

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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TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

BY THE REV. I. S. SPENCER, D. D.

About to call upon a young woman, to whom I had sometimes spoken of the subject of religion, but who uniformly appeared very indifferent, I began to consider what I should say to her. I recollected that, although she had always been polite to me, yet she evidently did not like me; and therefore I deemed it my duty, if possible, not to allow her dislike to me to influence her mind against religion. I recollected, also, that I had heard of her inclination towards another denomination, whose religious sentiments were very different from my own; and I thought, therefore, that I must take care not to awaken prejudices, but aim to reach her conscience and her heart. The most of her relatives and friends were members of my church. She had been religiously educated, and was a very regular attendant upon divine worship; I knew, therefore, that she must have considerable intellectual knowledge on the subject of religion. But she was a gay young woman, loved amusement, and was very reluctant to yield any personal attention to her salvation, lest it should interfere with her pleasures. And beyond all this, I had heard that she possessed a great share of independence, and the more her friends had urged her to attend to her salvation, the more she seemed resolved to neglect it.

I rang the bell, inquired for her, and she soon met me in the parlour. I immediately told her for what purpose I had called, and asked whether she was willing to talk with me on the subject of her religion. She replied—

"I am willing to talk with you, but I don't think as you do about religion."

"I do not ask you to think as I do. I may be wrong; but the word of God is right. I have not come here to intrude my opinions upon you, but to induce you to act agreeably to your own."

"Yes," she replied with a very significant toss of the head, "you all say so; but if anybody ventures to differ from you, then they are 'heretics,' and 'rebels.'"

"I beg pardon, Miss S., I really do not think you can say that of me."

"Well—I mean—mother, and the rest of them; and I suppose, you are just like them. If I differ from you, I think I might be let alone, and left to my own way."

"Most certainly," said I, "if your own way is right."

"Well," she said, "I am a Unitarian."

"I am very glad to hear it; I did not know you were anything."

"I mean," said she, "that I think more like the Unitarians than like you."

"I doubt it," said I; "but no matter. Never mind what I think. I am no rule for you. I do not ask you to think as I do. Let all that go. You may call me fool, or bigot, or—"

"You are no fool; but I think you are a bigot," said she.

"Very well," said I; "I am happy to find you so frank."

"Oh!" said she blushing, "I did not mean to say that; indeed I did not. That is too impudent."

"Not a bit," said I. "It is just right."

"Well," said she, "it is true that I think so; but it was not polite to say it."

"I thank you for saying it. But no matter what I am. I wish to ask you about yourself first, and then you may say anything to me that you please to say."

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"Yes; to be sure I do," said she, tartly.

"Are you aiming to live according to it? For example, are you daily praying to God to pardon and save you?"

"No!" said she, with an impatient accent.

"Does not the Bible command you to pray? To seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near?"

"Yes, I know that; but I don't believe in total depravity."

"No matter. I do not ask you to believe in it. But I suppose you believe you are a sinner?"

"Not a bit," she said impatiently.

"And need God's forgiveness?"

"Yes."

"Are you seeking for it?"

"No."

"Ought you not to be seeking for it?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Well, then, will you begin, without any more delay, and act as you know you ought, in order to be saved?"

"You and I don't agree," said she.

"No matter for that. But we agree in one thing; I think exactly as you do, that you ought to seek the Lord. But you don't agree with yourself. Your course disagrees with your conscience. You are not against me, but against your own reason and good sense—against your known duty, while you lead a prayerless life. I am surprised that a girl of your mind will do so. You are just yielding to the desires of a wicked and deceitful heart. I do not ask you to think as I think, or feel as I feel; I only ask you to act according to the Bible and your own good sense. Is there anything unreasonable, or unkind, and bigotry in asking this?"

"Oh no, sir. But I am sorry I called you a bigot."

"I am glad of it. I respect you for it. You spoke as you felt. But let that pass. I just want you to attend to religion in your own way, and according to God's word. I did not come here to abuse you, or domineer over you, but to reason with you. And now, suffer me to ask you if you think it right and safe to neglect salvation as you are doing? I know you will answer me frankly."

"No; I do not think it is."

"Have you long thought so?"

"Yes; to tell the truth, I have a good while."

"Indeed! and how came you still to neglect it?"

"I don't know! But they keep talking to me—a kind of scolding I call it; and they talk in such a way, that I am provoked, and my mind turns against religion. If they would talk to me as you do, and reason with me, and not be *ding-dong* at me, and treating me as if I were a fool, I should not feel so."

