

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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The Intelligencer.

(From the Christian Treasury.)

The Cottagers of Glencarran;

OR, THE LITTLE SEED: HOW IT TOOK ROOT AND FLOURISHED.

(Continued.)

Chapter II.

JOE BEGINS HIS SOWING.

The house next to the Fosters on the left hand was inhabited by a family of MacPhersons, consisting of an old fisherman, his wife, and one grown-up son. They were none of them much liked in Glencarran. Old Tom MacPherson was somewhat surly and ill-natured—"dour," as the neighbors called him; he did not care much for company of any kind, but kept greatly to himself. He and his son had a boat and nets of their own, and during the fishing season they made a great deal of money, for which, however (hardly earned though it was), they were but little the better, for they squandered the chief part of it on drink. The fisherman's life is very pleasant to be backing on the ocean during our few summer days; but there are rough days to be encountered too. Tom and James MacPherson were pretty well injured to wet and cold. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should take a glass when they came off the water wet and chilled;—no one would have dreamt of blaming them for it; but unhappily they never knew how to stop at the one glass, and at last they got into the habit of drinking as long as the money lasted.

James had a pleasant, open countenance. He used to be the brightest boy at school, and bid fair to be a credit to Glencarran. If anybody had told him then that he would have become a drunkard before many more years had gone by, he would have declared that such a thing could never be. However, this very thing had come to pass. It was a good while since he got beyond the one glass when he came home from fishing, and at the time of our story it was his custom to spend every evening at the public-house.

Since James became a slave to drink, his appearance was greatly changed for the worse; his dress, which used to be neat and respectable, had become careless and ragged, and his very step, formerly firm and fearless, had lost its elasticity, for he had lost his self-respect. He had given up attending church; and it was said that his Sabbaths were usually spent in cock-fighting and other amusements as unsuited to the holy day. Indeed, the whole family lived like heathens. Mr. Johnson, finding his efforts on their behalf totally unavailing, had given them up in despair.

Joe and Mary, you may suppose, did not find the MacPhersons very pleasant neighbours; disgusted at the sounds of fighting and scolding they sometimes heard from the next door, they kept as clear of them as they could. Yet Joe had a kind of liking for James. They used to do their sums and write their copies at the same desk at school, and had had many a game at marbles together after lesson hours.

While Joe was walking home from the glebe one Sabbath evening, thinking of all Mr. Johnson had said, and wishing he could find some one to be useful to, those old days of his friendship with James MacPherson suddenly came into his mind, and he thought what a good thing it would be if he tried to counteract the bad example James was set at home. All Monday morning while he was ploughing Mr. White's field, he was turning his plan over and over in his mind, and wondering what would be the best way for him to set to work. The time between breakfast and dinner seemed shorter than usual.

"Mary," he began when they were at dinner, "what would you say if Jamie MacPherson could be got to give up drinking?"

Mary stared. "I'd say it was a fine thing indeed, dear; but Jamie 'll never give up the drink now."

"Well, Mary, maybe no, but queerer things nor that have happened. I'll try to win him away from Ned Lapsley's in the evenings. Ned thinks he has a right hold on him; but wif the help of God, you an' me'll see what we can do for him."

"I am quite agreeable, Joe, but I don't yet understand what you mean to do. Don't you mind how Mr. Johnson worked at him till he was tired?"

"That's true enough, Mary," said Joe meditatively; "but," he continued, brightening up, "you say yourself that nothing worth is ever done without taking trouble. Jamie has a comfortable spot at his ain fireside when he comes in tired and cold, an' may be finds the fire out, and the snapper no ready. It's no so very strange that he goes to the public house for a wee cheeriness and comfort that he canna get at home. I'll bring him in wif me the night, and we'll have a good supper for him, and you'll read some of that library book wif Jamie and me takes we're smoke; see if we don't keep him out of Ned's for once in a way."

Mary laughed at the satisfaction with which Joe unfolded his plan; but she confessed that it seemed a very promising one, and she said she would do what she could to make the evening pleasant to James. During the day Mary had occasion to go into Sally MacPherson's for something she had borrowed from her, and she much indeed for Jamie to spend his evenings there. The house was untidy, dirty, and cold; the money that should have gone for firing being generally spent on drink. Sally had a sorrowful, careless air; she looked as if she did not think it worth her while to take trouble about anything. She got but few pleasant words from Tom. Her life had been one of hardship, and she had never been to prepare for that country where there is no hardship. Had she been asked if she believed in another life, she would have replied that she did; but she made no preparation for it.

