

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XV.—No. 42.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1868.

Whole No. 770.

APRIL 16, 1868.

## The Intelligencer.

### HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

1. What is human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust, caught up from the earth to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that Divine Intelligence, in which, and through which, we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread; by ignorance, they are closed and palsied, and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy.

2. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm and taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of the day, the shining mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexplored domain of Nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants.

3. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him the mystery is unveiled, the veil is lifted up, as, one after another, he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled in every page, with the characters of wisdom, power, and love—with lessons of truth the most exalted—with arguments of unspeakable loveliness and wonder—arguments of Providence—food for meditation—themes of praise.

4. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beheld nothing but a rough inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secret of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them.

5. Before the admiring student of Nature has realised all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, created again by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down, and learn, at last, to know the universe in which he lives; and contemplates the limbs, the motions, the circulations, of races of animals, disporting in their tempestuous ocean—a drop of water.

6. Then, when his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, and sense, these all but non-existent atoms—O then let him divest the Muses, let Astronomy approach and take him by the hand; let her

Come, and keep her wondrous state,  
With ev'ry step and musing gait,  
And look on things that seem to die,  
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes;

let her lead him to the mount of observation; let her turn her heavy piercing tube to the sparkling vault; through that, let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains at stormy despoils; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untutored observer amid myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disc of a noble planet, the seven attendant worlds, the wondrous rings, a mighty system in itself, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour, on its broad pathway through the heavens; and then let him reflect that our great solar system, of which Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills itself, in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixed star; and that the Power, which filled the drop of water with millions of living beings is present and active, throughout this illimitable creation! Yes, yes,

The devout astronomer is mad!

—Edward Everett.

### THE MORNING GUN.

We cut the following striking paragraph from the report of the London Missionary Society:—  
A pleasant custom prevails in India which will illustrate our position. At all the military stations of the empire, the troops are summoned to parade in the early morning by the firing of a gun. The night may still be dark; the restless sleeper may fancy it will yet be long. But suddenly, amid the stillness, loud and clear comes the morning gun; and the reveille is sounded by the bugler's horn. The stars are still shining, and the landscape is wrapped in gloom. But the dawn is near; and soon every eye is open, every foot astir, and the busy, waking life of men again begins. The fleecy clouds that hang on the eastern horizon grow ruddy with gold; and the arrowy light shoots its bright rays athwart the blue sky. The dust and fumes which the night has hidden stand revealed. But in the forests and the pulses of nature beat fresh and full; the leopard and the birds fit to and fro, and with flowers open; and the tiger slinks away; the wild animal music welcome the rising day. In the city all forms of life quicken into active exercise. The trader sits ready on his stall; the judge is on the bench; the physician alays pain; the mother tends her child. The claims of human duty come again into full force; benevolence is active; suffering and disappointment, forgotten in sleep, press with new weight on weary hearts. What a mighty change one hour has made! Long has the night of heedlessness and of wickedness ruled over the world. "Darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." But the gun has fired, and "the morning cometh." The fumes of the night have been revealed. The nations once wrapped in gloom are waking to life and truth. Divine light is quickening all the pulses of human thought; the heart beats more warmly; the eye looks upward; and the great world is drawing nearer to its Father. The Gentiles are coming to the light, and kings to the brightness of his rising. And when at length the Sun of Righteousness shall rise in power, his new creation, "with verdure clad, with beauty, vigor, grace adorned," shall give him loving welcome; and he shall shine, to set no more, on "the new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

### SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS.

THE BAPTIST IDEA OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

The sermon in the Madison Avenue course, on Sunday evening, was delivered by Rev. C. B. Crane, of Hartford, Ct., on the Baptist Idea of the Constitution of the Church. His illustrations were fresh and striking, and the character of the discussion throughout will be seen from the following outline:

Text, Ephesians 2: 21, 22.—In whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.

In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

The text was referred to as the point of departure for the discussion of the Baptist idea of the constitution of the Christian church. For the development and vindication of this idea, two distinct lines of argument were pursued. (1) The concentration upon it of the light of divine and verbal inspiration; (2) the showing of the natural and necessary gravitation of the idea toward certain fundamental and cardinal doctrines of Scripture, which in turn verify the correctness of it.

