

# The Religious Intelligence.

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]

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The Intelligence.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

A DAY AT BELLEFONTAINE—PRIORS AND MONKS  
—VOW OF SILENCE AND POVERTY—HOW THEY  
WORK AND SUFFER—A PENITENT UNDER FOOT  
—THE GRAVE.

By N. S. DOUGLASS.

The four grand orders in the Roman Church are Augustinian, Dominican, Franciscan and Benedictine. The last is the most celebrated. The first three consist of friars—the other of monks. Friars (fratres) withdraw from the world to enjoy religious fellowship; monks (monachi), to worship God in solitude. The houses of the former are convents; of the latter, monasteries. The one contains a society of brethren or sisters; the other, of isolated recluses.

The abbey of Bellefontaine is a monastery of the strictest sort. It belongs to the monks of La Trappe. Silence is absolute. *Seditio Seditio* is the motto, as it is inscribed over the entrance gates. The cells have each a table, chair, box, and two trestles for the plank upon which a mattress is laid. Invalids may neither keep their bed nor rest upon their chair. No change of dress is allowed by day or night, in summer or winter. All property is renounced, all friendship severed. Two brothers meet every day in chapel for twelve years and never spoke. No news is ever heard. The common hall is hung with dabs of hideous subjects. No one may go near the fire or sit down to warm himself. None but the father-prior is allowed to leave the monastery. He knows the death of a nation, hears a monarch of war, understands the policy of governments, reasons upon the effects of public measures, is informed of passing events, appreciates the progress of science, passes under review the results of enterprise, or takes to heart the achievements of thought in the physical and moral world. Every monk of La Trappe is dead. His senses live. His mind is neither idiotic nor crazed. He eats, drinks and sleeps; is weary and refreshed, depressed and exhilarated; goes with alacrity to his task, or shrinks from it as a penance; performs pure devotion or matters prayer as the galley slave pulls at the oar; but, for all purposes of Christian manhood, is as dead as if he had been buried a thousand years.

It was noon when we reached Bellefontaine. The drive had been through thick forest and over dismal roads. Around the monastery no person was visible. We opened the gate; entered the court; passed through low, white-painted, scanned every corner as our public entrance; threaded dark avenues and circuitous ways, and at last reached a door that yielded to pressure. An old man appeared. To our surprise, he started back, covered his face, and made violent signs for us to withdraw. It was the lady in our party. Ignorant of the rules of St. Bernard, she had accompanied us within the walls, but was compelled to return to the hotel.

Shortly, the monk, who is master of ceremonies to the monastery, entered. The hospitality of the house is his care. He holds his office during life, and is the sole link that connects La Trappe with the outside world. As he is responsible for the opinion visitors may form of the Order, he is chosen from among those who have formerly moved in good society. The countenance of this monk was fine and expressive; he held his shaven head erect; and his address, though grave and earnest, was pleasing and polite. He first explained the divisions of the Order. We were divided, he said, into three classes. The chorists are educated. Each has his stool in church. All are clothed in white. Each wears a black scapular, which is laid aside during religious service. The second class are attired in brown. There are some younger in the smithy.

'Is every inmate obliged to labor?' one of our party inquired. 'Without exception,' was the reply. 'In former times there were but three monks in this retreat, which then possessed a revenue of 30,000 francs. Now we receive but 1,500, and our numbers amount to eighty. Moderate as our requirements are, we are forced, therefore, to labor diligently to earn our daily bread.'

'And is unbroken silence maintained while at work?' 'Invariably. Each morning the prior appoints to every man his task. Even the field laborers are only permitted to communicate by means of signs; and there are brethren who would suffer any amount of physical torment rather than utter a syllable without the permission of their superior. The third class is that of the *fratres oblati*, or lay brethren, who discharge the duties of servants. These retain their worldly garb.'

We entered the church. Our guide resumed his stool. Placed in the choir, opposite the high altar, our party had a full view of the spectacle. Thirty monks were present. One officiated. All were clad in white robes. Behind were bare, white walls. The shaven heads, immobile forms, pale complexions, fixed eyes, haggard faces, and bended attitude of those nine and twenty recluses, appeared like corpses clad in shrouds. Neither the hollow chant, nor deep responses, nor slow *Ave Maries*, nor guttural *Pater Nosters*, nor wailing organ notes, dispelled the illusion. Young men were of the number, and middle aged and old, and all alike bore the stamp of the desert. They grouped together at the conclusion and walked past through the long passage, but even then they resembled the shadows of the departed. The ceiling, walls, pillars, stools, altar cloths and robes were all white, and the images of virgin and child and the rosaries they wore, and the blessed bascules, narrow chapels, plain *pavement* and braided hassocks. The most diurnal colors were tortured by deathly silence and auto-matic sounds into dusky gloom. One of the monks raised his head while passing, and fixed his large, dark eyes upon the writer. It was a face well known in the *salons* of Paris. Youth, beauty, wealth, and even science, were his friends when we knew him three years before. *La siene du monde* changed. He was a Trappist.

