

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XIV.—No. 49.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1867.

Whole No. 725.

NOVEMBER 26, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE BELIEVING WIFE.

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children," said the compassionate Saviour to the weeping women who followed him to Calvary; forgetting himself in his concern for them. He saw them unattended by their husbands, who doubtless were unbelievers. He saw them and their offspring exposed to coming tribulations; but more than this, he saw their husbands and their children exposed to the loss of the soul forever. He looked down through the ages and foresaw countless families thus exposed. And he now beholds mothers at the sacramental board, weeping perhaps at the sufferings once endured by Him, but too unsolicitous for their offspring, bereaved of a father's needful counsel and care.

Daughters of Zion, thus responsibly situated, the writer, deeply anxious to awaken your interest in this subject, invites your attention to the following facts carefully gathered by a maternal association:

In a neighborhood of ninety-eight families, they found that in twenty-seven both parents were pious, and of ninety-eight children eighty-four were hopelessly Christians. They found nineteen families having but one believing parent, in which of ninety-five children but thirty-one were hopelessly converts. In the remaining fifty-two families having no believing parent, out of one hundred and ninety-three children, only thirteen were converted, and twenty-five were dissipated. And facts like these would probably be found to exist in other parts of our country.

Look carefully at these facts. The first class of children, both of whose parents were pious, shows, out of ninety-eight, all converted except fourteen; and where one parent only was pious, not quite one-third converted. What an alarming fact! More than two-thirds of those who have but one believing parent still out of Christ! No marvel that your Saviour bids you weep. Weep you may, for your children, and for your husbands. Can you longer rest, and not lay it to heart, that your husband's failure to aid you, and lead in the appointed prayers and religious teachings of the family, is probably the occasion of this sad result?

Are you despairing as to his conversion, and therefore do you make no agonizing effort? Many years ago there settled in Montreal from New England, a Mr. B.—and his pious wife. He became a member of the Canadian Parliament. A minister from the States came to labor in the church of which Mrs. B.—was a member. A revival ensued. She prayed importunately for her husband. He became deeply anxious and sought to see his burden by visiting a place of amusement. She saw it and retired to her room to pray against it. His burden continued. He said, "My wife is praying for me, I know." He returned, found her kneeling in supplication, and said, "O cease, cease, it troubles me." "How can I cease?" she replied. He repaired to the church where he knew prayers were then ascending to God for him and others. And there his proud spirit yielded. He believed, and was happy with his happy wife; he was faithful, and showed his faith by persistent efforts to save his legislative associates. Then, mothers in Israel, hope came for the "salvation of all his house," some of whom became burning and shining lights in the church of God. And was not this conquest worth the cost, the agonizing struggle of the wife? Yes, the watchful angels saw it and rejoiced. The omniscient Saviour also here "saw the travail of his soul."

Will you not also arise, cast off the world, silence, unbelief, and do likewise? Have you overlooked the scripture appeal made directly to you? "How knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" A plain intimation that you may be the main instrument of his conversion; and another scripture urging you so to live, that the husband may be "won by the conversion of the wife." Powerful is the persuasion of a consistent, pious wife.

To render your prayers prevailing with the great Intercessor, you must of necessity be self-denying; must not encourage your husband by your presence where Christ is ignored, denied, unmentioned because fashion demands it; must not labor to fit your children for the carriages of this God-forgotten world—Christ will notice it. The Spirit is easily grieved. Take your children when young to the prayer circle, rather than allow them in the gay midnight dance, the demoralizing theatre.

At the Saviour to the proof, who says to you, "If you will agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." By all means agree and form a circle for your own class to pray weekly for your husband's conversion. The writer knew of two young mothers who met steadily for years, hoping against hope, but wrestling for their ungodly husbands till both were given them in answer to their prayers.

In the meantime erect the family altar, and in the face of customary neglect, adverse opinion, natural timidity, and Satan, worship with your children daily, in the father's absence if it must be so; he will feel the effect of it. This has been done, within the knowledge of the writer, by some such mothers, and the Spirit has converted their husbands and their households.

The writer indulges the fond hope that you will not regard this appeal to you as unneeded, or as requiring too much from the sincere, though it may be shrinking mother. Her hopes will not in neglect venture to abide the judgment day, when you may see two-thirds of your grown up offspring wanting among heaven's gathered jewels; they and the husband lost forever. God forbid that you should; yet if they continue in sin all this must be realized. O eternity, eternity, what a record wilt thou unfold!