1. The Scriptural argument.

It will help to an easy and successful use of this argument, to understand that the church as an organization, in the Bible use of the term, refers to the local church as the elementary unit, and to the universal church as the complex unit, and that the Scriptures which apply to the one will apply with equal pertinency to the other. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that the larger unit is by no means mechanical and artificial, but such an one as the analogies of Nature afford.

The text teaches that the structural unity of the church is in Christ.

Immediately we are confronted by the question, suggested by a theory and polity contradictory to our own. Is this unity merely in the outward and objective atonement of Christ, allowing the mortification of unregenerate persons into the church; or does it consist in the actual communion, as between Christ and the entire church, of the spirit and life of Christ, forbidding the entrance into it of any who are not regenerate?

We answer, by adducing other Scriptural statements and figures than are given in the text, which teach distinctly and exclusively the necessary regeneracy of all who compose the membership of the church. (a) The similitude of the "vine and the branches." (b) The similitude of the "body," allowing no admixture of wood and steel. (c) The styling of every true member of the church a "temple of the Holy Ghost." (d) The styling of him a living or "lively stone."

The spiritual temple being thus a living temple, it grows toward symmetry and perfection. Dead parts of it, sacramentally added, could not grow; and if they be introduced, there results a disproportionateness which is the scandal of both reason and faith.

The true idea of the constitution of the church, then, requires and consists in an organic union of Christian believers—an exclusively regenerate membership.

The preacher then passed to show that many Pedobaptist churches, while professing the same idea, do nevertheless, in the baptism of infants, and in some cases in the baptism of unconverted adults, organize more or less closely, and more or less confessedly, an unregenerate element into the church. Infant baptism, by the imperative law of logic and philosophy, conducts to the doctrine of infant church membership.

The Baptist church, if true to its idea, is a fabric with a salvaged edge of regeneracy, separate from the world—the well-defined body of divine truth and life; the Pedobaptist church, through its ravelling edge of unregeneracy, is organically united with the unregenerate world.

II. The Baptist idea of a regenerate membership naturally gravitates toward the following Scriptural doctrines: (a) A just conception of regeneracy; (b) A democratic ecclesiastical polity; (c) The witnessing and representation, in character and life, of divine truth by the entire church; (d) The priesthood of the entire church; and (e) A comprehensive unity of all the local churches, without resort to artificial or mechanical organization, like the unity of men in man—of *brotherhood* in the *beech*.

The Pedobaptist idea gravitates away from these doctrines.

Baptists, it was insisted, must be true to their distinctive idea, both in theory and in practice, aiming at such a condition of things, that when the church includes the whole humanity, the whole humanity shall be holy.

### ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY.

MARY WOOD.

It is wonderful how much more easy it is to say hard words than soft ones. It must be so, for how otherwise can we account for the fact, that we hear quite a dozen of the former to one of the latter? Indeed, soft answers and kind words are so rare that they are quite precious, and worth treasuring up in our memories, while, as for the hard words, we are to be sure to remember all of them! We had need have very large receptacles indeed to contain them.

There are plenty of hard words said to us. It is often very difficult to listen with smiling faces, and professed to be neither annoyed or grieved by what is spoken. They make us wonder sometimes what possible pleasure our castigations can find in torturing us so unmercifully. And what is their motive? Is it really and entirely for our good, and because they see that reproof is needed, and that they are doing us a kindness by administering it, or does a little malicious pleasure at our wincing creep into their hearts as they watch? Anyhow, the cup is so very bitter, that surely kind-hearted people would not compel us to drink it unless it were really necessary. A draught of hard words requires a great deal of sweetening to become palatable.

But, however many hard words are said to us, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that they are as nothing compared to those that are said about us. It would surely lessen our vanity and make us move less self-complacently if we could overhear a title of them. And, perhaps, as we do not hear them, they may not do us any injury. For doubtless hard words, even those which only pelt our backs, are needful sometimes. Only it does seem a pity, seeing that gentle ones are so much more pleasant, that they should not be used more freely! How many of us would be lighter-hearted but for the conviction that the very people who smilingly say such kind and polite

things to us, are likely to say the very reverse as soon as we are out of hearing. Is it not a pity that we do not desire to be trusted?

It is wonderful how clever the speakers of hard words can be!

