

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.]

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THE SILENT CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

If we would be successful in answering the great end of our being, and in getting to heaven, we must fight. The Devil who is constantly seeking to destroy our souls, must be resisted with the whole armor of God. Paul was a soldier. He fought, and conquered; and when about to close his earthly career, his theme of exultation was, that he had "fought a good fight." And having done this, he could, with just propriety, apply to himself the glorious promise of future rest, and a "crown of glory."

There are victories won by men and women over themselves and the Devil, more truly honorable to the conqueror than any that can be achieved on the field of blood. These successes we may never hear of. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude, and without help, save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watches of the night, yet the struggle is often fearful. Honor to every conqueror in such a warfare! Honor to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness, back to their last covert in the heart, and there expel them forever. Although no outward show of honor accrues to the victors of these good fights, they have their reward—a higher one than fame can bestow.

When we became fellow-heirs with the saints, we pledged ourselves henceforth to fight the battles of the Lord; and this pledge will not be redeemed until death adds our names to the long list of those who have crossed the dark river.

"O watch, and fight, and pray;

The battle never give over;

Renew boldly every day;

And help divine implore."

Reader, are you a soldier for Jesus? Have you got on the armor of God? If so, never put it off, or lay it down, until the battle is fought and the victory won. In heaven there will be no more conflicts with un subdued lusts. All will be peace within, for all there will be pure. No more contests with flesh without; for all will either be in glorious harmony with the whole family in heaven, or completely conquered. Surely a victory replete with such blissful consequences demand the highest strains of praise from those who have a lively anticipation of it.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLE, ITS SURE TRIUMPH.

BY REV. J. D. FULTON.

The history of David's struggle, and of his final triumph over Saul, his open and persistent enemy, furnishes a lesson which deserves to be pondered. Saul had been anointed King over Israel. David was appointed to be his successor, yet he was taught to respect the Lord's anointed. This principle ruled his life. Time after time he had been attacked, yet he had never been provoked to attack in turn. Chased by Saul to the mountain fastnesses of Ephraim, and hunted as a partridge by his merciless enemy, in God's good providence Saul came to cover his feet into the very cave where David and his men were concealed. Now, in the opinion of David's comrades, was David's golden opportunity. David saw it; cut off Saul's robe, and then being reproved of God, paused and commanded that the Lord's anointed should go forth unharmed. The result was, Saul was overcome by the forbearance of David, and cried, "Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil." David felt that it was better to endure a bad king and an infamous administration, than to provoke the displeasure of God. Hence he restrained himself, not for the men before him, or for the men about him, but for the God above him.

In this story we perceive a restatement of an old truth, viz., that in the midst of a sinful and gain-saying world, there is a moral government of which God is the author and man the subject. Men and nations make the attempt to ignore it, but in vain. Right is right because God is God. Truth has power because God is truth. There is, and there must be, an appeal to an ultimate authority. The people are shocked to-day when Congress threatens to invade the prerogative of the Supreme Court. They desire to feel that there is somewhere a realm which is not darkened by the mists of prejudice, or disturbed by the waves of political strife. They see that the *vox populi* cannot be trusted.

What illustrations rise up before us! Six months ago Congress voted retrenchment, and determined to wipe out the national debt. The yoke touched the people. They rebelled. They did not stand up to the work. Reputation became a thought. It found expression, or advocates of friends, and now it is a peril. Congress has voted against retrenchment, and gold has gone up eight per cent.

On Temperance, a year ago, vast majorities were in favor of prohibition. Money would be given. The current is now the other way, and the people are the other way.

The same is true in regard to enfranchising the negro. Nothing is more apparent than that right is right, and yet how easily the judgment is clouded, and popular favorites are rejected as speedily as they are taken up. The majority float with the tide, in and out, in and out. They judge of principles by what is said of them, not by what they are. They lack anchorage. Faith makes a man as true when alone as in a majority.