She felt no sorrow for sin; made no effort to follow Jesus Christ and keep his commandments. She acted as if this poor life (so disappointing and unsatisfying at the best) were to be the end of all. Mary and Joe may have had trouble to contend with in their future years, but their ease will be very different; they are heirs to a kingdom, the possession of which will more than make amends for the worst they can suffer here.

Mary, true to her promise, had taken extra

pains with her arrangements that evening, and by the time Joe came in she was quite ready for her company. Joe was thinking of going to see if Jamie had come from his work, when he looked in, asking a light for his pipe.

"Jamie," said Joe, "will you stop and take a cup of tea with us?"

"Ay, and thank you, Joe; the old man's fairly wild to-night, and you look very comfortable here."

"What's gone wrong wif him?" inquired Joe. "If I know! He went down to see the boat at four o'clock, and him and the Parkers has some words about our landing; leas'tways that's what he says. He's just come in, and he's no the very best of company."

Jenny soon made friends with the visitor; and at length became so intimate with him that she climbed on his knee, while he showed her the contents of his pockets. Mary began to read as soon as she had cleared away the tea things. She read with ease and spirit, having been trained to it in Miss Johnson's sick room. The book she produced was an amusing history of adventure among the red Indians of North America. It was plentifully illustrated; and James so well pleased with looking and listening, that although he said two or three times that he must soon be going, he sat on and on till some time after Lapsley's had been shut up for the night, and Joe had the satisfaction of seeing him go home well pleased with his entertainment.

"Will you come in to-morrow night and hear the rest of the story?" asked Joe.

"Surely, I've no objections," replied his guest. "I never spent a nicer piece of an evening in my life."

Joe's thoughts were pleasant ones as he laid his head down that night. Mr. Johnson had said that a sower of the good seed needed both faith and patience, and must be contented with very small beginning. "This is a small beginning," thought Joe, "but, with God's blessing, my little seed may yet grow into a fine healthy plant." For upwards of three weeks James came regularly to spend his evenings with Joe and Mary. In all that time he was only once at Lapsley's.

The neighbours began to remark his changed habits, but Joe carefully avoided saying anything on the subject. James considered Joe's cheerful fireside a pleasant place for a smoke or a chat, and he liked the books Mary read out. Many of the most amusing stories and travels in the school library were borrowed for these occasions. At first James went away as soon as the story was ended, but one night he stayed while Joe brought out the Bible and read the chapter; and always after that, without a word having been said on the subject by Joe or Mary, he remained for their evening prayers.

This was delightful encouragement, and so related Joe that he resolved on asking Jamie to go to church with him at once; but Mary, who possessed both more prudence and greater experience, advised him to wait for a week, or two before he did so, lest he should frighten his scholar away. Joe had so great respect for Mary's superior book-learning, that in most things he was satisfied to be guided by her judgment.

(To be continued.)

(From the Revival.)

THE GOSPEL FOR THE IMBECILE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

What an infinite storehouse is God's Word! It meets the exigencies of every class of the human family, and satisfies the utmost craving of every individual human heart. In it we have redemption for the lost, wisdom for the fool, and sanctification for the wicked. It answers the momentous question that goes up with a wail of sorrow from the earth, "Who will show us any good?" by revealing to the sinner isolated from God a way to get back to the Fountain of all good, from which he originally proceeded, and in it, too, the poor of the flock are not forgotten. There are rich pastures in which the imbecile and the fool may feed with safety, and the way to heaven has been made so plain that even these shall not be made to plough in vain. "One would be surprised how much of the gospel a fool can comprehend." An instance of this lately came under my observation, which I hope may be an inducement to others, while gathering souls for the Redeemer's kingdom, not to pass by these afflicted ones with indifference.

