

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

THE FIJI MASSACRE.

We published in a previous issue some account of the brutal massacre of Rev. Thomas Baker, and seven natives who were accompanying him on a mission to some of the heathen tribes in that dark land. Further particulars have been received, from which we glean the following. Some extracts from a letter written to Mrs. Baker by her husband, on the 19th of July, show the spirit in which the martyred missionary was pursuing his work, when he came to his untimely end:

"I find we are mid-way across the land, and am resolved to go all the way, now I am so far in. I had thought of this before I left you, but did not name it because I knew you could not endure the thought of my going away for so long a time. But I have only decided this evening to go. And I do so, because, first, I want to do the people good; second, because I believe there is no great obstacle in the way; and third, because if I do not go now I shall never go. You must cheer up and pray for me. I am in my Master's work, and he will take care of me and mine. We are all in good spirits and our feet are sound. We have preached twice here. I did so yesterday, and Shadrach has preached to-day. People are becoming Christians all round, and there is only here and there a town that is not 'lost.' We start early in the morning for Navosa. I anticipate no trouble except in this place. If they do not 'lose' I believe they will not venture to kill me. I think much about you and our little ones, especially Alice. There is no fighting anywhere now, so I feel the coast is all clear. Kiss the children for me—all of them—and tell them to pray for me. On Saturday (27th) let the boat be sent to Rewa, as I hope to meet her there. Good night, my dear wife, and God bless you all."

"Your devoted husband," &c., &c.

This letter was received on Tuesday morning, the 23rd of July, but the brave missionary had been taken away two days before that from his Master's work to his Master's side.

At this place Mr. Baker got another teacher to join him; and this party now consisted of one missionary, two teachers, and six young men from our Circuit Training Institution. Mr. Baker and his companions were without arms.

Saturday, 20th July.—Early in the morning the chief of Namara, Dawaara, gave Mr. Baker two young men as guides, and the party left before breakfast for the district of Navosa.

The chief's name is Nakatkatimoso. When told of the arrival of the strangers, he came outside and sat down on a stone in the public courtyard. Mr. Baker and his Native Missionary then went up and shook hands with him. Then the Native Missionary in accordance with Fijian custom, reported fully where they had come from, what they had come about, and where they wanted to go. Then, presenting "a whole's tooth," he begged that the chief would be kind enough, at his convenience to conduct them to the next tribe, of Magofira, that they might proceed thence to Vuda. Having listened to the report and the request, Nakatkatimoso *alias* Walakua, took up the tooth, and promised to show the travellers the way to Vuda. His reply to their expressed wish, that he would give up heathenism, was not so favorable. He would not make any change as he hated Christianity. Mr. Baker told him that if he felt inclined to "lose"—become Christian—he, Mr. Baker and party, would spend Sunday in his town. On declining to do this, Mr. Baker asked to be conducted on his way that night; whereupon the chief said, "No, the Consul slept here on his way across the land from South to North, and so must you." Then Mr. Baker seemed more satisfied; for it is said he communicated this fact to the young men, and the whole party went at once to a house pointed out to them by the chief.

Early on the morning of the 21st they were awake, and about seven o'clock the chief said, "Come, let us be off; let us show you the road to Vuda." The line was then formed, the chief himself leading the way, and Mr. Baker and the party following. They had not, however, gone more than 100 yards when the last two men, looking behind, saw a number of armed men preparing to attack them. This frightened the two men, who at once ran into the middle of the line, leaving a man carrying Mr. Baker's box on his shoulder, as the last man in the line. On reaching the armed force from behind; and on coming up with the missionary and his party, their leader aimed a blow with his club at the man carrying the box, but fortunately the box received the force of the blow instead of his head. On hearing this, Mr. Baker turned round, and with his hand upraised he was saying, "Don't, don't," some one from behind struck him with great force across the spine with a battle axe, and he fell back a dead man. The man who they first attempted to club jumped into the reeds at the side of the path, and while in the act of jumping saw Mr. Baker fall. This man escaped. Another of the party saw the axe raised, but before it fell he had hidden himself among the reeds; and after being five days in the bush, escaped to Bau. These two only escaped, eight, including the missionary and the native Missionary, were murdered.

