

# 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.

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## The Intelligencer.

### CONVICTION OF SIN.

BY DR. GUTHRIE.

When any one's heart is truly under the convincing power of the Holy Ghost, there are at least two views of his state that give rise to the conviction that he is justly condemned in the sight of God.

In the first place, many are overwhelmed by a sense of the guilt of their past lives. It is the past that appals them. All along, from very infancy to the moment when conscience awoke, they see nothing but a career of guilt. The grand purpose of their lives neglected; the great God, whose breath is, treated with indifference, his holy law trampled under foot, self-indulgence and humored in a thousand forms, irregular lusts and passions tolerated; all these, variously perhaps by deeper and darker crimes, seem strewn in dismal profusion along their bygone lives. It is not as if they had been laboring in the main to serve God, and here and there they had failed. It seems rather as if God had been utterly neglected, had not received from them one act of genuine service, one throb of filial affection, or one feeling of loyal devotion. A glimpse of the bright devotion and service of the angels gives a deeper shade to the guilt that shrouds their life. And when they come to see God in his true character, as revealed in Christ, his love and mercy overflowing with love, yet infinitely holy, the sense of their unworthy conduct becomes overwhelming. "God be merciful to me a sinner," is the prayer that rushes to their lips; "if thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?"

There are others, again, who are overwhelmed chiefly by the sense of their present or current deficiencies in the sight of God. It is the present, rather than the past, that appals them. Let them try their very best, they cannot come near to the requirements of God's holy law. Iniquities are ever prevailing against them. The heart is like a mint, coming ungodly feelings in guilty profusion. Though you would to assure them of pardon for the past, it would matter but little, so long as their ungodly hearts were there to pour out fresh streams of corruption and wickedness. They mourn most bitterly their dissipated, sin-ridden nature. How is that polluted fountain ever to be turned into a crystal stream? Each time they survey their hearts they see fresh evidence of the awful vileness of the leprosy that has assailed them, and feel disposed, like the leper of old, to rend their clothes and bare their heads and exclaim, "Unclean! unclean!" In spite of their most earnest efforts, despair would seize them, were there no free grace to brighten their prospects. The forlorn and exhausted traveler who has lost his way in a wintry night, and after shouting himself hoarse, and dragging his limbs through drifting snow, till he can drag no longer, feels as if there were nothing for him but to lie down and sleep the sleep that knows no waking, does not experience half such joy and relief, when a light dawns by suddenly revealing a friendly cottage, as the sinner, weary in his vain efforts to purify his heart, feels when he hears the voice of Jesus.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No doubt it seems a hard doctrine that in the sight of God all men are under condemnation. Human nature sometimes appears in so interesting a light that it seems as if none but the most heartless of men could believe that all lie under the sentence of death. Gentle beings come on the scene, whose very looks of love and goodness seem to warm the air and "a sunshine in the shade place," noble-hearted men spring forward to deeds of generosity and self-denial that draws one long burst of applause from every spectator; and it seems horrible to suppose that such persons are to be regarded as the "children of wrath, even as others." The doctrine of the Bible is that they are so by nature. Who can tell but that very gentleness and generosity are fruits of grace? It is certain that "every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning." Happily, we are not required to judge what degree of consciousness of renewal there must be during the introduction of the divine life into the heart, and its establishment there with a preponderating power. This is one of the deep things of God, from which, in many instances, He has not been pleased to remove the veil of mystery. Men are only too ready to tear away the veil left by God, and to constitute themselves judges of the spiritual state of their brethren. But let us grant that beautiful features may appear in the character of the unregenerate, in the character of men whom the will of God does not habitually sway, and who have no knowledge of the grace of God in Christ. It does not follow that because of these beautiful features they are not under the condemnation of God. A chain may have some admirable links in it, and yet be as unserviceable as a hempen cord. An old abey may present a perfect arch, or a beautiful capital here and there, and yet be an utter ruin. A ship may show a beautifully carved prow, or a faultless deck, and yet be as unfit for sea as the coarsest raft that was ever nailed together.