On the lonely moor of Leys, four miles from Inverness, lived an elderly imbecile woman named Catherine Graham, who for thirty years occupied a scant and precarious livelihood by selling firewood; she was related to very respectable poor people, who although they regularly frequented the church themselves, left poor Catherine to grow up in ignorance, and an utter stranger to the house of prayer, thinking that owing to the weakness of her intellect, any attempt to communicate instruction from the pulpit or any other source would be utterly useless; yet, although Catherine's capacity was of the lowest order concerning things of this earth, it proved not to be so concerning Christ and his kingdom, during the first and only time the Saviour's love was brought under her notice. She was one of the meek and lowly of the earth, harmless and inoffensive in her deportment, having for sixty years walked this cold earth unaided and unaided by human intercourse, excepting only what regards the wants of this perishing body. To her life was a long, long night of darkness; but she who caused the light to shine out of darkness, verified to the happy experience of this forlorn one, his precious promise, "At evening time it shall be light." The Sun of Righteousness arose upon her with healing in his wings as her sun was about to sink for ever under life's horizon; and so great was the effulgence that poured into this darkened soul that she was seized with homesickness and inexpressible longings for another glimpse of that radiant glory; and who that ever saw the Lamb of God, by faith, but experienced the same desire in a greater or less measure? Their earthly song then is,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee."

One day in October last it was on my mind to speak to Kate of the love of Christ. I sought her out, and the following conversation ensued. We spoke in Gaelic, that being Kate's only language; but the translation I give is as close as possible to the original:—

"Do you know the Lord Jesus, Kate, who died for sinners?"

"No; poor people like me will not be allowed to go to church, and they say it is there He is."

"But did no person ever tell you about Him in your own house, or while gathering sticks in the wood?"

"No; no person ever spoke to me about heaven or Jesus since my young days."

"Well, I will tell you something about Him. Sit down on this stone," (we were then in the open country). We sat down, and I continued—

"Yes, Kitty, Jesus is in the church, but He is in other places as well. He is here now, hearing you and me talk."

"Is He, really?" she replied, half incredulous. "Well, that's strange! I would like to see Him, and speak to Him."

"You cannot see Him with your eyes, but you can see Him with the eyes of your soul; and I assure you, if you once saw Him in that way, you would give all that ever you saw to see Him again. Do you ever pray, Kate?"

"No; poor people cannot pray. It is those who go to church and sit at his table that pray."

"Oh, Kate, you are wrong there. Poor people can pray, and do pray, and the Lord hears them as soon as the rich; and I know that many of God's people that pray to Him and love Him are just poor people like yourself; and on earth you know that the dear Lord Jesus, when on earth, was Himself a poor man, and we are told in the Bible that he was so poor that He had nowhere to lay his head! All his friends were poor, and his disciples were poor, and all was in order that you, and poor people like you, might not be afraid to go to Him; and, after being a poor man for thirty years, He died on the cross, that sinners might have their sins forgiven and be made rich."

Her whole attention seemed arrested, while she eagerly replied, "Do you really think He would hear me, if I prayed?"

"Surely, surely He would, Kate. Hear what He says (reading Matt. xi. 28). 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' No man was ever so rich as Jesus, and no man ever became so poor, and He now calls you to come to Him to forgive your sins and make you happy."

"Are you really telling me the truth?"

"Yes, Kate; these are God's own words I am reading to you, and I dare not add one word to it or take one word from it."

"Well, if that's what you say, I'll try it; but I don't know how to pray. What will I say to Him when I pray?"

I then repeated two verses of the 51st Psalm—

"After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me,
For thy compassion's great. Blot out
All mine iniquity.
For Christ's sake. Amen."

This and the following verse I repeated from fifteen to twenty times, she repeated line by line after me, till it was engraved on her memory, or at least the sentiments it contained; and, after telling her something of the nature and power of prayer, and commending her to God, who alone could lighten her darkness, we parted, and she went to her lowly dwelling, repeating, as she went, her newly-acquired prayer.

On reaching her home about eight in the evening, she locked the door and put out the light, so that people might not observe that she was not in bed, and then went on her knees, and in this position remained till five in the morning in prayer to her heavenly Father; and who can tell what passed between the Redeemer and this wandering sheep during that long night of darkness? The burden of her cry was for a revelation of Himself, which none ever thirsted for in vain, and He who hides Himself from the wise and prudent revealed Himself to this simple one, giving her to eat of the hidden manna and to drink of the living waters, receiving out of Christ's fitness, and grace for grace. She arose from her knees a new creature in Christ Jesus, filled with his love; but her earthly journey was not destined to be for long. She died twelve days after this, in the bright sunshine of her first love, being only confined to her bed for two days. Her last words are worthy of record:—

"My darling Jesus! who would have thought it! Oh! He came low indeed when He looked upon me. For ever blessed be his name, my dear darling Jesus. I shall soon be with Him, and sit and kiss his feet. I must see Him, for I cannot now live without Him. Come and take me, Lord Jesus!"

