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TERMS AND NOTICES.

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Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 24, 1868.

For the Religious Intelligencer.
THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH COMMON THINGS.

This is Saturday evening, in the country; the Sabbath drawing near again, toward the close of the leafy month of June, suggests something to my mind. The Jews' Sabbath is crowded with christian excess of labour, and the house of God in the country contains sleepy christians: that is one thought. Saturday evening is somewhat like unto the end of the pilgrim's journey,—he waits for the beginning of the rest which remains for him: that is another thought. Saturday evening in the country, in June, with its singing birds, its placid lake or river, its wide-spreading carpet of green, its clear, pure atmosphere, in contrast with the absence of birds in the city, of lake or river, of wide-spreading landscape, with its complement of filth, of poverty, impure, ungenial air—its unsatisfied multitudes yearning for intimacy with that which God gives so freely—good air for the lungs, beautiful scenery for the eye, and sweet melody for the ear. Can you look from nature up to nature's God in a large city? You can, if it is large enough to give its citizens a country within its bounds—a breathing spot, where the largest freedom is given and enjoyed, and where the worshipping element in man's nature can exercise itself as it soars through elm-tops upward to the Great Architect.—Blessed be the man who can afford to live in the country, say I. The true, he may grow sordid; there he may plant his potatoes, and worship him much when he does it as the clouds he covers them with; he may walk erect over his fields, with a pair of grain on one arm, now and then taking a handful of the last year's bounty, and throwing it wide around, commending it to the bosom of the soil without a thought of the giver of seed, sun or soil; he may look calmly and complacently at the germinating grain, and see it swelling into successive stages of progression, and be as miserly of that which has been given so freely as if he were all the natural influences, as if he had a mortgage on the sun, rain, and earth, and expected, if he did demand as his right, a large return. The farmer is king in his own right; but he may, Hezekiah like, neglect to make due acknowledgments of favors received. If he is a thankful receiver of what Providence directly gives into his lap, it is not his position makes him thus. He should sow in hope, and reap with joy and gratitude; and if he does, his is the very happiest lot on this footstool of the Almighty One. He is quite on the verge of heaven if he recognizes and makes useful to his higher good the direct influences and valuable lessons which he may learn daily from the wide, open Book of nature outspread before him; nor does a fine, warm, clear, sunny day alone teach him lessons, but as well a day in which there commences at day-dawn an elemental war; a wind, such as sweep Gullies, tosses his river or lake into foamy billows, and prostrates the opening blossom upon the green sward, every blade of which bends to the breeze. The storm of rain, though grievous at present, is treated by the growing plant as a welcome messenger, and the boisterous blast strikes deeper the hold of the giant elm and oak into the soil. The mission of trial he studies in his theory, and makes it a salutary teacher, until he can bless the Lord for his wisdom in sending an opposing wind to bear back the boat in which had embarked the tolling disciples. Common things, in their relations, tell him that out of trial comes good; and as it is now, it always has been, and ever will be, until the last one saved shall sing a song of victory. I find in my journal the following passage: "I need trials! I have been to St. John: was passing an edge tool manufactory, where I saw the steam trip-hammer working. A furnace on each side of the shop was burning fiercely, into which the steel was plunged, previously cut the proper size for the axe; nearly mid-way between these, the hammer was doing its work. Swift and fast fell the blows upon the white-hot axe, pounding it into shape, gradually drawing it out to an edge, to be applied shortly to the surface of griststone for keenness, which would fit it for its work. I stood a moment looking into the blaze made to burn vigorously by a powerful bellows and at the ponderous hammer, and a thrilling thought passed through my mind. I prayed that if God should see fit to send trials upon me, blow after blow, he might make the fire and the hammer the means of my elevation above all transient earthly things, levers to lift me above them to a heavenly home, made all the more acceptable for the previous grievous and sore, though highly necessary, means. They must have point and power, or they cannot minister unto me. The axe will do good service by and-by; but see what it has come through!" Every reader of this paper has trial; and each individual may well say, as some poet says:—

"The way, not mine, O Lord,
However rough it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand—
Hew out a path for me,
Smooth let it be or rough;
It shall be still the best;
Winding or straight,—it matters not,
It leadeth to Thy rest."