The question is not whether men or women have some interesting and attractive features about them. You generally find that in the character even of the bacchanalian, there is a sort of jovial good humor, which is attractive to his companions, and contributes to the hilarity of the social hour. But this flowing joviality may exist side by side with the spirit that breaks the heart of a gentle wife, and leaves the offering of his own body unclothed, unthought, unfeared for. So also there may be bursts of generosity and gleams of gentleness in natures that show great deficiency under the strain of ordinary duty. Account for such beautiful features as we may, they in no way clash with the truth that men by nature lie under a sentence of death in the sight of God. Who that is weighed in the balances of the All-holy One shall not be found wanting? Who shall escape the condemnation due to those that have failed in the great end of life—have worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forevermore? Who can affirm the power of good in his nature preponderates above the power of evil, and that he finds within himself strength sufficient to conquer in every conflict, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—all, in short, that is not of the Father, but of the world? No doubt there may

be found men that affirm that they do all this. Just as the young man in the gospel most honestly assured Christ that he had kept all the commandments from his youth. But as our blessed Lord had in reserve a test of fidelity to high duty which even this young man could not stand, so must all boasting and self-complacent flatterers find, in the great day of judgment, that their standard has been miserably defective, and their performances infinitely inadequate. While the weather continues calm and mild, it is easy to live in a house built upon the sand. It is when the rain descends, and the wind comes, and beats upon the house, that its real feebleness is discovered, and its helpless inhabitant buried in the ruins. Sometimes, even in this life, the self-satisfied Pharisee is disturbed in his fancied security. The sick-bed brings him nearer to God, and in the clearer holier light, his life has an ugly look, and he trembles to look forward. If the few streaks, as it were, of divine light that penetrate by the sick chamber into the soul, can shake his confidence, what must he feel in the full blaze of the judgment seat? For "the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be brought low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

It is vain to make out that we are clean in the sight of God. Strive as he may—the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Infinitely better at once to give up the conflict; to let the divine light in freely upon our hearts and lives; to admit the justice of the divine sentence against us; to cease to dispute the truth that "the wages of sin is death," and to find our comfort in the glorious counter-truth, "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Sunday Magazine.*

### JESUS ENOUGH.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a sick laborer who had a wife and four children. He had lain sick for three weeks, and the sickness had exhausted all his means. Noticing that he was weeping while we sat, a pious song of Zion, I asked him why he wept? He was troubled with the thought of parting from his wife and children? He looked at me steadfastly, almost reproachfully, and answered:

"Does not Jesus wait for me? Has not the Lord said that he is a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow? No; they are well cared for. I have prayed the Lord that he would be their guardian. Is it not so, wife? You are not troubled? You are not afraid? You believe in Jesus?"

"Surely," she replied. "I believe in Jesus, and rejoice that you go to Jesus. I shall follow you with the children in his own time. Jesus will help me to train up the children through his Holy Spirit."

"Why did you weep, then?" I asked.

"For joy; for I thought if the singing is beautiful here, O how beautiful will it be when the angels help it! I wept for joy that this blessedness is so near."

Then he mentioned to his wife. She understood, and went to the shelf, and brought down a little saucer in which her husband kept his money. There were six groschen (about seven pence) in it, all that remained of his store. He took them up with trembling fingers, and laid them in my hand and said:

"The heathens must have these, that they may know how to die in peace."

I turned to his wife, who nodded assent, and said:

"We have talked it all over already. When everything has been reckoned for the funeral, these six groschen remain."

"And what remains for you?"

"The Lord Jesus," she replied.

"And what do you leave for your wife and children?"

"The Lord Jesus," he said; and whispered in my ear, "he is very good, and very rich."

So I took the six groschen and laid them in the little box as a great treasure, and it has been a struggle for me to pay them away. But if they had not been paid away, the dying man's wish would not have been fulfilled.

That night he fell asleep. And neither his wife wept, nor his three eldest children, neither in the church nor at the grave. But the youngest child, who followed the body, wept bitterly. I asked him afterwards why he wept so bitterly at his father's grave, and the child made answer:

"I was sorry that father did not take me with him to the Lord Jesus, for I begged of him with my whole heart that he would take me."

He said, "I would like to go to Jesus, and would like to grow up that mother might live with me."

"Now, then," I replied, "say to the Lord Jesus that he must choose."

"That is what I will do," he said, and was greatly delighted and in peace.—*Pastor Harms.*

### NOT WHAT I WANT NOW.

When Archbishop Secker was laid on his dying-bed, his friend, Mr. Talbot, came to see him. He felt it was his last meeting together, so he said:

"You will pray with me, Talbot, before you go away?"

Mr. Talbot rose, and went to look for a prayer-book.

"That is not what I want now," said the dying prelate; "kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to do."

So the good man knelt by his friend's bedside and poured out his soul for him before his heavenly Father in such words as his heart dictated. The Holy Spirit blessed them to the dying man. There was a life and spirit in them that he could not find in dead forms, however excellent.