"Said I, 'They may be unwise perhaps, but they mean well; and you ought to remember that religion is not to be blamed for their folly. And now, my dear girl, let me ask you seriously—will you attend to this matter of your salvation as well as you can, according to the word of God and with

prayer, and endeavor to be saved? Will you do it without any further delay? If you do not dispute to do so; if you think it best, and right, and reasonable to neglect it; if you do not wish me to say anything more to you about it; then say so, and I will urge you no more. I shall be sorry, but I will be still. I am not going to annoy you or treat you impolitely. What do you say? Shall I leave you and say no more?"

"I don't wish you to leave me."

"Well, do you wish to leave the Lord?"

"I wish to be saved," said she. "But I never can believe in total depravity. The doctrine disgusts me. It sounds so much like *cant*. I never will believe it. I abhor it. And I won't believe it."

"Perhaps not," said I. "I don't ask you to believe it. But I ask you to repent of sin now—to improve your day of grace, and get ready for death and heaven. I ask you to love the world so strongly no longer—to deny yourself and follow Christ, as you know you ought to do. When you sincerely try to do these things, you will begin to find out something about your heart that you do not know now."

"But I don't like *doctrines*! I want a practical religion!"

"That practical religion is the very thing I am urging upon you: the practice of prayer—the practice of repentance—the practice of self-denial—the practice of loving and serving God in faith, for their own sake. I only want truth, which shall guide you rightly and safely, and want you to follow it."

"Well," said she, "if I attempt to be religious, I shall be a Unitarian."

"Be a Unitarian, then, if the Bible and the Holy Spirit will make you one. Do not be afraid to be a Unitarian. But get at the truth, and follow it according to your own sober judgment. Study your Bible for your own heart. Get right. Pray God to direct you. And never rest till you feel that God is your friend and you are his."

"I beseech you to this, because I love you and wish you to be right and happy. And now, my dear girl, tell me, will you try to do it?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"I thank you for that promise. And I do trust God will bless you."

In a few days she sent for me. I found her very sad. She told me she was in trouble. She had not found it so easy a thing to be a Christian as she expected. Her heart rebelled and recoiled; and she did not know what was the matter. Her mind would wander. The world would intrude. Instead of 'getting nearer to religion,' she was getting further off every day. She wanted to know if other people felt so when they tried to be Christians.

"I said but little to her, except to direct her to God's promises to those that seek him with all their heart. She desired me to pray with her, which I did. As I rose to depart, she affectionately entreated me not to neglect her."

About ten days after this she sent for me again. I obeyed her summons. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that she never dreamed she was so wicked. She said the more she tried to love God and give up sin, the more her own heart opposed her. Her sins not only appeared greater, but it seemed to her that sinning was as natural to her as breathing. "What shall I do?" said she; "I have no peace day or night! My resolutions are weak as water."

I repeated texts of Scripture to her. "To me is thy help"—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; he will be saved." "And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

I saw her several times. She said her troubles increased upon her, temptations came up every day, and it seemed to her that there never was so wicked a heart as she had to contend with. Among other things, she said, some Christian people would keep talking to her, and she did not wish to hear them. I advised her to avoid them as much as possible; and without letting her know it, I privately requested her officious exhorters to say nothing to her. But I found it hard work to keep them still. And when she complained to me again of their officious inquiries about her feelings, I requested her to leave the room whenever any one of them should venture on such an inquiry again.

She continued her prayerful attempts after the knowledge of salvation, and in a few weeks she found peace and joy in believing in Christ. She told me she knew her entire depravity; but, said she, "I never would have believed it, if I had not found it out by my own experience. It was just as you told me. When I really tried to be a Christian, such as is described in the Bible, I found my heart was all sin and enmity to God. And I am sure I never should have turned to Christ, if God had not shown me mercy. It was all grace."

"Now I believe in total depravity. But I learned it alone. You did not convince me of it."

"I never tried," said I.

"I know you didn't; and it was well for me that you let it alone. If you had tried to prove it, or gone into a dispute about Unitarianism, I believe I should not have been led to my Saviour."

She afterwards made a public profession of religion, which she still lives to honor.

MAINTENANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION.

BY SELAH HUBBARD BARRETT.

In order to maintain the Christian profession, there must—

1. Be decision of character. The mind must be permanently fixed upon the proper object of worship, and no human instrumentality should move it. That vacillating spirit, so often exhibited in daily life, is the ruin of thousands. How many who set out for heaven with good intentions, falter by the way for the want of decision. True, they run well for a season, or until they meet opposition, and their course is then changed. They have not stamina enough to resist the current of popular feeling, and are carried down the stream with the multitude who forget God. Many are the instances of this kind; yet men are not sufficiently warned. The fear of reproach and the love of applause warp the judgment, and destroy all independence of thought and action. But when decision of character is displayed, the battle is more than half won, and few will be the temptations to deviate from the path of rectitude. It will produce fear in the hearts of antagonists, and dismay in the camp of the enemy. An aggressive

spirit, with the help of God, will conquer all things, while a fearful and desponding one will yield before difficulties, and be overcome.

