

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.

MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY MISS V. G. HAMSEY.

WORK OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We spoke in the last paper of the destruction of Warm Bath and of the hostile attitude of African towards the Missionaries. It is proper to remark here, that before the death of Christian Albrecht, he had succeeded in regaining the confidence and good will of the Chief, and at his own request Mr. Eber had to establish a mission at his place. This was a movement of the utmost importance, and not only the missionaries in the field, but the society at home, lifted up their hearts to God in prayer for its success. Their prayers were heard, the Spirit of the Lord accompanied the word preached, and the heart of the savage chief was the first to melt under its influence. Africaner, two of his brothers, and a number of their people were converted.

In 1817 Mr. Moffat reached Cape Town, being directed to join Mr. Eber in his labors at Africaner's kraal. On his journey he stayed a few days at Port Elizabeth. There a delegation from the people who had gathered around Warm Bath came to meet him, and assisted him to cross the river. They were exceedingly anxious that he should remain with them, the women even declaring that, if he left them, he must take the wagon over their bodies, for they would throw themselves before the wheels. He was distressed to leave these poor creatures, who seemed so anxious for instruction, but felt obliged to proceed to his destination. On his arrival the chief immediately ordered a number of women to come, and they soon made their appearance, bearing bundles of mats and long sticks, like fishing rods. Africaner pointed to a spot, saying, "There you must build the missionary house." A circle was immediately drawn, the sticks were fixed in the ground, tied together at the top and covered with mats. In half an hour the house was completed, and in it he lived six months. He says, "It was unbearably hot when the sun shone; when the wind blew I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, my hungry cur of a dog could force himself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day."

Soon after Mr. Moffat's arrival, Mr. Eber left the station, and he was alone among the natives. Speaking of his conversion at this time, he says, "I had no friend or brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints; none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. The people were suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword. The country was barren and miserable. My salary was about £25 per annum. There was no grain, consequently no bread, and I could expect none, for the ground would not produce it from the want of water, and I could not afford the expense of bringing it from the colony. These circumstances led to great searchings of heart, satisfied that I had not run unscathed, and that I was about to pour out my soul before God among the granite rocks and in the stillness of the evening, I often sang my mother's favorite hymn,

"Awake my soul in joyful lays
To sing the great Redeemer's praise."

He was soon cheered by tokens of the divine presence. The people became more attentive to the means of grace, and the native converts, especially Africaner, began to exhibit in their lives the beautiful fruits of the Spirit. This savage chief, whose name had been a terror through all the land, became like a little child. The Bible was his constant companion, and he would sometimes sit all day long under the shadow of a rock, poring into his holy pages and drinking in its divine truths; and so eager was he for instruction that Mr. Moffat often sat with him through the whole night, explaining these passages which he had not been able to understand. Perhaps there is not in the annals of the church a more striking example of the power of Christianity to subdue the fiercest spirit than the history of Africaner affords. When we reflect on the influence which the story of his conversion has exerted wherever it has been told—how it has strengthened the hands which were ready to fall in their unbelief—how it has inspired faith and hope and joy in hearts which were ready to despair—how it has impressed on all the great truth that there is no soul so degraded or sinful that Christ cannot save it—we feel that if the London Missionary Society could boast of no other success, this would repay them for all their toil.

No doubt the secret of his rapid growth in grace, and the complete transformation of his character, lay in the fact that he studied the Scriptures so attentively. This was the treasury from which he drew divine wisdom for every circumstance—this was the fountain whose silent waters nurtured the truth in his heart—this was the law that controlled the evil passions which had so long had dominion over him. He became gentle, peaceful and benevolent. He learned that most difficult lesson, to forgive injuries and to pray for enemies. He became a peacemaker among the tribes to whom he had formerly been as a firebrand, and he would stand between contending parties and entreat them with tears to live in peace; and, referring to his past life, he would ask, "What have I now of all the battles I have fought but shame and remorse? He devoted himself assiduously to the improvement of his people; and became, instead of their tyrant, their friend and father. Mr. Moffat remained at this station about two years. His own language will best convey to the reader an idea of his manner of life and of the self-denying toil through which the Gospel has been preached in Africa. He says: "My food was meat and milk. Bread or vegetables I had none. But if either milk or meat could be obtained, it was well. Not unfrequently I had pretty long fasts, and on more than one occasion after the morning service, I have shuddered my gun and gone to the mountains in search of food, and when unsuccessful, I have returned, laid down my piece, taken the word of life, and addressed my congregation with a girdle tied tight over my stomach to allay the cravings of hunger. The labors were not confined to one place, but to the outposts where the people drove their cattle to find pasture, he was accustomed to follow them. Describing these journeys, he says, "After tying my Bible and hymn-book in a blanket to

