

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

Mr. Editor.—The experience acquired in my first visit to Spain was at once put to use in Paris and other parts. Little information had reached the North since 1863, and no clear, intelligent account of the actual status was possessed by any of the Christian churches, except by the Swiss Committee. This latter body had never suffered its zeal to flag since its first formation; and about the time I had set out for the South, it had dispatched a competent English brother on a mission similar to my self-appointed one. We had met in a quiet little town in Andalusia, in an upper room prayer meeting, and there, speaking in a language foreign to both, I first made one of those acquaintances which circumstances often render peculiarly sacred and blessed. From this friend I derived much of the information I possess touching the history of the cause in Spain for the past eight years previous to my arrival in the country, and which, up to that time, I was totally ignorant of. But to return to Paris. I found, as is usual in such cases, God had not merely touched one heart in behalf of the Peninsula, but that there was a general revival of interest in the subject. The venerable pastor, Wm. Monod, to whom I have had occasion before to refer, as soon as he had heard of my return, and its store of intelligence, called a meeting of his colleagues and leaders of the national and free churches, before whom I was invited to give a detailed account of my journey. This I did in a much fuller form than prudence would justify in a public journal.

As a result, the old "Comite Espagnol," which had long since died out, was unanimously voted into life, with the additional names of two Baptist brethren, one of whom, Pastor Lepoide, was elected out of regard to church relations of the other. Subsequent meetings were held, and still wider sympathy manifested itself. At length, it was determined that I should go again into Spain, to carry the plans and greetings of the Committee. In the latter part of January I set out. At Bayonne, the good brother and pastor who first gave me the address, met me, and taking me out behind some dilapidated carriage, near the station, filled my pockets with the "good seed," in the form of Testaments, Tracts, &c. I did not much like to be introduced to the enemy of my country in this manner, but the excellent pastor reassured me, in his gentle way, and at last I allowed myself to be packed for exportation. Arrived at the frontier, my difficulties commenced in earnest. A big man with a staff and cap may hope to pass the double line of customs officials with a sympathetic "Adelante," but what chance is there for a thin man, plerotic with certain irrepressible wares so obviously under the ban in Spain, as books and literature? However, there was provisionally a large crowd, and by dint of taking the middle way, and wheeling around at the fitting moment, I escaped the honors that my portmanteau received, and was not slow to gain a seat in the train for Madrid as quietly as possible.

In the course of the night, I made the acquaintance of my only travelling companion, a burly member of the Spanish Cortes. He quite overwhelmed me with his quotations from Shakespeare, Homer and Dante, but when he fell part to the subject of politics, it was amusing to witness the small influence that his journeyings and literary acquisitions had exerted upon his mode of thinking. We were passing the dreary waste between Burgos and Valladolid, and as the pale moon shone weirdly on the landscape, it was natural to remark on the causes of the present decay of Spain. But our *disputado* was hopeful. The only good he saw in the world was the intolerance of his country, and the chief source of evils elsewhere was the freedom of discussion and of conscience. If he had his own choice, he would sweep away all religious disputes, and constitutionalism, and bring back the glorious old times of Torquemada and Philip Second! We parted at the Estorial, next morning early, with mutual good feeling, although three centuries rolled between the channels of our respective ideas.

A few nights after my arrival in the chapel, I took a carriage and drove to a remote part of the city, where I found an anxious-looking, middle-aged man, seated by a table covered with books and papers. After a word of explanation, the man arose and clasped my hands in his, weeping, as you would consider, in your full cup of liberty, strange, if not positively unfeeling. But Spain is farther from civilization than India, in one sense, and Christian sympathy makes seldom visits there. My good friend took me into a retired apartment and bidding me speak in French for greater security, we talked far into the night. In this country, almost the first thing proposed at a call is prayer. There is a peculiar satisfaction, in a state of things where man can do so little, in addressing Him who hath all power in heaven and earth. The kingdom of God, it seems to me, would come more quickly if their sense of utter dependence were shared by their brethren in more favored climes. I found many a man who had been in the land of the living for forty years, during which time he had no encouragement from a living soul out of his own family. His daughter, a young woman of 24 years, had never confessed to him before he died, to sign a declaration of *Comunion* with the Church. To avoid these requirements, the poor man had to resort to an ingenious expedient, which I must not expose. At the time of his conversion, in 1823, two priests were awakened in the same place, and converted to the same faith. At length came the day when one of these priests had to preach in the Cathedral, before the Chapter and all the Ecclesiastical and Civil authorities. He made it the occasion of a public confession of his belief in the gospel. He knew it would be his last time, but he also knew that they could not stop him till he had

