mis the terminus a quo, we shall also fail in the terminus ad quem. Still, I think we can make some near approximation to the beginning and ending of this mystery beast. The great mistake that most writers upon the subject have made, has been in making any one event the establishment of the Papacy, and so likewise in its terminus.

That the Papal power was a long time maturing and arising into the 'Man of Sin,' and that he reached that height (or depth of infamy) by many steps, as degrees at different times, is clear to any student of history. And in like manner is this 'Little Horn' being consumed, and will be brought to naught, by a process of events at various periods of time.

Likewise many writers on the prophecies have greatly erred in supposing that the Papacy is a spiritual power, when they have a mere reference to the temporal dominion of the Popes as tyrants, in trampling under foot the saints. And this temporal rule was not reached until many centuries after the Pope was declared the universal sovereign over the faith of the world.

Let us now consider the progress of the rising power of 'abominations.' When Constantine (the so-called first Christian emperor), professed the Christian faith, and established religion by law, about the year of our Lord 300, then began to appear most plainly the degeneracy and corruptions of the church, in the ambition, intrigue, and wickedness of the bishops of the principal cities.

This same spirit was seen even before this event; and Paul said it was at work in his day, only then there was a hindrance, and when that was removed (which was pagan Rome), then this degeneracy matured most rapidly. For a long time a most sanguinary struggle was maintained between the bishops of the metropolitan cities (such as Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople), as to who should be chief. But finally this contest was settled in favor of Rome and her bishops. And, in the year 603, the Emperor Theodoric decided the dispute between Symmachus and Laurentius, two contending bishops for the headship, and declared Symmachus the Pope of Rome, and Judge instead of God, or Divine Viceregent on earth.

Here we see the 'Man of Sin' in full proportions as a spiritual power. But the 'Little Horn' among the 'ten horns' of the beast, which rode up three of these horns, and became a temporal power, we see not until a subsequent time.

In the prophecies of Daniel, we have a view of four great kingdoms succeeding each other: 1. The Babylonian, which began in the year of the world, 1767, and ended 539 years before Christ. 2. The Macedonian, which ended 333 years before Christ. 3. The Grecian, by Alexander the Great, which continued only seventeen years. 4. The Roman, which was formed by the union of many divided clans, under Julius Caesar, 33 years before the Christian era.

This last empire was subsequently divided into four great kingdoms, answering to the ten toes of the image of gold, silver, brass and iron mixed with clay, that represented these four kingdoms. Now, in the 7th chapter of Daniel, was seen a 'Little Horn' arise among the ten horns that represent the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire. And before this 'Little Horn,' three

horns were plucked up.' This 'Little Horn' is the Papacy, or the temporal power of the Popes, for which to make a place three of the other governments were suppressed, viz. (according to Sir Isaac Newton), The Exarchate of Ravenna, the Lombards, and the Senate and Dukedom of Rome.

In the year 600, John, the Bishop of Constantinople, claimed to be at the head of the church. But in 606, the emperor Phocas conferred upon Boniface the title of Universal Bishop, and established forever the Popedom at Rome. Ever after this, the Pope held universal sway over the faith of men! But it was not until 750 or 755, that the Pope reached any degree of temporal power as a crowned head.

About this time, Pepin, King of France, wrested the Exarchate of Ravenna from the Lombards, and decided the same to the Pope as a dominion, when in an inchoate state he began his temporal rule, but not in maturity. It was not until 800, when Charlemagne, son and successor of Pepin, was crowned as Emperor of Rome by the Pope, Leo, and, in return, the Emperor confirmed the decree of his father, in making the Pope a temporal prince, and greatly enlarged his territory and increased his power. But even this does not seem to be the summit level of the Papacy; for it was not until 1278 that Rudolph of Hapsburg gave the Pope universal authority over the souls and bodies of men!

As we now reach the 'dark ages,' we see the 'Man of Sin' in all his gigantic proportions, both as a spiritual head of the church, dictating men's faith, and as a temporal ruler, crushing under foot all that dared to question his right as universal dictator by Divine right.

For about one thousand years, the Papal power reigned almost supreme, trampling under foot the saints, setting up and crowning kings, and casting them down again at will. This is the PAPACY!