Becher says: "When the seed draws the picture of ecstatic bliss, then earthly beings are used to make heavenly palaces—then dungeons open into crystal spheres—then tears become dried—then darkness shines like morning—then blood grows whiter than snow—then cares are changed to ecstasies—disgrace changes into crowns, and rods and swords that pursued men become palms and heavenly staffs. As by the axe the rude wood assumes shapely uses—as by the chisel stone is cut to beauty—as by the fire lumps of clay grow into white vases—so by the fall grain is redeemed from chaff and straw—and as by crushing, grapes change to wine; so by suffering comes honor from vulgarity, patience from irritation, depth from shallowness, hope from fear, sympathy from selfishness, and joy from trouble."

It is suffering that works out christian nobleness and manhood in men; and those who stand most glorious in heaven, are those who on earth were men of care, men of yokes and burdens, men that sorrow sought, men that were hewn and stoned and sawn, men that were cast out, and made use of this mighty instrument—the school of affliction—to develop in them not querulousness, not pinings, not complainings, not sourness and bitterness, not revenge, not apostasy and abandonment through want of hope, but to work out in them sweetness, forgiveness, love, gentleness, triumph of conscience over all passions, of faith over all sense, of the invisible over the visible, of the things of the soul over the things of the flesh.

Common things minister to each one of us daily. Let us listen to their teachings, and listen to our profit.

The much there is in the little world is slow to recognize. Affliction is wisely sent, and the great hereafter will prove it to be so. Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his life. The law of compensation is binding all through this life, and on into the future state.

"Though poverty and pain be real and bitter evils, I would reason with the poor afflicted; for he is not as wretched as he seemeth. Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought to have been worse. And that lieth in thy hand to gather even blessing from afflictions. Bask thee, therefore where they sent? and hath use not blunted their keenness? Need hope, and patience, and courage be strangers to the meaneest hovel? Thou art in an evil case—it were cruel to deny thee compassion; but there is not an unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this world's arrows."

For the Religious Intelligencer.

The results of the last ecclesiastical year, as reported during the recent session of our General Conference, should call forth from the hearts of all who are interested in our denominational prosperity, grateful acknowledgments to the all-wise and beneficent Being who has caused our denominational history to be crowned with such marked success. In the joy and gladness arising from our present prosperous condition, we should not forget the "mercies past"—the hand that has guided us according to His own wise purpose, and given us a name, and a position of influence religiously, socially, and politically. A few short years ago, we could count but a handful of churches scattered here and there, with scarcely any recognized system or order; no houses of worship that we could call our own; but a few ministers—albeit itinerants—travelling continually, living much amid temporal want, and surrounded with fiery trials; preaching in school-rooms and barns, and not unfrequently in the open air; yet always faithful, they seemed not to be affected by fatigue; neither cared they for the fierce storms of our severe winters, nor the scorching suns of midsummer; but in the face of the most bitter, constant, and persistent opposition, they toiled on, proclaiming everywhere a crucified, risen, and living Saviour; fearlessly contending for the "faith once delivered to the saints,"—and feeling assured that in his own good time God would give them a more prominent place among the religious bodies of the country. They neither labored nor pined in vain. The little persecuted one has become strong, not only in numerical strength, both lay and ministerial, but in wealth and influence. Who that attended the last Conference could refrain from exclaiming, "What hath God wrought?"

While recounting the successes of the denomination we are not without our fears, for we well know the tendency of prosperity. Instead of being elated, and feeling anything like self-sufficiency, we, as a body, should seek a deeper degree of humility. In view of the many blessings vouchsafed to us, it would be well did we publicly recognize the good hand of the Father of all our mercies by setting apart a day of thanksgiving for past success, and prayer for future blessing. Will our churches think of it? It is not only a duty we owe to God, but a privilege we should be anxious to avail ourselves of.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Bandarman, India, May 15, 1868.