back of my saddle, and taking a draught of milk, I started with my interpreter, who rode upon an ox. After a hot day's ride, we would reach the settlement in the evening. The people would give us a draught of milk, and then old and young, assembling in the nook of the fold, and the cattle, would listen to my address on the concerns of their soul's salvation. After the services were over, another draught of milk and personal conversation with the people, I would lay down on a mat to seek repose. Addressing them again in the morning, and taking a breakfast of milk, we would start towards another settlement."

It not unfrequently happened that, after toiling all day over the burning roads, they reached the proposed spot, to find that the water had failed and the whole party had decamped, leaving nothing but empty folds. Under these circumstances they must lie on the ground, and, hungry, thirsty and weary as they were, seek repose, which was often disturbed by visits from hyenas, jackals and lions. Yet in this dry and thirsty land he was cheered by the early and latter rains on the seed sown in the hearts of the people.—*Morning Star.*

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

Said a weary pilgrim in Chicago the other day: "I long to be rid of this world, and to depart where I may sing the praises of God for ever and ever. Would to God that I were in heaven!"

Said a brother who had been intently listening to his rapturous description of heaven— "Better stay here, brother. You are wanted more in Chicago than in heaven just yet."

The former seemed the earnest Christian, the latter was one. The first requisite of an earnest man is faith. Men who need five hundred dollars a year, and the American Board to back them, don't make very earnest missionaries. These are the kind that make out that yearly report of one convert from heathenism, and two deaths, three lapses from the faith, and general declension. Think of Paul not starting out until he had drawn on five hundred dollars, to keep body and soul together. Paul had faith, so has the latter.

One in God, the other in his salary. To be really in earnest, a man must believe impossibilities. He must cut loose from his base entirely, and trust God to help him forage on the country. First of all it must be faith, not in himself, not in means, not in man, not in his word even exclusively, but what includes them all, faith in Christ. It must be an unreasoning, not an unreasonable faith.

Christian! you must ask no questions when you see a line of duty. Does God or conscience, for that is his voice, say, "Do this"—"Do it, if the heavens fall." "Dangle here!" is the devil's device to kill faith. No man ever went to ruin loving truth too much.

SUNDAY LABOUR AND INSANITY.

While visiting a friend a short time ago, I was shown an album. One portrait in it was that of a fine handsome man in the full vigour of life. "You might have taken a lesson of his life," remarked his sister; "but now there is no hope of his recovery," observed his brother. His sorrowing wife is more lonely than a widow, and two dear little children are worse off than orphans. Why? Because the husband and father has lost his reason. That heaviest of all human calamities has overtaken him. And what has caused him thus to lose his reason? "Over-work and anxiety," was the reply. He held a good position, with a fair income, but he lost his position, lost his income, and lost his reason for the want of rest. Ceaseless toil produced softening of the brain. He had no time to go to the house of God on Sundays. He was too busy. He had no time to do. "Poor fellow! how little did he think that soon all his time would be spent in the dreary solitude of those afflicted like himself! If he had only had his Sundays for rest and worship! If that busy brain had thrown away the accounts and the books one day in seven, he might now have been happy in the bosom of his family!"