When we come to that solemn hour, we shall want something more than a formal religion. It may have satisfied us very well before, but it will give us no light for the dark valley. "God be merciful to me a sinner" will have more meaning to us than a volume of the most "beautiful prayers," pronounced with the most faultless enunciation. The forms which God has laid down for his worship are very few and very simple, so they may be suited to the wants of all nations and people. He has not burdened us with a long array of Jewish fast and feast days, but has given us one day in seven to which to rest and worship him. Our duty and our highest worldly interests, too, demand the same. It will give us more comfort in our dying-hour to remember precious seasons in which our souls have met God in his sanctuary

and in our closets, than to recall our most punctilious observance of rites and ceremonies which are merely of man's appointment. What we want then will be Christ in the soul, his rod and his staff to lean upon as we walk through the dark valley and the shadow of death. "Of we will seek him this life's Comforter, if we will only seek him while in life and health. When the last hour comes, we shall find the way all darkness without his love."

To day the Saviour calls;  
Ye wanderers, come;  
Come ye benighted souls,  
To Jesus come!

### "WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD ME?"

Such was the language of a young man who had destroyed his own life in a paroxysm of the delirium tremens. His story was not unlike that of thousands who die annually. He had fallen into the society of those who led him astray and put the cup to his lips. He was now in the last stages of that fearful malady which ends in a most agonizing death—the delirium tremens. He was in the care of attendants in an upper chamber, when he was seized by one of those excruciating paroxysms which give no warning and show no relenting, and before he could be prevented, he threw himself around his manacled and bleeding body, with sorrowful and blood-shot eyes, he looked up and exclaimed, "Why didn't you hold me?"

The language of this young man is often the sentiment of many who tread the paths of vice down to an early and untimely grave. They did not design to be vicious, they did not expect to become drunkards. But after they had once entered the current they had not power to stem it. How many drunkards loathe their cups; how many abandoned men and women shudder at the life which they are leading!

Said a reformed young man to me a few weeks ago: "I was two years ago an habitual drunkard. Night after night I went home intoxicated. And yet I abhorred myself—daily did I repeat and resolve never to touch another glass. But the next night found me with my old associates, and with the resolution never to do so again, I consented to drink. Thus I went on becoming more and more, with no power within myself to resist. Had that young man been left to himself it is easy to imagine where he would have been to-day. But influences were thrown around him to draw him to church, into the Sabbath school, and one evening while listening to a sermon on the broad and narrow ways, the Spirit enabled him to resolve to enter and walk the narrow way. From that day to this he has lived a consistent Christian life. He believes, and it is apparent, that the influence of pious friends saved him from ruin."

In every community, it is easy to find men and women who look to us from their wretched and ruined condition and say "Why didn't you hold me? I do not wish to be vicious, but I am in the hands of a monster whom I cannot resist. You must save me or I am lost."

Do such persons deserve scorn and reproach? Should the Christian and philanthropist pass them by in cold indifference, or with a harsh rebuke? Is this magnanimity? Is this Christ-like? When shall we learn the truth that Christ came not to condemn, but to seek and to save that which was lost? When shall we learn that our erring brother and fallen neighbor are looking to us for help, and that our holy religion requires us to throw around them the arms of Christian sympathy and love to hold them from vice and draw them to the Saviour.

### THE KIND-HEARTED TANNER.

The following incident is so beautiful and touching, that it should be read in every household in the country. It develops the true active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind-hearted Quaker.

William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, called John Smith. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up, he said: "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied, "then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said: "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back towards her and didn't speak. After leaving against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't do it. I thought I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I ever stole a thing."

"Let it be the last my friend," replied William Savery. The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for all time. Promise me you will not drink any more intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from

craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.—*Examiner.*

### THE VESUVIUS ERUPTION.

NATURAL PYROTECHNICS—A NIGHT AND DAY OF VOLCANIC DISPLAY—OLD LAVA AND NEW.

As the slopy New Year's day drew to a close, it became evident that the mountain was burning a much brighter torch than the evening before. Fortunately the mists cleared away as it grew dark, leaving the cone unobscured, except by its own smoke, through which strong flashes of light, at intervals of twenty or thirty seconds, made themselves seen. A fresh wind came from the sea and lifted the curtain, and we beheld Vesuvius again in full activity. The smoke was blown northward behind the foremost peak of Monte Somma, leaving the summit of the cone perfectly clear, and the jets of fire thrown up from it were so brilliantly defined against a black ground of pitch-dark cloud, that we could see the falling stones from our window in Naples with the naked eye. By the aid of a strong field-glass the wonderful spectacle was brought so near that all its features could be observed.