To the Editor of the Religious Intelligencer.

On the Road.—The New Christians.—Tyng's Trial. I am on my way to our branch at Degadi, and to-night sitting in this palik, out of doors, it comes to me that this is my day to write to the *Intelligencer*; so fixing my little lantern on the shelf behind me, and making a desk of my knee, I will begin. It is already past ten o'clock, and at three in the morning the moon rises, and we must be on the move so as to reach Bro. Malanti's before the sun is high. It is very unsafe for us to expose ourselves to the sun during this season, but in the four months, from the first of November to the end of February, we can travel in the heat all day with impunity. I intended making this trip in the saddle, but we have been having so many thunderstorms and such heavy rain for a fortnight past, that I concluded a palik would be a safer mode of conveyance. The eight bearers now lie sleeping on the earth around me, and all is as quiet as a summer eve under the dear old elm and oaks of America. Nor is it at all difficult to imagine myself in that land across the ocean where so many happy days have been spent.

You will be glad to know that our brethren out here in the jungles are steadfast Christians. My work at home and elsewhere has been such that I have not been able to visit them for nine months. In the meantime Bro. Bacher and our native preachers have visited them several times. The new disciples have had severe trials, but the Lord has mercifully delivered them from such persecution as frequently falls to the lot of converts in this pagan land. For this let us thank our Heavenly Father.

I know your readers will be glad to know that the neighbors and relations of these brethren are beginning to consider their own duty towards God, and to inquire what they must do to be saved. Let the power of goodness of God to yet welcome many of these idolaters to His church, and ere long we may organize a new church this way, and locate a native preacher as its pastor. May the Lord hasten the day. And may grace and strength be given to us to work for it.

And while at work among the heathen our hearts are always greatly cheered by any tokens of good from the churches at home. Of late we have been much interested in the trial of Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., of New York, before an Episcopal court, for preaching Christ and Him crucified in a Methodist Church in New Jersey. *What a mock trial!* How sad that Christians should lay out their time and strength and money on such nonsense, such empty charges, and such frivolous fault-finding! What a spectacle for Christendom in the nineteenth century to contemplate! As if it was a sin, a crime for a minister to preach Christ anywhere and everywhere where men are ready and willing to hear him. Over on this side of the world we missionaries fancy that there may be some claim of duty binding us to preach even to those who have to be invited, urged, and begged to lend a listening ear to the truth. How presumptuous this must be, if preaching to a large congregation already collected, and in a mood to hear and receive the word is a fault, an offence, and a public sin!

But these commotions in the Protestant Episcopal Church must work good. The heart of the really earnest and working element in that, and every other, church is doubtless in full sympathy with Mr. Tyng. There is great need of a reformation in the church to which he belongs, and it seems that he has been appointed to lead the movement. How the very foundations of the Church of England are being shaken to-day! How long will it be before the Ritualists will go over to Rome, the Rationalists to the world, and the Evangelicals be left to serve God in peace. Only by becoming pure can the church become strong and successful in winning souls. Let us pray for a pure and powerful church.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

E. MONTGOMERY.—The books and papers you ordered have been ready some time, and we are only waiting for a chance to forward them.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR BRO.—Some few weeks have elapsed, since I last wrote to you respecting the revival season we then enjoyed. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as men count slackness," and verified his promise to us again with his converting grace. The interest in Westfield, where I am labouring has been steadily progressing. There has been no time since last February, but what there was some few inquiring the way to Zion. I noticed the series of meetings we held in April in my last. Bro. T. H. Crowl is paying us another visit, and last Sabbath baptised four happy converts, who united with the F. Baptist Church. Others are expecting to go forward shortly. Among those baptised was an elderly sister, nearly seventy years of age, the others were quite young. How few publicly profess Christ at that age. Solomon wisely said, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

The farmers are commencing to get their hay. The hay crop is in general not so good as last year, owing to the severity of winter, no doubt. The grain crops are looking very promising.

Truly yours,
B. MINARD.

