

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 Glenarran;

OR,

THE LITTLE SEED: HOW IT TOOK ROOT AND FLOURISHED.

(Concluded.)

Chapter Last.

"If I have enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Glenarran was electrified by rumours that fever had got into the village. One of the young Harts was seriously ill, and so was Alice Fleming; but the Doctor would not say at first what was the matter with them, though his grave looks showed that he thought badly of their cases. Some days passed, and he told the people that he feared they had got fever of the worst kind among them, and warned them to keep out of the infected houses. A stranger visiting Glenarran might have supposed the people to belong to one large family, so general was the gloom cast by Hart's and Fleming's illness. As far as the latter was concerned, the Doctor's caution was in nowise observed; for the house was crowded at all hours of the day by neighbours come to inquire for him, or to offer their services in his behalf.

"Do you know what I'm just doing here, Mary?" cried Joe, coming into the house abruptly. "Philip Black has got the fever. He has been lying, it seems, since Saturday, and no one would have taken a thought about him if Sally MacPherson hadn't chanced to pass by the house and heard him moaning. She called the doctor in to see him, and he says he's far worse now than the others;—indeed Alice's in the way of mending to day. Him and Hart has plenty of friends and well-wishers; but I hear no word about poor Phil. There he is, lying his lone in the house, and he'll die if nobody looks after him."

"Well, Joe, dear, whose fault is it that he has no friends?"

"I canna let him die alone," continued Joe, without answering Mary's question. "Sure, sure, you wouldn't allow me to do it dear! Last night I thought I was going to die, and you know what some days and nights I put in; but my situation was quite different, for I had my good wife to attend to me, and he has no friend or neighbour to reach him a drink of water,—not one that cares enough about him to do as we a kindness as that. It's true, he has himself to blame for it; but somehow, Mary, since I rose from that bed I look at things in another way from what I did before; and—and I'm away to see after Phil!"

"Stop a wee, Joe!" cried Mary. "Let me go; you're no stronger enough yet, and it's a woman's work."

"No, Mary, it's my work. No one in the world has the right to it that I have; you must try to stop me."

"He bid the little one's goodbye, told Mary to take care of herself, and left the house, taking a few shillings of Samuel's present with him, for he thought it probable he should find Philip's dwelling bare of everything an invalid was likely to require."

Philip was in a raging fever, and tossed from side to side in dreadful pain. His ravings were terrible to hear; the words he sometimes gave utterance to both shocked and grieved Joe. Joe's holy name was often spoken in his frenzy; having been wont to take it in vain while in health, he did not respect it now that sickness had stolen away his reason. But conscience was at work too. During the long nights, while Joe sat by him wetting his lips, or smoothing his pillow, he often heard his own name. Poor Phil seemed to think that Joe was dead, and he had murdered him. He talked incessantly about having got him turned out of his good home and place by telling lies upon him to Mr. White.

These were melancholy nights. Joe was not strong enough to undergo such excitement and fatigue without injury, but he was sustained by feeling he was doing the duty God would have him do. Dr. Williams came regularly. At first he had no hope whatever of Philip's recovery; but the crisis was now past, and he said he might be brought round with care. "But, Foster, if he does get well, he will owe his life, under God, to your good nursing!"

"It's no possible!" he murmured. "No, it canna be Joe Foster! (In a louder tone.) 'Is that you?' 'It is, Phil; are you any better?'"

Philip made no answer. At length he said, "I'm a bit better, I think; but if it is really you, Joseph Foster, you are the last man in Glenarran ought to help me."

"Why so, Phil?"

"Why? do you ask me why? Because I told the master that you lamed the chesnut with a kick; and, what's more, I told other lies on you, and lost you your good place!"

"Oh, Philip, what made you do it?"

"I hated you since that day you told about the parcel; and I didna care what happened you. You shouldn't ha' come near me. Leave me, Joseph! Leave me to die alone! he said he might be brought round with care. 'But, Foster, if he does get well, he will owe his life, under God, to your good nursing!'"

"Have you just come in, Joe? and what is it ails me?"

"You've had the fever, but you are mending now, and I have been w' you these few days past."