They find flaws where more simple minded people would never detect them. Why, even the May meetings are not exceptions. There are numbers who will find fault with even the most telling speeches, and who will even severely, and not too kindly, criticise the sermons. If their speaking will do any good, let them talk by all means, but still, when they have found all the fault they can, it would really be refreshing if they could be charitable enough to say some little favourable thing at the last.

Perhaps the greater the individual the harder are the things that are said of him. It would be amusing, if it were not so painful, to hear persons who cannot sing a dozen notes correctly talk sneeringly (as they love to do) of our great singers; and those who never have opportunity of uttering a few words before even an audience of five, point out the utter worthlessness of the remarks of one who can at any time keep thousands listening breathlessly to his words—it is about all they can do!

But Christians should surely be more gentle, more kindly, more charitable. And, if they forget all else, they should at least remember the golden rule, and do to others as they would that they should do to them.

### A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in an humble cottage in England:

In the dim silence of the voiceless night  
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—  
Some vague impression of the day foregone—  
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee  
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill,  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,  
Or anything beside, how joyfully  
Passes that almost solitary hour,  
My God with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,  
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
More blest than anything, my bosom lies  
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me!  
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,  
O God! but Thee?

### FOR EVER.

It is related of a late eminent servant of God, who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was often employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them from day to day, was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream admiring the ceaseless flow of the waters, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere in a sermon that "a river was like eternity." He felt now, as he had never before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant torrent, he said to himself, "When I die, I must either go to heaven or hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness will be like this river—always, always flowing."

The thought flowed to his mind, as hour by hour the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call from heaven, no alarming providence, no pathetic appeal stirred his soul; nothing but the still, small voice from the bosom of the tranquil river. At length he returned home, but he could not shake off the impression. The Holy Spirit awoke him to the consciousness of his immortality, and constrained him to ponder whether that immortality should be an endless river of pleasure at God's right hand, or a ceaseless stream of anguish from the lake of fire. Day after day he returned with his flock to the pasture, but every fresh glance at the river recalled to his mind that one towering thought—eternity.

At last he could endure it no longer. He fled for refuge to the Saviour, received the sense of forgiveness through a believing apprehension of his cross, and thenceforward found the thought of future endless existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently he was called to the ministry of the gospel, and became a distinguished blessing to the church. The circumstances which, under divine guidance, originated his career, gave the tone to all its subsequent course. He habitually dwelt not upon the seen and the temporal, but upon the unseen and eternal.

The contrast of sentimentality and spirituality upon this momentous theme, cannot be better expressed than by quoting one of Tennyson's earlier minor poems, entitled "A Farewell." The poet writes:—

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea—  
Thy tribute ware deliver;  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet, then a river;  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

But there will sigh this older tree,  
And here this aspen shiver;  
And here by thee will burn the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

No one can fail to feel the exquisite charm of these verses—the tender, pathetic contrast between the constancy of nature and the fugitive, vanishing existence of man's life. But here the reflection ends. The poet tells us where his steps shall not be for ever and for ever, but he fails to say or hint where they shall be.

After the last sun has quivered on the flowing stream—may, steps will be somewhere, and that for ever and ever. They will have taken hold on the life eternal, or have slid down to the abyss, in either case never to return. Ah! for ever and for ever is a thought which contains something more than poetry for a responsible being.—Ex.

### OUR DEACONS.

Like every other staff of ecclesiastical officials, deacons are characterized by the peculiarities of humanity. Many of them are what they should be, great helps to the church and the pastor, high-minded, honourable, true-principled, Christian men. When they are sage in counsel, prudent in conduct, generous in disposition, and punctual in discharge of duty, they are beyond all price. When to solid moral worth, grafted upon genuine piety, they add that perception of character which enables them to guard the purity of the church, their services are of immense value to the minister; and when to all this is added a practical use of the financial faculty, the monetary affairs of the church go on very comfortably, and the labourer, "who is worthy of his hire," gets it with promptitude and punctuality. And this is clearly a matter of extreme importance, for, in churches constituted on the voluntary principle, the proper support of the pastor is absolutely essential to the healthy working of the organization. In relation to this matter, and the kindred matter of church aims to the poor members, well-qualified deacons are a great blessing. For when a Christian minister voluntarily shuts himself out from the world's markets, and devotes his entire energies to the religious instruction and edification of his flock, it is but simple justice that he and his family should be placed beyond pinching straits and oppressive anxiety. And in this matter *everything depends upon the deacons*. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing," asks the apostle, "if we reap your carnal things?" It is not at all a great thing, and yet incompetent or thoughtless deacons may make a minister's life miserably, spoil his usefulness, and compel him to leave the people he loves and seek another "sphere of labor."