But in the progress of this rising power, we have seen a long growth in the full development of this 'Mystery Babylon, the abomination of the whole earth.' Now, it seems to us impossible to settle the precise time or year this power began to 'tread down the saints,' but we do know that from 606 to 1000, or between these periods, the Pope did begin this bloody work. And from 1000 to 1500, almost universal darkness, wickedness, and superstition prevailed. And still, during these 'dark ages,' God had his 'witnesses,' and a true church, though driven into the wilderness, and there prophesied in dust and ashes. The Waldenses, Albigenses, Paulicians, Novatians, and Donatists protested against the Pope's usurpations and the corruptions of the Roman church. And in some good degree, they preserved the worship of God in its purity.

(To be continued.)

THE POOR OLD MINISTER.

A writer in a late number of the New York Observer, tells the following touching story of an old Presbyterian minister:

He was of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us. But he had waxed poor, very poor. He never was rich, to begin with; but was now poorer than ever. I hope never to see another minister of our Lord Jesus Christ so poor.

A few days ago I met him at Toledo, Ohio, on the floor of the Western Reserve Synod. He was introduced as a visiting brother. Sixteen years had passed since I last had seen him, and his heavy footprints were upon him. He was more bowed in his shoulders, more thin of locks, more wrinkled of face, harder of hearing, dimmer of sight, and more tremulous and indistinct of voice. I quietly approached him and inquired if he did not once preach at C. V. He said that he supplied there one winter. I said, 'Don't you know me? I dwell there by your side one whole summer.' In reply, he mis-called my name! but, by my assistance, got it right at last. Then he was glad to see me; then he clasped my hand; then he was equally surprised with myself.

'Where do you live now, brother C.?' said I. 'Live! do he; I live here.' 'No, no; but where is your home?' 'I have no home.' 'Where is your wife?' 'Dead.' 'And where is your daughter?' 'Dead; and my adopted daughter dead too.' 'And where are your sons? Where is Hugh?' (The boys in C. V. used to call him Hugh.) 'Hugh went into the army, and did his part well; returned, and went into a telegraph office; he paid my board for a while, poor boy, but was suddenly, with a thousand others, dismissed, and without a day's warning; and is now wandering somewhere at the West, in search of his own daily bread. The other boy is learning the saddle-trade.'

'But have you no friends?' 'None on earth but God,' he replied, with emphasis; 'that ought to be sufficient; but it goes very hard with me sometimes. And I tell him so.'

'But, brother C., it is quite right for you to talk so!' 'Ah, but you know, a child can say to him what a servant dare not.'

The sight of this brother, grown so poor among us, made me sad; and I pondered what could be done for him. The 'relief' money of the Synod was all sent off to the General Assembly's treasury. Mr. C. had already received thence his monthly allowance. He was now in a moment's time, left, that was his lot for him. I began with a few brethren, and was encouraged. Then the morning after our communion season, I got up on the floor and said:

'It is an ancient custom of the church to take up, at the Lord's table, a contribution for the poor. Yesterday we took up none. But now here is a ministerial brother among us, known to many of you, who is poor, very poor. Wife dead and house broken up. The old saying is, "There are two kinds of poor, the Lord's poor and the devil's poor." But he is of the Lord's poor. The winter is before him. And now if any of you have a willing dollar to give him, let me have it for him.'

Then the autumn leaves began at once to rustle, not mere, but green, I see, on the back, and gathering up forty-two of them, I stood up once more and thanked the donors, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Seeking the aged beneficiary in the porch, whether he had retired, and putting the amount into his hand, he was not a little affected; but

soon, in a somewhat facetious way, natural to him, answered, 'A Methodist would say, Glory to God, Please give them my thanks. My heart melts. This will last me through the winter.'

At this last saying I looked incredulous. Then he added, 'Why I lived once, for fourteen weeks, on six dollars and five cents. But the second time I tried it, I became very weak and sick.'

This reminded me of what the late Dr. Francis, of New York, said of the eccentric and impoverished Christopher Colles, that 'He could declare that a bit in the morning was better than none at all.' Also, the same day, I fell upon these beautiful lines of Mrs. Browning, and applied them to my Synodical brethren:—

'A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich; A poor man helped by thee, shall make thee strong; That shall be served by thee with every sense Of service thou rendered.'

At last, bidding him adieu, I said, 'I hope we shall meet in a better world.'

To which he exclaimed, with animation, 'Won't I have a story to tell! Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me. The contrast of things there with the trials here, will make heaven quite a snug place.'

