

# 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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### GOD'S WONDERFUL CONDESCENSION.

BY JOHN MCCOY, M. D.

The man who questions the divine revelation because of its seeming or real mysteries, had as well question the real existence of the flowers he handles, the fruit he eats, or the sun and moon he looks upon. The smallest drop of water, teeming with active life, and the largest world that whirls through space are to us wonderful, and we can not comprehend them; but there is one who does, and that one is God. God comprehends the water's drop and the revolving world. He counts the sands, and holds the waters in his hands. He causes the sun and moon to rise, and gives the stars their luster. He flings from his fingers bright suns, shining and sparkling on their way, with his voice calls into life myriads of worlds, and with one wave of his hand, pencils out their orbits and sends them on their rounds. The earth, with all its lofty capitals and vast domains, is but as a sportsman's ball, a child's pebble, or a grain of sand, among the worlds that whirl away through yonder vaulted dome.

The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and its light will reach us in eight minutes; but worlds have been discovered so far from the earth that one million nine hundred thousand years are necessary for the light to pass between. Nor is the space between here and there vacant and unoccupied. Millions of worlds whirl on their way, cross and recross our angle of vision. A number of worlds whirl in their orbits around our sun. All together are called the solar system. But this system, with all its magnitude, is but a millionth fraction of a small part of the created universe. In every direction around us, to the farthest world that has ever been seen, there are constellations and systems whirling through illimitable space, passing and repassing each other, and constantly crossing and circling their respective orbits, whirling and flying with lightning velocity they go on forever. There was a time when there was not a grain of sand or a particle of dust—when God was, and there was naught else. With his power, and from his plastic hand, came all this vast domain. He spoke the word, and from nothing came suns, moons, stars, constellations, and systems. Space was peopled; the light was separated from the darkness, and on went creation's chariot-wheels.

Walk out into the night and look up at the twinkling stars; think of every one as a vast world; distance is so vast that their brightness blends into a far-off lustre, and you may even thus form some idea of the vastness of God's creation. Now, take up the astronomer's telescope and look beyond these farther than they are from us, and the world is still thronged, until sight is lost, with the mingling brightness of the shining retinue of celestial worlds. How much the power of the telescope may be increased, it is impossible for us to tell. Future telescopes may reveal to us the nature of the soil, and the character of the inhabitants of distant worlds, may enable us to study the architecture of their cities, and the character of their inventions. Future inventions may make us as familiar with cities of the moon as history has made us familiar with the events of the late war.

With the prospects of untold advancement in science and art, we may reasonably presume that suns and moons now far out of sight will be brought to view, and that, millions of miles beyond anything yet seen, we may find space occupied with God's handiwork. In our imagination we search the outskirts of the created universe, but we search in vain. On, beyond the bounds of what is seen, we find the same order of things as in our view. Away beyond are constellations and systems whose names are legion. Our sun soon dwindles down to a star, and is ultimately lost as we go on, and on. Sun's millions of miles from here we pass, and they soon sink to stars and are lost; and yet we continue our flight still on. Space is illimitable, and there is no end to the work that God has made. Suns have been discovered which are distant from our earth eleven and three fourth millions of miles, and what there is yet beyond, no one can tell. That only vacant space is there, we can not believe, but rather that worlds roll on there as ours do, and that they are inhabited with the creatures of God.

Were this earth to drop from space, it would be missed no more than the falling of the smallest leaf in a vast forest; no more than a drop of water would be missed from the mighty ocean, or a grain of sand from the sea-shore. The smallest animals in a drop of water, where there are thousands, is as large in the world as the whole earth is among the wonderful creations of the entire universe. When our thoughts steal away through illimitable space and wander among worlds innumerable, and when we realize how insignificant this little sphere is, we are half-way inclined to feel for earth to see if it really is large enough to stand upon.