HARVEST, July 14th, 1868.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER.—I scarcely know, now that I have made a commencement, what to write you. The trip to Boston, and the scenery on the way, have so often formed the subject for scribbles, that I fear your readers will think the old dish is to be again placed before them—if not in precisely the same form, yet, at best, only rehearsed. However, at the risk of displeasing some, and with the hope of interesting a few, I will venture my quill for a little.

Bright and beautiful was the morning of the 10th, when the brave steamer *New York*, with her crowd of living freight, cast off her mooring ropes from the wharf and turned her prow seaward. Gradually, first the people on the shore, then the long line of buildings, and lastly the spires and towers of our own St. John grew dim in the distance, as we steamed on past the island and out into the clear Bay beyond.

What a joyous sense of freedom comes over one when he is clear from land, and fairly out on the great waters! The smoke and dust of the city are left behind, and only the pure air, fresh from the spray of the ocean wave, is breathed in. The shaking and rumbling of wheels are not heard, but the vessel glides smoothly onward with only the soft splash of waters against her sides. The speed quickens, the breezes blow stronger and cooler; and the steamer, quivering with nettle as though alive, parts the waters with a keener cleft, till you feel like a rider astride of a spirited charger, scouring across the level main.

The prospect, too, is novel, and your eye wanders pleasantly over the view presented. But, after a time, one tires of watching the long, bold coast lines, with their girding rocks, and turn to the more interesting countenances of his fellow passengers, and to converse with his boat friends. The stiffness of shore life is here, in a degree, worn off, and one talks freely with those next him; a pleasant "good morning," or a remark on the scenery, will serving the place of a formal introduction. This, together with some passable music, discoursed by several ladies on a large piano which belonged to the boat, served to while away the time, until the long island of Campobello, rugged, bare, and inviting, yet valuable for fisheries, was passed, and Eastport here in view. Here we parted with several of our friends; and as the boat delayed for some time, your correspondent, with several others, improved the opportunity in storing away, in a respectable quantity of estates, and then having a round about town. Eastport is but a small town, built on rugged, rocky ground, but gives evidence of considerable business stir and activity. The whistle sounds, a rush on shore and on board, and away we go for Portland, our next stopping place. Soon after leaving Eastport, the long island of Grand Manan appears in sight, like a huge, dark bank rising from the waters, over which the grey mist hovered and settled. After this, the passengers generally disposed themselves for a read or a sleep, and cover chairs and sofas in every conceivable attitude and position: till, by and by, the tea-gong rouses the slumberers from their dreams, and, in an instant, infuses new life and animation among them. Sofas, chairs, and state-rooms, are quickly emptied of their occupants, and the good things of the table seem like a very inspiration to provoke alacrity and action. And so—your correspondent moralized—will it ever be, as long as appetite demand, and desire fails not.

Soon the night shut in, and the piano again did good duty; song following song, till "Hail Columbia" mingling with "God Save the Queen," awakening thoughts of home and fatherland, ended the performance and signalled the retiring hour. Up to this time, I had in vain tried to fix my eye on that noted bug-bear to those newly-bound Yankee-ward—the pick-pocket; but not having as yet felt any unusual sensation in the region of my pocket-book, nor settled on any like my ideal of one of the "light-fingered fraternity," I dismissed "dull care," and sought for pleasant dreams in my state-room. The next morning, at about 5 o'clock, we entered the large, fine harbor of Portland, guarded at its entrance by three forts, whose position would seem to promise a right warm welcome to an enemy's fleet. Portland presents a fine appearance as you round the point and steam up to the wharf. Its position is elevated in front, but slopes gradually away to the sides. The streets are irregular, but every where shaded with fine large oaks and elms, which worthily give to the name of the Forest City. Shipping in abundance lay in the harbor, and railroads from different States had their depot here. After leaving Portland, nothing out of the ordinary occurred, except a very few cases of sea-sickness, until we passed the forts and entered Boston harbor. Escaping from the importunities of cab, hack and coachmen, we mounted the horse cars, which here are a popular institution, and made for lodgings. The differences of temperature between this place and home was the first thing clearly perceptible. The heat has been, in fact, very intense, just as the cold weather in the winter was unusually severe. The thermometer often stands at 95° or 100°, and yesterday (Wednesday), was 105° in the shade, and, as a consequence, sun stroke is of frequent occurrence. Of Boston, as a whole, the stranger of a few days can give but a poor idea; of the various noted places, isolated, he can form a better opinion. Yesterday (Wednesday), being

