

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.

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

Editor and Proprietor.

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THE ELDER SON.

The type of character which is unfolded to us is of a very unamiable sort. He seems to have been a man reserved and unsocial, with very little of the milk of human kindness—a man who could not have been intimate with a spendthrift. The prodigal, at his wildest, was redeemed by a careless generosity, that might have shared his last shilling with a beggar; but the elder son would have been free from all suspicion of being guilty of any extravagance of charity. The prodigal turned out the whole of his nature—the worst of him was put out to the sun; but the elder son constrained himself to a decorous service, and hid himself behind a plausible conduct, coarse passions and a sordid soul. At the best, there is nothing winning about him; he is but a son with a servant's heart. A son, with the heart of a son, might have been surprised when he heard the unwelcome announcement; but his inquiry of the cause would have been made, not of the servant, but of the father, and the ice would have melted from his heart, even if annoyance had hastily frosted it, when his father came out and entreated him to fill the reserved seat, and share the general joy. Brethren, there are such ungenial professors of religion now—men "whose lot," in the quaint words of another, "is always cast in the land of Cabul." They are always "in the field" when the prodigal comes home; they are never ready to give the first shake of the hand to the wanderer; they fret at the bustle of his reception, partly because it disturbs their ease, and partly because it reveals their littleness. Their religion is a task-work, not a service of love—a burdened pigmy, not a sunny traveler home. Meet them where you will, the atmosphere becomes suddenly polar; your trials are grievous, their discontents are many. To them there is no life in the church, no summer in the world. Their principal activity is to suggest a deficiency or to expose a fault; for in proportion to their discomfort is their consciousness, for, as it is a literary canon that the critical tendency lodges in the shallowest brain, even so the slanderous tendency coils about the weakest heart. If they are in the vineyard at all, they are stunted shrubs, or trees of eccentric growth—they do not flourish in the beauty of the palm, nor endure in the vigor of the cedar. They know not of the delight of conversion, they rejoice not in God their Saviour. How utterly unhappy such a state of heart must be! The elder sons of this type are their own worst enemies ever. "He would not go in." Well, and who suffered but himself? The lights were not put out, the music did not cease, the festivity of the gathered household flowed evenly and merrily on. Even the father, though he came out to expostulate, and was grieved at the sullessness and sin, went in again to those who could appreciate his kindness, and whom his smile made happy. Father, servants, friends, prodigal, all were rejoicing together; he alone in the outer darkness nursed his selfish pride, and voluntarily excluded himself from the light and gladness of home. O, if there are any here who thus banish themselves from the church's common joy, I pray you think upon your folly! That Cabul is an unsightly place of sojourn, and there is no passage from it into heaven.

It, however, you narrowly look into the spirit of the elder son, it is to be feared that we can scarcely accord to him the unqualified praise of being a sincere but eccentric striver after the right. Closely examined, there are many points of identity between him and his brother, as his brother was when he first made his acquaintance, while there are features about the elder which make his impurity not only lamentable but repulsive. There was the same alienation of heart. It betrays itself in his very words. "Lo! I have many years do I serve thee." A son would have said love thee; but the spirit of the slave and of the hireling degraded the affection into a servitude undertaken for the hope of a reward. Hence he complains as a servant might whose wages had been paid unrighteously withheld. "Thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." There was the same sinful longing for freedom from restraint and for indulgence in independent merriment. He, too, must have comrades that were unfitted for the presence of his father. With equal love of pleasure to his brother, but with a greater selfishness, he panted for the license which he thought would produce for him the request. How much better were his "friends" than the "harlots" of his erring brother! Did not the answer to the other? In them, the essential points of the prodigal's rebellion, the elder was—on the testimony of his own life, wrong from him in an unguessed moment when the mask slipped off the countenance, because anger had convulsed it—as guilty as the brother he despised. Then he had other vices which he could not forbear to display, and from which more reckless brother was free.