These were her last words. Fifteen minutes afterwards, her Beloved came and took her to be with Him for ever.

Farewell, simple soul. Heaven's doors have closed after thee, leaving behind many who try to effect an entrance thither, yet cannot attain it, because they will not come down from their eminences and take it on God's terms, and lying low in the dust of self-abasement, accept of it as those who have nothing to demand, but everything to be at a throne of grace. Salvation is all of grace. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

COUNT THEM.

Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and every evening, as angel messengers sent by a kind, considerate, heavenly Father. Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star. What is life but a mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the gospel of Christ, divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruit? Yet are there not some who possess a morbid appetite for thorns? If they have lost a friend, they will murmur at the loss, though God has given them a score of new ones;—and somehow everything assumes a value when it is gone. Would such but count their mercies, and how quickly the heart would leap with gratitude, and the sad, despondent look, to one all smiles and sunshine.

Does trouble come? It is a mercy. "He loveth whom he chasteneth;" and if we receive not chastisement, then have we to fear we are not children. The careful husbandman prunes his vines, lopping off the superfluous branches, admitting the sun freely, thereby producing a more harmonious growth and more delicious fruit. So our heavenly Father prunes all that are grafted on the

living vine, lopping off useless leaves and worthless tendrils, throwing the light of his countenance upon the bleeding vine, and causing it to blossom and put forth fruit in tenfold abundance.

"Heavy afflictions," says a pious writer, "when sanctified by the grace of God, are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in nature is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it."

How many plans have been frustrated, how many disappointed hopes grieved over, that had they only been carried out, only been realized, and our destruction would have been inevitable. The writer can look back upon so many circumstances when it seemed that could this or that particular wish be gained, great good would be the result. One morning I remember standing on the veranda of my southern home, looking out over the Mississippi rolling in grandeur along, its surface studded with innumerable craft.

It was a perfect day; the sky overhead was full of beauty, the earth was richly freighted with all that could please the eye or delight the senses; the air came loaded with fragrance, and the music of bird and bee filled my soul with rare delight.

I had set my heart on going to New Orleans; it was but a few hours' sail, and by taking such a boat I should arrive in time to transact my business and reach home in good season.

The boat did not come. I grew impatient, and vented my spleen by walking up and down the avenue rapidly. At length she came in sight, sailing along in her pride and beauty, her deck covered with eager, earnest, happy hearts. Enjoyment was written on their faces. With a hurried good bye, I seized my valise, and started for the landing. I had only one thought—to get on board; only one wish, and that was to be in New Orleans by such an hour. My effects were on board, the plank was about to be taken in, my foot was already upon it, when down the narrow path a friend came running in eager haste. It was but a word, and my trip was delayed till the next day. It was reluctantly done. I wished very much to go, but duty called me to stay.

Gracefully she swung off and down the river, while the spectators cheered, and those on board responded by waving of handkerchiefs, hats, etc. Reluctantly I turned my face homeward. I felt the disappointment keenly.

Short as the journey was, that boat never reached New Orleans! Not an hour after she turned away so proudly, her boilers burst, and her freight of helpless human beings was scattered, some torn, bleeding, palpitating, falling into the hot, reeking chimeure, or into the river; some were uninjured. But, O, what could I render to my God for such signal favor! Nothing but my love; while his providence seemed to say so plainly, "walk closely; when it is dark I will see for you."

Dear reader, I implore you, count your mercies. Do not sit groping in darkness, reckoning only the losses you have known, the friends gone from your embrace, the wealth you once thought was your own. By frequently counting your mercies, you will be kept cheerful, happy, contented. In seasons of darkness, even, how blessed to feel that he directs all that befalls you; that no contingencies can frustrate his plans, that the way he leads is the right way. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Is the staff on which we leaned broken, the hope we cherished blighted? It is only another evidence of his love, another added mercy. We little know what tenderness there is in the blast of the rough wind that blows all our props away, leading us to cling to Him who never forgets us in our extremity.—Sunday School Times.

CONSTRAINING LOVE.