Fidelity to principle is sure of its triumph, because principle is God-derived. In David's case nothing looked more unpropitious. The army was against him, the King opposed him; God was for him, and so he won. Saul saw the logical sequence, and declared him King long before he poured out his life on Gibeon's summit.

But, says some one, how do you explain the triumph of evil? Evil never triumphs. It meets with a momentary success. Nothing is settled until it is settled right. In our late war, rebellion gained here and there a victory; but the higher their flag rose, the more astounding became the infamy attached to their cause. Had we been beaten, there would have been no substantial success. The war would have gone on until slavery was slain, and liberty was triumphant. So now in regard to reputation. We know that vast numbers are catching at this straw to escape taxation; as riots became fashionable to avoid a draft. But this nation must be just. There is no question whatever as to what the government has given

the world to understand in regard to the manner in which our bonds should be paid. Bankruptcy stared us in the face. Europe looked her bank vaults against us. Then Salmon P. Chase turned to the people, and asked them to invest in their own securities. No grander sight was ever witnessed. Men placed their fortunes at the call of the Treasurer. Soldiers invested their hard earnings, and the poor of the nation cast in their mite. Behind was the nation's faith, before the nation's peril. Shall we falter now? Shall we go back on the people? Never. The man or the party who comes before the public with nice little discoveries about the letter of the law, and nice little plans for cheating the bondholders, betrays principle, belies truth, and offends God.

So in regard to temperance. If alcohol is a poison, prohibition is right. If it is right now it is right forever, and we be to the man or men who are aware of this standard is high. We are not to ask what was right for David, but what is right for us. Here is a case in point: A poor widow is compelled to choose between turning two respectable, talented colored children from her school, and want. She is afraid of provoking God's displeasure if she turns them away, and of provoking man's if she does not. She must choose. Suppose you were to choose for her, what would you say? Can we promise her greater blessings by doing right than by doing wrong? Perhaps immediate prosperity may not come, but ultimate blessings are sure. Never was deeper need of principles. The nation approaches the breakers. The sky is black. Our wisest men are saddest. God alone can save us. The pilot at the helm should be steady. The men who man the ship should be brave. Had David faltered in the cave, his whole life had been clouded. Make his case your own. God gives us these lives so that we can follow the shuttle carrying the thread of his beneficent purpose from the darkness into the light. Christ said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you." Paul exhorted, "Be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

"Banner of the blessed tree,
Round its glory, gather ye;
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss?"

"More than conquerors even now,
With the war sweat on the brow,
Ourselves and the well-marked road,
March we as the host of God."

"Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle and shield,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be."

Am. Ex.

POOR MARY'S INFUENCE.

At a full term of a village Academy one hundred and fifty pupils had met to spend three months together. On a back seat, apart from the others, sat a plain-freighted, poorly attired, shrinking girl of fourteen. She was a stranger, and no one seemed to notice her except to make some disparaging remark. Her classmates seldom spoke to her, and never offered to assist her in her lessons. She was studious; but it was evident that her educational advantages had been very limited. A shade of sadness rested on her countenance, and sometimes her eyes would fill with tears as she witnessed the warm greetings of the school girls. She worked for her board, and consequently had no time for rest or recreation.

After the school had progressed a few weeks, a female prayer meeting of the pupils was appointed. A very few met, but there was backwardness in commencing the exercises. Softly the door of the apartment opened, and poor neglected Mary entered and seated herself in a corner. The meeting was opened by a dull, formal prayer, and then all were invited to occupy the time. There was silence for several minutes; then with an almost noiseless movement, Mary knelt. At first her voice was tremulous; then she seemed to enter the presence-chamber of her Saviour, and with humility and childlike faith she pleaded for daily grace, and for a preparation for future usefulness, and with almost agonizing earnestness she prayed for the conversion of those with whom she daily assembled. Every eye in the room was filled with tears and many penitential prayers followed hers.

A fresh interest in the subject of religion was awakened, and a revival followed, and many of the students were converted, several of whom afterwards became ministers of the gospel. Mary, by working later at night secured the privilege of constantly meeting at the praying circle; and that circle felt that in pious she was far in advance of those who were mentally her superiors.