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT HARVARD, I took the horse-cars through Cambridge for that place. The country through which I passed is truly beautiful, and as far as Waterville—which I visited the other day—a distance of about 7 miles, partakes of the same general character and features. On each side of the streets, are magnificent villas, almost hidden by the tall elms which, in these hot summer days, form a most grateful shade from the burning sun-rays. Patches of meadow land, shorn of its covering (for hay is going on rapidly here, fine gardens with fruits and flowers, and large orchards everywhere meet the eye. Only one lack is seen: rain is needed sorely. The tree coverings, the garden plants, the grass by the roadside, look languid and dust-dried, and need the soft showers to water their roots and freshen their stained garments. About four miles through this country, and you come to Harvard Square, where the college buildings are situated. The position of the place is low, but the grounds are well laid out, and very nice indeed.

As we stopped at this cluster of buildings, and wandered around its well shaded walks and through its halls, we could not help feeling a sort of companionship with its atmosphere. Men who now hold high positions in church and state, in medicine and at the bar, have studied and lived here, and loved their alma mater as only students can love. In the library hall, we could not help noticing the remains of classmates of many years ago. Two old persons especially attracted our attention. They were walking slowly about the hall, and at length, by accident, came near each other. At first, they looked on each other just as strangers do, then a deeper glance stole between them, the light of recognition broke over them, and, with a glad salutation, they clasped each other's hand. In a moment, the whole picture of their boyhood passed before each; and who could blame them if their hearts melt as their hands touched, and the big tear of joy slipped from its restraint; or that, for a full hour after, they sat there side by side talking over the bygone days. A strong love this, which binds classmate to his fellow and both to their common alma mater. The college library in Gore Hall comprises about 115,000 vols., on all subjects, and of all dates. The books are nicely arranged on each side of the hall, while up and down are the busts of many of the ancient worthies and donors of the University. Besides this library, there are the law, medical, theological, and various other collections, making a total of about 180,000 volumes—a goodly collection of reading matter, truly. But time does not permit me to describe the other Halls and college buildings, of which there are quite a number; and the chapel, a fine large edifice. At ten o'clock, the students of the Senior class, preceded by the Germania band, from the city, marched out from the library and around the college grounds; then returning, they took up the order of march to the church, followed by the President (Dr. Hill), the Faculty, the Governor and suite, and the old graduates, in order; and then the numerous friends and strangers whom Commencement Day at Harvard always attracts.

The commodiousness and convenience of the building in which they held their commencement exercises bring to me a serious want of our own University, which its friends and well-wishers should carefully strive to meet. The exercises consisted of about twenty orations, by students of the graduating class, on political, historical, social, and moral subjects, many of which were treated ably and well, and reflected every credit on the young men concerned. During the intervals between the orations the band discoursed sweet music in the gallery. At the close of the exercises, degrees were conferred on a large number of law and medical students, seven graduates in divinity, and upwards of 80 in arts. The whole number of students attending Harvard, including those in law, medicine, theology, science, and arts is upwards of 1000. The curriculum, judging from the calendar is quite extensive, but much of it is, as it should be, elective. On the whole we doubt if, in the faculty of Arts, Harvard students obtain a much higher education than do those in our own University. There are several things in which our University might learn of Harvard and be benefited, but then the vast difference in the extension and wealth of the two render a parallelism between them impossible. After having continued for about four hours, the exercises broke up with prayer by Dr. Hill, and the students separated for their 8 weeks' vacation. The next term begins in September. And so ends my first visit to Harvard, of which I cannot but carry away very pleasant remembrances. Fearful of having taken already too much of your valuable space, I will conclude my paper, reserving some of the remarks for my next.