2. There must be perseverance in practice. Theory is good, but practice better; for the former, without the latter, avails but little. Plans, however good and wise, without being carried into execution, are worse than none. All the skill and wisdom of the world are useless, unless made in some way to answer the great ends of life. If one would be benefited by his knowledge, he must assume a practical use of the same, to do which requires vigorous effort. So we may understand our duty and the requirements of the Gospel; yet, if through slothfulness, or from other causes, it is neglected, we shall be but little benefited. A good beginning, though made in the right direction, must be persevered in, or a failure will be the result. And in no cause is perseverance so needful as in the cause of Christ; for the foes with which we contend are strong, numerous, subtle. In the peaceful pursuits of life, the attainment of knowledge, the acquisition of wealth, the preferences of the world, a little effort usually insures success. But the profession of Christ involves deeper and more important responsibilities. They cannot be maintained and held aside at pleasure. The maintenance of this profession is a life-long work, to be commenced and ended with the utmost regard and fidelity to the truth of God's word. It must now be obvious to all that this profession—the highest of all professions—cannot be maintained without perseverance in practice; an unyielding purpose of heart that knows no obstacles, or knows them only to overcome them.

3. We must hold fast to every means of grace. It is the privilege of believers to exercise faith in God and his promise; faith in a once crucified but now risen Saviour. Christ's love, as manifested in his sufferings and death, should draw all men to him. A lively hope, joined with holy patience, should be indulged. But above all, holy communion with God in secret must not be neglected. Without this important means of grace, the strong will fall; but with it, the weak will rise; for through this medium only have we access to God. When prayer is combined with watchfulness, but little danger is apprehended. But discipline with either, make a poor voyager, is liable to be stranded or cast away. Next to secret is public prayer, by which we not only strengthen ourselves but others. Great assistance may also be derived by associating with the truly pious, who are experienced in the deep things of God. Much profitable instruction may be gained from religious books, and not least of all from the Bible, the book of books. Let it be perused with an honest inquiry after truth, and we shall not fail to be enlightened. Its pages, unfolding the revelation of God to man, may be studied by all with incalculable benefit.—Ch. Freeman.

BURIED ALIVE FOR CHRIST.

Those blood-dripping edicts against heresy in the Netherlands, of which enough has been said in previous volumes of this history, and which had caused the deaths by axe, faggot, halter, or burial alive, of at least fifty thousand human creatures—however historical skepticism may shut its eyes to evidence—had now been dormant for twenty years. Their activity had ceased with the pacification of Ghent; but the devilish spirit which had inspired them still lived in the persons of the Jesuits, and there were now more Jesuits in the obedient provinces than there had been for years. Of late years they had shed themselves in comparative mystery, but had been thrown into public view by the efforts of a pious company of assaessors against Elizabeth and Henry, Nassau, Larnow, and others, who, whether avowedly or involuntarily, were prominent in the party of human progress. Some important murders had already been accomplished, and the prospect was fair that still others might follow, if the Jesuits persevered. Meantime, those ecclesiastics thought that a wholesome example might be set to humbler heretics by the spectacle of a public execution.

Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime, but the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maid-servant, forty years of age, Anna van den Heve by name, who was staunch in that reformed faith, in which she had been born and bred. The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540, decrees which every one had supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Draco, which they had so entirely put to shame.

The sentence having been obtained from the doctile and priest-ridden magistracy, Anna van den Heve was brought to Brussels, and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time the Jesuits told her that by converting herself to the church she might escape punishment.

When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment, and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accompanied by an archbishop, with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour lasted the work of half a life-time; thus expeditiously could religious conversation be effected when an earthly crown was its gerdon. The poor-servant maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism, she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read the Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the Pope or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins, except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interferred with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him if she were in error; and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed to her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna van den Heve was led, one fine midsummer morning to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks, called love-brothers. These holy men

goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's errand, and calling on her at the last moment, and thus save her life, and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field they found the pit already dug, and the maid servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave until it was flattened and firm.—Mottley's History of the Netherlands.

A FACTORY-GIRL'S WORK OF FAITH.