Our guide resumed his place and asked us to refreshment. The table was spread with omelette, salad, butter, cheese, bread, and fruit. A bottle of *vin ordinaire* stood before each plate. Compared with the fare of the monks, it was the feast of a Sybarite. Ten ounces of bread, a potato without salt, and a gill of milk mixed in a pint of water, constitute their meal. Seated each upon a block of wood before an unsprung table, with ming, wooden spoon and trencher, the food is eaten

in silence. From time to time the prior strikes a bell. The eating ceases. Every head is bowed. It is the moment of reflection. He strikes again, and the meal is resumed.

But suppose one of the Order were ill, and the physician were to direct strong things diet? 'We know no illness here,' our guide replied, 'nor any physician save a spiritual one.' As the monks left their table, we stood aside to let them pass. At the door was a penitent. He lay stretched at full length on the threshold. His penance had just been imposed. It was to be trodden upon by those who departed. Painfully as the sight impressed us who were strangers, the inmates seemed rather to enjoy it. Every one planted first one foot and then the other squarely on the recumbent's back. To do him justice, he bore it bravely, uttering no groan save when a fat monk brought up his second foot and stood resting for a minute or two on the penitent's body.

Before conducting us through the buildings, our master of ceremonies introduced us to the father-prior. He is an old man, tall and thin, with a bearing and countenance expressive of command. A long staff is his mark of distinction. Beyond this, his woolen robes, scapular and *sabote* were like the others. With him rests every secret. The name each monk has left in the world is his family, birthplace, history, relatives, and attainments. The property he may have in expectancy or honors devolving by descent—why he is here and what are his thoughts—are alone known to him. He only receives news, reads letters, listens to confessions, awards punishments, manages finances, and directs labor. His power is absolute. From his fiat there is no appeal.—The term of his office is life. He is the father. The others are children. He tells them, 'Let us pray for the repose of the mother of one of us.' If a property has reverted, 'Let us thank God, who has brought the estate of one of us into His treasury.' Beyond this he utters no word.

Our guide put on his scapular and we started to explore the buildings. He led us through a series of certain places—dining room, sleeping rooms, and the church—he should be compelled to observe silence, and that, though our questions would remain verbally unanswered, he would still endeavor to make himself intelligible by signs. Following him, we inspected chapel and sacristy, reliques, and sacred utensils, dormitory and churchyard. The sleeping room is never warmed. In the depth of winter, the monks, trembling with cold, rise at half-past one. Hastening to the church, they kneel two hours upon their icy pavement. Then they repair to the common room and read till four. Again, services of church till five—then breakfast—work till house and field till eleven—dinner and repose till one—service again till two—work till five—refreshment and repose till eight—the litany and *salve regina* for half an hour—when, returning to the common room, all throw themselves upon the ground to pray and repeat the *Miserere*. The father-prior then sprinkles them with holy water, and at half past eight, all retire to rest.

We passed through the churchyard. It is silent in its gloom. The grey, damp earth is thrown up in hillocks. The country around is impressively dreary. Within the enclosure there is neither stone nor greenwood, flowering plant nor shrubbery, gravelled walk nor arboreal tree. It is total solitude, undisturbed silence, and oppressive sadness. Here and there appeared a black cross of wood with the words, 'Here resteth brother.' Other graves were nameless. They extend in parallel lines from end to end. At the termination of the outside furrow is an open grave, dug on the day of the last interment, where the monks meditate, not knowing whose resting place it will be. When it closes upon its occupant, a fresh one is opened beyond.

The period of novitiate is one year. Each applicant must be of age and unmarried. A novice is free to withdraw. The vows once taken, however, are irrevocable. The Trappist is dead to the world. He has neither family name nor legal inheritance, rights of kin or obligations of friendship, property nor reversion, succession nor antecedents, claims of humanity nor benefits of legislation. To all intents and purposes of life he has passed away. His own will is surrendered. Parents are strangers, brothers and sisters of blood aliens, dearest friends foes, highest cultivations of society temptations, and the very afflictions which arrested worldly life snarls of the destroyer. He is the slave of his spiritual father.

The prospect of society from Bellefontaine is in keeping. Hills covered with forests, one beyond the other. Stillness reigns everywhere. At a great depth below is a narrow valley, thickly wooded, and interspersed with lakes. These form a most around the monastery. Their waters are stagnant—their hue dismal. Thick exhalations arise morning and evening, and curling vapors hide the dark, grey towers.—*Cor. to New York Observer.*

SINNERS DESTROY THEMSELVES.