Take another case, that of a man in more humble circumstances. For seven years he filled the position of a ticket-taker at a London pier. From eight o'clock in the morning till dusk, day after day, week after week, for seven years he stood at his post. During the whole seven years he stood at his post. During the whole seven years he only had two days' rest! At last his reason tottered, and he was carried away, a victim of Sunday pleasure-seekers—a victim of those who carry out the principles of the Sunday League.

Other cases might be given, showing how the minds of great men have been blotted out of existence by ceaseless toil; but these two instances have come under the writer's own notice recently, and if the circumstances of the many thousands of insane who fill our asylums were investigated, it would be found that many a promising youth, many a strong man, has been bereft of his reason for the want of rest, for the want of one calm, holy Sabbath-day in seven, when the mind could turn from things earthly to things heavenly, when the soul could commune with its creator, and obtain strength from on high to bear with the trials and the difficulties of the week. The Sabbath rest is not merely a physical blessing; but he who rightly uses the Sabbath obtains peace of mind and power to grapple bravely with difficulties under which the Sabbath-breaker sinks.

LEARNING ON JESUS.—A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions, but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No! I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?" She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, must all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

MR. SPURGEON'S GRANDFATHER.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon thus writes in the *Standard and Travel* for June:—"The recurrence of the name of a village, a house, or a spot in one's family annals, interwoven with its most important events, is curious to observe. The superstitious imagine that a strange influence upon human destiny may be connected with peculiar places; we reject their theory, but all the more wonder at the facts upon which it is based. There is a spot in Essex the name of which is as much associated with the life of my grandfather, now in heaven, as if Providence had rooted him to it, and constrained him to live and die within its bounds. What I am about to write is as nearly as I can recollect the story as I had it from him. I had been preaching within twenty miles of Stambourne, where the good old man proclaimed the Gospel for about sixty years, and I received a pressing letter from him, saying, that as he was now eighty-eight years of age, if I did not drive across the country to see him, we might never meet again in this world. Little did the grandson need urging to so pleasant a duty. Starting early I reached the village at eight in the morning, and found the venerable old man in the look-out for his boy. He was remarkably cheerful and communicative, talking of his tutor at Hackney College, of his early life, his trials, and his deliverances, the good men who had gone before him, and the occasions upon which he had met them. He then touched on what was evidently a favourite topic, and remarked that there was formerly a wood in what I think he called Honeywood Park, which was a very memorable place to him. In that wood he had groined and wept before the Lord while under the burden of sin; and under a tree, an oak, then only a sapling, he had received the grace of faith, and entered upon the enjoyment of peace with God. It was a lonely spot, and in the pulpit too—it shall not be longed for, but henceforth it was to him no other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Often he resorted thither and praised the name of the Lord.

Some time after this happy event, having to go from Coggeshall to Halesstead, his route was over the hallowed spot. On the night previous he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him to pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The Evil One reminded him that there was another way through the farmyard, and that if he took the farmyard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself: Whether it be a dream or really a temptation from Satan I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will defy him to his face. This was the good man all over. Like Luther he had a vivid impression of the reality and personality of the great enemy, and was accustomed to make short work with his suggestions. One day when in the pulpit it came into his head that the place where the sand was kept for sanding the brick floor of his manse ought to be boarded in. His next thought was, what business had the devil to make me think about the sand closet on a Sunday and in the pulpit too—it shall not be longed for in it all. I will let him see that he shall not have his way with me. But to return to the story. My grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged; then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the archfiend, and should find him too strong for him, what then? Better take the farmyard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage and tremblingly pressed on. The stile was leaped, the narrow track through the wood was trodden with resolution unmingled with fondling. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, the pace was quickened, a dash was made, and the tree was grasped, but there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud the exclamation, "Ah, cowardly devil, you threatened to tear me to pieces, and now you do not dare show your face!" Then followed a fervent prayer and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way when his eye was caught by something shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, he told me nearly as large as a curtain ring, and it was solid gold; how it came there it would be hard to guess. Inquiries were made, but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had made into my grandfather's wedding-ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him. Year by year he continued to visit the oak tree on the day of his conversion to pour out his soul before the Lord. The sapling had spread abroad its branches, and the man had become the parent of a numerous family, but the song of gratitude was not forgotten, nor the prayer that he and his offspring might for ever be the Lord's. The angels of God, we doubt not watched those consecrated seasons with delightful interest.

