

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD, J.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XV.—No. 3.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1868.

Whole No. 731.

NOVEMBER 26, 1867.

## The Intelligencer.

### THE CROSS OF CHRIST FIRST.

"First of all," wrote Paul to the church of Corinth, "I delivered unto you that Christ died for our sins." The "first of all" here does not refer to priority of time; for Paul had sounded the gospel-trump through the streets of Ephesus, and under the shadow of Mount Lebanon, before he ever struck its key-note amid the voluptuous idolaters of Corinth. But it means that as the principal thing he preached the cross of the crucified Saviour, the Alpha and Omega of his preaching was that "Christ Jesus died for our sins." This was his faithful saying. Whatever else came second, this always came first; whatever else he omitted, he never omitted the very core and marrow of the gospel of salvation.

What Paul made first the word of God makes first also. The cardinal doctrine of the Bible is that Christ died for the sins of men. Other religious systems make prominent the character of their supreme being, or the life of its teachers, or some ritual of worship. But the peculiar characteristic of Christianity is the sacrificial death of its divine founder. The Bible does not underrate Christian ethics, or the spotless example of Jesus; but the sacrificial death of the Redeemer transcends all other truths in significance and power. As Dr. Jas. W. Alexander once said, "He who would tear from the gospel the atoning death of the Redeemer would drain away the vital fluid from vein and artery and heart. Of all objects in the gospel, that which stands in highest relief is—the cross!" Of all its syllables, the most sacred is—atoning blood! Of all that my Bible tells me of my divine Lord, the most precious and the most memorable is that he laid down his life for my sins. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation made up of all the dwellers on the globe, this should be my text—"Christ Jesus died for our sins."

This is the text which has rung round the world wherever pure Christianity has found a voice. This is the truth that shook pagan Rome to its foundations, and has been an overmatch for the profoundest infidelity. This is the truth that has lain warmest and closest to the Christian's heart in every age. This is the truth that awakens sinners and converts souls. The touchstone of every ministry is. Does the man preach Christ and him crucified? Wherever the most spiritual power is developed from a pulpit, wherever sin is most fearfully assailed, and wherever the richest revivals have been joyed, there has been the most faithful preaching of the searching and saving doctrine of the Cross. For one, I hold that it is the imperative duty of every Christian minister to thunder against oppression, and injustice, and intolerance, and fraud, and licentiousness, and covetousness, and Sabbath desecration; but the true vantage-ground from which to assail these tremendous sins is beside that cross where Jesus died to condemn all sin and to save the sinner.

If I were a member of a vacant church, seeking for a pastor, my first question would be, Does the candidate for his pulpit understand, and believe, and preach that the atoning blood of Jesus is the only means of saving a guilty sinner? No matter what his education or his eloquence, if he lacked this "one thing needful," from the most learned or the most brilliant discourse, that has no atoning Saviour in it, the hungry, unsatisfied believer comes away mournfully complaining, "He has taken away my Lord, and I know not where he has laid him."

But not every preaching of Christ's death is either scriptural or soul-saving. Theodore Parker sometimes spoke of the dying Redeemer in language that makes one's blood run cold. One man teaches that Jesus died simply to display his fortitude and his sincerity to a principle. A quarter of a million American heroes have lately displayed all this on a hundred battle-fields. Another man teaches that Jesus died to set an example. Another, that he died to reveal the wickedness of sin, and to make men abhor it. But, in our humble judgment, none of these theories meet the tremendous necessities of a sinful world, or the mighty demand of this plain gospel record—"Christ Jesus died for our sins." This alone meets the demand; it was a sacrifice for human sin. It was a voluntary sacrifice; it was a vicarious sacrifice. Christ having become man, offered himself as our representative, and in our stead, to make an expiation by his death for sinful men. By this sacrificial death Christ satisfied the demands of righteous justice. He exhausted the punishment due to sin in his own bleeding person. His infinite dignity gave to his atoning death an infinite value. Whoever believes in and accepts this atoning Saviour, with hearty faith and obedience, receives pardon, grace, and the promise of everlasting life. Every living creature is invited to believe and accept the atoning Saviour; and no man perisheth for want of an atonement. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The three great ideas connected with the atonement of Jesus are substitution, sacrifice, salvation. Christ became our substitute, and suffered for us. Christ became our sacrifice, and laid down his life to take away our guilt. Christ secured salvation to every true believer and faithful follower.