finished his sermon; so he thundered against their Pharisaism and hypocrisy, and told them of the better way. He descended the pulpit to enter the dungeon, and was never heard of more! But I must be more general. The cities where heretofore I had discovered no trace of spiritual life, now seemed transformed into most hopeful fields. I made interesting acquaintances everywhere. The report of the French Committee was received with gratitude, though the chief points to which it was directed were at this period unprepared to consider its proposals. I could gather but four out of 150 disciples in one place, so completely was the flock scattered by the "gracious wolves" prowling near.

It now remains to say something with respect to the kind of help which the Christians of America can render to the cause in Spain.

It requires no great prophetic ken to see, in a proximate future, a broad opening for the entire Peninsula. Victor Hugo says that there is in nations "a sublime hour of transparency." That hour has struck. The chime may not be heard beyond the great ocean, but it is distinct enough on this side. Who suspected, two years ago, that Austria would soon abolish the Concordat? And yet that has been virtually done. Shall we not prepare for Spain now? or shall we, as a denomination, leave her to others, as we have left Italy, long since opened to gospel labor? This is written in no censorious spirit, for I am confident that our apparent apathy has sprung from the absence of information on the subject; and for this reason chiefly I have undertaken, in these letters to remove that obstacle. You in the United States have a great work to do at home, but you have also a work to do every where. You are the richest nation in the world, and this wealth is largely distributed among Christians. That is not a fortuitous circumstance—it means something.

You can help the cause in Spain in two ways: 1st. By constituting a committee of a few brethren of wealth, to furnish support to one or two laborers. The work of the committee might be carried on directly by the missionaries, or through the Board in Boston, as may be thought best, only with the express understanding that no public appeals to the churches be made while the country remained sealed. 2nd. By engaging to work in Spain, American Christians, to the number of two or three, who already speak the language. The natives are not competent, as yet, to carry on the propagation of the truth without direction. And this is precisely the function of the foreign laborer. He should keep himself in the background, while guiding all the movements of the rest. Such men ought to be very wise and prudent, but, above all, hourly dependent on Him who guideth into all truth.

Of course I cannot, in this public way, enter into details any farther. If there is any movement in the direction I have indicated, private correspondence alone can satisfy all interrogatories. My address for a year to come is with the editor of this journal, and I shall be most happy to do all in my power to encourage American labor in Spain.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

SHAKING DIRTY HANDS.

[Extract from the Missing Link Magazine.] We can bear witness, that in our sowing by the wayside, or carrying of the Master's invitation into the darkest lanes and alleys of the city, we have seen more than ever before of "preparation of the heart" to receive it.

"We have more than a hundred mothers at our meeting," says one lady; "and many seen in real earnest about their souls; and we have hardly a dry eye in the rooms during the time of reading and prayer. Many stay behind to speak to me when the meeting is over."

"One day I invited a woman to our mothers' meeting," says another lady; "her answer was a striking one."

"I'll come, marm, if they be all bad and ragged like myself; but I'll never go to no more churches. I went once, and got a seat by a quality; and if she did not pull all her things so close around her that I up and went out! The joy of this poor heart, when she found our room was open on purpose for such as she, was very cheering. She is a regular attendant now, and is often seen to drop big tears as the word of life is read; and she has brought to the room seven others like herself."

The same lady says: "Not long since, I went in search of a bright-eyed, dirty young woman I had missed for some weeks at the mothers' meeting. She was so far from clean, that a lady who accompanied me to one day to our room, asked me afterwards, 'How could you let that woman touch you?' She had come up to me with a warm welcome home, and had at that time put out her hand to be shaken. Now it is sometimes by shaking dirty hands that we reach dirty hearts."