Poor, lone, brother! God, thy best earthly friend, go with thee to thy winter quarters, and defend thee alike from hunger's agony, and the chilling blast. Also, send thee to some barrel of flour and crust of oil, that fail not. Also, bring down thy thin locks with mercy, and not in heart-breaking sorrow, to the grave. Also, stir the heart of the church, now waxed so rich and great, not to forget the poor ministers whom nobody will longer pay for their preaching; not to forsake the Levite, in his tottering age, so long as he liveth.

J. G. H.

TOO LATE!

'It is too late!' Oh word of terror that has already fallen like the thunder of God on too many a heart of man! See that father as he hastens from the burning house, and thinks that he has taken all his children with him; he counts one dear head is missing; he hastens back—'It is too late,' is the hollow sound that strikes his ear; the stone wall tumbles under the roaring torrent of flame; he swoons and sinks to the ground.

Who is that hastening through the darkness of the night on the winged course? It is the son, who has been wandering in the ways of sin, and now at last longs to hear from the lips of a dying father the words, 'I have forgiven you.' Soon he is at his journey's end, in the twinkling of an eye he is at the door—'It is too late,' shrieks forth the mother's voice, 'that mouth is closed for ever!' and he sinks fainting into her arms.

See that victim for the scaffold, and the executioner whetting the steel of death. The multitude stand shivering and dumb. Who is just leaving in sight on yonder distant hill, beckoning with signs of joy? It is the King's Express; he brings a pardon. Nearer and nearer comes his step. 'Pardon!' resounds through the crowd softly at first, and then louder and yet louder. 'It is too late!' the guilty head has already fallen.

Yes, since the earth has stood, the heart of many a man has been fearfully pierced through by the cutting words, 'It is too late!' But oh! who will describe to me the lamentation that will arise when at the boundary-line which parts time and eternity, the voice of the Righteous Judge will cry, 'It is too late!' Long have the wide gates of heaven stood open, and its messengers have cried at one time and another, 'Today, to-day, if you will hear his voice!' Man, man, how then will it be with you, when once these gates, with appalling sound, shall be shut for eternity? 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.'—*Thackeray.*

HOW LONG WILL IT DO TO WAIT?

Dr. Nettleton had come from the evening service in some country town to his home for the night. The good lady of the house, rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshment, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room, 'Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do no good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton.' Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repose, when he turned round to the young girl, and said:

'Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?' She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once:

'Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time till I am sick of it.'

'So I thought,' said Mr. Nettleton. 'Let's see—how old are you?' 'Eighteen sir.'

'Good health?' 'Yes, sir.'

'The fact is,' said Dr. Nettleton, 'religion is a good thing itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it; and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do for you to wait. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait? That's just what I've been thinking myself,' said Caroline.

'Well,' said Dr. Nettleton, 'suppose you say till you are fifty?—No, that won't do; I attended the funeral, the other day, of a lady fifty years younger than that. Thirty! How will that do?' 'I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long,' said Caroline.

'No, I do not think so, either; something might happen. See now, twenty-five or even twenty, if you could be sure you would live so long. A year from now; how would that do?' 'I don't know sir.'

'Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well, apparently, as you are, do suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, Now is the accepted time. We must take this time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel right down here, and ask God for mercy through his Son Jesus Christ?'

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt on the spot. In a day or two, she by grace came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, 'Thy kingdom come.' Now I hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he takes God's name in vain. But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to ask God for what we don't want. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock Him with; the soldier's striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it. And to work for it, you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' Also, it is not to come outside of us; 'the kingdom of Christ is within you.' And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it bring all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that; 'the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost'; joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and hopeful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter into it as children, or not at all. 'Whoever will not receive it as a little child, shall not enter therein.' And again, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. 'Length of days, and long life and peace,' that is the blessing—not to die in babyhood. Children die, but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but He can't let them always; then they have their earlier place in heaven; and the little child of David, vainly prayed for—the little child of Jeroboam, killed by his mother's step on his own threshold—they will be there. But weary old David, and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too; and the one question for us all, young or old, is, Have we learned our child's lesson? It is the character of children we want, and must gain at our peril.

THE NEGLECTED WARNING.

Embosomed in the hills above the village of Sheffield, in England, was a large artificial lake, covering some twenty-six acres. A vast body of water was imprisoned there, kept back in front by a huge embankment. All down the valley were scattered peaceful homes, busy factories, and gleaming forges. No doubt the inhabitants sometimes looked up toward the beautiful lake, and thought how fearful would be the ruin if the dam should give way; but though it was sometimes whispered that it was not as well constructed as it should be, no one apprehended danger from this cause.