The two guides from Navadawara to Navosa, report that the bodies were first piled in the *vava*, the Missionary on the top, and then divided out to several towns; and what followed that division of the bodies you know too well the cannibal propensities of the heathen tribes, to require to be told.

How mysterious that after heathenism has been abolished in all the principal tribes, and when as a system it is well nigh at an end, this melancholy event should be allowed! I was talking to Jost Bula about it the other day, when he said, "The devil knows that his kingdom is about to be destroyed, and is making a last effort to keep his ground."

We sorrow with our bereaved sister, but try to draw comfort from the thought that the death of our beloved brother may accomplish more good for Fiji than even his useful life accomplished.

The Rev. Jesse Carey writes of Mr. Baker as follows:—"The deceased Missionary was in the 36th year of his age, and the 9th of his ministry. A more hard-working Missionary I have not known. He was not a hasty enthusiast, but a steady worker, who never flinched from duty, when to him it

appeared clear that duty called him to action. His trips among the heathen tribes have always been productive of good, and I am sure he was on the most friendly terms with every tribe through which he passed on this, his last expedition.

While going always on the great business of his Missionary calling, and ever seeking "to do the people good," he did not overlook some other matters, which while not strictly requiring his attention, are yet of great importance not only to our Mission Society, but also to the general public. But what gives us the greatest consolation in this hour of bereavement and sorrow is, that our departed brother was a true and faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus. His piety was characteristic. It was steady and calm. He never appeared to me to be troubled with doubts and fears, like many very good Christians. He loved his Bible and his God. He was always happy in his Master's work.—*Exchange.*

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Some of you are at the forks of the road to-day. The place where you stand is the place where two roads pass divergent, and they never meet again. In the journey of life we often come to these divergent paths; indeed, almost every day presents occasions for turning to the left, and doing some wrong thing, or turning to the right by performing some act that shall help a soul to a better life, and reacting on ourselves, strengthen us in good.

But though, in this sense, every day of life contains its little crisis, I want to tell you that you stand to-day, some of you, at the *big fork* where the whole of your future history for weal or woe, for heaven or hell, is wrapped up in the doings of an hour. What shall the first step be? O let it be a step in obedience to the truth.

But some of you ask what is truth? I will not try to answer the question; but will simply say there is a guide that will keep you from disaster in your search for the right way. Here it is. Where one theory is safe, and the other doubtful, always keep to the safe side.

Yonder stands a man at the forks of the road. One road before him is the road of skepticism, and the other is the road of faith. Mark you now for a moment. When one road is safe, and the other doubtful, *take the safe road.* Suppose you adopt faith in the Bible as your road; and then suppose, what I know can never happen, that the Bible should turn out to be false, and there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no immortality for man. What then? Why, you will have lost nothing, you will only fall into nonentity with the rest, and your theory will have done you no harm.

But suppose you adopt the infidel theory, and that should prove false, and so you suddenly awake by and by to find there is a God, and his anger burns over against the wicked; there is a heaven which you can never reach, and a hell from which you can never escape. *Take the safe road.*

Here is another man at the forks of the road. Over one way before him is written the words of the great tempter, "Thou shalt not surely die," while over the other is written the words of Jesus, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Which theory will you adopt? Don't adopt either till you apply the rule, and say to yourself I must keep to the safe path. How stands the case then? Suppose you adopt the theory that we must believe or be damned, and live a life of faith accordingly. What then would be the damage should the theory prove untrue? If all are going to be saved, of course you will be saved among the rest. But suppose you adopt the theory that heaven is assured to us, live as we may, and not according to any rule to save your soul; what if that theory should prove false, and you learn, too late, that all is lost forever! *Take the safe road.*

There is another man at the forks of the road. Over the left hand path is written, "Once in grace, always in grace," and over the right, "But he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." Now my friend apply your rule before you start one step on either path. Where one road is safe, the other doubtful, *keep the safe road.* Very well now. Suppose you adopt the theory that it is possible for a Christian to turn back and be lost; and so you live, all your days a very sober, watchful and prayerful life lest you should be a castaway. At last it turns out that all that solicitation was needless, and that your eternal salvation was secured to you from the hour of your conversion. What have you lost by your mistake? Nothing! Absolutely nothing; nay, your life has been all the better for its sleepless vigilance and care. But suppose you take the other road, and adopt the theory,

"Yes I to the end shall endure, as sure as the carnal is given; More happy, but not more secure."