There is an institution in Glasgow, Scotland, known as the Foundry-Boys' Society. Its aim, as a recent writer tells us, is to train the youths under its care in habits of strict temperance and economy, to impart to them a good secular education, and to instruct them in the principles, and rear them up in the virtues of true religion. It charges itself with the care of them on the Lord's day, and to some extent, also, throughout the week. The objects of its benevolence are poor, neglected youths, who, but for its Christian efforts, would never rise above the ignorance, and would certainly sink into the brutality of the lowest classes.

With the exception of two or three superior seers, far teachers, whose services are paid for, its numerous agents are all volunteers—their labor is one of love. Though it had, and still has, a struggle to obtain the necessary funds, its success has been quite wonderful. The blessing of God has descended on it like the dew on Hermon. Hundreds trained under its auspices to sobriety, good morals, and the habits of an industrious and religious life, have risen up to venerate the name of its founder, and call her blessed.

And who was she? None other than a humble factory-girl, named Mary Ann Clough. She had no position, as they say, in the world, nor money in the bank. I do not know that she was any way distinguished from others by the greatness of her capacity, but she had what is better far—a large heart—a kind, loving, Christ-like heart. Seeing around her many poor boys employed in the foundries, who, not only utterly neglected, but early initiated into lessons of vice, could say, "No man careth for my soul," she had compassion on them. "I am but a poor working-girl," she said to herself, "but I will try, in a loving spirit, if I can win them to God, and to what is good."

A noble resolution! So soon as formed she sought to carry it into practice, asking and getting the use of a room below the factory where she wrought. She opened it on a Sabbath in June, 1862, and ere long had gathered in some forty ladies, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from smoking clubs and the back courts where they were wont to spend their Sabbaths in gambling, rude play, and wild merriment. For two years she persevered in this course, willing to spend and be spent for Christ, nor abandoned a work she loved so well till failing health compelled her to resign it into the hands of others.

Nor were her efforts to bless and save these boys confined to Sundays. They engaged all her spare time throughout the week. This noble girl, abundant in labors in season and out of season, so soon as the day's work was over, took her way to the homes of the boys—if homes more of their lodgings could be called. She knew them all—their sad histories, their dangers and hardships—and by her Christian principles, her winning ways, and overflowing kindness, she gained an influence over them which was productive of the happiest results. God owned her labors. Several underwent a saving change. Some are now teaching in Sabbath schools, and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour, whom, be it remembered, no ministers, nor preachers, nor parents, but this poor factory-girl turned from the error of their ways.

So distinguished, indeed, from others of the same class and calling by their superior industry, decency, freedom from profane language, and general good conduct, were these under her training, that Mary Ann's boys became a proverb in the foundries.

How many Christians, with tenfold more time, more money, more education, more influence, have not done a tithe of the good this girl did!

SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

Our nearest neighbor, Col. F., an old soldier of the Revolutionary war, was a praying, godly man. I used often to go over on errands for my mother, and frequently found him in his sitting-room, or under a tree in his orchard, reading his Bible. He always would say a few words about Jesus; and I remember once he asked me if I did not wish to be a true Christian.

As Col. F. was an old man, I thought it well enough that he should be religious, and read his Bible; but I was too fond of my gay companions and of having my own way to be interested in what seemed to me to be a subject fit only for the old and dying.

One winter was a very gay one with us all, and nearly every week we had a ball or some frolic in one house and another, at which I was sure to be present. About this time Colonel F. and another pious man went through our whole neighborhood, from dwelling to dwelling, reading the Bible, talking about religion, and praying with every family. They came in turn to our house, and as usual, before parting, Col. F. said a few words to me about Jesus. I have not forgotten these words: "My dear child, Jesus loves you. He does not wish to see you less happy, but more happy. You will never be truly so, and will never live as you ought, till you give your heart to him."

I felt somewhat serious as the good man left us, and began to think, are these words true? Is it necessary that youth should love Jesus? Is religion for the young as well as the old? Is it for me? Will it make me happy as well as more useful in my life? Upon this last question I thought much; for with all my gaiety, I was by no means really happy.

With my mind full of these reflections, I went to my little room, and after reading my Bible, I tried to pray; but Oh, how I did feel my need of some one to tell me how to begin to be a Christian. I determined to go at once to Col. F. and ask him. Putting on my bonnet, I crossed the fields to his house. What should I do, for I felt as if I must talk with him on the subject of my soul's salvation? I went out of the house, and

walked up and down the lane for some time, suffering much mental agony, until I saw Col. F. in the distance returning home. I ran to meet him; and as soon as his eye lighted upon me he said, "My child I see you are in anxiety and trouble, what do you wish?"