To add to the solemnity of the secluded wood, his father, while passing by the spot, was touched by the hand of God, and suddenly fell dead. He could then feel even more deeply how awful is this place! This made the annual visitations to the tree more deeply impressive, and we believe beneficial. They would have been continued till my grandfather's last year, were it not that the hand of modern improvement ruthlessly swept away tree and wood, and every relic of the past. His last prayer upon the dear spot was most ludicrously interrupted. As the wood was almost all felled, he judged by the pathway as nearly as possible where the long-remembered oak had stood; the place was covered with growing wheat, but he knelt down in it and began to bless the name of the Lord, when suddenly he heard a rough voice from over the hedge crying out, "Miser, there be a crazy man saying his prayers down in the wheat over there!" This startled the suppliant and made him beat a hasty retreat. Jacob must wrestle somewhere else; the man of God looked at the spot and went his way, but in spirit he still raised an altar in that Bethel, and praised the God of his salvation. He has gone to his rest after having fought a good fight, but the prayers of Honeywood Park are blessing his children and his children's children to the third generation at this very hour. To them and all the world his testimony is, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," and equally does he instruct us to "Bless the Lord and forget not all His benefits." It were well if all of us were as decided to overcome temptation, let it come as it may. To indulge in that which may even seem to be sin is evil—to strive against its very appearance is safety.

Forgive, gentle reader, the egotism which made me think this odd story might have an interest beyond my own family-circle; it is no small pleasure to remember such a grand old man, and to recall an incident in his life is pardonable.

POWER OF THE MISSIONARY CHURCH.

With one slender rod Moses cleft the Red Sea asunder; but God was in the rod. With a herdsman's sling David brought down the Philistine; but God strengthened the young shepherd's arm, and guided the fatal stone. Out from the doorway of a prayer-meeting in Jerusalem, a handful of plain people issued forth to turn the heathen world upside down, and to carry the cross from the Euphrates to the Tiber. But Christ went with them and in them from that "upper chamber of truth" for a moment. The power of that missionary apostolic church lay in her piety; for her piety was the measure of her union with Jesus Christ. And in our day, the church's piety, is the church's power. Do not forget, my brethren, this truth: missionary church is her living, toiling, self-denying piety. For this there can be no substitute. The church may increase her agencies as she will; she may multiply her machinery a hundred fold; but it will be all for naught, unless Christ Jesus be the "living Spirit within the wheels." What the missionary church now most needs is—another Pentecost. And all ye who would see new vigor in the work of missions—who would see a new zeal, a new liberality, a new inspiration in the church at home, must beseege God's mercy for a powerful, soul-quickening revival.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

"CAN YOU PRAY THAT?"—So queried a Christian gentleman, as an acquaintance of his was affirming certain sentiments which the querist regarded as of at least doubtful quality and tendency—significant and pertinent. It is one thing to assert a sentiment or an opinion to a fellow-mortals or even to one's self, but it may be quite another thing to assert the same sentiment or opinion directly to God, and in the immediate and conscious presence of the Searcher of hearts. Men will often say that to each other which they would scarcely dare to say to God. Actions, too, have a voice; they may even "speak louder than words;" and of the "speaking" of much of our conduct it may be well to ask, "Can we pray that?" Should we really like to carry the language of our practice into a solemn address to Him who, sitting upon the throne of his holiness, interprets things just as they are?

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.—There are in Europe 3,431,700 Jews. Sixty years ago, when missions were commenced to them, there was scarcely a convert to Christianity in Great Britain. Now there are said to be 9,000 converts in England, and 20,000 on the continent. About one hundred clergymen of the Church of England are converted Jews. In Berlin, 4,000 of the professors in the university are converted Jews. The Jews on the continent manifest a stronger desire proportionately than Christians for the higher branches of knowledge, arts, and sciences.