She was a poor homeless orphan, and a desire to do something for her Saviour induced her to make every possible effort to obtain an education. By untiring industry and rigid economy, she was enabled to fit herself for a teacher, and became an earnest and acceptable instructor in common schools. She never became a missionary herself; but some of those who were converted in the revival that followed that prayer, have long been efficient laborers on missionary soil. What a sparkling crown will be hers when the Saviour shall make up his jewels!—*Christian Banner.*

ARE YOU HAPPY?—A correspondent of the *British Workman* says:—"Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question: 'Are you happy?' 'Happy?' he answered, 'when just as you are going to dinner, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out.' Happy, when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow! No, indeed; I am not happy.'"

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't buy off death."

And so it was plain to see he was not happy. But I went once to see a poor, lame, and aged woman who lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her this same question:

"Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy?" she answered, with a beaming face: "I am just as full as I can be. I don't believe I could hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "all things are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, "Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full."

THE RAILWAY SWITCH TENDER AND HIS CHILD.

Oh! the value, the inestimable value to youth, of a prompt obedience to parental commands! An anecdote strikingly illustrative of this, as well as setting forth Christian heroism of an exalted character, has recently occurred in Prussia. On one of the railroads in that country, a switch tender was just taking his place, in order to turn a coming train then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in a contrary direction. Just at this moment, on turning his head, he discerned his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. What could he do? He thought was quick at such a moment of peril! He might spring to his child and rescue him, but he could not do this and turn the switch in time, and for want of that, hundreds of lives might be lost. Although in some trouble, he could not neglect his greater duty, but exclaiming with a loud voice to his son, "Lie down," he laid hold of the switch, and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him, and the fearful heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers dream, as they found themselves quietly resting on that turnout, what terrible anguish their approach had that day caused to one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should find only a mangled corpse, but, to his great joy and thankful gratitude, he found him alive and unharmed. Prompt obedience had saved him. Had he paused to argue, to reason whether it were best—death, and fearful mutilation of body, would have resulted. The circumstances connected with this event were made known to the King of Prussia, who the next day sent for the man and presented him with a medal of honor for his heroism.

This is a striking case of highest duty triumphing over warm parental feelings. Dear reader, couldst thou have done as this switch tender did? Consider, Thy darling—the delight of thine eyes, the joy of thy heart, about to be crushed and mangled by that coming train, and thou couldst save him by neglecting the switch! The momentary contest in the bosom of this noble man must have been intensely agonizing. We can all rejoice with him when he found his obedient child unharmed by the mighty hurricane of power that had whirled over his head—but let us pause and consider, could we have done as he did? And then another question may well claim the serious thoughtfulness of parents—Have we brought up our children in such habits of prompt, unhesitating obedience, as characterized his little boy?—*Ch. Times.*

LOVE REIGNING.—It is by feeling one's self loved that one learns to love; and selfishness reigns only because we are ignorant of the love of God. "Who loveth not, knoweth not God." You will love as you have been loved; you will love God, because God has first loved you; you will love your neighbor, because God has loved both him and you. Have you a glimpse of the new life that this change purposes for? I see you a follower of God, a dear child, henceforth living only to diffuse around you the love wherewith God has filled your heart. I see you, according to the example of Christ, who hath loved you, "going about doing good," and finding your enjoyment in privations, in fatigues, in sacrifices of charity. I see you, constrained by the love of Christ, separated from your own selfish inclinations, from the love of money, and of the empty pleasures of the world, consoling the afflicted, comforting the poor, visiting the sick, and carrying with you every where Jesus Christ and his benefits. Then the image and likeness of God will be formed anew in your heart!—then you will "dwell in God and God in you." To love as we have been loved is heaven upon earth. Happy are you if the love of God so penetrates you that no description of your character, viewed on whatever side it may be, can be more correct than that definition with which this love has inspired St. John for a description of God! Happy if you may be said of you: "He is love! his words are love! his works are love! his zeal is love! his labor is love! his joys are love! his tears are love! his reproofs are love! his judgment is love! Happy, above all, if that God, who searcheth the heart and reins can add: 'His heart, also, is love!—*Adolph Monod.*'