Privileged members of a kingdom bought by Immanuel, appointed as the guardian of your dear ones, you are under charge to be faithful to them. Find for review that divine statute, "These words shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children; and shalt them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. vi. 7.) Thou shalt do it, thou, the mother certainly, if thou refusest. The command is peremptory, thou shalt. No excuse is admitted. The duty is too important to be neglected. Souls are in jeopardy. "Thy fearful here to disobey. It is

Jehovah's grand method to people heaven, whose great harvests are gathered from worshipping households.

Night and day instruct and talk of divine truths, "always with prayer." You must do it if with fasting, or even expiring, as one said who did not expire but lives to see her numerous family hopeful for heaven; and better rewarded is she than to see her sons and daughters companions of the prayerless favorites of this world.

Beginning early thus to teach and pray, the task will be found comparatively easy; happy control will be secured, the services will be relished, and the little home sanctuary be pleasant to the household. Beginning late, the task will be more formidable; but the mother must be steadfast in performing duty, and soon a son, and her husband also, may, by the power of the divine Spirit be brought to lead the praying group.

Happy church were all families are such. Happy earth when the millions of households on every shore, shall lift up to heaven their morning and evening sacrifice. Glorious heaven, whose vast family, made up of such, shall serve and praise the Father of spirits forever. Let us conspire to render earth like heaven as speedily as possible. —Am. Tract Society.

A REMARKABLE WELSH PATRIARCH.

That district in Great Britain known as Wales, which the Romans never succeeded in conquering, and where the blood comes to us almost unmixed from the ancient fountains, is still distinguished for the hardness, and other decided characteristics of its inhabitants. A great old age, with almost perfect health to the last days, is frequently attained. The Edinburgh Daily Review recently contained an interesting notice of a patriarch among these people, Rev. David Williams, of the County of Brecon, and a minister of the Independent Church:—

"He has been, come next summer," says the Review, "sixty-four years minister of the same congregation. His predecessor was their pastor for fifty years, and his predecessor was their minister for sixty years, so that the churches still under his care have had only three ministers during the long space of one hundred and seventy-four years; and what is still more remarkable, the peace of these congregations has never been once disturbed by a single jar or discord during all these long years! Peace has always prevailed among its various members. It was only at the beginning of last January (1867) that he lost his wife, after a happy union of sixty-one years, and that was the first time that a coffin crossed his threshold during his unusually long married life, all his children, seven, in number, being still alive. He preaches now generally three times every Sunday, and several times during the week, and although in his 89th year, he is up early on Monday morning, and does not know except by report, what some persons mean by the word, 'Mondayish.' For upwards of fifty-five years he has been one of the most popular preachers in Wales, and the great attraction on 'field days' in North and South Wales, when many thousands are present to attend open-air service; and so great a traveller has been on horseback, that he must at least have spent ten years of his life in the saddle. Talk of the youthful buoyancy of Lord Palmerston! why our patriarch parson of eighty-eight would have walked and run him off his legs, and worried him by any other rider. He is completely weather-proof. Rain, snow, tempest, and storm he makes no account of, and even now he would think nothing of riding forty miles over a rough country and conducting a public service in the evening. He has been for years a staunch teetotaler. He has an iron constitution. He is a perfect specimen of the Welsh build—short legs, broad shoulders, and a deep chest. He has enjoyed extraordinary good health, for during the lengthened period of his ministry he has never once been disabled from preaching on a Sunday. Nature has endowed him with all the natural elements of an orator. His temperament is highly mercurial, and his affections intensely ardent. He speaks even now with unflinching fluency and remarkable force. He is distinguished for his catholicity and spirit, and is equally beloved by good men of every religious persuasion. His character is spotless, his theology orthodox, and his preaching highly evangelical.—Exchange.

Religious life embraces the twofold idea of faith and experience. Faith is important in the highest sense only as it works experience. It was not enough that men believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. The renewing of the heart by the Holy Ghost—a fruit of faith—was more important than faith itself. The experience of the renewed life was a matter insisted upon by the apostles in their teachings. Without experience faith was, so far as practical results were concerned, worthless.