"Dinna say so, man! Oh, dinna tell me you've been here that long," cried Philip, in a state of the greatest excitement, "you that should ha' treated me as I treated you!"

"No, no, Philip; if I could ha' done that, I'd ha' been no true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. But lie you down again quiet; I've the doctor's orders not to let you talk."

Philip lay still, and seemed very thoughtful. Next morning, when Joe came near him, he caught his hand and exclaimed, "I wish it was all to do over again, Joe, and I'd treat you very different."

"They are happy who have a future before them in which (as far as their fellow-mortals are concerned) they may repair the faults of the past,—they who have done cruel deeds or spoken cruel words, yet have injured one still with them, for they have the opportunity to gratify him in the future perhaps as much as they have pained him in the past; they may weep away their remorse, and gentle memories may efface the memory of the wrong they have done; but how deeply must we pity those who remember pain given and

injury done, yet cannot ask forgiveness; for the life that should grant the pardon, and the eas that should bear it asked, are in the grave!"

Philip Black's sulky, ungracious manner had prevented his ever making a friend. It was not likely that he would ever quite get rid of it; but it was much less disagreeable than it used to be, and Joe could not but wonder at the change in him; he had become gentle, and seemed grateful for the little services he was constantly rendering him. He was not inclined to talk, but lay perfectly silent for hours at a time, with a grave, troubled look that made Joe think he was reviewing his past life. Truly there was but little to please him in the retrospect—few kind thoughts, pleasant words, or self-denying deeds. A selfish life must be a miserable one. Are you anxious about your own lot—weighed down by some sorrow anticipated or remembered? The very best way to get the better of it will be to throw yourself heartily into the cares and sorrows of your neighbours; habit will make it easy for you to sympathize with them; and you will learn, while helping to bear their burden, how much you have for which you have reason to thank God.

But Philip had never sympathized with any one in his life; and it was long before he could understand what made Joe, of all people, so kind to him.

One night Joe was reading to himself at the fire, and Phil listened to him turning over the leaves.

"What are you reading Joe?"

"I am reading my Bible, Philip."

"You used always to be singing hymns while you were at work; do you mind any of them?"

"But you didna like to hear me at them?"

"No, neither I did. You made me wild going over them so often; but I have no objections to them now; so you may well say some o' them. Don't sing, for my head canna thole it."

Joe was not slow to avail himself of this permission, and from that time he always read a little to Phil in the evening. Philip also consented to see Mr. Johnson; and he was so attracted by the old clergyman's courteous, gentle manner, that he begged him to pay him another visit. When Joe only wanted a few weeks of the time when Joe and Mary must leave Glenarran. They were very busy about their preparations, getting their clothes together, and selling their small possessions in the way of furniture. As the parting drew near they began to dread it very much. The Flemings, Harts, and MacPhersons were grieved at the prospect of losing them; even Jamie, so little wont to be cast down by anything, now appeared grave and sad. It came, the last Sunday in the little church, where they had so long listened to the gospel message, where they had vowed before God to love one another till death; the last lesson from Mr. Johnson's lips; the last walk round the graveyard, where Joe's father and mother were buried. And then goodbye. Oh, my friends, think of the time when there will be no more last meetings and goodbyes!

The villagers showed their good-will in various ways. Philip Black brought them a large ham for their sea-store. Indeed they were in no danger of starving on the voyage, so many pounds of tea and sugar and other good things came pouring in. Philip softened more on saying farewell than Joe had imagined it possible he could do.

"You are going," he said, "and I canna make you any amends for the wrong I did you."

"Ay, Phil, you can make me the very best amends!"

"How, Joe?"

"By attending the church regular, and reading a chapter in your Bible every night. Do that, Philip, and you'll be pleasing me better now you'd do if you were to fill my cap with gold. Will you promise?"

Philip's heart was touched; he held out his hand to Joe, and replied very gravely and earnestly, "I will!"

They went to take leave of Mr. Johnson last of all. He took them into his study, the scene of many and many a touching interview, and there he besought God's blessing upon their voyage.

"You will go on with your sowing, Joe, will you not?"

"Ay, sir, I hope so, as long as life lasts."

"You have reason to sow with good courage, for your Master has greatly blessed your work here."