The wife of a missionary stood upon the shore of the Ganges. In the stream lay a vessel with sails unfurled, soot to sail to her native land. In her arms she held her little daughter of five years, which by that vessel she was to send to her kindred, that, removed from a heathen atmosphere, she might be educated amid Christian influences. Soon a boat conveyed her and that treasure to the ship. The anchor was weighed; all was in readiness to leave the moorings; and the dreaded farewell, which had been delayed until the last moment, must now be spoken. Clinging again that child to her bosom, and showering upon it a flood of tears and kisses, in an agony lest she should never see her more on earth, the mother lifted her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "This I do for Thee, O Jesus!" She kissed those ruby lips again, and then, placing the child on the deck, calmly entered the boat and was rowed ashore.

Did she not then and there experience the meaning of Paul's words—"For the love of Christ constraineth us?" This is the hidden power which has produced the sublimest self-denials of man. Yea, it was constraining love which brought the Lord of glory to earth, and led him to put on the form of a servant. So love constrained Paul to face scorn and reproach, to count all things but loss that he might win Christ. It constrained him, when at Antioch, to leave Christian society and his brethren, and go forth into the heathen world and preach the gospel. This constraining love opened his ears and moved his heart at the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." It also sustained him under stripes, imprisonment, shipwreck, perils, weariness, watchings, hunger, cold and nakedness.

Constraining love renders difficult duties easy. See this son of toil coming home at night with a weary frame, but as he opens his door a merry troop of joyous children play about him like lambs. Now he forgets the labors of the day. And, amid his toils, the thought of the loved ones at home cheers his spirits, and he would work ever so hard rather than have one of them taken from his house. Such love the Christian must have, or he will never accomplish much for Christ. We do little because we love little. A small sacrifice grows heavy, when love does not sustain.

Christian reader, what has love constrained you to do for Christ? What personal indulgence do you give up that you may have more to give to the Lord? What labor do you perform for Christ? Is there any sacrifice of which you can say, "This I do for Thee, O Jesus?" Has this love constrained you to visit and help the poor, to put a tract or religious book into the hands of the impatient? Does it constrain you to attend the prayer meeting, and the weekly lecture? Does it constrain you to cast out animosities and cherish a forgiving spirit? Does it constrain you to re-

frain from amusements which you may persuade yourself are harmless, but which are a stumbling block to many souls? What does the love of Christ constrain you to do?

POWER OF THE TRUTH.

The tract, "Remember the Sabbath Day," was given to a man who was in the habit of working on the Sabbath—and the truth therein presented made a deep impression on his mind. He was convinced of the sin of Sabbath-breaking, and at once ceased to do wrong; and soon he felt his need of Christ, whom he sought and found to the joy of his soul. Then he went to his fellow-workmen and told them his experience. But they only laughed at him, and said he was crazy. He persevered, however, in his humble endeavors to do good, and was at length successful in causing the shop to be entirely closed on the Sabbath.

A woman, who worked at her ordinary avocation on the Lord's Day, was led by the same tract to see the sinfulness of her course. She forsook the evil of her ways, and finds pleasure now in remembering the Fourth Commandment—and she is seeking to restrain her children from sin, and sends them regularly to the Sabbath-school.

The tract entitled "The Fool's Pense," was given to an intemperate woman. The reading of it has been truly blessed to her soul. She has honestly reformed, there is not a doubt. She reads the tract so often that she was able to repeat it, word for word. Then she loaned it to two other intemperate women, to whom it has also proved a blessing.

A MINISTER OF FINE.—In one of our Presbyterian churches the other Sunday morning a minister was officiating with all due decorum and solemnity. All at once he began to cut up queer antics and shortly disappeared from public view, to the no small astonishment of his auditors. The pulpit being close, boxed up on all sides, and the door shut, the people could not tell what was going on. Smoke arising from the pulpit gave assurance that there was fire somewhere, and the stench filling the house, setting every one sneezing and coughing, indicated that there was more brimstone about the pulpit than was necessary to conduct an ordinary service. The excited congregation learned after a while that the minister was on fire. It seems that he carried in his pocket a lot of loose facier matches, and they ignited and set him on fire. Assistance came and the minister was put out. The whole thing was ludicrous in the extreme, and though the service was continued, the solemnity of the audience was not marked as on some other occasions. So much for smoking.