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself."—1 Thes. xii. 9. This was spoken more than one hundred years before the captivity. That and other judgments that were to come in consequence of the apostasy of the people, were foretold by this prophet.

To destroy, sometimes means to afflict; sometimes to ruin, and to kill soul or body. Man, in some general sense, is the artificer of his own fortune. He chooses what he will be. He chooses the path of life and heaven, or the way of death and eternal woe. Others may help in the way of right, and be powerful instruments in assisting to secure salvation; and some may take the fearful responsibility of doing what they can to ruin their fellow beings, but God holds every person responsible for the course of action pursued.

The wicked ruin themselves. This will appear from the following considerations: 1. Christ died for all. The redemption was for the race, and for each individual in particular. It follows from this that all are placed on an equal ground, and may be washed by the mercy of God. That Christ died for all is specifically declared. 'He tasted death for every man.'

2. All are invited. 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' 'Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

3. God is not willing men should perish. 'Why wilt ye die?' 'As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.'

4. Men are free, moral agents. This means that they are capable and free to perform moral

actions. An action is rendered moral by having respect to a rule that determines its character.—That rule is the just law of the living God. And all moral acts are voluntary.

5. The place of future punishment was not prepared for men, but another set of beings. It was 'for the devil and his angels.' It is declared the wicked shall depart and go there, but it was not designed for them. It is a fit place, and if they will sin, thither they must go; but they will be intruders there. They will 'mourn at the last,' because of their exceeding folly. And remorse, the natural consequence of guilt, may be the fire that shall not be quenched.

6. Suicide, the death of the body, is now sometimes voluntarily chosen. God says, 'Do thyself no harm.' If the mind is sane, there is accountability for the act. Even if insane, there is accountability if the insanity was induced by intemperance or some other vice, the consequences of which might have been foreseen. Athiphol, Judas, Nero, the persecutors, and others committed suicide. It was their own act.

7. God charges the wicked with destroying themselves. So in the text. So in other places where he declares their own hand hath done the thing named. The Saviour said to the Jews—'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.' And thus may choose death. When Titus with his army was besieging Jerusalem, he desired to save the temple, but such was the obstinacy and infatuation of the Jews, that he swore by his gods, that if he should be destroyed and the people ruined; and he called upon heaven to witness that he was not the author of their calamities. And when the infidel Altamont was dying, and felt it too late to repent, he exclaimed, 'I have plucked down ruin.'

O ye who read, beware. If you choose sin, you choose its consequences. If you shall find yourselves being destroyed with 'everlasting destruction,' you will feel that God will be saying, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself.' Turn at once to the 'stronghold,' and you shall live forever.

WHY IS IT?

Many Sabbath school teachers appear to be faithful but not fruitful. Why is it? Some who are no more faithful in the discharge of external duties are still much more successful in accomplishing the great end. The former are punctual, regular, kind and earnest; yet, they seem to love their work, but they are not successful. They are blossom-bearing branches, but do not fruit bearing. Why is it?

The question recurs with deeply solemn weight—why do these beautiful blossoms ripen golden fruit? Why should their classes melt away like snow beneath the vernal sun? or grow up and leave the Sabbath school unconverted? No transplanting from the nursery into the vineyard—no transfer from the class into the church. Why is it?

I believe the answer may be summed up in two words—no motive.

The very text class have a very different history. Here is the anxious inquirer—the convicted sinner and the converted soul. Young hearts are won to Jesus and names are transferred from the class book to the church register. Why? Because love for souls is the great moving power, setting in motion all the means and influences divinely appointed to this one grand end, *salvation*. It lays hold on the right arm of God's converting power and holds on. Like Jacob, his cry is, 'I will not let thee go till thou bless me.'

What, then, is the key to this power? A right motive. Without this, the teacher is like a ship at sea without compass or chart, and is in danger of drifting upon sunken rocks or hidden sands. Therefore, I say, dear fellow workers, *have a right motive*. Let us lay hold on this key of power. This, by the grace of God, will greatly compensate for the want of other qualifications. Other qualities may be desirable, but this is indispensable. Others may secure attention, but this is most likely to secure success. 'Give me a motive,' said one, 'and I can do anything.' Here is the true key to successful effort, both in the world and in the church.

The minister of the gospel who does not aim at the salvation of sinners is not likely to be troubled with the anxious inquirer. What must I do to be saved? The same is true of Sabbath school teachers. He who aims at a mark is more likely to hit it than he who shoots at random. If you would win the young heart to Jesus, you must aim for it; live, pray, and labor for it every day; and this do with all the earnestness which he feels who pleads for his life. 'He that goes forth weeping,' as well as 'bearing precious seed,' may claim the promise. He shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him. Hence, I say, the Sabbath school teacher should be moved with a *deep, spiritual motive*. For this is a ministry, not merely of the letter, but of the spirit—not of the law, but of the gospel—a ministry of reconciliation.