A BOLD CHURCHMAN.

We cannot let the occasion pass without uttering a word of cordial thanks and congratulation to Mr. W. Vernon Harcourt on the speech delivered by him last week at Oxford in connection with his candidature for the representation of that city. Mr. Harcourt speaks as a Churchman, and few, we think, would be ungenerous enough to call the sincerity of his Churchmanship in question. He was born, he says, beneath the shadow of the Established Church, and he hopes to spend his age under its shelter. He quotes, as expressive of his sentiments towards the Church, those beautiful lines of Moore:—

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last hour I pray to the spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine."

But he spurns the idea that the existence and prosperity of the Church of England can depend upon establishment and endowment. "Did religion," he asked, "depend upon establishments? When the fishermen of Galilee went forth to convert the heathen world, when they conquered the conquerors of the universe, they went forth not in the strength of cash, fishments and endowments, but with the power of a saving faith, and the promise of an endless life; they conquered not by carnal weapons, but by the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith; and to tell him, therefore, that religion must depend upon establishments and endowments was to convince him that persons who used such an argument did not appreciate the true character of religion. Was it an establishment that supported Luther at the Diet of Worms? Was it an establishment that conquered the Armada? Was it an establishment that gave strength to the Huguenots at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? Was it establishments and endowments that supported the martyred saints of the Waldenses whose bones whitened the valleys of Piedmont? These sentiments do Mr. Harcourt infinite credit; but he is no longer alone among Churchmen in holding them, and Mr. Goldwin Smith stated them long since with equal fervour and eloquence. There is, in fact, growing up in the Church of England a party distinguished by great intellectual power and high character, devoted to their affection for the Church, sincerely desirous to promote her interests, but convinced that her prosperity will be most effectually promoted by her abandoning glittering servitude for freedom. For this party we claim what we claim for ourselves,—that they be not declared to be enemies of the Church of England. There are Anglicans who honestly believe that the maintenance of the present relations between Church and State in England is essential to the prosperity of the Church. The opinion, we think, is unsound; those who hold it do practically the work of the enemies of the Church; but we by no means affirm that holding it implies conscious hostility to the Church, or that those who maintain it are necessarily, on that account, not good Churchmen. The concession which we make to them we demand on behalf of ourselves and of those Churchmen who agree with us. We refuse to acknowledge ourselves foes to the Church merely because we tell her that the liberality of the Christian people would afford her ample supplies than she now obtains from the State. We refuse to admit that the sole test, or the best test, of sincerity in wishing well to the Church, is the holding of the opinion that the Church is better for her than liberty. It distresses us to find excellent Churchmen obstinately misapprehending our position, fancying that we have any partisan connection with Dissent, and accusing us of dealing harshly with Churchmen. Our wish is to see all envy and hatred, all the pride of contempt on the one hand and all the pride and resentment on the other, done away with between Churchmen and Nonconformists. Our desire is to see in England that august spectacle which delighted and astonished De Tocqueville when he saw it in the United States, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Baptists, all working

in harmonious energy,—rivals indeed, but engaged in an honourable and genial rivalry, beneficial to all parties. We positively deny that we speak harshly of Churchmen as such, or that we are less ready to point out the defects of Nonconformists than of Churchmen. Happily the number of those who will misconceive us is constantly lessening, and the speech of Mr. Harcourt is one among many proofs that our views are spreading in the Church of England.—*Exchange.*

[Published by Request.]

OBITUARY.

Death has recently been permitted to separate from our communion on earth a promising young man, in early manhood. James A. Coy, the eldest son of our brother Thomas I. Coy, now residing at New Brunswick, about two miles from Fredericton, died of consumption, on Thursday, the 11th ult. He had nearly completed his twentieth year, and had been, for a little over a year, an ardent follower of Christ. He was brought, through Divine influence, to make a public profession of his faith, while he was attending the Seminary, in the Spring of 1867. The proximity of his father's house to town enabled him to return home from school every evening; but during the breaking up of the ice in the Spring, he boarded in Fredericton, that he might attend to his studies.