In the diocesan office, as in every other connected with the Christian Church, qualification is essential. The original institution is thus described:—"And in those days, when the number of disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because the widows were neglected in the daily ministrations. Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them and said, it is not reason that we should leave the Word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." When men of this class fill the diaconate, the link between the pastor who gives himself continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word, and those for whom he prays, and to whom he ministers, is a precious, a holy, and a beautiful one. Men of piety, wisdom and reputation, they are his "church court," his councillors, his helpers, his valued friends. The prosperity of a church depends upon its deacons. They will seek the absent, visit the sick, relieve the poor, find out persons who have been awakened and wish to unite in fellowship; they will be examples of punctuality, will be present regularly at the week-day as well as the Sunday gatherings, and their prayers will encourage, and their liberality will stimulate, others.

Which ones are sure to obtain funds for anything in which the honor and diffusion of Christ's glorious Gospel are concerned. They have to *sell* it, and the thing is done. They will be foremost in every good work, and will take care that their pastor shall not be distracted by any secular matter whatever, but shall have his entire time for the study and the pulpit. The solemn responsibility of his work is enough for any mortal man, and he should not be asked to go to all sorts of meetings, to deliver all kinds of lectures, to gather money for all sorts of societies, to build chapels, to sit on committees, to go on deputations, and, in addition to all this, to visit everybody, everywhere, and always. All this is utterly absurd. No wonder that ministers who are such slaves break down under it, and that people bitterly complain of poor sermons. To all their demands, which form no part of his duty, the wise minister will say "No!" and, if his deacons are wise, they should be, they will take care that he shall not be expected to leave his hallowed work for such services.

### THE CROWNING HONOR.

"Consider the poor!" We perhaps think this accomplished when one cast-off garment is bestowed upon the needy, when one kind word has been said, when once from our abundance we give bread to the hungry, or lift the cup to fevered lips, but inasmuch as principle is greater than impulse, inasmuch as the influence of the blessing enriches the souls of those who give thought, and study, and prayer to this matter, and systematically consider how they may, of the means God has given, look after less favored ones, seek out the poor, and by all the tender offices of word and deed endeavor to meet this divine command.

"Up and doing!"—"This I daily pray," said an earnest, humble laborer, "may ever be my watchword." But of the many, who through their gentle unassuming deeds of love, were cared for, comforted, and sped on to the heavenly gates, he maketh no record;—her only thought is, "the night cometh," "let me work while the day lasts."

In the most aristocratic section of an Eastern city, in an elegant finished and luxuriously furnished house, resided as mistress of the mansion, a lady who accepts her stewardship with trembling, yet joyfully. "In trust for the Master," heart and purse are labored; "let me keep nothing but my daily cry, and heartily consecrating body and soul to this holy work, who passes the greater portion of her time in caring for those homeless, crushed creatures, who are weighed down by over-much sorrow, and bear almost in silence the ever-recurring burdens of life.

The oversight of the household has been given into the hands of an excellent homeless woman, who, by the faithful discharge of every duty, seeks to express the constant gratitude of her heart; and having thus secured entire regularity and comfort to the family, Mrs. L. gives herself more than ever to the comforting of those who are cast down, to the weary in spirit, and to such as have had none to lift them up to the light and sunshine of God's love. One room is especially dedicated to this work of blessed charities; there rest, comfort, food, clothing, books, a word in season, or work for such as are more effectually served by that means, something for all, for whatever nation or people her visitors may be, for each silent, throbbing heart afulness of sympathy, falling like a balm, stirring their souls anew to life and energy.

When asked "Does it not infringe upon your hours of leisure, upon the claims society has upon you," a little flush of surprise, mingled with an expression of regret, passed over her face as she replied very gently, "I consider it the crowning honor of my life that God has so ordered my temporal affairs that I can be interrupted at any hour, that I can, in an unfettered way, give the greater portion of my time to the consideration of the poor and neglected."