Not only is this world insignificant among the things that God has made, but it is a revolted province. Here the arm of rebellion was raised against the power that made the stars. Other worlds may have sinned; other creations of God may have fallen, and may have been reduced through the efficacy of the same blood that saved ours; but we are sure of, from here, the cry of suffering went up to heaven, the great heart of God was touched, and a plan for help devised. What a mystery! What a wonder that He who holds the stars in his hands should stoop down to consider our helplessness! What was man—what is man, O God, that thou art mindful of him? What is man—the crawling worm of this insignificant, revolted planet—that thou shouldst care for him and die for him? What to me is the crawling worm beneath my feet? What is the insect that burrows in the wood that I tread thoughtlessly? What is the living animalcule that moves in a drop of water? What are these things, that I should have time to think of and care for them? What are they, that I should give up my life to save them from suffering and death? And what is man—O thou Lamb of God—who is man that thou shouldst care for him—that thou didst really give up life, and in anguish die on the cross a murderer's death for him, that he might live and not die? Why stoop down from heaven and from the multitude of worlds thou hast made, to this small atom of creation, to die for it? Why not let it drop as the leaf of the forest, and wander

away and be forgotten? Why not speak the word, and it would have fallen; or, with one breath of thy power sweep the sin away, and re-peopled it with loyal subjects? Thy ways, O Lord, are past finding out, and thy footsteps are not known. God has exalted man, the insignificant worm of this insignificant earth, and by the plan of salvation has linked him on to the eternal, and promised us that we shall be kings and priests unto God, and that, throughout all eternity, long after the sun and moon have been blown out, and the last star has burned down to its socket, we shall still live on, and reign with him in heaven.

Rejoice, are you cast down, and I? Do you feel that no one cares for you? Do you feel that the smiles of joy, the tears of woe, the deceitful shine, the deceitful flow? Is this world dark and gloomy to you? Come with me; let us visit Mount Calvary and look there upon creation's Lord. Let us watch the wicked rabble pierce those tender hands and feet, and crucify him! Hear the pounding of the hammer as it drives the rough nails through his hands! See how they tear his feet as they pierce them and nail them to the upright! Now they elevate the cross, and it falls with a tearing crash into the mortified timber below! They thrust a spear through his side; they mock him; they crucify him! Here, groaning beneath the pangs of a malefactor's death, hanging on the cross, is creation's Lord! Give ear, O earth! and hear, O heaven! this is thy Lord and thy God! Hail! thou ten thousand worlds that whirl through illimitable space; roll back thy chariot-wheels, and pause a moment; the King of kings and Lord of lords, thy Creator and thy God, is dying on the cross! No wonder the earth recoiled, and rocked, and trembled. No wonder the solid rocks were split. No wonder the graves heaved forth their dead. No wonder the sun rolled back his chariot and veiled his face in darkness. I suspect that to nature's utmost limits, to the most distant world, this shock was felt, and this shudder ran. As we are stunned, and tremble, and unexpectedly we hear of the death of a good friend or brother, so was stunned, and so trembled, the worlds that God had made. Every system shook, as if its sun had lost its balance and reeled from its orbit. Heaven's innumerable worlds reeled, and rocked, and trembled while the God who made them gave up his life on the cross. Stupendous scene! magnificent wonder! Come, behold him, O Zion! he is thy King! Come, look upon him, O Christian! he is thy Lord! For you he died; for you he gave up his life; for you he was buried; for you he rose again; for you he ascended to heaven; and for you he now pleads with the majesty on high. Let the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy! Man, degraded man, is redeemed from sin and death—*Telescop.*