The important, practical question with which Christians now have to do, and which it would be well to reflect on frequently, is, whether the decided and clearly-marked experiences of the early Christian ages is maintained. There is much in the spirit of the present time that is unfavorable to a deep religious experience. The tendency, on the one hand, to lapse into the formalism of Rome, and, on the other, to extreme looseness in matters of religious belief and practice, is precisely the reverse of being calculated to foster a deep and conscious religious life.

Nor is the intense activity of the times—though infinitely to be preferred before religious dullness, or monkish idleness—very well calculated to promote depth in religious experience. The disposition is prominent to make our religion all consist in works. And while a religion that is without works is of no benefit to mankind, and not at all of the character that Jesus instituted, it is nevertheless true that the religious enterprises of the times may be actively engaged in, and but little of those deeper and higher experiences of a true religious life be understood.

Perhaps one of the greatest needs of the church, at the present time, is to return to a deeper and more thorough inward experience. Thousands of so-called Christians never pass beyond the threshold of the true spiritual life. They are believers in the gospel and in Christ. They do not doubt the purpose and efficiency of Christ's mission into the world. They believe in the atonement, and that except by it, there is no remission of sin. In matters of a general faith there seems to be but

little lacking in their case. And yet their inward religious life is so feeble as to be scarcely distinguishable. Their own consciousness of such a life is hardly by themselves recognized. With many the highest and most satisfactory experience ever attained is the first hours of their conversion. After that nothing more is sought. No increase of spiritual consciousness, no more perfect union with God, and fellowship with the Son and with the Spirit, is ever striven after.

To two important things a deep and fervent religious life is essential. The first of these is the more perfect enjoyment of the Christian. It is a well-known fact, in the lives of many Christians, there is but little real religious enjoyment. Many walk in darkness, or at best but in twilight, most of their days. Only occasional periods of a higher enjoyment relieve what would otherwise be a very unsatisfactory and even painful life. Now, the real pleasures of a Christian life might, to all such, be indefinitely increased by seeking a more thorough inward experience.

The second thing to which a fervent religious life is essential is the real and broader usefulness of the church. The church can give out life only as it is itself thoroughly imbued with life. If the lives of its members were more thoroughly religious, its powers for exerting a wholesome and saving influence would be greatly augmented. The real usefulness of a church is measured by the depth and fervency of its religious life. If a more earnest life could be induced among the great body of Christians, the work of leading men to Christ would be vastly accelerated.

To speak more directly of our own, the United Brethren Church, our success in saving men, in addition to our growth, in the development of our Church strength, and in our real usefulness and prosperity, will depend largely upon the manner of spiritual life that is fostered among us. We are not prepared to say that the Church is deteriorating. In many respects it shows evident proofs of improvement, and of increased fitness for its mission. But we do know, and many others know, that both among ministers and laymen, a deeper religious life, a more fervent piety, a more perfect consecration, is needed. An earnest and general spirit of consecration among our people, and with the activity manifested in our various church enterprises, greatly increase our success in all that pertains to a true and prosperous church life.—Telegraph.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

Among my congregation was the family of a Commodore in the United States Navy who was on duty in Philadelphia. They lived in a style of fashion and expense which rendered them quite distinguished from the larger portion of the church. They were strangers in the city. The wife and mother of the family had been educated as a Unitarian, and had all the intellectual refinement to the Gospel which habitually distinguishes that class of persons. Though regular in attendance at church, and personally extremely kind and attentive to myself, she did not hesitate to avow her dissatisfaction with my system of religious teaching.

I have already referred to our early morning prayer meeting at six o'clock. One morning in the early spring, when that hour still required the use of lights in our room, I was amazed to see this lady, Mrs. G., enter the meeting. She was certainly the last person in my congregation I should have expected to see there. At the close of the meeting she asked me to walk home with her. On our way she gave me the following remarkable account of herself, and the reason of her seeking this early meeting for prayer:

"Last evening," she said, "I was returning home through Walnut street, and as I came opposite to Washington Square I heard the ringing of a bell which seemed to me a church bell. Although it was in the twilight I felt a strong desire within me to go to the place. It proved to be on the opposite side of the Square. I had never seen the place before, nor did I know the character of the church. I followed the congregation as they entered and found them ascending the stairs to a room over the front hall of the church. You can conceive of my astonishment when I saw you enter the room and go up into the desk. Your address was made to produce an impression on me which I never felt before. I returned to my home in silence and went to my chamber. But I have not been in bed through the night. I have walked the floor the greater part of the time in extreme anxiety and distress. I should have sent for you in the night, but I was unwilling to disturb you. I remembered that you had an early meeting, and I waited anxiously for the hour when I might go to seek it. I have come forth alone. None of my family were up when I left my house."