These three ideas are distinctly affirmed in scores of passages in the inspired word of God. In these three points the vast body of Christians agree. This has been the common faith of Christ's church from the day of Pentecost. Paul preached this glorious doctrine of the Cross under the shadow of the Parthenon. Luther preached this to slumbering Europe, and it rose from the dead. Calvin taught this. Cowper sang it in celestial strains among the water-lilies of the Ouse. John Wesley proclaimed it to the colliers of Kingswood, and the swarthy miners of Cornwall. Spurgeon thunders this doctrine of the Cross into the ears of poor and peasant, with a voice like the sound of many waters. The heart of Christendom has ever held to this as the heart of Christianity.

"Christ Jesus died for our sins." Paul placed this precious truth "first of all." He hung it as high, and distinct, and clear as the morning star. Where the great apostle placed it, the church of Jesus Christ has ever kept it—the pre-eminent ensign and glory of the whole people of God. Whoever seeks to lower this ensign commits a most fearful treason, that he who first aimed a traitor's gun at his country's standard on the battlefields of Sumter.—Rev. Theo. L. Ogilby, in N. Y. Independent.

### BROTHER MILD'S VISITOR.

Brother Mild is a preacher and lives in town. He is always glad to have his friends visit him; especially is this true of his country brethren and sisters, but at the same time he wishes it distinctly understood that he does not keep a hotel for the special convenience of all that happen to have business in town. Brother Mild—without the knowledge or consent of his wife—permits me to chronicle three visits recently paid him, believing that many who read the *Standard*, will heartily sympathize with him.

Visit No. 1.—On Monday Bro. A. came to town on business; to be a little more precise, he came to sell a load of wheat and purchased some groceries for his family. Bro. A. lives near Gripfast, and owns a large farm there. He has many horses, and the cattle on—several hills—are his. Bro. Mild once held a meeting at Gripfast, and Bro. A. munificently presented him with a valuable greenback; value one hundred—cents. Bro. A. disposed of his wheat at two dollars and thirty cents a bushel, completed his purchases and concluded to call on Bro. Mild, who he did at a quarter before twelve o'clock. Now Mrs. Mild had intended to have a "cold bite" for dinner, and the cold biscuit, butter and meat had been placed on the table awaiting the coming of the children from school. The cold dinner is set off and warm biscuit is made out of some excellent flour, made from a previously brought load of wheat, grown by Bro. A., and for which Bro. Mild paid ten dollars a hundred. The little girl is sent to the store to purchase some tea at two dollars and fifty cents a pound, and Bro. A. makes a good dinner, and, with many urgent invitations to come to Gripfast and hold a meeting, Bro. A. departs, evidently well satisfied with himself and all the world.

Visit No. 2.—On Tuesday, Sister B. came to town, accompanied by her two box-car daughters and a small boy to drive the horses. Sister B. lives near the Pinehem school-house, where Bro. Mild once held a meeting, keeps twenty cows and many chickens. She came to town to purchase some finery for her daughters, and brought butter and eggs to pay for it. The party found their way into Bro. Mild's parlor a little after eleven o'clock, and found that gentleman engaged in reading Baxter's *Spiritual*. Bro. Mild laid aside his book and Mrs. Mild retired to the kitchen to prepare dinner, after giving Bro. M. one of those Masonic signs known to the married. Bro. Mild soon after entered the kitchen and was told in a whisper, that there was not butter enough for dinner for so many, and some eggs were needed to make a cake. A consumptive pocket book was produced (Bro. Mild's salary is six hundred a year) and a little girl was dispatched to the store to get some of the same butter and eggs brought in by good Sister B., paying forty cents a pound for the butter, and twenty cents a dozen for the eggs. After dinner Sister B. insisted that Bro. Mild should again visit the Pinehem school-house, and took her departure, leaving Mrs. Mild a little tired and jaded to be sure, but then, wasn't she glad to have her friends visit her.