The top of the cone resembled a shallow basin with chipped and cracked edges, and the opening of the crater lay behind it apparently at some depth. Out of it and around it poured a steady flow from the stream of lava running over the further side and descending toward the Atrio del Cavallo. But at intervals of not more than half a minute there were thrown up columnar jets of intense flame, to a height varying from 100 to 200 feet. Volumes of smoke, dark vermilion at first, but soon fading to a dark ash color, rolled off the leeward side of those fiery pillars as they rose and whirled away, broadening into darkness. What seemed to be pure, solid fire, as it issued from the crater, changed into a thousand scarlet sparks, which turned outward on all sides in a steady stream, and showered down again into and beyond the crater. I could roughly estimate the height of the jet by the time which the stone occupied in falling: Some of them were evidently of enormous size.

For hour after hour I watched the explosions, which seemed to threaten an impending catastrophe, yet were as regular and unchanged in their action as wave-beats on the sea shore. Indeed there appeared to be a "ninth wave"—a recurrence after a number of jets, of one grand, fierce outbreak of oppressed force, hurling its dazzling sparks against the red cloud which hung directly over the crater. These displays were inexhaustibly grand. I have called the color scarlet, but this only expresses its general character, the one of the shaft was of a ruddy gold, and its summit dissolved into fleeting rose-blossoms. The darkness of the night—the outline of the mountain being barely visible against a mass of clouds—intensified the effect.

This morning, at sunrise, the mountain rose alone out of a lake of airy gold. A few clouds along the west were hurrying to get out of sight, and soon the sky shone blue and clear as that of a perfect June day. All Naples turned out of doors to enjoy the sun and the delicious air, and as we drove along the Marina, Vesuvius, towering as a grandly before us was no more a store-house of fire, but a peaceful, smiling, and beneficent giant, rather like a Titanic sun-gilded altar, whose smoked offerings to some peaceful and beneficent God. The silver edges of the ever ascending and unfolding clouds gleamed softly in the hollow blue; the houses and villages on the middle slope of the mountain basked in the sun, as if the death and ruin upon which they were built were not hanging over them. The angry fires were all quenched in the light of the divine day, and below the bright sea smoothed his waves over the mouths of dead craters and the furrows of ancient lava.

Mr. Taylor and his party set out to visit the mountain, and in so doing passed over old lava fields, and came upon the torrents of the new discharge. He says:

I had seen streams of cold lava before. In Sicily, Mexico and other parts of the world, I have gone over the track of eruptions, ancient or recent; but I never beheld such a chaos of hideously, horribly distorted forms. Torn and twisted in every direction, rising into peaks or ridges, split in clefts, or sinking into ravines, the lava, of a dismal, dead black hue, suggests a world of monstrous, abortive shapes, which have first petrified and then been petrified. Hides of rhinoceros, strange crushed beasts and saurians, and of entrails protruding, backs, legs and bodies of lunatic, half-human beings; huge scapels and rolls of sodden hair, and shapes which represent, you know not what, only you know that is something disgusting, are here tossed together. Everything is solid, yet it seems falling to pieces from corruption. Nature must have been momentarily insane when she did such a thing as this.

We had already passed the lower point of the lava current, and reached it at a point where the larger eruption of the previous night had come down. The heat and smoke increased with every step; the rattling noises were continuous, and lines of creeping fire became visible. There appears to be two streams, both moving in the same manner, the lava, only partly flowing upon the surface of the old lava, but burrowing under its loose crust, splitting and upheaving it, and mixing its materials with the new mass. The noise of the flow was thus produced. The fire was silent and irresistible; there was no hiss or sputtering of the molten elements, but the stream lifted and threw off solid masses, even thus in weight, without the least apparent force or check.

I had always imagined a thick, sluggish stream, with a tolerably smooth surface, some thing like the flow from a smelting furnace—but here were

moving mounds, rough and shapeless, the chief power of which lay in their bases, hidden from sight—strange, creeping, mining forces, moving forward with a horrible, pitiless certainty in their locomotion. If the scene was less grand in its features than one could expect, it was at least diabolically impressive. It expressed only destruction, and of the most cold-blooded, deliberate kind. The main stream had raised a long ridge, some twenty feet in height, apparently cold on the surface, and some squinting movement in advance shook off the crust in scales, and showed fangs and throats of intense fire. The summit of this ridge was constantly hurling huge masses, some of them red hot, down the gorge. The nearer stream was not more than four feet in height, and allowed us to approach near enough to poke its glowing sides with a stick. All along its edge boys were busy roasting eggs for travelers, or imbedding coins in the fluid lava, which they snatched out of the mass and twisted off, very much as I have seen children manage molasses candy. The heat, even at a hundred yards distance, was uncomfortable, and I could not stand beside the moving lava for more than a few seconds at a time.—*Cor. N. S. Tribune.*

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN JERUSALEM.