I am extremely anxious to find the way of life for myself. I have been educated with different views from yours, and have always considered that my proper confidence was to be placed in the goodness of my own life. I have always tried in everything to do right. I now feel that my whole life has been sinful, and I must be forgiven to be saved, and I come to seek from you the instruction which I need."

My astonishment at this recital was great indeed. The connecting incidents were most remarkable. On the preceding evening a gentleman belonging to the First Presbyterian Church which was the one referred to, called at my house just before the hour of their public service in the regular weekly lecture, and said that the Rev. Mr. Barnes, their pastor, was unexpectedly absent from them, and they had no supply for the evening. Would I go up and take their lecture for them? I assented to his request, and accompanied him to the church. The subject of my discourse I do not recollect. There was probably nothing in it peculiar.

The lesson which I thus received was most valuable to me. It showed me how valuable was every message of the Gospel; how precious was every single opportunity of divine instruction; with what faith in immediate results of good to others, I ought to minister the Word; and with what joyful hope I might go forward in my work for Christ. I was henceforth never to despair of individual persons—never believe any mind beyond the reach or power of the Spirit of God; never to treat a single occasion of ministering the Word of God with irreverence, carelessness or unbelief. "Who knoweth which shall prosper, whether this or that?"

My conversation with Mrs. G. on that morning was concluded as she entered her own door. But we were much together in our subsequent ac-

quaintance. She was a very intelligent and well educated woman. She embraced the hope of the Gospel with a singular clearness of perception and simplicity of faith. She became a constant attendant at all our meetings for worship and instruction. Her life was remarkably distinct in its religious stand and influence. To her husband and family her example and influence became a great blessing. From him she received the most entire encouragement. He soon united with her in her Christian stand. And to me they both proved friends of earnest and cordial affection and fidelity. —Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., in the Protestant Churchman.

THE LATE GALE ON THE LABRADOR— TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

There are true heroes in the humblest walks of life, as well as in the high places of the field. "The short and simple annals of the poor," if written would disclose some of the noblest instances of self sacrifice, and brave endurance for the sake of others, that have ever glorified our humanity, and lifted our souls to higher levels. A very touching illustration of this has just been related to me, by one who has recently returned from Labrador. I shall endeavour to tell the tale briefly and simply.

The awful hurricane that raged along the coast of Labrador on the 9th of October last, has no parallel in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The sea rose, in many places, thirty or forty feet higher than it had ever been known to rise before. Cliffs that had stood the buffeting of the waves, without perceptible change, for half a century gave way before the furious rush of the watery battalions. Huge boulders that the united efforts of twenty-four strong men could not move, were hurled from their beds and carried far up the beach by the mighty swing of ocean. Blinding snow-drifts, showers of hail, sleet and rain accompanied the tempest. Alas! for the poor fishermen along that iron-bound coast, whose frail barques were not sufficiently sheltered from the storm. In a few hours thirty vessels were driven ashore, or swallowed in the boiling surges; some fifteen hundred beings were shipwrecked, and more than thirty met a watery grave, or perished of cold and hunger on the inhospitable coast. The produce of months of hard toil was swept away.