Visit No. 3.—On Wednesday, Bro. C. came in town, and his team stopped in front of Bro. Mild's house at half-past eight in the morning. His arrival was announced by the shouts of the children scrambling for the big red apples he was deliberately tossing into the yard. Mysterious looking packages, sacks and covered baskets were transferred from the wagon to the kitchen, and there was a suspicious moisture in Mrs. Mild's eye when she clasped his big brown hand and urged him to "come round to dinner." Glorious Bro. C., may God bless him forever! Angels record his shining deeds, and he needs no praise from Bro. Mild's sympathizing friend.—*Christian Standard*.

### 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 penitential 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 poignant convictions, crying with the earnestness and ingenueness 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 pleaded 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 promises" 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 afterwards, adorning the Christian character by his godly walk and conversation.

To another young man, at the call for those who were seeking salvation, also arose to take his position among the inquirers. But though he was convicted, even deeply agitated, yet he had a "divided heart." He still loved his sins, and was loath to give them up. There was a conflict within. The Spirit of God, though the instrumentality of the word, was leading 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 the 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 paces toward the altar of prayer, and took his seat. It was indeed a bold and presumptuous act, under solemn circumstances.

And what were the consequences? The Spirit instantly forsook that anxious heart. The countenance, no longer clouded with anxiety, at once resumed its former placid appearance. His con-

victions of sin were gone—nor did they ever return! He was often afterwards 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."

### GREEN TEA.

The conference-room was thronged. The venerable bishop adjusted his glasses and read the appointments. Mucklebarrow Station, William Wexell. Two of the stewards, Brothers Smith and Jones, were at Conference. They approached Mr. Wexell. We seemed to overhear them: "So this is Brother Wexell. You are our preacher. Don't know how the people will like it." Brother Jones here broke in: "No, I am afraid they won't be satisfied, for they expected Mr. Flop and go-high, and had arranged for him. Our people are very intelligent and want a first-class man; but we can't always be suited, and perhaps it's all for the best."

Brother Smith resumed: "Be sure to be on the new Sunday; our people always expect to see the new preacher the Sunday after conference, and our late preacher has let things run down desperately. He is a good man, but, oh! dear, not the man for Mucklebarrow. Hope you haven't a large family; Mucklebarrow folks don't think it best that the pastor should have a large family; it interferes with his wife's usefulness—she cannot give attention to the Sunday school, the sewing circle, the visitation of the poor; cannot accommodate the strangers that would otherwise stop at the parsonage." And, Brother Wexell, chimed in Brother Jones, "We are glad to learn that your eldest daughter plays splendidly on the cabinet organ; it will save the church fifty dollars a year."

By this time the Rev. Mr. Wexell, whose features took on a stupefied expression, managed to get in a word: "Have you a parsonage?" "No, our people think it not best to build one; so many of the ministers don't take good care of the property." "Have you any house in view?" "Well, no, ahem—it is true, that—ahem—it was understood that if Mr. Flop and go-high was sent to us, we would take Squire Winter's new house, but, you know that has all fallen through."

Brother Wexell did not seem to see it, or comprehend why the Wexells should not have a floor and a roof as well as the Flop and go-highs, but he meekly said: "Have you any heavy furniture?" "Well, no, our people have never bought any. You know, so many ministers' families don't take good care of it."

But Brother Flop and go-high has just told me that you had purchased beds, tables, bureaus, stoves, dishes, and toilet sets."

"Oh, that was talked of, but, you know, it has been given up."