"On arrival at her home, I found she had been very ill and suffering. I began to remind her of the Lord's mercies to her in the promise of present recovery, when she said—

"Yes, He was good to me—such a bad woman as I've been, too. 'Twas the worst bout I've had, yet I call it the best, for some good words kept me all the time, and they was like a rock to lean upon. I got them at a mother's meeting—I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"Well, that is the word of God; but can you say, 'That I can?'"

"How long have you been able to say it?"

"One day your talk at the meeting was most about it. You said, 'To redeem is to save or to buy; redeemer means buyer or Saviour. You said Jesus was the Saviour who bought our souls with His blood, and you asked us if we knew He had? and then if we ought not to love Him who had so loved us? I said to myself, 'I don't love Him, and if He bought me, He has not got me, that's certain. He ain't my Saviour; but I'm sure I want a Saviour bad enough, for I feel dreadful wicked!'"

"Then you knelt down to pray that we might know Jesus and love Him, and be washed in His blood. I did just follow—I never prayed in my life afore—and I got up and went out of the room so fast, case Satan should make me feel hard again. I prayed when I got home, and kept on saying, 'He's my Redeemer! He bought me; He died for me, 'til I felt, it was all true. After that I loved Him, and now He's brought me through my trouble. I think them mother's meetings is the best things ever invented.'"

"Oh, how glad I was to have shaken that dirty hand, for His sake who came to seek and save the lost! This poor woman is giving good testimony that she is born again; and she is no longer dirty, nor her home either. Her new baby is beautiful

ly clean, and wears a white hood of her own make. She is not a little proud of her hood, for when she first came to see us she could not even have an apron fit to be seen."

The same lady thus speaks of introducing a new Bible woman to her district.

She improves upon acquaintance. When she first came, I took her to the house of each mother attending our meeting, and to each Bible subscriber, and to each sick one. I then left her to find her own way to the homes and hearts of the people. As far as I could, I have followed her track, and the general testimony of the poor is in her favour. One man I visited lately said—

"I like that new woman o' yours, and I'll tell ye why—cos she's never bin in this room five minutes before out comes the book. Now I am a rough chap, as you well knows, and I'm not too good, and if there's one thing I dislike more than another, 'tis having to sit and listen to the Bible, for it make me feel awful uncomfortable—you knows how I fidgets about."

"And yet you tell me you like the new Bible woman, because she reads this Bible to you?"

"Well, ye see, I reckon this way—you knows what a sight I think o' my little Tom there; well, whether folks like it or not, I can't help talkin about him, and I says to myself, 'If these 'ere good people loves God so much as they says they does, and thinks so much of His book, then they ought to talk on Him, and pull on the book that shows Him off, and I respects um for it, too, and I ain't without a few thoughts of being like um.'"

"I told him of the case of a woman who attended our mother's meeting, and who cared not for the 'one thing needful,' and was often urged to seek the safety of her soul through a crucified Saviour. Her constant reply was, 'I'll repent on my deathbed.' One day while talking to a neighbor, she was stricken speechless, and her whole frame paralysed. I called to see her. She stared at me wildly for a moment, and recognizing me, she burst into a bitter howling, and signified there was no hope for her. The more I spoke to her of the mercy and love of Jesus, ever in the eleventh hour, the more her distress increased. She buried her head under the bed-clothes, and did not look at me again. The next time I called, she was able to speak a little, and that little was 'No hope! No hope!' She said the same to the Bible-woman. The medical attendant said, 'She cannot last long.' She was removed to the workhouse infirmary. She lived one week, and during that time, she proved the truth of His word who said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' She had opportunity; but she chose her own way, and fitted herself for destruction."

A deeper piety. A leading journal, at a short time since, made the remark that, "before the Redeemer's kingdom shall be fully and firmly established upon the earth, as marked a progress almost to take place in respect to the type of piety which shall prevail in the church, as in the conquest of the nations now sitting in darkness." This remark may appear somewhat startling, but we fear there is but little ground for regarding it as in any sense speculative. For, we are fully persuaded that the general piety of the church is not near so deep and spiritual a character as it should be.