"Oh," said I, "talk to me about Jesus as you have often done. Oh how sorry I am that I have so often neglected your advice. I will listen now; do talk to me!" He did so, and never shall I forget how he quoted to me passages from God's word to show how willing Jesus is to save the sinner who comes to him penitent and willing to be obedient. Oh how much good it did me then to hear Col. F. talk about Jesus. I wondered at my former folly; and it seemed to me very strange how I could ever have refused to hear him or reject his kind advice. From that day I improved every opportunity to hear him talk about Jesus; and whenever I was troubled about duty, would go to him for counsel, for he seemed to me the best friend I had in the world.

Soon after this interview, I found peace in believing in Jesus, and became a member of the Church.—Ez.

A SHIPWRECKED SOUL.

Did you ever hear the cry, "A man overboard!" In the silence and darkness of midnight, it is a sound to thrill one's nerves, and echo in memory for a lifetime.

I was once upon a steamer when this terrible cry rang through the vessel, waking nearly every sleeper, and starting men and women out of their bunks as from a horrible dream. There were the hoarse shouts of command; the sudden cessation of the huge engine's beating and throbbing; the rattling of chains as hurrying hands lowered the boat; the splash of oars for a few seconds; and then all was still. How still! No one ventured even a whisper, as every ear was strained to catch some returning note of hope from the boat swallowed up in the darkness.

A half hour passed, and then one and another began to say sadly, "It is too late!" Yes, it was too late, and presently the voices of men were heard as they slowly neared the vessel, and then filed reluctantly over its side, answering in low, despondent tones to our anxious inquiries, that they could find no trace of the lost captain, for search during their absence had revealed that an officer of the army was the missing man. With intellect partially disordered from suffering of body, it was believed he had sought relief and rest in the unanswering sea.

There was one of the deck-hands, a fair-haired blue-eyed young man, who had helped to lower the boat, and had stood leaning against the guard-rail its return, who seemed to feel as if the general sadness at this mournful event was a thing rather contemned, and who in speaking of his companions' ineffectual search, used very flippant and profane language. "What's the use of whining?" said he with an oath; "he'll find good society and shipwrecked men enough down there in the sea-ward, I'll warrant."

"My son," said an old man who stood by laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, "a drowned body may seem a slight thing to you but how about a shipwrecked soul?"

The young man started, and his cheek flushed at the awful solemnity of the question realized itself to him. His offensive indifference was evidently the result rather of thoughtlessness and subjection to bad influences, than of a hardened conscience.

The group standing near delicately withdrew, and left the two by themselves; it was "a word in season." For the remainder of our voyage no oaths were heard from that young man's lips; and there was a subdued manner about him so noticeable, that we could not but be hopeful that he was learning to know the only "way" by which the voyager to eternity may escape that awful shipwreck of a soul.

A SUBLIME FAITH.—Faith rests with confidence in the word of God, assured that his promises cannot fail. When one has right view of the Divine character, he feels that he could sooner doubt his own existence than doubt the promises of God. The Bible itself furnishes no finer illustration of a sublime faith than the following reply of a poor Scotch woman to Rev. John Brown, of Haddington:—

Mr. Brown had been pressing her with hard questions, to test her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the strength and depth of her piety. At last, he asked:—

"Janet, what if God, after all he has done should break his promise and drop you into hell?"

The poor woman promptly replied: "Let him do even as he likes. If he does, he'll lose nair than I do!"

It would be hard for any one to go beyond this in right conceptions of the faithfulness of God.

BE TRUE.—The only way for a man to escape being found out, is to pass for what he is. The only way to maintain a good character, is to deserve it. It is easier to correct our faults than to conceal them.

A longing to be saved, without understanding the true way how, hath been the cause of all superstitions in the world. O that the miserable state of others which wander in darkness, and rot not whither they go could give us understanding hearts, worthy to esteem the riches of the mercies of God towards us, before whose eyes the doors of the kingdom of heaven are too wide open! Should we not offer violence to our own pride?—Hooker.

ON CESSURE.—"For my own part," says Rev. John Newton, "if my pocket was full of stones, I have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or worse than he; or I certainly should if the Lord had left me a little to myself, for I am made of just the same materials; if there be any difference is wholly of grace."

Rowland Hill once visited a dying lady. She was a member of the Church of England but not free from bigotry. Among other things she said that she thanked God that she had, all her days, been kept from the company of "those Methodists." What did Mr. Hill do? Nothing. He offered no remonstrance. She will be in heaven in half an hour, thought he, and she will find out her mistake there.—The Appeal.

THINKING ALIKE.—On one occasion when the late Bishop of Litchfield had spoken on the importance of diligent, painstaking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said, "Why, my lord, I do go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon, yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it. The Bishop replied, 'An, well that agrees with what I heard from your people; for they hear the sermon, and they also think nothing of it.'

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