"Oh, sir, it was so poor,—so little!"

"All our best efforts, Joe, are poor and little; but let us work on in our Lord's strength, and bless Him for deigning to use such wretched instruments. Perhaps James MacPherson and Philip Black may be scattering the good seed while you are gone."

"I wish I had done more for the neighbors, sir! Here poor Joe broke down completely."

"My lad, remember that all nations are dear to our blessed Lord. Though you leave Glenarran, you do not leave your work; for wherever you may be, you will be surrounded by that great family for whom Christ died. There is plenty of work, noble work, lofty work for all!"

The worst was over. Joe and Mary stood on the deck of the *Caroline*, with several hundred other emigrants, and they were passing Glenarran. A great crowd of the villagers were on the cliffs to see the vessel pass. Their loud shout was answered by cheers as loud and long from those on board, and the stately ship sailed by with her freight of hoping, regretting, tearing hearts.

One friend in the *Caroline* gazed as long as their old home was in sight. On they sailed past the white houses of their little village, past the church, past the glebe; and then they turned away as men turn from the grave of a friend, for they knew that the parting was for ever as regarded earth. But they had one another still, and cheering hopes to lure them across the Atlantic.

And their neighbours left the cliffs and went home again. Many of them had a painful sense of loss; they missed their companions for a time in the street and in the house, but by degrees they learned the necessary lesson how to live without them.

Change, change everywhere! No one can have arrived at years of reflection without having been impressed by the insecurity of all things here below. There is just one thing that cannot fail us—the love of Christ. If we are his believing people, we may be certain that he has "portioned out our lot in the best way for each of us; and no pain, or want, or sorrow, is without its wise mission. But his love is shown most of all in these very changes which oppress us so painfully. He knows that, if we could be sure of keeping

even one friend, we should be contented with this life, and should never think of preparing for a better."

But let us remember with joy that we "seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." We are told many things about that happy place,—that there our tears shall be wiped away,—that no pain can enter, no hunger, no thirst,—that we shall be satisfied with pleasures provided for us by our God; but there are times in the lives of all, when none of the promises give such comfort as this one, "They shall go no more out."

TEMPERANCE AND REVIVALS.

BY THE REV. ASHLEY NETTLETON.

In the year 1829, Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., wrote of Dr. Nettleton as follows: "Dr. Nettleton has served God, and his generation, with more self-denial, and constancy, and wisdom, and success than almost any man living. I witnessed his commencement, and knew his progress and the relative state of things. Considering the extent of his influence, I regard him as one of the greatest benefactors God has given to this nation, and among the most efficient instruments of introducing the glory of the latter day."

The following is an extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Nettleton to Dr. Beecher:

MY DEAR BROTHER—I hear frequently from many places where God has of late poured out his Spirit and revived his work. My friends residing in these places, far and near, either visit me or write to me, and tell me all their joys and their sorrows. For a number of years I have kept a list of the names of those who have hopefully experienced religion, and made a public profession of it in these revivals. When far from them, in my retired moments, I have often read over their names, and pondered on them, and on the scenes they have awakened, with emotions too big for utterance. I have watched them with anxious solicitude, and have made particular inquiry about the spiritual welfare of each one, as an opportunity presented. My heart has often been refreshed when some Timothy has brought me good tidings of the faith and charity of these young converts. No tidings have been more refreshing. I have often had occasion to adopt the language of Paul on this very subject: "What thanks can we render to God again, for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God?"

During the leisure occasioned by my late illness, I have been looking over the regions where God has revived his work for the two or three years past. The thousands who have professed Christ in this time, in general appear to run well. I think they have exhibited more of the Christian temper, and a better example, than the same number who have professed religion when there was no revival. With hundreds of these I conversed, when anxious for their souls, and afterward when rejoicing in hope. Some of them I have followed through life, and down to the grave. If genuine religion is not found in revivals I have no evidence that it exists in our world. Some few, indeed, have dishonored their profession, have opened afresh the wounds of the Savior, and caused the hearts of his friends to bleed. Bunyan says: "If at any time I heard of such instances of apostasy among those who have hopefully been benefited by my ministry, I feel worse than if I had followed one of my own natural children to the grave." I have lost near and dear relatives, but the tidings of which Bunyan speaks had sometimes struck me with a deeper sadness. Of the few who have finally apostatized, you may wish to know the cause. I have made particular inquiry, and find that the declaration of some has commenced with an undue conformity to the world; but the sin of intemperance has caused more trouble, and done more dishonor to the cause of Christ, than any other vice that can be named. Though some have confessed, and doubtless repented of other sins, yet few if any have confessed intemperance. I have heard from S—County, that of the hundreds who professed religion there two years ago, a few only have been called to a public confession, and these have been restored. I have heard of but one excommunication. He was an acquaintance of mine, a man about thirty-five years of age, in the town of M—.