It is true that greatly increased activity in various departments of Christian labor is manifested in the present age, as compared with that exhibited in some of the periods of the past. Missionary and Bible societies, are accomplishing a vast amount of real good. In this work the resources of the church of Christ, both as to pecuniary strength and Christian laborers, are brought out perhaps to a degree not before attained since the days of the apostles. But the fact is painfully apparent, nevertheless, that the general average of piety in the church is not so exalted a type as should be attained by Christians. Indeed, many of the works referred to, may be, and often are, engaged in by persons of the most superficial piety, who thus make for themselves a religion of works, and actually base their hope of a blessed future more upon what they thus do than in a humble reliance on Christ for salvation.

The evidence of this general lack of piety is variously attested. The strong tendencies in the church towards worldliness of life is evidence of the fact. Multitudes of nominal Christians have a vastly stronger attachment to the world and worldly pleasures than they have for Christ. There is scarcely any form of pleasure that sinful and unregenerate persons seek that they have not an equal relish for. In their conversation and general spirit they manifest a stronger likeness to the world than to Christ.

The intensity with which multitudes of Christians pursue business, for considerations purely of gain, is another evidence of a low standard of piety. In men whose minds are wholly absorbed in their business pursuits, there is generally no very great depth of piety. To much business, or business too intensely pursued, is not favorable to the growth of spirituality. Deep Christian experiences are not attained by men who have no time for thinking on such things.

There is, moreover, among Christians, a widely prevailing apathy with respect to a deeper spiritual life. Not only are the examples of deep and clearly-marked piety rare, but there exists in the minds of most persons a complete indifference with regard to the matter. How few are those who really long for a close, daily, and sustained communion with God. The most short-lived experiences and evanescent emotions are usually accepted as satisfactory. If a few brief days of happy experience may be had once in the year, the remainder may pass in lukewarmness and indifference. Let a few days of sunshine be enjoyed, and then let the sky be clouded or dark the remainder of the year. There is, with thousands of Christians, no deep and permeating spiritual life. There is no abiding communion with the Father of our spirits. There is no sweet and sustained fellowship with Jesus, or heart-burnings and tears, if his face is for a moment hidden from view.

In the absence of a deep, thorough, and pervasive general piety is perhaps to be found the greatest weakness of the church at the present time. There is need to go back again to the true fountains of such a piety—to the word of God, so widely distributed, and yet so sadly neglected, and to the closet—for prayer and devout communion with the Great Source of all spiritual life. If Christians should generally seek again these fountains of spiritual sustenance, the spirit of worldliness now so deplorably prevalent, would be supplanted

by a spirit of fervent inward life. Then, too, would the church be fully equipped again for her warfare against the works of darkness, and we might fervently hope that the dark tides now so fearfully rising against the foundations of the Christian faith and Christian morality would again be beaten back. Unopposed with the full armor of heaven, and uninspired with the enthusiasm induced by a deep spiritual life, the church is weak in the presence of the enemies which now besiege her. Her greatly augmented numbers and prosperous exterior are not proof against the iniquity which is slowly working its way into the church, and against the corrupting and formalizing tendencies exhibited in her own midst. And in her very face her enemies demand the overthrow of some of her most sacred institutions, and, to a great degree, practically obtain their demands.

While so much earnest and well-directed effort is made to extend the gospel to lands where it is yet unknown, will it not be well to seek that its influence may be deepened among ourselves, in producing more generally in the church, higher, purer, and more consecrated forms of Christian life?

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

Many persons talk as if they knew a great deal about the condition of men between death and the resurrection. But we believe very little is known respecting that state, and as all that we do know is taught us in the Bible, it is important that we ascertain what that teaches on this subject. There are two classes of men in that state as in this life, and in so far as respects their conditions correspond, while in others they differ.

We think that to the godly the "Intermediate State" is a state of consciousness, of rest and felicity; a state in which the presence of Jesus Christ is enjoyed, and in which there is a waiting for a larger capacity for enjoyment through the reunion of the body with the spirit, and for an entrance on the final condition of blessedness. The intermediate state is evidently superior to the present life; but the condition of the godly after the resurrection will be more glorious than their condition before that event.