"Given up? When? The change that causes me to be sent to Mucklebarrow was made at the last meeting of the cabinet; how could the matter have fallen through?"

"Oh, we—Brother Jones and I—telegraphed Pinch, Spongel and Co. not to send the goods."

We greatly fear that Bro. Wexell did not look serene, and there were some gleams that did not betoken a mind fully ready to endure all sort of snobbish insults. He resumed: "If I come to Mucklebarrow on Saturday, where are we to stop?"

"Well, we supposed you would board your folks somewhere, and come over and look for a house. It will be tough work to find one, but there are some that might do."

"Where do you say I am to stop?" (The syllables were cut shorter.)

"Well, most likely Sister Webb can give you a room for a day or two."

"What salary do you propose to pay?"

The faces of the stewards elongated and they answered with a manifest sadness, as they answered with an air worthy of the father of Miss Pecksniff:

"Brother Wexell, we hope you don't preach for money. True, you must be supported, but you ought to come on at once, and trust the Lord and the people!"

"What salary did you say?" said Brother Wexell, whose blood seemed to be coming up.

"Well, we thought, you know, that about \$800 would be about right. You can rent a small house for \$150."

"Well, no; but you know prices are coming down."

"Indeed! Brother Jones, you are a farmer. I learn. How much below last year's prices will you agree to supply my flour, meal, fruit, and wood?"

Brother Jones' face took on a sort of a pucker, as if he had swallowed very strong vinegar, and he slowly replied:

"Well, really—the fact is—those things are not so much cheaper as some others."

Brother Wexell's face must have been too near the gas, or something, for it was redder than at first, and he turned to Brother Smith:

"You are a merchant."

"Yes, I am in the dry goods line, and also sell to ministers at a discount."

"Very well. Now tell me how much you pay your book-keeper."

"I have to pay him \$1,500, but you see—"

"Oh, yes, I begin to see. You also run a saw-mill. What do you pay your engineer?"

"A hundred dollars a month. But you see—"

"Never mind what you see—I am seeing some things. Please tell me another thing. By what law of temporal economy do you prove that while you offered Mr. Flop and go-high \$2,000, a new house and new furniture, I am to live on \$800, rent my own house, and buy my own furniture?"

Just here a certain familiar voice seemed to say: "My dear, you are dreaming," and the vision vanished. We rubbed our eyes, and pulled our ears. It was a dream, and yet it was so like something we had seen and heard, and Mr. Smith and Jones looked so natural, that we could almost find an affidavit that we knew them, or first cousins of theirs, long ago.

How we fell asleep again; how we dreamed about mean men; we seemed to get stuck in a black swamp full of Smiths and Joneses instead of swamp-ash and water-elms; how old parsonages seemed ready to topple down; how Jones stood by, slate in hand, to prove that \$800 to a minister was worth more than \$1,500 to "another man," and how some men seemed meaner than there was any necessity for; how the familiar voice sug-

gested that it was that last cup of green tea drunk at Sister K.'s; and how there was another dream of another sort, we may tell the Northwestern one of these days.

Meanwhile, how is your parsonage? Have you fixed your estimates? Have you solemnly resolved that a minister is worth less per year than a village book-keeper, or a saw-mill engineer? Have you?—N. W. Christian Advocate.

### EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The wives of Luther, Jonathan Edwards, Burke, Fenimore Cooper, Mill and Hitchcock, have shown how greatly educated women may aid their husbands in literary pursuits. Educated mothers are qualified to instruct their children and to awaken in them a taste for learning. The mother of Miss Maria Mitchell was much distinguished in her youth for her fondness for books. The distinguished and wise-hearted Duchess of Kent was able to arrange and superintend the whole manner of the education of her daughter, the illustrious Queen of England, and she did this making it her great purpose to train her to be worthy of the crown which she now wears. "I was mainly educated by my mother," says Sarah Josepha Hall. Alfred's mother "made him all he was in his own age, and all that he is to ours." Felicia Hemans had an accomplished mother. The mother of the great and departed John Quincy Adams was a woman of rare attainments and of a bright genius.