As special services were then being held in the Vestry of the Baptist Chapel, his father recommended him to go, and seek a blessing from the Lord. At first, he thought he could not attend the meetings, lest he should stand in his studies; but he found that his mind was pre-occupied, and that he could not fix his mind on other than sacred themes. He therefore went to the meeting, and requested prayer for himself. After a time, though with much deliberation, he gave utterance to the conviction which had for two years, been stirring in his heart, and he was baptized into Christ and into the fellowship of the Church. Since that time, until increasing illness forbade exposure to the night air, when occasion offered, he publicly expressed his hope in Christ, and love to all the saints; and at home, took part in leading the devotions of the family at domestic worship.

Before his death, he selected the passage, "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin," as the text from which he desired that his funeral sermon should be preached. The choice evinced the feelings of his heart, and proved that although his disposition was kind, his conduct outwardly blameless, his spirit willing and obedient, yet he took no credit to himself for these excellencies, nor relied on anything short of the cleansing blood of Christ to fit him for his place in heaven.

His funeral took place on Lord's Day, the 14th inst. The sermon was preached in the Temperance Hall erected by Mr. Gibson, at the New-Brunswick Mills; and his remains are interred in the ground behind the school house, which has been set apart by that gentleman for a public cemetery.

It seems hard to part with a young man when they have just become prepared to enter upon a career of useful and honorable service here in the world; but his sorrowing relatives are enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." C. S.

A correspondent writing to the *Visitor* from Augusta, Georgia, says:—

"The American Missionary Association has, during the last year, spent for its Freedmen more than \$700,000 in cash, and has furnished more than \$350,000 worth of clothing and supplies; it has instructed, in its various schools, between 60,000 and 70,000 persons. During the current fiscal year, it has sent to the South, 479 missionaries and teachers; it has had, in this State alone, more than one hundred teachers during the year just closed. There is a constantly increasing demand for more missionaries and more teachers."

He also writes that the Roman Catholics are doing all they can to get control of the colored people.

"They are to spend \$600,000 in gold this year to make proselytes. The 'Sisters of Mercy' may be found all along the coast of Florida, the priests in great cities, and monks wherever they can get a hearing. Protestants should be wide awake. The Catholics allow the colored people to sit on the same floor with them, while proud Protestants send them to the galleries of their churches. To suffer a poor colored man, woman or child, to be allowed to enter a church, the poor black is cared for as well as the white. The 'Sisters' will help the little negro girl to sew. The priest is 'well-versed' to the humblest black man. Would to God that Protestant America realized the great work that is to be done among the freed men. The nation is not yet half aroused."

ANNIHILATION ON THE MOVE.—The people known as "advocates," but perhaps more properly called "annihilationists," have adopted novel measures to promulgate the rather strange doctrine held by them. They have provided themselves with a large tent in which to hold their meetings, and which they pitch wherever they think it possible to make any converts. Week before last they pitched their tent at the mouth of the Keswick, York County, and essayed to commence operations with a ministerial force of five. It seems however that their hopes were blasted, as the people, instead of going in crowds to hear them, acted the very sensible part of not only keeping away from the tent, but as if to give their unequivocal evidence that the project was utterly disapproved by the community, attended the preaching on the Sabbath in the Free Baptist and Baptist chapels in much larger numbers than usual. They seem to have discovered that there was little or no sympathy for them, or their doctrines; and on Tuesday of last week they drew up their stakes, and took their departure. We are informed they are now holding meetings farther up the Keswick, where we believe they have some sympathizers.