We think also that the Bible teaches that to the ungodly that state is one of consciousness, of pain and anguish, and a state in which there is a waiting for a final decision and an eternal separation from God and happiness. We are aware that some persons dispose of the statements respecting the future condition of the ungodly by saying that they are parabolic and figurative; but we suppose that the parables and figures used in the Bible are in accordance with the truth, and are used to illustrate it, and thus make it plainer to us.

While we think that the Bible does teach all that we have stated respecting the intermediate state, we do not think that it teaches how the spirits of the dead exist in that state separate from their bodies; what is their location, whether near to us, or far distant; whether they are conversant with what passes on earth, or are ignorant thereof; or whether their vocation is precisely the same as it will be after the resurrection. We are aware that some persons think that they have fuller information than that which the Bible gives, and they refer to the testimony of persons who have been in a trance, and have afterward told us that they saw and heard. But we think such statements are very unreliable, especially when we place them in contrast with what the apostle Paul says respecting the time when he was "caught up to the third heaven," and was caught up into paradise, and there "heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." And we can afford to wait for further knowledge on these and other points on which we wish for information; and we believe that those who speculate and assert, without being able to prove, act unwisely in doing so.

We know that a man's condition in this life will determine his state after death, and that his condition after the resurrection will certainly be a fuller development of his intermediate state.

We know also that a state of happiness can only be secured by the reception of salvation by faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. Hence, it is of the utmost importance that we be sure that we are now in possession of this salvation, if we would enter into a state of happiness after death, and retain that happiness forever.

BACKBITING.

Backbiting, pleasant enough to the bitter at the time, is painful enough afterwards, even if he is not found out. It lowers his self-respect, it injures his peace. Supposing him not to be "past feeling," the reflection must come home to his heart; that this kind of thing is not noble dignified, or beautiful. He becomes not loveless, but certainly less lovable in his own eyes; and there is no punishment like that. God has constructed our nature so wonderfully, that self-inflicted castigation is worse than the cat-o'-ninetails, even of the world's criticism. We get that, and after a fashion sometimes most severe; but I question if it equals the dull gnawing pain of a disapproving conscience. Backbiting is much more terrible to some people than to others. There are amazing sensitive persons, who are almost slaves to the estimates formed of them by others. I think it was Byron who said that "the praise of the greatest of mankind could not take away the sting from the sting of the meanest." On the other hand there are those who go on their way little disturbed by it. It is told such a one that B. said so-and-so of him. "Did he though?" is the answer. "Well, I cannot keep watch and ward over my own fame; I have enough to do to look after my character." Yes, and it would be well if we could all do that. Let a man not thus, and his fame will come all straight and smooth. What a wonderfully suggestive text is that, my friend—"He shall bring forth his righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

I have said that backbiters in the end get found out. People not only discount as they go on, but the backbiter's criticisms are like cheap, flyblown articles in shop windows—they are not commonly thought of much account. People that know Jones do not estimate at much value his backbiting or his backbiting; in fact, as far as my observation has gone, the backbiter is most formidable to those that fear him. When once you take into consideration that he is most probably, a known man among his acquaintance, you can let him take a good gawp at you, without much wincing under the operation.

My friend suggests that all people do not know the backbiter as such. I admit the fact, and here lies the danger. It takes some time to find out that under that smooth tongue lies the poison of asps; the venom circulates in the parish and the neighborhood to a most alarming extent.

Of all beings that do not deserve pity, I think the backbiter is one; he will make homes miserable, and drag beautiful reputations in the dust without much remorse. If any man deserves to be tarred and feathered, in the old English fashion, it is the backbiter; he shows no mercy, spurs no age, retreats no wrong, and smooths all over, when detected and detected, by the spontaneous declaration that "he was mistaken then."

There is a beautiful prayer in the Litany of the Church of England: "From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us;" and I am sure if we thoroughly drink in the spirit of the Gospel, that prayer will be very often on our lips and in our hearts. What is it that so often gives gall to our speech, but a want of charity? "He that backbitheth with his tongue, nor does evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor," is one of the characters projected on to the canvas of the Old Testament writings, as among those who shall abide in the tabernacle of God.