Cuvier's mother was pious, a lover of nature, and used to accompany him to and from school, and to point out the interesting natural objects they met, and to excite in him a taste for the study of the works of God. She stimulated his passion for reading, and judiciously selected his books, and he acquired in childhood an accurate and extensive historical knowledge. At the age of fourteen he formed a society of intelligent lads. Says M. Girardin: "There is no instance of a mother who can read and write whose children are not likewise able to read and write."

The mother, then, under whose sole influence the child is for years, from whom it acquires its tastes and its character, should not only be educated, but educated in the most thorough manner, and have her mind stored with varied learning, so that she may be able to answer the multitude of questions that will be put to her by her inquisitive child on art, science, literature, and religion, and thus to stimulate his curiosity and awaken his mind. An ignorant and narrow-minded woman will not be likely to make her son or daughter the opposite to herself.

And it she is never to become a wife or mother, her happiness and her influence for good, other things being equal, as a teacher, physician, a writer, or in any capacity, will be in proportion to the extent of her education. On this point history is full of examples.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

### THE MELTED MOUNTAIN.

An old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his side:

"Oh, I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now! I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep; and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved. 'This was certainly a strange sight,' remarked the missionary, 'what construction did you put upon it?'"

The dying chieftain seemed astonished at the missionary's question, and replied:

"That mountain was my sins, and the drop dissolves the mountain of a sinner's guilt. O blessed, efficacious blood! May it fall on my sins, and melt them all away!"

Reader, do you guilt rise like a mountain? Go to Christ. Trust in him! His blood will dissolve it all, and enable you to sing:

"O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell In thee, O Saviour, saved from hell, And rebels brought to God."

### "TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT."

The late Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, was a well-known and able advocate of "total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks." He told me that he was accosted by a lady at a large and fashionable party, who said, as he declined a glass of wine:

"Really, Governor Briggs, I think you a little fanatical on this subject. What possible harm can a glass of wine do, taken at parties and weddings with one's friends?"

Governor Briggs replied: "If you will go by yourself into some corner here, and spend half an hour thinking over the families of your acquaintances and friends, and count the number of victims to intemperance in each family, and can then come back to me and say you think me fanatical in trying to avoid so great a danger for myself, and doing all I can to keep others from an end so common and so dreadful, I will take wine with you if you wish me to do so, for I know you are a reasonable woman; but I feel very sure that you will come back agreeing with me that 'touch not, taste not,' is the only safe rule."

She replied, laughing, "Of course I'll do it, or anything else that you request; but don't expect me to be converted, for you radical reformers always exaggerate a danger."

She went, and in half an hour returned, pale, her eyes filled with tears, exclaiming, "O, Governor Briggs, how could you ask me to do such a thing at a party! I am appalled; it is so dreadful to find that I do not know a family that do not number one victim, and some have had all their brightest and best fall by it—fathers, husbands, children—it is too dreadful to think of! I would not have believed it. You are quite right and I will never ask you to drink wine, nor ever call you fanatical for not taking it."

Let any one think over the victims of intemperance he has known, and he will be convinced that infinite wisdom wrote this warning: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

While I write this, I remember that my father, the late Major B., who was also a warm advocate of "total abstinence," told me about a dinner he once took with Judge—, a man of uncommon ability, and at that time honoured and esteemed.

There was a decanter of wine on the table, and when Major B. declined it, saying, "I am a believer in the total abstinence rule," the judge replied, "How can a man of your sense and moderation adopt such an extreme opinion? One glass of wine a day never hurt anybody yet and never will," and he drank his "one glass," and so did each of his three noble, promising sons, who sat with him at the table. My father's years were not prolonged to three-score; but long before he died Judge—, and his three sons had gone down to that grave over which our heavenly Father has written, *No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God*.—*American Messenger*.