### THE WALDESEES.

There are many fortresses in the earth which have never been taken, but one of them is that which Nature has built in the Cottian Alps on the border of Piedmont. Between Mount Viso and Mount Genevre, on the Italian slope of the chain, three beautiful valleys, Perosa, San Martino, and Lucerna, stretch down to the head waters of the river Po. Ferns, wild flowers, and crops of maize and rye cover the lower portions of these lovely valleys; the higher regions run into wildernesses of rock and ravine, where the only roads are goat paths, and where no army can possibly come. In this mountain home, for sixteen hundred years at least, the Waldenses have guarded the pure and primitive Christianity of the Apostles against all the hostility of Rome, and all the persecutions of her crowned slaves in the Middle Ages. No one knows when or how the faith was first delivered to these mountaineers. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, in the second century, found them a Church; the Christians of the Theban legion, at the time of the persecutions of Diocletian, took refuge in the hills; and St. Geoffrey hid there in the year 297. The manual of the Waldenses, the "Nobla Leyczon," written A. D. 1100, speaks of this extraordinary garrison of religious truth as having been set in its present post from the very earliest date of the new faith, face to face with the Roman power. Weak in numbers, poor, without allies or protectors, the very frontier guard and outwork of Christianity—their country, perhaps, its actual cradle—these gallant hill-men have kept the tradition of the Gospel committed to them as pure and inviolate as the snow upon their own Alps. Records have published condemnations of the rebels, bulls have thundered excommunication, fire and sword have stormed their villages, their tortures have run red with blood, and their pastures have been blotted with dead bodies; but the Waldenses have held to their belief, till Europe behind them has taken it up; for that which is called the Reformed Faith was the faith of these Alpine people before Luther was heard of. They have maintained an Evangelical form of Christianity from the very first; rejecting image worship, invocation of saints, auricular confession, celibacy, Papal supremacy or infallibility, and the dogmas of purgatory; taking the Scripture as the rule of life, and admitting no sacraments but Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

No darker pages are to be found in history, no bloodier cruelty disgraces the records of the Papacy than the persecution of the Waldenses now surviving in the three Alpine valleys. They literally lived for centuries with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. The immunities which had come down to them from days when Roman Emperors gave liberal regulations even to Gothic soldiers, and Christianity was not bloody and bitter, had lasted to the thirteenth century, when they were all solemnly excommunicated. Innocent III. had preached the wicked war against the Albigenses; and Dominic—whom Dante has too poetically called "saccharine"—had incited the hideous storms of inquisition. The Inquisition, the savage storm of bigotry rolled up the Waldense valleys. Innocent VIII. published a frantic bull against them, and Lancelotti of Savoy put in execution. Sometimes, as under Blanche, Countess of Lucerna, a political chance saved them for a while; but never did men suffer more for their belief. In 1580 a horrible villain with a holy name, the Count de la Trinite, carried overwhelming arms into the territory. The unhappy mountaineers were hunted like wolves, butchered in their villages, dragged down to the scaffold and the dungeon, and the troops were billeted among them, who robbed them and looted them with intolerable outrages. A war of despair against cruelty was waged for many years; the women and the feeble were hidden in the upper rocks,

and every man and boy that could handle a weapon was out upon the hills. From 1470 to 1640, generation after generation had to bear the infamous animosities of Rome, put into action sometimes by the French monarch, sometimes by the Savoyard rulers. A hurricane of murder, set loose by the Popes, swept the valleys in 1560, and again in 1655, and there would have been no survivors of this noble garrison of God but for Cromwell and his Latin secretary. The sonnet of Milton, beginning "Avenged, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones lie scattered on Alpine mountains cold," was not written in vain. Macaulay has related how grim Oliver laid his sword across the entrance of those desolated valleys. "The shepherds in the Alps," he says, "who preferred a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg were secured by the terror of his great name. A voice which seldom threatened in vain declared that unless favour were shown to these 'people of God,' the English guns should be heard outside the Castle of San Angelo." That warning saved the brave Waldenses, and however sent on more roads of such noble eminence, and statement of such earnest faith, as John Milton and Oliver Cromwell! Yet, as we have said, the militant garrison of pure Christianity continued to be harassed and assailed even until Italy won her liberty. The battles of Magenta and Solferino raised the siege of sixteen centuries; and now—poor, few, hardly known, but noble with the lustre of this long history of national martyrdom—the Waldenses have "kept the faith" to the end of a Protestant Church older than Rome, and perhaps destined to teach her the doctrines of a pure Christianity.