An old disease this is of humanity. Most manifestly there is something in the tendency common to all races, Western and Eastern, too; but what a blessed fact it is that the gospel of Christ is adapted to all races, and all ages, and all experience of man; so that he finds in that a specific for every malady, and a successful panacea for all the moral wrongs of his soul. No other power can achieve what Christianity can. In the schools of medicine we have physicians skilled in some special department of physical science, a specialty which employs and exhausts all their energy and skill. The Great Physician is not thus limited by time or skill; He is infinite in power, wisdom, tenderness, and love. He is able to say to the prayer of every supplicant for help, what He said in the days of his flesh: "I will come and heal him." Amongst the ills which are to be cured, a backbiting tongue stands not last among those which need the regenerating influence of Christianity. We may be members of any particular church we like, and look lost in the profound speculations of our favorite preacher; but unless we are considerate of our neighbor's faults, we shall be still far from the kingdom of heaven. We may become experts even at religious appearances, but it is far wiser to seek divine grace and strength so to walk that our brethren may never feel: "He flattereth with his lips, but war was in his heart."

"PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

Suppose I could be privileged to go to heaven to night, and tell them I wanted to know what the love of Christ is, that I might come back and tell poor sinners in St. Martin's Hall about it. Suppose I asked Abel, 'Abel, thou hast been here thousands of years. Canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' He would say, 'Richard Weaver, thou poor, blood-washed sinner, I cannot tell thee what this love is! But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!'

Then, if I turn and say, 'Noah, thou wast saved in the ark, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No,' he would reply, 'I cannot tell thee; but it is deeper than the waters that carried me upon their bosom. And yet God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us! I go to David and say, 'Thou sweet Psalmist of Israel, canst thou tell me the measure of the love of God?' 'No,' says David, 'His loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Him; and I cannot fathom the love of God.' And then I go to Solomon. 'O Solomon, who spakest of trees; from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall, thou couldst show thy wisdom to the Queen of Sheba; canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No, I cannot tell thee; it is beyond all my wisdom!'

And then my guardian angel says, 'See, here is Ezekiel, may be he can tell thee.' And say, 'Well, Ezekiel, thou didst see visions and dreams, and the Spirit lifted thee up to behold the glory of God; tell me how I can make these sin-laden people in St. Martin's Hall understand the love of God?' 'Come along with me, I'll show thee something about it!' and he brings me to a river side; the water just covers my ankles, but it rises higher and higher. 'Stop, Ezekiel,' says the old prophet, 'don't be afraid! Oh but, Ezekiel, it is a river up to my loins! On, go a few steps farther! Hold, stop, Ezekiel, I've lost my footing, I'm altogether out of my depth!'

Yes, Richard Weaver, it's water to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over! But here comes the loving disciple. 'Now, John, thou who didst lean on the bosom of thy Lord—thou man whom Jesus loved—what hast thou to say about the love of God?' 'I cannot tell thee how great it is; but herein is love, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for sins! But no doubt the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who was caught up into the third heaven and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter, can tell us something about the love of Christ.' Now, Paul, what have you to say about this love? 'I cannot tell the height, and length, and depth, and breadth of the love of Christ.' But I want to go and tell the sinners in St. Martin's Hall what the redeemed in glory know about the love of God? 'Tell them we cannot tell what it is.' 'I will go and tell them.' 'Stop,' cries Paul; 'tell them the love of Christ passeth knowledge! But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us! Ab, glory be to God, that is it! The Lord help us to think about it!—The love of Christ passeth knowledge!—Richard Weaver, the Collier Preacher.

Poor Pay.—Thousands of the lowest class in London do not earn on an average more than a dollar a week, and many not half that sum. In Paris, over 275,000 persons do not make over a dollar a week, and nearly 30,000 earn less than 35 cents. In Germany, men farm laborers are paid 32 cents a day, women only 19 cents, and mechanics about 50 cents. In the rural parts of Ireland, the average pay for common laborers is a shilling a day for men, sixpence for women, and fourpence for children. In many parts of Great Britain, a large proportion of the poorest class seldom or never can eat meat.

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