He had been a little inclined to intemperance. He was anxious with others; his conversion was considered interesting; and at the time he professed religion it was thought that his habit was broken. But before I left that place he ventured to drink a little. On a public occasion he became boisterous, and charged one man with lying, and that led on to an angry dispute, in which all present considered him the aggressor. This was soon smoothed through the place. It gave a general shock to all the young converts. I well remember the effect. Each one began to tremble lest he too should be left to wound the cause which was to him dearer than life. I shall not forget what tenderness of conscience the young converts manifested. Each one seemed to tremble most of all for himself. The next morning Mr. H— became sober, and now he felt exceedingly chagrined on remembering what he had said and done. He told me that his first thought in the morning was, that he had dishonored religion, and he could not bear to think of it. He was almost tempted to leave his family and friends and abscond. He, however, confessed his fault, and appeared penitent. But, sad to relate, he drank again, and, as I have been informed, is now out off.

A Mr. T—, in the town of B—, was under conviction, hopefully experienced religion, and made a public profession with about sixty others. He appeared well, with the exception of this circumstance, that previous to his conversion he had been a little inclined to intemperance. In the judgment of charity he had reformed and become a new man. He foresaw his wicked companions, prayed in his family, and appeared to be much engaged in religion, and continued for a number of months to adorn his profession. But he began by slow and cautious steps to sip a little, only for his health. Though not drunk, he became foolish, and this led on to other things, until he dishonored the cause of religion. He made a public confession of his fault, and for a while appeared penitent. But he drank again, and this led to other unchristian conduct, which demanded Christian satisfaction. His brethren began, a few days since, their endeavors to reclaim him. But he removed in the night with all his family, and has left the State to avoid another confession. We consider him a ruined man.

In the town of K—, a promising young man, hopefully experienced religion during the recent

powerful revival there, and made a public profession on the same day with one hundred and six others. I believe he was never considered at all inclined to intemperance. He left K— and labored in company with others who made a free use of ardent spirits. He soon contracted a taste for it; and we have heard of the public disgrace which he has brought on the cause of religion. With taunting voice the enemies have been heard to cry around him, "There is one of Mr. K—'s converts." Brother K— went after him to a neighboring place, and the young man has just made a public confession of his fault, and appears penitent. I find that all are flattering themselves that he will never offend again. I should think and rejoice with them, if I had not so often been disappointed. Of the whole number who professed religion in that revival, this, I think is the only instance of an offence demanding a public confession.

When I look back on revivals which took place ten or fifteen years ago, I have been agreeably surprised to find so many of the subjects of them continuing to adorn their profession. Take the whole number who made a profession as the fruit of those revivals when there was no general revival, and I do think that the former have outshone the latter. I have not a particular estimate, but from what I have seen I do believe that the number of excommunications from the latter is more than double in proportion to the former. And I find, all along, that more excommunications have taken place in consequence of intemperance than for any other sin.

A Mr. H—, a member of Brother T—'s church, was thought to have experienced religion in L—, in the days of your predecessor. He was a promising, active young man, much beloved and highly esteemed by Christians, and never suspected of intemperance until about a year since. The disclosure of this fact not only grieved Christians, but surprised and astonished everybody. Though he was not suspected of intemperance, it was afterward ascertained that he had been in the habit of drinking a little in private. This is one method of covering sin. Whoever does it is privately working out the ruin of his soul. But Mr. H— made a public confession, appeared penitent, and all rejoiced in his reformation. This, I said, was about a year ago. When I was last in N—, he called at Brother T—'s on an evening visit. It was evident he had been drinking. The next day Brother T— warned him in the most solemn manner, but all to no purpose. He was past fear and shame, and had even given him up as lost. He had accomplished his ruin by drinking in private, before his friends had any chance to prevent it. I could name a number of individuals, in different towns in this State, whose cases are similar to his.