BEECHER OUT IN FAVOR OF GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—It was reported that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had, in one of his late Sabbath morning sermons, expressed himself strongly in favour of Chief Justice Chase for President. The report had become quite current, and was being freely repeated in the different political journals. The whole thing, however, turns out to have been a piece of political scheming, as the Rev. gentleman, in a letter, published in the *Boston Advertiser*, over his own signature, denies making any reference whatever to Chase or any other aspirant to the Presidency. He not only denies having expressed a preference for Chase, but very pointedly states that Grant is his choice. He thinks Chase's position one of unparalleled humiliation, now that he has lost the Democratic nomination. He has no doubt that Grant is the man; and he confidently anticipates that great as has been his military success, he will hereafter be known more favorably for the wisdom of his civil administration. These expressions of so popular a gentleman as Mr. Beecher must surely have considerable influence at this important period.

Rev. Wm. Downey closed his labors with the Fredericton Church on Sabbath last. We understand that he purposes spending a part of the year in Nova Scotia.

Rev. C. O. Libby writes to the *Morning Star*, that Rev. B. B. Smith and wife sailed for Calcutta on the 7th inst. They are missionaries of the Free Will Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and are returning to labour in a district which they occupied for ten years previously. Miss Wilson, a missionary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, also sailed in the same ship.

We learn from the *Sentinel* that Mr. E. R. Parson's of Woodstock, left that place, on Thursday the 16th inst., to settle in Illinois. The *Sentinel* adds that a number of the leading men in the community signed an address expressing their high esteem for him and regret at his departure, and they expressed only the feeling of the whole community with regard to Mr. Parson's.

A friend, writing from San Francisco California, under date of June 23d, says:—"Haying is nearly over, and grain harvesting has commenced. There will be an abundant harvest this year. Business is good in the city."

FINAL NOTICE.

We have sent notices to all persons indebted to the estate of the late Rev. E. McLeod, informing them that unless their several amounts are settled within thirty days from this date, legal steps will be taken for their collection. This course has been taken upon us, and the parties interested may rely upon this as positively a final notice.

M. McLeod, Administrator.
J. McLeod, {
July 24th, 1868.—Sw.

THE NEWS AND THE PRESS.

JULY 24, 1868.

JUDGE WILMOT, it is said, will be sworn in as Lieutenant Governor this week.

DROWNED.—At South Bay, on the 15th inst., Wm. Wiseman, a contractor on Western Extension, an inquest was held on the body the same evening. Verdict "accidentally drowned whilst in a fit."

FIRE.—On Saturday afternoon a fire broke out at a shed on Water street, which was used as a warehouse for oil. 56 barrels of Kerosene, together with the building, were consumed. On Friday evening, house in Carleton, belonging to a Mr. Frisby, was destroyed by fire.

The Woodstock *Advertiser* reports the death of a brother, named Wm. and Charles Crawford, of Lower Woodstock. A large crowd for a vessel on the river to bathe. He got beyond his depth and was unable to swim, when his brother pulled him in to rescue him, but only to share with him watery grave.

GOLD MINING.—The *Farmer* says:—"It is current report in the upper country, that a New Ice Company propose to erect a large mine, on the Serpentine, and going into gold mining on a large scale. The Company have become the assignees of Shag's grant of 15 square miles of wilderness, mining purposes."

We are informed that the *Empress*, on her last trip from St. John to Windsor, had 240 passengers on board. A large crowd for a vessel on the river to bathe. He got beyond his depth and was unable to swim, when his brother pulled him in to rescue him, but only to share with him watery grave.

The *Gleaner* says a lad of 15 was killed by lightning at Tracadie on Tuesday, the 14th inst.

The *Telegraph* says: On Friday morning about 6 o'clock, Mrs. Michael Toomey, of Loch Lomond, her house for a few minutes, but was soon afterwards killed by the crying of her child. On entering the room, the husband lying bleeding and almost dead on the floor; and before she had time to call a neighbor he was dead.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Bernard Collins while working at Gibson's Mills on Thursday last, fell a distance of twenty-seven feet striking his chest on the end of a log, breaking the sternum and three ribs. He lies in a critical position. Dr. Dow is attending him.

The first freight over the Woodstock Railway came up from St. Stephen on Tuesday, 14th inst., consisting of a load of Flour for G. W. Vanwart, Esq.—*Sentinel.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

(From the Halifax Witness.)