A vessel named the *Renfrew*, Delaney Master, with a large number of men, women, and children on board, tried hard to ride out the hurricane; but at length she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore. With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow-drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts they found themselves without food or shelter, the nearest being five miles distant. Night closed in as the last of them were being dragged ashore. Their only hope lay in endeavouring to reach the huts; and through the darkness and storm those who were able staggered on along the pathless wilderness in search of shelter. Who can picture the horrors of that awful night of suffering. When the morning sun shone out, nineteen women and children lay dead along the shore. One group of children were found clasped in each other's arms, sunk in mud to the knees, frozen, all dead! During the darkness and the confusion of landing, four young children were separated from their parents who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost. A boy of fourteen years of age encountered these poor little ones; and on learning their deplorable plight, he resolved to do what he could to save their lives. Making the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms, he set to work resolutely collecting moss and piling it on them, layer after layer, till at length the piercing cold was partially excluded. Then having fortunately discovered a fragment of a sail, he spread it over all, rolling stones on the extremities to keep it in its place. By hard toil he collected more moss, and increased the rude covering, until the poor little children ceased to cry with the bitter cold, and sank into a slumber. Through all the dreary hours of that awful night, this heroic boy remained by these children, guarding them from the blast and speaking to them, when they awoke, words of cheer and hope. He might have taken refuge in the huts, but he would not leave his helpless charge. At length day-light appeared, and then he turned his tottering footsteps towards the huts, to look for aid. When half way, he met the parents of the missing children coming out to search for their bodies. He told them where they were to be found; and on lifting the covering of moss their hearts thrilled with joy to find their children alive and refreshed with sleep. But alas! on the way back, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives, at the expense of his own, lying dead! Nature was exhausted after the fatigue and exposure of the night; and unable to reach the friendly shelter he sank and expired.

Our heart was thrilled over the tale of the gallant Sydney, who, when parched with the death thirst, gave the cup of water to the wounded soldier saying, "thy need is greater than mine." History has glorified the names of those who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of patriotism, or who risked and lost life in alleviating the woes, or saving the lives of others. With moistened eyes we have read of the British soldier who thrust the despatch with which he was entrusted into his wound, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, and then lie down to die. Our pulses have thrilled over the story of the boy who

"stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled,"

and though the flames were curling round him, refused to move till his father, who had placed him at the post of duty, should give the order to retire. But I think the deed of this gallant young hero of Newfoundland, deserves record among the brightest acts of unselfish heroism. Picture him in that night of storm, on the savage shore of Labrador, when the hardest fishermen were driven to shelter, though their fellow-creature were perishing around, as they cried in vain for help, with the howl of the tempest, and the roar of the angry surges in his ears, struggling alone to shelter and save these poor helpless children—feeling his own strength ebbing away, and yet, at the call of humanity, refusing to listen to the promptings of self preservation,—giving up his young life or behalf of others! Consider, too, that those he saved had no claims of blood or kindred on him. No prospect of praise or reward sustained him through those hours of darkness. No eye but His to whom "the darkness and light are both alike" marked his heroism. It was a deed of pure, un-

selfish love. I have not been able to ascertain the name of this gallant boy; but when, in after years, the tale of the awful hurricane of 1867 on the Labrador, shall be told around the winter hearths of the fishermen, shall not this heroic deed be told also "for a memorial" of him; and shall it not awaken young hearts to similar deeds of self-sacrifice.

The survivors dug a common grave for the dead; and in it, with bitter, heart-wrung tears, husbands laid the uncoffined bodies of their wives and children, and friend buried friend. No coffin or shroud for any form; no memorial to mark their resting place; no words of Christian consolation breathed over their dust. The young hero whose tale I have told sleeps with the others in this lonely grave. But another form was laid there—that of a mother who was found dead, with a living infant clinging to her breast, and endeavoring to draw nourishment from her bosom—wrung tears from men who seldom weep. With a love stronger than death, the poor mother had stripped herself of her clothing, wrapped it around her babe, and then clasping it to her bosom so as to shelter it from the blast, she sank into the death stupor. In the morning, the unconscious babe looked up smiling, into the faces of the survivors, from its shelter on the dead mother's bosom. O mighty power of love, that throbs often most strongly in the bosom of the humblest—those whom we in our pride and scorn, pass by with contempt—prompting to deeds of self sacrifice that show what depths of tenderness slumber unsuspected in human hearts, and proving to what heights humanity may rise. How poor does many a deed that has been sung by poet, appear, when contrasted with the acts of this nameless fisher-boy and poor, loving mother. Dead boy! Dead mother! How your deeds of love brighten this scene of horrors, carrying our thoughts up to that Infinite Love who gave Himself for our poor humanity; rebuking our cold selfishness, and saying to all go and do something to help and comfort your suffering brothers! O dark mystery of sorrow, pain and death! In presence of such examples of love breathed into the soul of man from the Divine source of Love, we can better believe notwithstanding the dark chains of sorrow that enircle our race, that the universe is rocked in the arms of Everlasting Love; and that

"Every cloud that spreads above,
And veils itself, itself is love."