The Waldenses have marched out to enjoy and use their hardy won honours and liberties. Already, since the new days in the Peninsula, their Church has advanced its ancient battle from the mountains to the very borders of the little territory still left to the Papacy. It has twenty-four mission stations in various Italian towns, about eighty ministers and teachers, with congregations counted by the thousand. On Tuesday evening at Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, the little oasis of apostolical faith which Irenaeus visited seventeen hundred years back, and Cromwell championed, did well to send its ambassador to the hospitable English home where Garibaldi was guest. What makes the emancipation and historical victory of the mountaineers more interesting is, that their Church is Italian as well as Protestant. We do not know what success the Waldensian mission may have among the cities of Italy; but at least it is a native propaganda, bred and defended, through cycles of agony and defiance, in the same northern hills from which freedom descended to break the chains of the land. A Christianity freer than the Papist creed, and broader than ordinary Evangelical interpretations of the Gospel, is more likely to arise from the present changes than any mere reformation of an existing confession. But to that rich result the Waldensian Church may contribute the gold of a free yet genuine Christian belief, which has been tried in the fire of a "seventy times seven" embittered fury; and certainly no ungodly "Count of the Trinity" will ever meddle again with the Italian highlanders, "who kept the truth so pure of old, when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."—This extract from an able article, is copied from the London Daily Telegraph.

### A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

We wish to say a few words to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady, by her consistent Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, and almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be, pay to a young lady who is a Christian. A lady, who is a Christian, is a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently, and young men have kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when a more powerful appeal from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart. Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sisters, and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentlemen associates have upon him. We believe it is all true that a gentleman's character is formed to a great extent by the ladies that he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sister and young lady friends choose to make him. We know a family where sisters encouraged their young brothers to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to him, in his dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart," and they did mingle with them body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with their gentlemen companions. It began with their sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of their character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may in various ways, by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brothers into good ladies' society, lead them along till their character is formed, and then a high toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep them from mingling with low society.

If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at by the young ladies, with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say they have no influence, at all. This is not possible. You cannot live without breathing. One thing is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. A temptation to take a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling which will burn forever. A just given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you

may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.—Home Journal.

### GRIEVING THE SPIRIT—AN INCIDENT.

Many years ago one of the western churches was blessed with a gracious visitation of the Spirit. It was something of a pentecostal season. The people of God were greatly strengthened, and made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Sinners, too, were deeply aroused. The convicting and regenerating power of the Spirit was wonderfully manifested in their hearts. Very many who had till recently loved their sins, now had "a new song put into their mouths, even praise to our God." Among those who became concerned for their souls were two interesting young men. They were special friends and companions of each other. One of them especially was under the most pungent convictions, crying with the earnestness and ingenuities of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" The other, too, was deeply concerned, and anxious upon some terms, to escape perdition and enjoy future happiness. They pledged themselves to seek the Saviour without delay—to avail themselves of all the means within their power to aid them in this blessed work.

At the next invitation extended to the anxious to go forward, the more deeply convicted of these youths rose promptly and took his place among those who were seeking the Saviour. By this act he had committed himself in favor of his new resolve. He was now earnestly seeking the Lord. Nor did the "exceeding great and precious promise" made to such long remain unfulfilled. He made an unserved surrender of his heart to God, and "peace like a river" flowed into his soul. He lived many years afterward, adorning the Christian character by his godly walk and conversation.

The other young man, at the call for those who were seeking salvation, also rose to take his position among the inquirers. But though he was convicted, even deeply agitated, yet had a "divided heart." He still loved his sins, and was loath to give them up. The cross was a conflict with him. The Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of the word, was leading him to the cross. The native enmity of his heart and the machinations of the great destroyer were at war with the Spirit's influence. The conflict must be instantly decided. The most critical moment in that man's existence had arrived. And, not being willing just then to give up the world and submit his soul to Jesus, he decided in favor of his great enemy. On making this sudden and determined resistance to the Spirit, he stopped, after having advanced a few spaces toward the altar of prayer, and took his seat. He was indeed a bold and presumptuous act, under solemn circumstances.