The faults of the prodigal were far removed from the dastardly and mean; but many of those vile passions for which in the days of his flesh Christ reserved his severest reprobations found a lodgment in the elder brother's soul. There is an implied isolation in the fact of his being left "in the field" until the ordinary hour of his return. The father knew his selfishness, and feared his ire, or the fleetest of foot would have been despatched to summon him to the festival of love. Then he displays the anger of offended pride, and every too gross and foul a fond to be harbored in a good man's bosom. Then the indignant remonstrance, which was the cruel answer to the father's entreaty, discovered not only his servile spirit and his sordid love of advantage, but the complacent and haughty self-righteousness which, like Peter's Galilean speech, "betrays" the Pharisee all the world over: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment." How utterly does sin blind the conscience of the perpetrator! I have seen a drunkard and a stouter out an indignant protest against a charge of intemperance. I have known a swearer deny with an oath, that he was ever guilty of a habit so profane; and here is a poor deluded sinner, in the very act of the sin against the love due to his brother and the honor due to his father—laying to his soul the notion of a perfect righteousness, as if the summer fleece were impure in his presence, and the snow flake stained beside him. What concentrated evil-heartedness, moreover, is there in the whole of his reference to the prodigal. "It is his son"—as though he had

no affinity of blood, as though he would take care to shake free from the leprosy of such polluted relationship—"was come"—not was come back; that thought was a thought too high, his was too callous a nature to be thrilled with the great idea of return—"was come" because necessity impelled him, and hunger drove him hither, an unfriended and miserable beggar—"which hath deceived thy living with harlots." How knew he that? Did his own base heart teach him? "Was" the wish the father to the thought? "Thy living"—every word is loaded with the utmost possible harshness, for, as his portion of goods, the living was in a sense his own. "But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath deceived thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf!"

Brethren, I ask you now, which the guiltier—the generous, thoughtful, riotous prodigal, or the seemingly, stolid, hypocritical elder brother? And there are many such in our churches and congregations now. Do you ask who they are? All who hold the form, but who deny the power of godliness—all who "draw near to God with their mouth while their heart is far from him"—all who have never bowed the knee in broken hearted sorrow, and are yet crying, "Peace, peace!" to their imperiled and unhappy souls—all who repine at another's elevation, or are envious of another's good, while they deem their own virtues so unmistakable, and their own excellence so manifest, as to silence all gainsayers—they are the elder brothers. Perhaps—let us come closer—there is very much of his image in ourselves. It is said that when a company of German divines were discussing this parable, and various conjectures were hazarded as to the identity of this elder son, a devout but eccentric brother, on being applied to for his opinion, said—"I know, for I learned it yesterday. It is myself! I for I fretted and murmured because such an one had an extraordinary baptism of the Holy Spirit on high." O for the spirit of searching to discover and to exercise the demon!

But there is mercy even for the elder son. The Father entreats still, and his condescension and hypocrisy, as well as his impatience and estrangement, may be freely and graciously forgiven. The grand jubilate with which the chapter closes forbids us to despair of any. It is meet that God should save them, and that the whole redeemed universe should exult over the pardoned sinner. Mercy! joy because of mercy! These are the latest notes of the spirit which linger on our ears and in our hearts as this sweet chapter closes. Mercy! God's best and dearest attribute! Mercy! earth's last and fondest hope! Mercy! Heaven's crowning and eternal triumph! It is stammered out from mortal lips that faint would lip its music—it swells in grandest diapason in the song of the redeemed. Last and longest of the impressions which this subject may have made upon our minds, this thought of mercy clings. And now that we are closing this series of life pictures, drawn with a trembling hand, and with a deep consciousness of latent beauty and power in the subject which are to fill the foreground; it is that of the Father clasping the prodigal to his embrace in the light of earth and heaven, and saying, in tones to which the choirs of angels were "discord," and which each scrap hushes his song that he may hear, "I am he that speak in righteousness," and "MIGHTY TO SAVE."—Parker's *Prodigal Son*.

A WELSH PATRIARCH.