REMEMBER.—I have a beautifully illuminated text in my little parlor—the words, "Whatever he saith unto you, do it." It was the gift of a very lovely young friend, who brought it to me and asked me to find the right place to hang it. "Ah, Emma," I said, as I looked up at it after I had placed it upon the wall, "what a beautiful text! what a reminder of one's duty every hour in the day!"

"Yes," she said, "I have the same in my chamber. The first thing that my eyes rest upon in the morning is this text, and I wonder, when I awake, if I shall have courage to go forward in my day's duties, doing whatsoever my Master bids me."

Yes, there it hangs, the beautiful text, in blue and gold and divers colors. I do not know how many times during the day my eyes turn to it, and my heart turns to it too, I think—"Whatever he saith unto you, do it."

What does he say unto me, a plain, quiet woman, in my own quiet home? Does he bid me go forth and do some great thing, and bring some honor upon myself and family? I think not. My path of duty does not seem like that. God appoints us each a place in his great vineyard, and gives us work to do, and he saith unto us, "Do it." Mine is a quiet lot—daily duties, daily cares, daily labors, daily sorrows, and daily blessings. Here is my work, my life-work—in my home and about my home; and the Master saith, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it;" and when anxious and troubled, like Martha, about much serving, he says, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I never thought about this text until it hung in my parlor. I hope it will prove a silent and effective teacher, and tend to keep me in the path of duty.

KEEP THEM OUT.—I don't want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his school-fellows.

"It doesn't signify," said the other boy, "they go in at one ear and out the other."

"No," replied Charlie, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in *they stick*, so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right; keep them out, for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

JAPAN.

The natural scenery of Japan is beautiful. Dr. Happer, of Canton, China, in speaking to me of that country a short time ago, remarked, "Of Japan it may truly be said that

"Every prospect pleases."

On his way from China to this country last summer, he spent some time with our missionaries in Japan, and had excellent opportunities of viewing the country in the region of Yeddo. The face of the country is diversified by mountain and valley, hill and dale, forest and plain. Numerous lakes and rivers everywhere add beauty and give life and freshness to the scenery. The lakes are mostly small, and the streams deep and rapid. Forests are numerous, and in many parts of the country great attention is paid to their cultivation. The Japanese are noted for taking great pains in rearing trees and shrubbery, and display great taste and skill in doing so. The soil is very fertile, and almost every available acre is cultivated. Steep mountain and hill sides are terraced and cultivated to the tops if there is soil. Almost every variety of trees, plants and vegetables, common in our own country, grow there in abundance. Rice is the principal grain, though wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, peas, etc., are extensively raised. Oranges, apricots, pears, peaches, plums, apples, persimmons, and other fruits abound. Strawberry, raspberries, etc., grow wild. The common garden vegetables are raised in great abundance. Gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, sulphur, salt, and various other minerals, as well as some of the precious stones, abound.

I cannot better complete this article on the climate and physical features of Japan, than by quoting from an article in "Hours at Home" for October last, written by the Rev. Geo. W. Bacon, who visited that country some years since. He writes in an unusually lucid, sprightly, and interesting style. After speaking in glowing terms of the beauty and singular attractiveness of the snow-capped Fuji Yama, which is the highest mountain of Japan, and one of the principal features in its landscape, he goes on to say: "I envy the man who shall first explore the natural scenery of Japan, and the accidental fate which shall stand first upon the sides of the Fuji Yama. Any one can see, from the very configuration of the group of islands that they must be full of picturesque beauty. Their breadth is at best so narrow, and their coast line so deeply and so frequently indented, and they rise so high above the sea, that the brooks and rivers which are formed upon the highlands must plunge seaward in splendid cataracts, and through wild gorges and valleys, with an endless and charming variety of landscape. Beauty enough at every step we found when we went ashore at Simoda; not the languid beauty of the tropics which we had left behind us in Siam, nor the flat ugliness of Shanghai, from which we had more recently escaped, but the fresh life of merry mountain brooks, and the green hills and rugged rocks and pine-crowned mountains of a climate as hardy as our own New England. There was every where the beauty of cultivated fields, of terraced hill-sides, of road side flowers, and shrubs."