It may not be amiss to add that, as a mother, wife and friend, an efficient helper in church and Sabbath school claims, there is never any indication of wavering interest. To the poor, Mrs. L. gives her thoughts, her prayers, her alms-deeds, as many another bestows her golden talents upon the frivolities of so-called "society," upon a questionable enjoyment of the many alluring pleasures deemed essential for us who would "stand well with the world."

To whom, judge ye, shall the Master by and by say, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, enter ye into the joy of the Lord?"

We often hear, and yet we do not realize the mighty results that may come from the slightest word, the most important action. The smallest hole in the dyke may let in the boundless ocean. The slightest stone applied in time will keep the waters back. So the smallest sin, if persisted in, will make a villain, and the least grain of real good in the heart will, with prayer and effort, bring forth fruits of virtue and piety. A sister who sometimes timidly spoke a word in prayer-meeting, often doubted her duty in this respect, and said:

"I do no good."

A brother hearing her replied:

"You are mistaken; it was a few simple words spoken years ago, that first led me to think myself a sinner, and to look to Christ for pardon. I can remember them now, though you no doubt have long ago forgotten them."

### VARIETIES.

An old lady once said that her idea of a great man was "a man who was careful of his clothes; didn't drink spirits; kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash-day, to save the wimmin folks the trouble of cooking."

Somebody compares a rich Christian, who waits till he makes his will before he does anything for God and the poor, to a Christmas-box, which receives many gifts, but has to be broken to pieces before anything can be gotten out of it.

A young man having preached for his bishop, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labour of love. The bishop, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No sir, not at all; nor by the depth of it either?"

Almost all mankind are constantly catching at something more than they possess, and torment themselves in vain. Nor is our rest to be found amongst these enjoyments of the world, where all things are covered with a deluge of fluctuating, restless waters; and the soul flying about, looking in vain for a place on which it may set its foot. Most unhappily loses its time, its labor and itself at last, like the birds in the days of the flood, which, having long sought for land till their strength was quite exhausted, fell down at last and perished in the waters.—Leighton.

While Noah was planting his vineyard the Devil came and said, "What are you doing here?" Noah replied, "planting a vineyard." "What is the use of a vineyard?" inquired the Devil; said Noah, "its fruit, whether fresh or dry (grapes or raisins), is sweet and good; and its wine gladdens the heart." "Let us work it on shares," says the Devil; "Agreed," says Noah. Now what does the Devil do? He brings a lamb, a lion, a dog and a monkey, sacrifices them, and mingles the blood with the soil. Therefore, if a man eats only of the fruit of the vineyard, he is as innocent and nice as a lamb; if he drinks wine he thinks himself a lion when he is not, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually he becomes as selfish and as unmanly as a dog; if he gets drunk, he jabbars and jumps about, and is silly and nasty like a monkey.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution—to be undetermined where the case is so plain; and the necessity so urgent, to be always intending to lead a new life; but never to find time to set about it.

Becher says: "I believe in war, just as I believe in a policeman's belly; just as I used to believe in my father's hand. War is God's method of spanking the nations."

Sometimes we hear sermons where the preacher's aim seems to be to make a fine impression; to present a discourse faultless in structure and delivery; and this main idea crowds out the gospel—not intentionally, but none the less really. We listened, a Sabbath ago, to two sermons from the lips of one of our able evangelical ministers, which, as addresses, were admirable, but as sermons, were failures; that is if the object of preaching is to turn sinners unto Christ. Had there been in the congregation a person anxious to know the way of salvation, he could not have learned it from the preacher. There was nothing of Christ, nothing of sin or a Saviour.

A young man who had great cause of complaint against another, told an old hermit that he was resolved to be avenged. The good old man did all that he could to dissuade him; but seeing that it was impossible, and the young man persisted in seeking vengeance, he said to him, "At least, my young friend, let us pray together before you execute your design." Then he began to pray in this way—"It is no longer necessary, O God, that thou shouldst defend this young man, and declare thyself his protector, since he has taken upon himself the right to seek his own revenge." The young man fell on his knees before the old hermit, and prayed for pardon for his wicked thought, and declared that he would no longer seek revenge of those that had injured him.

By religion, I mean a steady choice and affectionate adherence to God, as the paramount object of our hearts, and the supreme sum and center of our happiness.—Alexander Knox.

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