"PREACH CHRIST JESUS THE LORD."—A determined to know nothing about your people but Christ crucified." Let His name and grace, His spirit and love, triumph in the midst of all your sermons. Let your great end be to glorify Him in the heart, to render him amiable and precious in the eyes of his people, to lead them to Him as a sanctuary to protect them, a propitiation to reconcile them, a treasure to enrich them, a physician to heal them, an advocate to present them and their services to God, as wisdom to counsel them, as righteousness to justify, as sanctification to renew, as redemption to save. Let Christ be the diamond "to shine in the bosom of all your sermons."—*Bishop Reynolds.*

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY.—The Rev. William Reid says,—"An able and devoted missionary labouring in a district comprehending three hundred families and thirty farm-shops—that is one draught shop to every ten families—says in a letter to the writer:—"From more than two and a half years' experience in missionary work, I feel convinced that until the Church use all her influence for the entire removal of the drunk traffic she is doing little better than wasting money in supporting me as a missionary." In this same town a certain congregation has provided a church and school, and two devoted missionaries, for one of the poorest districts, while a leading member of another congregation of the same denomination has fitted up in that same district, at the expense of several hundreds of pounds, a shop for the sale of liquors, and which is capable of accommodating a great number of persons than the mission chapel; nor is it necessary to say which of them is most numerously frequented.

What can a missionary do among such people? He finds the native depravity of the soul too indelible, the conscience seared, the hope of improvement well nigh extinct, everything that might ennoble prostrate before a master appetite. He may expostulate and warn and instruct; and even where he for a little succeeds, another visit to the dram-shop, and all impressions are effaced.

GOD SEEN IN EVERYTHING.—There is no creature in the world which we may not see enough to wonder at, for there is no worm of the earth, no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we see not the footstep of a Deity; the best visible creature is man. Now what man is he that can make an hair, or a straw, much less any sensitive creature, so as no less than an infinite power is seen in every object that presents itself to our eyes, if therefore, we look only on the outside of these bodily substances, and we do not see God in everything, we are no better than brutish; make use merely of our sense without the least improvement of our faith or our reason. Contrary, then, to the opinion of those men, who hold that a wise man should admire nothing, I say that a truly wise and good man should admire everything, or rather that inaffluence of wisdom and omnipotence which shows itself in every visible object.—*Bishop Hall.*

GEN. FISK AND THE THEATRE.

A lady friend of Gen. and Mrs. Fisk called on them the other evening at their rooms in the St. Nicholas Hotel, and requested them to go with her to the theatre and hear Mr. Booth in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"I cannot go," said the general, "I have an engagement."

"Ah, but you can get released from your engagement," she insisted. "What is it, if I may be so importunate?"

"It is the evening for my prayer meeting," he replied, "and I make it a point always to be present when possible."

The lady seized his hand, and tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "General, you have preached me the best sermon I have had for many a month. I too, am a member of the church, and ought to be as punctual and faithful in my duties as you are, but I am not."

"But do you really think it is wrong to attend the theatre?" she asked after a slight pause.

"It would probably do me no harm," he replied.

"But suppose I was to go for this reason, mindful of my own pleasure or of its influence upon myself, I take my seat. You are a young man who has been enticed to the place, not without some misgivings of conscience; he casts his eye up and says to himself with much satisfaction, 'Ah, there is General Fisk. He is a good Christian man. I heard him give an address the other Sabbath; surely I must be all right in Christian company.' 'No,' said the noble Christian man, 'I cannot lend my influence to that which is corrupting the youth of our land and debasing society.'—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

WHAT TOBACCO MONEY CAME TO.