It is a salary amounted to the prodigious sum of £15 a year; but there was plenty of work if the stipend was small, for his charge consisted of people dwelling far away from the chapel in which he preached, and far away from each other. A flock so scattered required much tending and attention, involving much household visitation and night services at the different farmhouses in the surrounding glens and uplands. Living was mercifully cheap, and the keep of a hardy, sure-footed, Welsh pony to carry him over his mountainous diocese was a mere nothing. Tea and coffee even—not to mention many other comforts of these days—were unknown luxuries among his flock; but their barley bread and oat cake were made sure to them, and they had abundance of milk—and such milk!—why the cream would float a sixpence, and the richest even a shilling! What would Londoners give a pint for such milk as this! His clothes were homely, and country frocks and wools. The hills abounded with flocks of mountain sheep, and the natives—half farmers and half shepherds, the majority of whom lived to a good old age—eschewed cotton, and had firm faith in wool as the best covering for mountaineers, whether sheep, or men and women.

In due time he married a very respectable farmer's daughter in the neighborhood, who was a member of his church; and the happy pair (there were never a happier) immediately entered on the occupation of a small farm, which, with the assistance of his wife, he speedily improved to so great an extent that, on applying some years after to a relative of his landlord for a larger one, and more conveniently situated as regards his chapel, he obtained it at once in consequence of his good farming, although there was application made for it by several respectable and able persons.

Nearly all the Welsh dissenting ministers were, until a comparatively recent period, engaged in some way of business in order to maintain themselves and their families, and it is by the adoption of this apostolic plan that they have been enabled to evangelize the whole of the Principality; and we are bold to say that there is not to be found in this country a class of Christian teachers who have done so much evangelizing work for nothing as the one to which the Rev. David Williams, the subject of this brief sketch belonged.

There are a number of things to be stated about this venerable man which it is thought desert to be extensively known. He had, about, some next summer, sixty-four years minister of the parish of St. John's, and his predecessor was their pastor for fifty years, and his predecessor was their minister for sixty years, so that the churches still under his care have had only three ministers during the long space of 174 years; and what is still as remarkable, the peace of these congregations has never been once disturbed by a single jar or discord during all these long years! Peace has always prevailed among the various members. It was only at the beginning of last January, (1857) that he lost his wife after a happy union of 61 years, and that was the first time that a coffin crossed his threshold during his unusually long married life, all his children, seven in number

being still alive. He preaches now generally three times every Sunday, and several times during the week, and although, in his 80th year, he is up early on Monday morning, and does not know, except by report, what some persons mean by the word *Mondays*. For upwards of fifty years, he has been one of the most popular preachers in Wales, and the great attraction on "field days" in North and South Wales, when many thousands are present to attend open-air services; and so great a traveler has he been on horseback that he must have spent at least ten years of his life in the saddle. Talk of the youthful buoyancy of the late Lord Palmerston!—why, our patriarch paragon of eighty-eight would have walked and run him off his legs, and weary him or any other rider. He is completely weather-proof. Rain, snow, and tempest, and storm he makes no account of; and even now he would think nothing of riding forty miles over a rough country and conducting a public service in the evening. He has been for many years a staunch teetotaler. He has an iron constitution. He is a perfect specimen of the Welsh build—short legs, broad shoulders, and a deep chest, in which are lodged lungs that it is a pity he cannot leave as a legacy when he has done with them, to some asthmatic, wheezing brother person who otherwise is very likely to cough his way to his coffin. He has enjoyed extraordinary good health for during the lengthened period of his ministry, he has never once been disabled from preaching on a Sunday.

Nature has endowed him with all the natural elements of an orator. His temperament is highly mercurial, and his affections intensely ardent. He speaks even now with unflattering fluency and remarkable force. He is distinguished for his catholicity of spirit, and is equally beloved by good men of every religious persuasion. His character is spotless, his theology orthodox, and his preaching richly evangelical. He is as distinguished for his devotional habits as he is for his preaching abilities.

For decency's sake, his juniors in the ministry style him Mr. Williams, or the "Old Father," but he cannot be considered old. He might have been old by this time, for he had abundant opportunities; but as he is young in heart, eye, speed, and step at eighty-eight, it is vain to say he will grow old now, for the time for that has not yet gone by, and in his death, as in his life, he will prove a striking exception to the majority of mankind.