The glacial spirits in heaven; how natural may it be that your theory shall lead you to sleep at your post at times. And O, should you presume, as thousands are presuming this day on an "old hope," what terrible, what everlasting disaster might overtake you, should you one day be startled from your presumptuous dream to find your theory false, your vessel without oil, the Bridegroom come, the door shut, and your soul condemned to outer darkness forever. O, my brother, *keep the safe road.*

But here is another man, and the question with him is, "repentance to-day" or "procrastination." He, too, is at the forks of the road. *Take the safe road, my friend.* I know Satan is at your ear, whispering of long life and multiplied opportunities after this, and better than this; but I pray you stop your ears against him, and haste along the path of "repentance to-day." The suggestion starts in your soul while I speak, "Life is short." Suppose you heed it, and at once engage to serve God and save your soul. Suppose then that life should prove long, and it should turn out that you who are but twenty years old to-day should live to eighty. What then will you have lost? Lost? The angels of God cannot compute your gains! Sixty years a soldier in the army of the Redeemer. What a heroic life! What marches to conquest! What successful movements on the enemy's work! What victories over earth and hell shall be in your history; and how shall your spirit, harassed and crowned, hold way among the brighter stars of heaven's constellations forever. O enter your name on the list to-day, and to-day enter into the great life-work to which you are called.

But now suppose you turn away from all this proffered glory in both worlds. You talk procrastination. You say "not now," or you speak of a more convenient season, while at your ear Satan stands whispering, "To-morrow shall be as

this day, and more abundant." Alas, sir, your day dream is of wealth and pleasure, and a long life of quiet and sin. You are not on the safe road. You dance; but it is on the edge of a precipice. You look along the years, at the treasures you are one day to grasp; but there's an open grave between you and your treasure. Forsake this vanity I beg, and forsake it now. May the Holy Spirit help you in this awful hour; for heaven and hell are in the scales to-day, and ere another sun shall set some reader of these lines shall have made the choice and entered on the path that leads to bliss, or diverges fatally therefrom.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE LIGHT ON THE HEAD-LAND.

BY MISS McOSAGH.

The light-house keeper on the lofty headland needs to do something more than light his lamps when evening comes. He must keep his pans clear and bright. Sometimes on frosty nights, his is a difficult task. And in the sultry summer evenings, the powerful light from fifteen argand lamps attracts a swarm of fluttering moths, which obscure the light. Sometimes numbers of little restless birds will dash against the thick plate glass, and destroy themselves by the force of the blow. The light-house keeper on a certain highland counted nineteen little yellow birds dead upon the rocks one morning. A golden plover was among the number, and she had left the beautiful down from her breast adhering to the glass. So the master must ever be on the watch, for even the humblest of God's creatures are not too weak to work him harm. Far out on the ocean, for twenty miles or more, these "faint" lights are seen, and hundreds of sleepless eyes are turned towards them, all through the long night watches. They tell the mariner that this way danger lies, that yonder is the only safe path to their safe harbor.

Such a light house should every Christian be, "like a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid." His lamp must be lighted, and trimmed, and fed with the pure beaten oil of the sanctuary, but besides all this his daily example should be as spotless as the panes of the mariner's lamp. How little it takes to dim that brightness! A careless word, a jest about some sacred subject, a single visit to the theatre, the circus, or any place of sinful amusement, a single act of deception; these all may seem but trifles of the moment, yet their influence may be as baneful as if the light on the headland should go out when the waves were lashed by the tempest.

A young lady went with a burdened heart to inquire of her minister the way of life. After a season of earnest, faithful conversation and prayer, she proposed to return to her home. The minister urged her to remain all night, and the minister joined heartily in her request. She declined, however, and when supposed to be quite out of hearing, she heard the minister remark that he was exceedingly glad she did not stay, as he had merely asked her out of politeness.