A correspondent of the London Times writes to that paper an interesting letter from the Holy Land, in relation to the scientific exploration now being made in that country through the aid of a large fund expressly raised for that purpose. After referring to interesting results obtained in various places, the writer continues:

But perhaps, the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Farnen in and around Jerusalem will create even a deeper feeling of interest in the minds of the general public. These have already been sketched in the reports published from time to time in your columns. Their importance to the biblical archaeologist can scarcely be over-estimated. He cannot but feel that the great excavations of the topography of the Holy City and its sacred monuments are on the eve of solution. In connection with many others, I have been watching with the most intense eagerness every fresh stage in the excavations, as it corroborated some fact in history or illustrated some statement in the Bible. The courses of three ancient city walls so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spots on earth—the Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple—are in a fair way of being determined.

The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, in which are "said by Solomon, and his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace on Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of one hundred and fifty feet high. If this be as it seems, the ascent to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it "there was no more spirit in her." The "pinnacle of the temple," on which the temple placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found to have an elevation of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration: "If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." Sections of the ancient wall of Ophrah have been examined, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the haven, throwing new light on the building, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple.

The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vizier to this country, and the representations made to the Archbishop of York, followed up, as they have been, by the energy, the wisdom, and the tact of Lieutenant Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and, besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known. Biblical scholars are anticipating with deepest interest fuller discoveries.—*Religious Telegraph.*

WHAT A SERVANT DID FOR SOCIETY.—The author of *Lending a Hand*, says, "Whose is the name which awakens an electric thrill in the hearts of the working men and women of England? Who has worked for them with untiring zeal, in Parliament, in committees, and on the platform, and in a hundred ways less obvious, though more laborious? Colliers, operatives in factories, men, wives, daughters, little children, couple his name, when they hear it, with a fervent benediction. To whom, then, does the Earl of Shaftesbury trace the earliest implanting of principles which have given their stamp to his whole beneficent life? To a servant. It is by his kindness that we are furnished with the following particulars:—

"My daughter has asked me to tell you something about the very dear blessed old woman (her name was Maria Mills) who first taught me in my earliest years to think on God and his truth. She had been my mother's maid at Bleafield before my mother married. After the marriage, she became housekeeper to my father and mother, and very soon after I was born, took almost the entire care of me. She entered into rest when I was about seven years old; but the recollection of what she said, and did, and taught even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the days I heard her. The impression was and is still, very deep that she made upon me; and I must trace under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life to her precepts and her prayers. I know not where she was buried. She died I know in London; and I may safely say that I have ever cherished her memory with the deepest gratitude and affection. She was a 'special providence' to me."

BENEVOLENCE.—Benevolence is always a virtuous principle. Its operations always secure to others their natural rights, and it liberally superadds more than they are accustomed to claim.—*Courier.*

## ALBION HOUSE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Cheap Goods for the Million.

## NEW GOODS,

Selling off at Cash Price.

BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN.

## JOHN THOMAS

Will Sell off from date the whole of his present stock

## DRY GOODS,

In order to make room for early

## SPRING TRADE.

### THE STOCK

Comprises a large assortment of

## DRESS GOODS,

Winceys, Coburgs, Lustres,

Alpacas, Gingham,

## LINENS,

OSNABURGS and BED LICKS,

Grey and White Cottons,

## STRIPE SHIRTINGS,

Red, White & Grey Flannels,

## Blankets,

Blue and White Warps,

WITH A PORTION OF LAST YEAR'S

GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

As the prices will be Low there will

be no Accounts opened.

## JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, Dec. 5, 1867.

## SELLING OFF

AT

## COST PRICE.

## SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Frederickton,

ARE

## SELLING OFF

THEIR

## VALUABLE STOCK

OF

## DRY GOODS,

AT

## Cost Price,

For Cash only.

## THE STOCK

Comprises

## A General Assortment,

Purchased principally for this

## SEASON'S TRADE.

## Wholesale Buyers

Liberal dealt with for

Cash or Approved Paper.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

## SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street,

Frederickton, Nov 28, 1867.