There was once a lad of twelve, who learned to chew tobacco. He had a terrible time of it at first. All the old tobacco chews can tell you how deadly sick it made him. But he determined to conquer. Others had, and he could too. What a pity he did not put out the same energy on some noble and manly purpose—something that God would look down upon with his blessing! Well, he did persevere so well that he learned to enjoy what at first was so nauseating. Then he quickly learned to smoke, and as he was a boy who did nothing by halves, he had his cigar in his mouth most of his waking hours. He grew up to be a young man and was hopefully converted, uniting with a church in New York. Then his eyes began to be opened on the subject of chewing tobacco, which was certainly opposed to the command—"Let all things be done decently, and in order." He saw and felt this, and with a mighty effort he tore himself from the degrading habit. His cigar he still clung to, until one day a dear Christian brother, who was preparing for the ministry, said to him very seriously—"Brother H—, it does not look well to see a member of the church smoking."

There was a power in the young man's words, and he tossed his cigar into the gutter. He made a resolution on the spot, which he prayed God to give him strength to keep it. Thirty-five years have rolled away, and the vow has not been broken. Now he began to see what a sum he had wasted on this sinful indulgence. So, every week he laid aside the same amount for the Savings Bank, and as he had enough for himself and family without it, he allowed the principal and interest to remain untouched. Some years rolled on, and his little children were growing up in the pent-up walls of their city home; but they were not contented there. Every year they paid a visit to grandfather's cheery farm-house, tumbling about in the green grass, and picking rich fruits from the orchard. Oh! how they longed for such a home! and when father came home from his voyages, they would climb about his knees, and beg him to get them such a home in the country. These frequent appeals set father thinking and looking about him. By and by the very place to suit was offered for sale. A snug little homestead, surrounded by shade and fruit-trees, two acres of fine land attached to it, a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, the school and church within walking distance, and all to be had for six thousand and five hundred dollars. The cigar money in the Savings Bank was counted over and found sufficient. The place was theirs, and the happy mother and little ones took possession, with the shortest possible delay. There were countless sources of enjoyment to the cooped-up city children in their two acres all their own, and it seemed as though they could never tire of feeding their pet chickens, pigs and rabbits. Then, too, they had the luxury of abundance of milk and cream from their own cow, which seemed to half support the family. And all this comfort and plenty would have blown away in smoke, had not the husband and father, years before, turned right about face and given up his tobacco. Don't you think he was well paid for his good resolution? Do you think it worth while to begin such an expensive habit, which will lead you straight on towards poverty, degradation, and, quite possible, the poor-house?

Temperance and prudent economy are the two great means of securing an honorable independence in the world. God has promised his blessing to them in his Holy Word, and whatever he promises he will not fail to perform.—*Temperance Banner.*

BUSINESS.—It is very difficult for many people to understand that business can be conducted successfully only by strict adherence to fixed rules and principles. The late William M. Swain, the noted Philadelphia newspaper publisher, illustrated this point in numerous instances, of which the following is one: A gentleman once called upon him with an advertisement of a benefit for a poor widow with several helpless children. "How much for the advertisement, under the circumstances?" said he. "Just what it comes to," said Mr. S.; "business is business, sir; charity is another question." "But to a poor widow, sir, every dollar saved is a matter of serious moment to her family." "Business is business, I repeat, sir. What I choose to give in charity is my own private affair. My business has nothing to do with it." "Then you will take no less?" "Not a cent, sir." The gentleman paid the bill very reluctantly, amounting, perhaps, to two dollars, and was going out of the office reflecting rather severely in his own mind upon the parsimony of Mr. Swain, when the latter stopped him. "Do you know this widow? Is she honest and deserving?" "She is, sir," Mr. S. slipped \$10 in the gentleman's hand, and, turning on his heel walked away, saying, "business is business."

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall Receive by first Steamer to

FREDERICTON,

Large Stock

OF

NEW GOODS,

Comprising a General Assortment,

Selected Especially for this

HOUSE,

IN THE

ENGLISH MARKETS.

WE SELL AT

ONE PRICE,

AND THAT A

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Therefore We invite with confidence all Buyers of

DRY GOODS,

To give us a Call.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, April 24, 1868.

Spring Importation.

MAY 1868.

SHERATON & CO.,

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SPRING STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

COMPRISING A

General Assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

Carpets, and

MATTINGS,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

DAMASKS,

WINDOW POLES,

CORNICES,

And every other description of

House Furnishing Goods.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 23, 1868.