It only might have gone inland and explored! A few weeks later, at the more northern part of Hakodadi, we had the chance to make excursions ten or twelve miles from the shore. It was in this very month of October, just ten years ago. I do not know how often, as I walked about the country, I was reminded of home; for Hakodadi is in the same latitude with New York, and the climate, and the look of the landscape, and the trees and flowers and ripened harvests all about us, were the same ones seen in our own land. Here in Japan, as in Connecticut and New York, the fields were white with the blossoming harvest of buckwheat, and we even continued the resemblance so far as to make it furnish us the buckwheat cakes for breakfast, which we would have had in Yankee land. There were yellow pumpkins, which in New England would have prophesied eloquently of Thanksgiving day. Our maize, or Indian corn, had just been gathered here—though how these Japanese had come by what was reckoned exclusively an American production, I could not imagine. There was the cool and bracing weather of our own October climate, and the smoky October air softening all the landscape, and the "vapour braided sky" above, and the grass beginning to look dry and brown, and chestnut trees waiting until the frost should open their green burs, and forests that should presently put on their autumn colors—all these were so familiar and home like, that to find them in Japan was a continued surprise. * * * Probably the climate is a little tempered by the insular position of Japan and the scenery is wilder and more striking than the scenery of our eastern seaboard. We have no volcanoes, for instance, while from Simoda we had in sight the smoking crater of Oshima, and from Hakodadi two more volcano peaks were distant only a few leagues. But so far as the climate and the country is concerned, there is nothing to repel, but everything to attract the immigrations of Americans. For one, I could choose no lovelier place to live and work in, than the shores of the magnificent bay of Hakodadi, over the hills at the foot of Fuji Yama that overlook the broad Pacific. Such, indeed, was the report which our Consul-General, Mr. Townsend Harris, made when landing at Simoda, we called upon him at his temple residence. Lonely enough he had been during his solitary year at Nippon; but, except of the solitude, he had no complaints to make. On the contrary, he spoke with enthusiasm of his Simoda home, and his thermometer and barometrical records confirmed his enthusiasm from their point of view.

The charm of resemblance to our own distant home which I have to trace, was broken at once. Comparison ceased and contrast began.—*Scourie in Christian Freeman.*

"DIED FIFTY YEARS AGO."—The church at Blackstone was destitute of a pastor. The ways and means employed to bring about such a destitution, sometimes play sad havoc with the pastor's heart-strings, for which amends are generally made, so far as may be, by following him with a set of commendatory resolutions.

The church at Blackstone was left destitute of a pastor, and the people began to pray the Lord, trust in Providence, and to look abroad generally for an "under shepherd."

One good brother warmly engaged in the work, wrote to a clerical gentleman in New York, thinking that a town of that size might possibly furnish the man. The needs and requirements of the church were carefully portrayed. The virtues, talents, requirements, and graces of a "man for

the place," were glowingly depicted. The zealous brother received this laconic reply, "the man you want, died fifty years ago." It occurs to me that it might be well to re-announce the death of the perfect minister, in order that churches now destitute, may be spared a fruitless search for him.

CHRIST DWELLING IN THE HEART.—Before He can dwell in the heart, He must be in the heart. Now, Christ being in the heart means simply this, that the understanding has been enlightened by the Spirit of God, to see the righteousness and blood of Jesus as all its righteousness and all its justification—that the will has been brought by the same Spirit to receive and embrace Christ as all its confidence—that the affections have therefore been drawn to love Christ, and to Christ as all the hope and salvation of the soul. Therefore, Christ dwelling in the heart means, that the idea of the Lord Jesus Christ is kept present in the heart, as its Peace, its Hope, its Refuge, its Joy, its Life, its All.