And what were the consequences? The Spirit instantly took that anxious heart. The countenance no longer clouded with anxiety, at once resumed its former placid appearance. His convictions of sin were gone—nor did they ever return! He was often afterward in the midst of revival seasons, but no salutary impressions could be made on his mind. After living for many years a thoughtless, hardened man, he has passed into the world of spirits.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

### TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

We stood, the other day, with a young man in the dressing-room of a club-house, after a fashionable entertainment. In accordance with a delectable habit, a supply of liquor stood on the table, that gentlemen might help themselves more privately and freely than in the supper-room. An older man came in and invited our young companion to join him in a glass of whiskey. "No," he answered, coloring. "I am a teetotaler." The other looked at him over his glass in amazement, saying, "I pity you, and drank alone."

Many a soldier marches up to the cannon's mouth, amid cheers, and drums, and smoke, with less courage than that young man was called upon to show. For it is easier for many a man to face death than desertion.

We happened to know that this young man had, six months before, been a leader in a set of convivial, reckless young men. By a noble effort of self-control he had suddenly wrenched himself away from all his former habits, had joined a temperance organization, and become as active in its cause as formerly in the career of dissipation. Who can estimate the evil when one such young man is laughed or persuaded out of his good resolutions?

"Ah!" he said to us afterward, "it costs little for a man who has never used liquor to keep away from it. It is the man who has used it to whom it comes hard, especially when all the usages of society are tempting him. But ladies are the worst. When ladies press a young man to drink wine, it is hard to resist. They ought to help, and not hinder him in doing what he knows to be right."

Behind the whole question of temperance laws there lies the question of the drinking usages of society. Are they right or wrong? We hold them utterly wrong. If wine or alcoholic liquors are ever needed as a medicine, let them be used as such. But when in every company there may be at least one person who is struggling against his appetite, and for whom that one moment may be the trial hour, we hold his risk to be too great to be balanced by a little pleasure to the rest. "Tis an awful thing to play with souls," says Browning the poet. It is, after all, a fearful kind of "hospitality" which urges upon a guest a ticket to sin and shame. If he forthwith travels on that road, who is responsible?

We complain of the late Governor Andrew, for instance, not that he honestly believed that prohibitory laws increased drinking, though we hold that to be a wild delusion. We complain of him that, by urging in his celebrated argument the uselessness, or, at least, harmlessness, of moderate drinking, he did more than any man has done for a long while to break down the temperance reform and to support the drinking habits of society. Had he struck merely at temperance legislation, it would have been a different thing. But he struck at the whole temperance agitation of forty years; and, so far as his argument went, carried us back to the beginning of it. Any person convinced by his reasoning would thenceforth feel free to have wine and brandy on his dinner-table, and whiskey-punch at his evening parties. Against

such usages we shall always labor. However safe we personally may feel, we trust never to put temptation in our brother's way.

It took years of agitation to bring temperance people to the principle of total abstinence. For years they were satisfied with pledges that included alcoholic drinks, but did not include wine; or that bound a man to "drink no more than he could help," or "not to drink except on the Fourth of July." But at last every body began to comprehend that every drunkard was but a moderate drinker gone to seed. Nobody ever began life a drunkard, or deliberately aimed to be one. Every drunkard was a moderate drinker first. So the question recurs: Ought we to drink intoxicating drinks at all? We appear for the negative.—New York Independent.