If anything will hasten his death it will be the death of his wife, to whom he was ardently and tenderly attached. She was made for him. He is excitable, and she was calm as a summer's night when the dew can be almost heard falling on the grass. When he gave instructions for digging a grave for his wife, he ordered it to be walled and made a double one, in anticipation of joining, at no distant period, the best friend he found in life; and when he had seen it finished, he observed to a friend, on returning to his house, "I have seen my grave to-day, but I am not afraid of it. I had seen Calvary before I had seen it." The earnest wish of those who know him best, and love him most, is, that it may be years before he occupies the grave already prepared by himself for himself.—*Christian World*.

TESTS OF PIETY.—Suppose you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings, mixed together in one vessel, how would you effect this separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass remains behind. Thus if we see a company of true and false professors of religion, we must not be able to distinguish between them; but let Christ come among them, and all his sincere followers will be attracted towards him, as the steel is drawn to the magnet, while those who have come of his Spirit will remain at a distance.

Suppose we perceive a number of children playing together in the street, we could not, without previous knowledge, determine who are their parents, or where are their homes. But let one of them receive an injury, or get into any trouble, and we learn who are his parents, for he immediately runs to them for relief. Thus it is with the Christian and the man of the world. While he observes them together, pursuing the same employments, and placed in the same circumstances, we may not be able at once to distinguish them. But let afflictions come upon them, and we are no longer at a loss. The man of the world seeks relief in earthly comforts while the Christian seeks to his heavenly Father, his refuge and support in the day of trouble.—*Payson*.

HOMES IMPROVED.—A young man is exposed to many temptations when his lot is cast among strangers. Home memories and associations often exercise, in such circumstances, a most important preservative influence.

This is well illustrated in the following anecdote respecting the late Thomas Blaine, Esq. (latterly of Glasgow), when reading in Liverpool, a young man far away from his parental home. He had been one evening persuaded by his comrades to accompany them to the door of the theatre, with the purpose, as they told him, of letting him see the gay company going in, but in the expectation of finally inducing him to enter the theatre along with them. While they stood admiring the gay scene, a public clock in the neighbourhood struck eight. He recollected that just at that hour his father would be going about family worship; and he knew, that when the family knell to pray, there would be intercession for him far away among strangers. In an instant he turned away and set off for his lodging—running as if for his life, and never looking behind. The snare was broken, and he had escaped. It was in this way that fulfilled his promise, "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

CHRISTIAN MIRACLES.—"Miracles," says Fuller, "are swaddling clothes of the infant church; and we may add, not the garments of the full grown. They were as the proclamation that the king was mounting his throne; who, however, is not proclaimed every day, only at his accession. When he sits acknowledged on his throne, the proclamation ceases. They were as the bright clouds which gather round and announce the sun at his first appearance; his midday splendor, though as full, and fuller indeed of light and heat, knows not those bright heralds and harbingers of his rising. Or they may be likened to the frame-work on which the arch is rounded, which frame-work is taken down as soon as that is completed."—*Archbishop Trench*.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

BY T. H. DRAKE.

The want of the world is for men to carry their faith or professed faith into their daily vocations. Much as we need more devotion in the sanctuary, the call is greater that it be found as well in business. In other words, not less faith in worship, but more in work. The tendency ever has been to divorce true religion from daily life. Both extremes are ruinous. Either to adopt the motto, "Religion is one thing, and business is another;" or "Work is work," will ruin, if men adhere to the idea in all of life's labors. True, we are not to carry our business into worship—the world into the sanctuary. But religion is to be carried into all our business; the influence of the sanctuary into the circles of worldly affairs.