And whereas, whenever the mind is enlightened to know the spiritual nature of the law, there is in the heart a continual consciousness of sin, self-conviction and self-condemnation before God—a continual consciousness, that if God were to deal with us after our sins, we must perish and be cast away—so there is by the Spirit of God in the heart, testifying of Christ and his great salvation, a continual refuge in Christ from all these evils. Thus as the Apostle saith to the Hebrews, the heart is "sprinkled from an evil conscience." When the charges of the law are brought against the heart, and our conscience accuses us of sin, the Spirit testifies of Jesus, that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." He testifies, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." (1 Jno. 1: 7) therefore the heart flies from its own self-accusations, its fears, apprehensions, convictions, terrors, of God, of death, of judgment, of hell—it flies from all to Jesus—He is the first thought that is ever present for its relief. O blessed state! to feel that all danger and all the longings of the soul are cancelled and satisfied by union to Christ!—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

THE POWER OF GOD.—Look up at the stars, how bright they are! how they shine! Men are proud of their skill, but not all the men in the world, with all their best skill, could make one star, and hang it in the sky. God made the stars, and keeps them bright and wishes them to stay in their places.

Great kings boast their might, but not all the kings of the earth, with all their might, could give life; no, not to one poor, small, weak worm, or ant. God can give life, and take it away; life and death are in His hand.

Some men are proud of what they know, but not all the men who know the most in the world can tell what a day may bring forth, or say whether they or their friends will be well the next hour. God knows what will come to each of us, and health is his to give or to take away.

Some men are proud that they are strong, but not all the strong men in the world could drive back the sea, or stay the wind, or hold the clouds so that the rain should not fall. God can hold the sea, and still the wind, and stay the rain. O, how great is God! He sees us everywhere, and knows our very thoughts; how we must fear Him! Yes, but we may love Him too, for he is good and kind, as well as great and strong, and if we seek him, and pray to him, he will bless us in youth and old age, and take care of us in life and in death.

SPIRITUAL CONSUMPTION.—A church that never sends out into the ministry, and never prays or cares about an increase in the number of ministers, may expect to be left in the course of time, either without a pastor, or with one whose ministry is barren. A church that has never learned to worship God with its money, and does not regularly contribute to carry on the work of the Lord in the home and foreign field, may expect that its light, which like all other lights can only shine as it consumes, will go out in darkness. A church that neglects discipline, and allows offences to go unredeemed, may expect that this cancer will finally eat away its life. A church that allows its prayer-meeting to go down, because its officers and members are averse to praying in public, may consider itself in a spiritual consumption, with its right lung already gone. A church that loses all fervor of desire, but also for the conversion of her children, and of the poor and ignorant, and of those out of the way in its immediate locality, may expect to be found in the next generation frozen to death.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

COURTESY IN A PALACE.—A number of courtiers were gathered one day in the palace of King Edward VI. of England, and one of them desired to obtain an article that was a little beyond his reach, thoughtlessly took a large Bible from the table, and stepped on it. The young king, whose piety was most sincere and devout, was deeply grieved at this want of reverence for God's Word. But he loved the offender, and was unwilling to subject him to the mortification of a public rebuke, while he felt that the offence ought to receive attention. He therefore lifted the Bible from the floor with great care, laid it gently on the table, and then stooped over reverently and kissed it. The silent act made a profound impression on the courtiers; tears moistened many eyes, and the offender felt most keenly the tender reproof conveyed by the monarch. It were well if in all places and all homes a similar reverence were cherished for the Word of God.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GIVERS.—A little boy who had plenty of cents, dropped one into the missionary box laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a tin penny, light and worthless.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked around with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart."

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must because all the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As the fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and in his heart said: "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his cent, saying to himself: "For thy sake, dear Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen

ALBION HOUSE.

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As the prices will be Low there will

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