The young girl hastened home, too much shocked, and too indignant to communicate her feelings even to her mother. But from that fatal evening all serious impressions vanished. She felt that if she could not place confidence in her minister's piety, she could not believe in any one. The hopes of pious friends were doomed to sad disappointment. She grew utterly indifferent to the subject of religion, and all entreaties and counsels of her pastor seemed only to make her heart more hard and bitter. And in this frame the angel of death knocked at her door. With head upon her dying pillow, she told her mother the sad story. She had suffered herself to look at the dim panes of the light-house instead of the sun of righteousness, and now her own day of life was setting in utter darkness.

When a faithful friend told the pastor afterwards the story, he seemed merely surprised that anything so common should have made such an impression upon the lady's mind. We are shocked at his indifference, but who among us can stay stoned? What a tissue of insincerity is the whole fabric of fashionable life.

And even Christians find it hard to keep their garments unspotted from the world. How few seem to believe the declaration, that all hairs shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. We need all of us to offer the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." But yet this is but one of the many ways in which the Christian's light is obscured. Oh, how watchful we should be, how earnestly we should try to realize that we are the light of the world.—*Sunday School Times.*

A GRAVE WITHOUT A LIGHT IN IT.

In a city not far distant from Boston lived a young married couple. The parents of the lady were members of the church of which the writer was the pastor. The young man had been brought up under religious influences and was an intelligent, amiable person, very correct and moral in his habits.

Through the entreaties of a friend he was induced to attend the meetings of an infidel club where scientific questions were discussed, and, at the same time, the Bible and the Christian religion have been at first at hearing that denunciation which had been taught to believe divine, he became very much interested in what he heard. His old convictions were away! Ceasing to read the Bible, and never offering prayer to the Heavenly Father, he gradually began to esteem these duties as of as little service as his daily companions, and finally gave up his faith in the Christian's God and in the Christian's Book. Instead of attending church on the Sabbath he would go to Boston to be present at an infidel meeting held on that day in this city, where instead of worshipping God, they glorified each other, ridiculed Christian people, and discoursed about the "laws of Nature."

He laughed at the idea of Divine Providence; he did not believe that praying would lengthen out a man's life; he thought that God had nothing to do with the time of a man's death.

He very properly thought a man's habits and manners of life had much to do with the length or shortness of his existence; but he made the fearful mistake of asserting and trying to believe, that there was no God; one who, in spite of all the laws which he himself had established and placed in human nature, always holds our life in his own hand.

This young man was accustomed to say to his

wife and friends, that there was no necessity for men to die at such an early age; that they killed themselves by carelessness and intemperance; that they might live to a very old age, and without disease, if they would but obey the laws of their nature. He was determined, he said, to show how long a man could live by taking care of himself, studying the laws of life, and avoiding everything injurious, and exercising proper self-denial.

He was apparently a hale, robust young man. He watched carefully his food and exercise, was regular in his habits, and seemed in a fair way to show, by his health and life, how little dependent a man may be upon God for a continuance of these blessings.

Such was his theory, but alas! how fatal was his experience. He retired to rest one night as well as ever, having given to evidence of disease about him; but after he fell asleep, his wife was awakened by a groan. He seemed to be asleep, and, as she thought, disturbed in his dreams. As he did not answer to her call, and his groans continued, she sprang for a light. Before she could reach the bedside with it, he was dead. Not a word did he speak, of affection or farewell. In a moment, as if struck by a thunderbolt without sickness or accident, while living up to his idea of the laws of nature and life, "he was not, for God took him."

Christian people could not help thinking that God, for the instruction and warning of his friends, had taken him at his word, and showed that even after all natural laws were obeyed, a man has no defence against death when God calls him.

It was a terrible blow to his young wife, and we all pined here, and the more because she had not the divine comforts of the gospel.

On Sabbath noon, between the exercises at the church, the memorial services over his dead body were held by the infidel club of which he was a member. The writer was invited to be present. It was the most painful scene that he ever witnessed. The poor wife seemed quite distracted at her loss, and sobbed aloud, and all present wept with her. There was no ray of sunshine permitted to fall upon those fearful faces. There was no Scripture read, no hymn sung, no prayer offered. The orator of the society, with his head bowed upon his breast, and his face covered with his hand, pronounced an eloquent eulogy upon his deceased friend. Then he bade him farewell forever! He had come, he said, down to the same grave, never to reappear. Although their aching hearts bled at his absence, there was no other consolation for them than to recollect his beautiful life. He said truly that he had no words with which to comfort the broken-hearted wife; he could only weep with her. He closed his most melancholy address in these sad words: "And now, my brother, farewell, farewell, farewell!"