SPEAKING CROSS.—You gain nothing by a harsh word. What if that boy broke the pitcher, or put his elbow through the glass; do you mend either by applying sharp epithets to him? Does it make him more careful in future? Does he love you any better? Hark! he is muttering. What says the boy? "I'm glad of it; I don't care how much I break." He talks thus to be even with his master. It is very wrong in him to know, but it is human nature, and the example has been set before him by you.

Say to the careless boy, "I am sorry; you must be more careful in the future," and what will be his reply? "It was an accident, and I will be more careful." He will never break another pitcher or glass if he can help it, and he will respect and love you a thousand times more than when you flew in a rage and swore vengeance on his head. Remember this, ye who get angry and rave at a trifle.

An English paper has the following: "In England and Wales 27 letters were delivered to every person upon an average in the year 1864; in London, 51; in Scotland, 20; in Ireland, 9; in the United Kingdom, as a whole, 23—the total number exceeding 679,000,000. Railway companies sent 720,800 circulars by the post in the year; charitable institutions, 540,000; lottery offices, 169,000; drapers, 2,062,000; 'medical men,' and dentists, 177,000; 4,865,000 letters passed between this country and the United States, and British North America—that is, in both directions, 3,682,000 between this country and India and China; and the following numbers between this country and the other countries named—viz: 2,915,000, Australia; 1,727,000, West Indies, the Pacific, and the Brazils; 3,771,000, France; 4,403,000, Prussia, Hamburg, and Bremen; 924,000, Belgium; 800,000, Holland; 287,000, Italy; 617,000, Spain; 25,000,000 letters in all passed this country and foreign countries and the colonies, and 21,500,000 books, papers, and patterns. 95,500,000 books, packets, and newspapers were delivered by the post in the United Kingdom, and 625,030 packets were sent by the pattern post."

A BROAD VIEW.—In a certain convention of temperance philanthropists, a clergyman made a plausible defence of the moral right of open good wine to drink and to offer alcoholic liquors. Totalitarianism he denounced as fanatical and unscriptural. He talked glibly about the wine used at Cana of Galilee, (though not very understandingly), and insisted that for one he should claim the right to use liquors at his own table and in social gatherings. When he had concluded his sophistical argument, an old man, arose under much emotion. His voice trembled with grief. Turning to the convention, he said in substance to them: "I know a young man, he is fast becoming an inebriate. I fear he is ruined. When he is urged to give up the wine cup, he always pleads the example of a certain popular clergyman. He says, that while that minister takes his glass and defends it, he means to do the same. Gentlemen, that poor intemperate youth is my son! and the clergyman whose evil example he is following is the very same one who has just addressed this convention!"

Some years ago, at a temperance meeting, and during the circulation of the pledge, the speaker related the following fact:—

An intemperate man was on his death-bed. He sent for a professor of religion, and said to him, "Do you remember being at a certain temperance meeting? I was there. I went for the purpose of signing the pledge. When it was circulated I kept my eye on you. I thought you knew more about these things than I did, and if it were a good thing you would give your name and join it. But you did not, and for that reason I did not. And here I am. I am about to die, and I want you to prepare to meet me in the judgment."

These words went like a dagger to that professor's heart, and they should pierce the heart of every one professing godliness who stands aloof from

ALBION HOUSE

QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON.

NEW GOODS!

RECEIVED THIS DAY,

10 Cases, comprising:—

DRESS GOODS,

COBURGS,

LUSTRES,

AND

PRINTS,

Grey and White Cottons,

TICKS,

Straw Hats,

SKELETON SKIRTS.

AN INSPECTION

Is respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 4th, 1866.

NEW GOODS.

MAY 1866.

12 Packages, containing

Brussels, Tapestry, Three Ply

and Kidderminster

CARPETS,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Swiss and Leno Curtains,

CURTAIN NETS,

WHITE COTTON AND LINEN

SHEETINGS,

PLAIN AND TWILED.

Grey and White Cottons,

TABLE DAMASKS AND TOWELINGS,

Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,

PRINTS, BRILLIANTS,

French and Linen Ginghams,

BLACK AND COLORED

DRESS SILKS.

Black Corded Silk for Mantles.

BLACK AND COLORED COBURGS,

ALPACCAS,

FANCY

DRESS GOODS, &c.

Together with a Large Stock of LADIES' and MISSES'

SKELETONS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Balance of Stock