One Friday night the winds beat the huge waves with violence against the sides of the basin, adding still more to the immense pressure which such a body of water must cause. As the sun went down, a messenger called at many a cottage door, telling that all was not right above, and that it would be safer to leave their homes for the night. Many heeded the friendly warning, but others could see no danger. The embankment looked the same to them that it had ever looked since they could remember. It had stood worse storms than this many a time. And so they laid themselves down to rest; but, O, what an awakening was before them!

A young farmer noticed at dusk an ugly crack in the east wall, and workmen were hastily brought to strengthen the works. They toiled on till midnight, another party striving to lessen the pressure by drawing off a portion of the water. But a little after midnight a furious gust of wind drove the waves with great violence against the wall, and in another moment, with a burst of sound like deepest thunder, they leaped the barrier, and rushed with mad haste down to their work of death. Here a farm-house, with all its surroundings, its well-stocked barns, and flocks and herds, were entirely swept away. There a row of cottages, with all their sleeping inmates. Here a great wood entirely disappeared before the wrath of the foaming waters.

The scene was wild and terrible beyond description. Whirling on with the resistless tide were wrecks of homes, factories, implements of husbandry, stacks of hay, drowning cattle, and men, women, and children. A whole village was swept away or laid in ruins.

How terrible such a scene, even to a looker-on. But how infinitely more dreadful to have been one of its victims. What despair must have seized the poor cottager who treated as an idle rumour the warning at sunset, and laid him down to sleep in his doomed dwelling. But when the floods came there was no escape.

Yet what is temporal ruin compared with that which is eternal? How have you treated the warnings God has sent to you? O, be warned in season, before the floods of divine wrath descend upon you.—*S. S. Times.*

A SIMPLE CHRISTIAN ACT.—A young lady once presented me with a book-mark, having the inscription, 'God bless you,' and exacted the promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter, and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never before in the good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised to seek God's face at the earliest opportunity. That opportunity came, and I received the smiles of His love; and now I have hope within me 'big with immortality' and I attribute all to that book-mark and the grace of God. O, my readers, 'despise not the day of small things.'

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE BIBLE.—Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne of England in 1558, on the death of her sister Mary. The Protestants of England and other countries had great reason to rejoice in the change; for Mary had forbidden them to read the Word of God, and many pious people had been put to death for having parts of the Bible in their houses. On the day of Elizabeth's coronation the merchants of London determined to make her a present of a Bible. They thought, however, that the book should be presented by a child dressed in white. When the royal procession passed through the Cheapside, the child, accordingly, offered a splendid copy of the English Bible to Her Majesty. The Queen was greatly pleased with the present. She took it from the child, whose hands she kissed; then kissing the sacred volume, she pressed it to her bosom, thanked the citizens of London for their valuable gift, at the same time declaring that she esteemed it of more value than her crown, and promising that she would make it her study and the rule of her life.

THE DYING GROANS OF CHRIST.—The sufferings of Christ express the evils of sin, far above the severest judgments upon any creature, both in regard to the greatness of the person, and the bitterness of the suffering. The dying groans of Christ show the horrible nature of sin in the eye of God. As He was greater than the world, so His sufferings declare sin to be the greatest evil in the world. How evil is the sin that must make Him bleed to death for sin, is the greatest piece of justice that ever God executed. The earth trembled under the weight of God's wrath, when he punished Christ. The heavens were as dark as though they were shut to Him. His cries and groans, and no relief appears. Nothing but sin was the procuring meritorious cause of this. The Son of God was slain by the sin of the lapsed creature. Had there been any other way to expiate so great an evil—to remit sin without a compensation by death—we cannot think God would have consented that His Son should undergo so great a suffering. Christ, in His dying, was dealt with as a sinner, as one standing in our stead. He had no sin of His own. Our sins were laid upon Him. Shall we, then, nourish sin in our hearts? This would be to make much of the nails, and the thorns that pricked His hand, and O, it is such a loving day!

'Yes, my child,' said the father, 'it is a holy loving day. God gave it to us in love, that tired

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OCTOBER, 1866.

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MENS' CALF LEATHER BOOTS.—A Superior Article of my

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containing about 70 acres of excellent LAND, under good

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a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and all