Scarcely that was a grave without a light in it. The writer went back to his church, and read from the word of God for his text, with a feeling that he never had before, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

When a little infant, greatly beloved, died in the palace of David, the believing king, rising from the ground upon which he had thrown himself to pray for the dying babe, and washing the tears from his face, entered into the house of the Lord and said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

In him "we live and move and have our being;" the very hour of death is determined by him, "it is appointed unto men once to die;" never before God's time can death come, and no human hand can save us when God calls us to himself. The way that God permits us to die is the best way; and if we love him, we simply fall asleep to live forever.

Jesus, our Saviour, who went into the grave, and then came forth from it, said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

In the winter of 18— there was a general awakening on the subject of religion in the village of S—. The church in an especial manner was affected, and became very humble and active. The difficulties which had before distracted it suddenly sunk into insignificance, and a general concern for the welfare of sinners seemed to take possession of the minds and hearts of Christians. As a result of this awakening on the part of the church, sinners became anxious, and many old and young, found hope in believing in Christ.

During the progress of an evening meeting, characterized by more than usual solemnity, an aged man, for many years an elder in the church, arose, and with choked utterance, proceeded to relate his Christian experience.

He said he was somewhat advanced in years before he seriously thought of seeking the salvation of his soul. "My wife was hopelessly pious; and during a revival like this, my daughter, then but twelve years of age, became reconciled to God, through the blood of our Saviour. Still, I was indifferent. I was willing, and indeed glad to see my family religiously disposed; but religion was no personal concern of mine."

One evening, coming home from my business rather later than usual, my wife took me by the arm, and gently led me to the door of Mary's room, and bade me listen. Never can I, to my dying day, forget the emotions which rushed upon my mind as I stood and listened to the earnest prayer which was there ascending from the tips of my little daughter. She was praying for the conversion of her father! As the trembling accents fell upon my ear, a burden of guilt was rolled upon my soul, till I seemed to be utterly overwhelmed. That I should have lived on in sin, without uttering a single prayer in my family, or even in my closet, till my own child should become distressed as to plead my case before her God with streaming eyes, and I still unconcerned, seemed to me to be an accumulation of guilt which nothing could remove, nor did I obtain any peace of mind till I had sought my Saviour.

"Mary," he continued, the big tears coming down his cheeks and his whole frame trembling with emotion, "Mary is in heaven! and I thank God that through the instrumentality of her child's prayer I now have a cheerful hope of meeting her pure spirit among the blood-washed throng, who are treading the golden streets of the New Jerusalem."

POTISH RELIC-WORSHIP IN IRELAND.