Now, my brother, what shall be done? I do not ask what shall be done to reclaim those who have so grievously offended. For these, I fear, nothing ordinarily can be done. Their case is almost hopeless. My inquiry is, what shall be done to prevent the future disgrace of the cause of Christ? The only evidence of repentance in such a case is, a CONTINUOUS COURSE OF ENTIRE ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING DRINK OF EVERY KIND.

As for those who think they have experienced a change, if their habits are bordering on intemperance, we ought to be cautious how we admit them to a public profession. If they have been in the habit of drinking freely, though not to intoxication, however clear in other respects, this circumstance alone renders the evidence of their conversion very doubtful. From what I have seen, I do believe that no class of persons are more likely to be deceived with false hopes than are such. If, while under conviction, a person allows himself to sip a little to raise his sinking spirits, he is sure to give away the Spirit of God.

I could fill sheets with the relation of facts, all which lead to the conclusion that persons of intemperate habits, though deeply convicted, are far more likely to rest in a false hope than others. However distressed a person of this character may have been, or however joyful in hope, I think we may set it down as a probable sign of a false conversion if he allows himself to take a single drop. If he does not give evidence of this, he drops to abstain wholly and forever, I feel decided that he ought not to profess religion. If he cannot be willing to do this, he can have no sufficient evidence of his own repentance or conversion, and his hope is a spider's web. Brother T— preached an excellent sermon, not long since, on these words: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults; keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins." In the class of presumptuous sinners he placed the person of intemperate habits. "The person who has drunk to excess, and has been warned, can not venture to drink again, at all, without sinning presumptuously. He sins deliberately, and with his eyes open. Let him remember that he drinks damnation." I felt the justice of that last sentence. It was attended with a thrill of horror. I am satisfied that he who can break off entirely, and at once, can never do it. And without it, we can have no evidence of his piety. Every time he tastes, he is putting fire to tinder and powder. If he really thinks that he can drink a little, and yet not become a drunkard, his danger is so much the greater. This confidence evinces his constitutive ignorance of his own heart. This confidence, if not destroyed, will ruin him. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool."

I wish that all the young converts who profess religion would make it a point of conscience not to taste of intoxicating drink. This is the way in which many have dishonored the cause of Christ. In this way thousands have become drunkards. I scarcely expect that any drunkard will be reformed by any other measures that can be adopted. The only successful method of preventing this kind of disgrace to religion in future is to begin with the temperate. Though the plague can not be cured, it may be shunned. Had all young converts seen what I have, they would need no other motives to induce them to adopt the resolution to abandon the use of all intoxicating drinks forever. Could I learn that all the converts in your parish had jointly adopted this resolution, it would be to themselves, to you, and to me a most delightful evidence of the sincerity of the Christian profession, as well as of genuine conversion. "Dear brother, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." Yours as ever,

ASHLEY NETTLETON.

God protects men when they are in His way, but not out of His way.

YOU WHO LIVE, SERVE HIM.

She was an idolized wife, a fond mother, yet we had not let her go from the shelter of the parental roof; we could not spare the youngest, the fairest, the most gifted of our unbroken band.

Alas! she was the fairest too, and we stood around her death-bed. All the rest had from childhood cherished the Christian hope, but she only recently, during one of the delusive convalescences of consumption, had given good evidence of a change of heart, longing, and confidently hoping to live and serve Christ.

Now we knew that she must die; yet, amid the surging of our great sorrow, we clung to the hope that our cherished one would mount joyfully, on the wings of her new-found faith, to her eternal home. But as we gathered from day to day around her bed, we found no joy. There was patience, and a degree of trust, which brought something of hopefulness and peace; but there was no joyful triumph over death. As our beloved pastor came to us, we met him with flowing tears, exclaiming, "O, that we could see her happy before she dies!"