### MANY GODS WORSHIPPED IN CHINA.

The Chinese think there are a great many gods, some male and others female. It is hard to say which they regard as their supreme god, or whether they have any such. They commonly worship *Tien*, which seems to mean the same with them that heaven does to us. They also worship the sun and the earth. They also worship *Tuen-how*, the queen of heaven. She is also called *Kwan Yin*, and is the patron goddess of sailors. *Loong Wang*, or the Dragon King, is the god of rivers. They have also the god of learning, the god of riches, and a very great many others. Then, besides these gods, there are the spirits of their ancestors, and a great many other spirits that they worship. There are for instance, the spirits of the mountains, and the spirits of the hills, and the spirits of the valleys, and the spirits of rivers and brooks, and the spirits of trees, and the spirits of rocks, and the spirits of roads and bridges, and nobody knows how many others. I will tell you some of the ways in which they worship them, and these are things that I have seen myself, and know to be true.

The principal way in which they worship these gods and spirits, is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper, and making sacrifices, either of animals or of some other kind of food and drink. The incense that they burn, is commonly either sandal wood, which gives a very pleasant odor when burnt, or else a kind of composition made of the dust of sandal wood and other substances, which is formed into little sticks, about as large as a common goose-quill. These sticks are called *Joss-sticks*. They are sold in almost every shop by the hundred, and there is hardly a person in China who does not use a great many of them every year.

I have often seen these joss-sticks burning at the foot of a large tree by the roadside. They were lighted and placed there by travellers, in order that the spirit of the wood might not injure them as they went on their journey. This is a very common thing. So it is when they are going anywhere in a boat. They light a parcel of these joss-sticks, and set some of them round the mast of the boat, and place some others before the idol in the cabin, for almost every boat has its idol. I once offered a boatman a dollar for an old dirty ugly idol in one corner of his boat, but he told me no—he would not take three hundred dollars for it, because it brought him all his good luck; and when the boat starts, they commonly light some bits of silvered paper, and waving them up and down, throw them into the water. This I have often seen done, and commonly I have observed that it was done by a boy, or by the youngest person in the boat. I once asked a man why he did so, and what answer do you think he gave? He said it was an offering to the devil and to evil spirits, that they might be propitious to them, and not hinder or injure them on their voyage! O how sad it made me to see them so given up to believe a lie.—Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, 1842.

### DR. WILLARD PARKER ON TOBACCO.

In an address, delivered to the students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, a few weeks ago, Dr. Parker says: "Tobacco and rum are twin brothers. Tobacco depresses, and the user then craves liquor to stimulate him."

"The French public revenue from tobacco, from 1812 to 1832, was annually \$5,000,000; of late years it is \$20,000,000. During the former period there were in France, at any given time, 8000 lunatics and paralytics; now there are 44,000. It will be seen that the two totals increase in nearly an even ratio—six and a half times as much tobacco, five and a half times as much lunacy and paralysis. In this whole period the increase of population has been only from 30,000,000 to 38,000,000."

"When Louis Napoleon learned this fact, a few years ago, he caused a comparative examination to be made of the smokers and the non-smokers in all the public schools and educational institutions, and the results to be tabulated. The non-smokers were decidedly superior in physical health, intellectual acquisitions, and moral deportment. Upon this, the use of tobacco in the public institutions of education was by law forbidden, and thirty thousand tobacco-pipes were broken in one day."

After enlarging somewhat on the baneful effects following the use of this narcotic, Dr. Parker closed with some forcible observations upon the Christian duty of abstaining from the slow killing of himself with tobacco by a minister; which he said is just as clear as the duty of not cutting one's throat; and with a reference to the slow operation of tobacco, he gave the young gentlemen a good specimen of their own profession, by reading to them a text out of the big Bible on the desk, from Ecclesiastes, and most closely to the point: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

All true and lively faith begets love, and thus heavenly light is the vehicle of heat. And as, by this means, true faith has a tendency to the practice of obedience, so all true obedience depends upon faith, and flows from it. All knowledge of mysteries is vain and of no value, unless it have an influence upon the affections, and thereby, upon the whole conduct of life. The humilities of heaven are placed on high; but they are so placed, that they may shine, and perform their periods, for the benefit of this earth.—Leighton.

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