CHRIST, THE MODEL PREACHER.—As to His mode of teaching it was not systematic; and in this His example was imitated by the Apostles. The language form in which it was delivered was unphilosophical; that is, instead of employing terms of science, He termed His expressions of passing occurrences, and whatever objects happened to be present to his hearers at the time of His addressing them. Or else, He spoke in parables, or made use of that ancient symbolic language so often adopted by the Jewish prophets, as when He washed His disciples' feet, and sat a child in the midst of them.

As to the matter of His teaching, His discourses aim either at correcting what was perverted, and explaining what was obscure in the preceding state of morals and religious knowledge, or else they declare truths not before revealed. With the several leading topics which they embrace, the Christian reader is presumed to be familiar; and it is sufficient to observe briefly, that of the former kind are His exhortations of inward purity as opposed to mere outward acts of obedience, and compliance with the spirit rather than with the letter of the precept. To the latter class belong the doctrines of Atonement and Grace; of the Trinity in Unity; certain points of revelation relating to a future state; and whatever else may be considered as peculiar to the Christian revelation.—Bishop Hinds.

THE RUMSELLER'S PRAYER.—O Lord, I thank Thee for the past prosperity in my business, that I have been enabled to sell a large quantity of intoxicating liquors to my neighbors; and although I am well aware that these liquors have done them no good, but on the contrary have made many of them drunk and abusive to their families, yet I have made a handsome profit on these sales, for which, O Lord, I thank Thee. I thank Thee, O Lord, for the preservation of myself and family in peace and quietness during the past night. True, I sent several of my neighbors home drunk at a late hour last night who disturbed the peace and quietness of their own families—making them weep bitter tears of sorrow; but we made a fair profit on the liquor we sold them, and rested well at night; for which we thank Thee, O Lord.

And now Lord, send us Thy blessing this day, Pardon all our sins, and especially that of putting our bottle to thy neighbor's mouth and making him drunken; and yet, O Lord, we propose to do the same thing this day, send us therefore many customers; and especially these poor degraded slaves to their appetites who will part with their last cent for liquor; for although we are aware that it is fast bringing them to a drunkard's grave, and their families to the poor house, yet, O Lord, we want what little money they have left to educate our family and to raise our children to respectability in the world, and when they have no more money left, we thank thee that there is a poorhouse to which they may go, and be supported out of the taxes raised from the honest and industrious part of the community. Lord, Thou knowest that I never give the drunkard liquor when I think he has got enough; and I always think so when I find that he has got no more money. I then advise him not to drink too much, and send him home to his wretched family penniless and drunk. Amen.—Northern Independent.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Mrs. G.—was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, and one who was associated with him in early life. Though differing widely in sentiment, the two old men still felt a deep interest in each other. Mr. S.—had been one of those who run after the world and overtake it. All that it can give he had obtained. Now, he inquired of the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his patience in suffering, and of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward either to a longer pilgrimage in this world, or to the hour of death, his conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, you wonder I cannot be as quiet and happy too; but think of the difference: he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine."—Tract Journal.

MR. RICHARDS, one of the Boston rum-sellers, testified that "he wanted a license law to protect him in his business—to make it more respectable to sell the people who advocate and vote for licenses, and thus aid in rendering an infamous traffic 'respectable'—giving it the sanction of law.

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Cheap Goods for the Million.

NEW GOODS,

Selling off at Cash Price.

BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

JOHN THOMAS

Will sell off from date the whole of his present stock.

DRY GOODS,

In order to make room for early

SPRING TRADE.

THE STOCK

Comprises a large assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Winceys, Coburgs, Lustres,

Alpacas, Gingham,

LINENS,

OSNABURGS and BED TICKS,

Grey and White Cottons,

STRIPE SHIRTINGS,

Red, White & Grey Flannels,

Blankets,

Blue and White Warps,

WITH A PORTION OF LAST YEAR'S

GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

As the prices will be low there will

be no Accounts opened.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

SELLING OFF

AT

COST PRICE.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton,

ARE

SELLING OFF

THEIR

VALUABLE STOCK

OF

DRY GOODS,

AT

Cost Price,

For Cash only.

The STOCK

Comprises

A General Assortment,

Purchased principally for this

SEASON'S TRADE.

Wholesale Buyers

Liberal dealt with for

Cash or Approved Paper.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, Nov 28, 1867.