The old heresy that "religion has nothing to do with politics" has mostly become exploded. But still its kindred error, that the golden rule is too short to measure lumber and land, has not yet been buried among the rubbish of the past. Men act as though Christ's authority extends only to "driving out the oxen and doves, and overthrowing the tables of the money-changers" found in his Father's house; while he has little or no jurisdiction over the ledger and counter, the factory and store, the cars and the steamboat, the farm and the Senate-chamber. Jesus was in his "proper sphere," watching the people casting their gifts into the treasury of the temple, but he is out of his sphere when he watches the contribution box for education, missions, benevolence; much more so when he would enquire, "Whence came this money; how was it made?"

If giving simply excuses the business man from all responsibility, that he gift much or little, then indeed has the devil a wider realm than God in human life. But if God is the rightful sovereign of the world, we find no room for the devil's dominion. The making of money, as well as its use; the income as well as the outlay; the rate of interest, as well as the collection of that interest; the "tricks of trade," the "policy" of politics; the speculations in stock; all of human life with its labors, falls under the inspection and authority of the Saviour. Jesus' proper sphere is in the soul, the will, the affections, and consequently in all the outgoings and efforts of the soul. Not to make men unfit for business by occupying all their time in temple observances, is the mission of Christ in the world, but to so form human souls after the pattern found in temple service that business may be sanctified and business men kept pure.

If business is incompatible with religion, so that they must be kept wide apart, then there is some error in one or the other. If we cannot be religious—Christian—in business, then that business must be given up, or that religion pronounced false. Whatever a man cannot follow as a Christian, he may not of right follow at all. This is a rule of universal application, both in business and pleasure. If, as a disciple of Jesus, any vocation in life be unlawful to me, then, indeed, have I no permission to engage in it. Many unconverted persons fail to see this point, and some Christians as well. So long as this idea finds a place in the world, business will not be what it ought to be. Christian trade must be brought under the jurisdiction of faith; business must be sanctified by prayer; politics must have a conscience; religion must be woven into the whole texture of human life before God's ends are accomplished. Let Christ stand beside the ledger and the counter; let Christian integrity prove itself sound in politics and trade; then is the Saviour incarnated before the world so as to silence scepticism. The most promising field for Christian effort is in the business of the world. "Diligent in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

RIGHT HEARING.—A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill: "It is sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and the sermon was worth while remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added, 'Supposing one is hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticizing the lawyer's manner while reading it?' No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that be the way in which you listen to the gospel."

It is evident that true religion, or holiness, lies very much in the affections, because the Scriptures place sin very much in hardness of heart; and it is equally evident that without holy affection there is no religion. No light in the understanding is good which does not produce holy affection in the heart; no habit of mind is good which has no such exercise; and no external form is good which does not proceed from this principle.—*Jonathan Edwards*.

NO CHOICE TO ME.—Several young persons, who had no aversion of being Christians, and were about to unite with church or profession, were recently addressed by their pastor on the duty and privilege of the step they were about to take. A remark was made in reference to the comfort and satisfaction that might be found in thus "taking up the cross." One young lady, with an earnest look and a beautiful simplicity, spoke and said, "I don't know as it is any cross to me; I wanted to do it."

Does not such language indicate the spirit which all who hope they are Christians should ever cherish? Whatever duty they owe to Him who has redeemed them, or to his cause, should they not be able to say in reference to it, "I don't know as it is any cross to me; I want to do it!"

This idea seems to be a sermon in itself, and therefore should not be spoiled by a multitude of words.—*Congregationalist*.

GOOD ADVICE FOR PASTORS.—Pastors take time. Be patient with your people. Teach them continually. Reading, as a rule, is dangerous. Do not store the sheep. Feed them. Do not rebuke much, but instruct. You cannot set a whole church at work in a minute; nor in a year. If you do it in five years, you do well. But keep working in that direction. Pity the truth to them vigorously. Stir them up on all sides. Study adaptation; that is, set each man at what he is adapted to do. Even a strong man, out of his adaptation, is weak.

A man in the lunatic asylum at Cincinnati, according to his own statement, is 400 years old. He looked Shakespeare five dollars, which he never got back, presented a bosom-pin to Columbus, just before his first voyage to America, and was on intimate terms with Queen Elizabeth, whom he familiarly calls "Lib."

HELPS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS SAID.