Standing beside her, he spoke of Christ's all-sufficiency and grace, and asked, "Can you trust him to save your sinful soul?"

"Yes," she answered; but the word came from grieving lips.

"And are you not willing to die, if it is your Saviour's will?"

"No—O, no!" she answered, pausing for breath between the words, "I cannot—be willing—to die—now—because—I have not—served him."

"Yet no service could have availed anything for your salvation," replied our pastor. "Trust in Christ alone saves the soul. 'Christ is all!'"

"Christ is all!" (with what confident emphasis she spoke.) "O, yes—I know—that;—and I feel safe—in trusting him; but I—so wanted—to live—that I might—serve him!"

"Jesus sees your heart, and accepts your desire to serve him," replied our pastor; "you should yield your will to his, and be even joyful to go to him without this life service, if he calls you."

"I ought—I know it—I pray—not to rebel! But it is—so hard—to die—without doing—anything—for him—who—has—done—all—for me!"

We wept. Never, never can I forget the grief of those trembling lips, those eager, longing eyes. They closed wearily; cold drops stood on the noble, wasted brow, and she murmured, as to herself, "Mat's chief end is to serve God—first—and then—enjoy him forever!"

"Trust him, here, and you will both serve and enjoy him perfectly and forever then," whispered the pastor's wife, as she bent to wipe the cold drops away.

The beautiful eyes unclosed with a gleam of joy, which was quenched in sorrow, as she gasped:

"Forever—even there—I shall mourn—that I did not—serve him—here. You who—live, serve him—here."

She died.

"No more death, neither sorrow, nor crying," whispered our pastor; and we believed the promise was for her; yet, alas for our breaking hearts! it was a look of grief we closed away beneath the shadowy lashes, and grief lingered on the beloved lips, whispering to us, from the silent coffin:

"Serve him—serve him. You who live, serve him here."

For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—2 Peter 1: 11.—Congregationalist.

RELEASE OF THE ABYSSINIAN MISSIONARIES.

The London Times of the 24th ult. announces the release of Consul Cameron and the two missionaries who, for more than two years, have been held as captives by the King of Abyssinia. The circumstances under which these three persons were placed in duress and subjected to all manner of indignity—living a life worse than death—were perhaps worthy of being recalled.

The present Abyssinian King, desiring to open friendly relations between himself and the power which had lately established itself as his neighbor in the stronghold of Aden, determined to assert the rights given him in a treaty ratified between England and Abyssinia in 1852, three years previous to his accession. He accordingly informed Mr. Cameron of his wish, and in 1857 wrote an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, requesting permission to send an ambassador to England, and according to the stipulation of the treaty that each state should receive ambassadors from the other. For some reason, which is not clear, this letter was never answered—a neglect which so angered the Emperor, that he forthwith endeavored to force a quarrel with Her Majesty's representative, and thus revenge himself for the apparent slight. An opportunity soon came. On the ground that one of the missionaries had committed an unpardonable offence by remonstrating against the flagging to death of two interpreters, he sent armed troops to the missionary station, seized the missionaries and the Consul, put them in chains and prison. Mr. Cameron (the Consul), being subjected to the still further indignity of being chained day and night to an Abyssinian soldier.

These circumstances took place in November, 1863, at which time they occurred in England, universal indignation—though the event attracted less attention in the United States, on account of more absorbing scenes nearer home. In England, however, the question of their release formed in Parliament an exciting theme for discussion—a portion of the members, among whom was Lord Chelmsford, being in favor of strong coercive measures, and the other portion being equally strenuous for a conciliatory policy. In the course of the debates much bitterness frequently arose, but the conciliatory policy finally gained the day, and a Mr. Rassam, an Asiatic by birth, and well known in connection with the discoveries of Layard, was appointed to carry on the negotiations. These Mr. Rassam has for the past two years conducted with much tact and patience, finally bringing them to a successful termination in the release of the captives, who are now safely on their way home.—Journal of Commerce.

Epictetus recommends temperance to us, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it. 'tis the glory of a man who hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

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French and Linen Gingham,

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DRESS SILKS.

Black Corded Silk for Mantles,

BLACK AND COLORED COBURGS,

FANCY