A religious procession, unusual in Ireland has just taken place in Kilkenny, the occurrence of which was explained by one of the Roman Catholic clergyman who took a principal part in it, along with the Roman Catholic bishop (Ossey). During the recent excavations in the cemetery of St. Calistus, at Rome, in the Catacombs, the body of St. Victoria, a young Christian martyred in the time of the Emperor Decius, was discovered, and, as a mark of special favour, the Sovereign Pontiff bestowed it upon their bishop. It was brought to Ireland, and a papal benediction accorded along with it. The cathedral was decorated with laurels, flowers and inscriptions in gold, blue, and crimson, in honor of the saint, *Sancta Victoria, ora pro nobis*, being often repeated. The ecclesiastical schools and other edifices in the town were similarly decorated on the exterior, and splendid arches of evergreens placed across the streets. The thoroughfare over which the procession was to pass was also strewn with evergreens and flowers. It was preceded by a large, richly gilt "processional cross." The pupils of St. Kevin's College followed, accompanied by acolytes and chorists, bearing light and incense. The pupils of male and female schools, numbering about one thousand, followed, carrying banners bearing religious mottoes. Many of the boys carried palm branches, or tapers, or wore crimson or white rosettes. One banner had on it, "Our Faith and Fatherland." There were a number of these large banners, after which, and before the shrine, walked the bishops. In the catalogue, exposed to the view of the multitude, lay the "holy martyr," who appeared reclining in the attitude in which she may have fallen when she struck down by the sword of her barbarous executioners, the head slightly thrown back, the long golden hair falling to one side, and crowned by a wreath of roses; on the forehead a mark, appearing to be a sword cut, and similar gashes on the hands and feet. Besides, there was a glass vessel, containing a portion of the martyr's blood, and a silver urn, with open sides. The saint, who appeared to be in her seventeenth year, was attired in the costume of a Roman lady of rank. "The original dress," the local journals narrate, "having mouldered away by time, is replaced by similar attire, carefully copied from ancient paintings and traditions of the past, consisting of a robe of pale violet silk reaching to the feet, on which are sandals stuffed with jewels. The edges of the robe are ornamented with exquisite and delicate embroidery in gold. The tunic is of cloth of silver, and the emure of the same color as the robe, is a marvel of artistic taste in gold embroidery, the design consisting of an arabesque pattern of the finest tracery. An ample mantle of the richest crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and with large gold tassels, envelops the figure, and falls in massive folds at the side." After a number of clergy, walked in the procession the Mayor of Kilkenny, in his robes of office, attended by the sword and mace-bearers, and city constables, and the High Sheriff of the city carrying a wand of office. A trade society closed the procession, carrying a large cross, the men wearing rosettes. The spectacle was rather marred by a shower of rain, but the journalists remark that this was described as "the dew of heaven falling on the saint." The saint was ultimately placed under an altar in the Chapel of St. John, which, being faced with glass, permits the body and its decorations to be seen. A veil, however, was put over it, and it will only be "exposed for veneration," the Kilkenny Journal says, "on festival days."—*Telegraph.*

THE MINISTER'S HOME.—We were in the house of a minister not long ago. It was plainly furnished, yet there were here and there quite a number of objects of taste and elegance. Seeing the guest's attention directed to these, the minister said: "Those vases on the mantel are from E., a young man in my congregation; that picture is from K., one of my stated hearers; those elegantly-bound books were given to Mrs. — by the ladies of the church." And thus he went on until his paragon seemed to us almost a picture gallery, every one had some memento on the walls, the mantel, the tables, or some part of the house. Articles of utility as well as ornament had come in the same kind and delightful way. We thought, as we looked on the homing face and moistened eyes of the minister, "Well, there are streaks of sunshine after all!" and we wished that we could have taken some congregations that we know of through that paragon.

Do you wish to warm the heart of your minister, to make him more interesting and eloquent, and to do what you can to bind him permanently to your church? Go and place a memento of yourself in his house; send him something that shall compel him daily to think of you, to bless you.—*Christian Watchman.*

THE USE OF RICHES.—The good that is in riches lies altogether in their use. If they are not broken like a box of ointment, and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, or His distressed servants, they lose their worth. Therefore, the covetous man may justly write upon his roasting heaps, "These are good for nothing." St. Chrysostom tells us that "he is not rich who lays up much, but he only who lays out much;" and that "it is the same thing not to have as not to use. I will, therefore, be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up. When Thou, O Lord, takest the place of man, and from Thy high abode where Thine dwellers among the praises of the blessed, askest my charity in the person of Thy needy people, assist me to take Thy place, and so give up of such things as I have. Teach me, in giving my alms, to give my mind, to give my heart; to commit to Thee, not only a little portion of my property, but also my body, and my salvation."

MANNER OF PREACHING.—A lady, recently, in giving her views of the preaching of a minister, to whom she had listened several times, said: "I have thought it was the business of a minister to feed the sheep. This man don't feed us, he only throws clubs and stones at us, and sends us beating and hungry home." Many a one might gather a useful hint from this, as to the proper mode of dealing with the flock of Christ. Harshness, severity, fault-finding, accomplish but little good in the family, the church, or the world. True it is the pastor's duty to admonish and rebuke, to correct error and reform sin, but always in the spirit of the Master. A scolding minister never yet succeeded in anything, but scattering the flock,

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