A little girl, eleven years old, was being examined as a candidate for church membership. She dwelt much upon her view of the loveliness of Christ as causing her to love him. The minister said, "But, Ella, Christ has always been just and lovely, and why haven't you loved him before?" She replied, "I had not a new heart before, and it is not in human nature to love Christ without a new heart."

Another one, a little older, under similar circumstances, was asked if she thought baptism could be of any advantage to her, inasmuch as she was already saved if she had believed in Christ. Her answer was, "The Saviour has commanded me to be baptized, and I wish to do as he says; for I think that every step in obedience will bring me nearer to him."

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Picture First.—A narrow street in the city of Glasgow, with high old houses on each side. Two young men, in dirty clothes, with unshaven faces, and a bold swagger in their manner, are walking towards a church, singing a wicked song, although it is a Sabbath morning.

Standing in the church porch is a lady, with her son, a boy of twelve by her side. The good woman, seeing the young men, says to her son, "Follow those young men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

The boy obeys, runs, and delivers his mother's message. One of the men laughs scornfully, and swears at the boy; the other looks soberly at him and says: "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I don't feel right. I will go with you."

His companion swears, and tries to drag him on; but he is firm, and walks with the boy into the church. The other goes on his way cursing.

Picture Second.—One year has passed, and there is a great crowd gathered in front of an English jail. A young man is brought out with pinioned arms, placed upon a scaffold and hung. That is the man who refused to go to church.

Picture Third.—Several years have passed. The boy who invited those youths to church is now a man, and is surgeon of a ship which is at anchor in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope. He is going to church; for it is the Sabbath. A stranger sits in his pew, and during the service seems strangely agitated. After church, he asks the surgeon if he recollects being sent to church at Glasgow. He then declares himself to be the one who accepted the invitation, and that the result of it was his conversion, his call to the ministry, and his being sent to labor as a missionary in South Africa. He was, he said, then on his way to his appointment.

How small a thing may be a turning point in human life. It was seemingly a little matter whether those young men did or did not go to church. Really, it was a great matter; for the invitation led one to say: "I will go on sinning;" while the other said: "I will stop and consider my ways." God took the former at his word. He let him have the thing he chose; and it ruined him, as sin always does its lovers. Thinking led the other to change his ways, as it would make every sinner do if he would but think seriously. Will the reader think, and live! or will he go on sinning, and die!—*Good News*.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

Some time ago I read a story, which as many of my little readers may not have seen it, I will give in my own words.

A box was about to be filled to go to a missionary in India. A teacher mentioned to her class on the Sabbath, hoping that some of her scholars would be sufficiently interested to supply something. One little girl wanted very much to give her teacher something for the missionary-box, but she was poor, and had only one penny. This she determined to give. What could she buy with it, she asked herself many times. She thought at last of a tract. She bought it and brought it home, and before carrying it to her teacher, she knelt down and asked God to send his blessing with it.

It was put in the box and sent to India. The wife of the missionary to whom the box was sent had a young child among her pupils. He remained at the mission until he learned to read, and then went to his home among the mountains of Burmah. Before leaving, the teacher gave him some books and tracts, and among them the very tract bought with the little girl's penny. God blessed it to him. He gave up his idol worship, and went home to tell his friends what a precious Saviour he had found. Many came to hear him speak, and to many the message was good tidings of great joy. A missionary was sent to them; the people flocked to hear him; a church was built, and fifteen hundred people turned from the worship of their dumb idols to the service of the living and true God.

If a single penny, with the blessing of God, can accomplish so much, what boy or girl would be willing to practice a little self-denial, if by so doing, something might be saved with which to serve Jesus?

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

Two boys, John and Willie, were employed by the squire to keep his paths weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds, so that soon his path was cleared, and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Willie was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night, and when the boys' master went to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as ever, while Willie's was clear, and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it perfectly neat. So John went back to do his work properly, and very true, he would have been had not Willie good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half-proved will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them.—*Es*.

Happiness is only evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil; we have not real and positive good. Happy is he who sees the day! said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. Happy is he who is healthy! said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.

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