### NO ROOM FOR LOAFERS.

These words recently met our eyes as we passed a working shop in this city. No room for loafers. Sure enough, there is no room for loafers anywhere in this working world. They are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance on the country store, spitting and spewing about the stove, and at the post office, they are in everybody's way. They are forever out of place, except in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore. They form no part of nature's plan, it abhors them as it does a vacuum. While all around them is going forward, they are standing still, or rather gliding imperceptibly into seamy vagabondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is only use which keeps our faculties bright, and the idle man gets dull, stupid, and muddled headed. Yet some of these fellows seem to think very well of themselves. You will see them strutting along the sunny side of the street, lounging at the corners, lolling about the doors of the hotels, or the entrance of the theatre, with fine clothes upon their backs, and a well satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances. The poor creatures look down upon a working man as being of an inferior order! No doubt the drones affect to despise the busy bees, until they are driven from the hive to starve while the workers feed upon the honey. A loafer setting himself above the man that labours with his hands! Why, he is as far beneath him as in the order of creation, the sloth is beneath the common horse. A young mechanic in his working way a more agreeable object than the most grandly dressed loafer in existence. There is always room for him. He is never out of place, for he is keeping step with the movements of the universe. He has an aim and purpose, and he stands for something. His faculties are trained to use, and he is of value to the world for what he can do. The skilful workman is to the idle man what the manufactured article is to the raw material. He has an additional value above that of mere manhood. The world cannot get on without him, while it could spare every loafer in it, and be all the better for their absence. Reader, whatever you do, don't loaf.

EARNEST PREACHING.—The great reason why we have so little good preaching is, that we have so little piety. To be eloquent, a man must be in earnest; he must not only act as if he were in earnest, or try to be in earnest, but he must, or he cannot be effective. We have loud and vehement, we have smooth and graceful, we have splendid and elaborate preaching, but very little that is in earnest. One man who so feels for the souls of his hearers as to be ready to weep over them, will assuredly make himself felt. This is what makes—effective; he really feels what he says. This made Cookman eloquent. This especially was the charm of Sumnerfield, above all men I ever heard. We must aim, therefore at high degrees of warmth in our religious exercises if we would produce an impression upon the public mind. "Without an increase of our numbers, our very men we now have, if actuated with burning zeal for God, might work a mighty reformation in our country."—*Episcopalian*.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.—Chrysostom, before the Roman Emperor furnishes us with a most impressive and beautiful example of true Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian. Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's mansion—thou canst not banish me."

"But I will say thee," said the Emperor, "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures," "Nay, that thou canst not," was a retort; "for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of, my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay, and thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have friends in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee. There is nothing thou canst do can hurt me."

I WILL TRY TO WIN ONE.—Fellow-Christian have you ever experienced the pleasure of winning a soul to Christ? Suppose you resolve, "I will try to win one soul to Christ this winter." Is that too large a work to undertake for him who loved you and gave himself for you? Suppose every Christian should so resolve, and be successful in his effort. Truly, there would be such a revival as was never known before, and which would attract the attention of the whole Christian world. The membership of our churches would be doubled, and thousands of souls saved from eternal death. If only half of Christ's professed followers should succeed, the result would still be wonderful and unprecedented.

And may not this glorious work be done if the resolve is only made, remembered, and acted upon? Ought you not to accomplish so much for Christ in six months? Who that calls himself a friend of Christ will not undertake to do this much.—*Congregationalist*.

THE HAPPY COMBINATION.—There is nothing purer than truth, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing brighter than virtue, nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, sweetest, richest, brightest, holiest and most enduring happiness. A study of Paul's advice to the Philippians (Phil. iv. 8) will serve to beget and strengthen these graces in the soul.

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BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

## JOHN THOMAS

Will Sell off from date the whole of his present stock

## DRY GOODS,

In order to make room for early

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### THE STOCK

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## LINENS,

OSNABURGS and BED TICKS,

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GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

As the prices will be Low there will

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## VALUABLE STOCK

OF

## DRY GOODS,

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