His business is to turn the thoughts within and show the soul its own corruption and lost condition, and again to lead the soul to look without itself to the central cross, to Jesus, who says—'Look unto me and be ye saved.' This one thing I do, said one. So say I, this one thing I do, *aim to win the young heart to Christ*. This fills my mind, fires my soul, quickens my energy, and leads me to pray and plead with tears and groanings, which cannot be uttered. Dear fellow workers, let us address ourselves to our classes with this high motive—the soul and Jesus.—*S. S. Times.*

THE BOOK, THE BOOK.—About three hundred years ago, when Bibles were not cheap, and when persons were not allowed to read them freely as they may now, one evening a little peasant child came tripping down the mountain with her father's goats, and she saw a stranger, who spoke to her, and said, 'I like the hymn you were singing just now, little child.' Then he told her he had heard it many hundreds of miles away. Following her to the hut in which she lived, he went in, and was welcomed as a stranger; but when he made known to the family that he was a pastor, their joy knew no bounds. It was quickly arranged that a meeting should be held that evening; and the father and son, and even little Lois, the peasant child, hastened from cottage to cottage, by the light of torches, to beg their neighbors to come. A crowd of old men, rough men, women, and children, too, met in the old cottage home. And when the good pastor told out his blessed Bible to read, 'The Book, the Book!' they murmured, and bowed their head in reverence to hear the words of life.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

One of the most useful men I met in my army life was a private in the 19th New York Volunteers, and a farmer before he had entered the army, by the name of Wolcott. Though possessed of strong, good sense, he had little education, and scarcely wrote a line without an error of spelling or grammar. The only especial qualification he had for Christian work was a sunny temperament and a tact of getting at men.

I first became acquainted with him in the meetings held at Culpepper, which was one of the centres of the great army revival of 1863-4. His power in prayer was something wonderful. May a time I have seen rough, blustering men, officers as well as privates, awed into a feeling of the unusual nearness of God. At such times it seemed that he talked and pleaded with his Heavenly Father as a 'man talketh with his friend.' 'Why, that man prays,' I have heard it remarked, 'as if he saw God,' and just expected to get what he asked for.' Of course he had power with men, and reached them, it seemed, at will. Many scores of souls were given him as the reward and glory of his service.

Our regiment was captured at the battle of the Weldon Railroad, August 19, 1864. Wolcott went with the rest of the privates to Belle Isle. Though there were many Christians among the multitudes confined there, they seemed cowed; and the wicked and profane carried everything with a high hand. He started a prayer-meeting on the night of his arrival. His very novelty helped it; opposition and ridicule were overcome, and within a week there was an attendance of a thousand or twelve hundred. These services were held every night, and were conducted in a simple informal way by private men, (there were no officers or chaplains on the island) and God blessed them. Souls were converted daily. On one occasion eighteen testified that they had that day found their Saviour; and thus the work went on until Wolcott and his friends were sent South, where no such opportunities were allowed.

One day shortly before his capture, as he was going down with me to the Field Hospital, I said to him, 'Wolcott, I'd give anything to learn your secret. You must have thought and prayed much and kept the garden of your soul well, to have such power with God and man.' 'No,' said he, with a sort of puzzled air, 'I don't think that's it. I am not much used to examining myself, and I don't know that I can tell you. But, Chaplain, I don't think much about myself any more. All my thoughts are about Jesus and his love. There are not five minutes in the day, when my mind is not occupied with the necessary duty, that I am not thinking of Him—the first thing when I wake in the morning and the last at night. Then I do everything for Him. If I have anything to do—why, for instance, getting ready for dress parade—that my duty as a soldier requires, I look right past my officer to Him, and try to do it so as to please Him; and, Chaplain, it does make this rough life sweet and easy.' I had his secret. I trust I have not forgotten the lesson; and as I looked upon his sun-burnt face, glowing, even-tempered, as I imagine that of Moses did, I took knowledge that he had been with Jesus.—*Christian Union.*

"EVERY ONE OF YOU."

When the murderers of Christ cried out on the day of Pentecost, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' Peter replied, 'repent and be baptized every one of you.' I shut out no one of you; for I am commanded by my Lord to deal with you as it were by one, by the word of his salvation.

Our question.—But I was one of them that plotted to take away his life. May I be saved by him?

Peter.—Every one of you.

One.—But I was one of that bore false witness against him. Is there grace for me.

Peter.—For every one of you.

One.—But I was one of them that cried out, 'Crucify him, crucify him!' and desired that Barabbas the murderer might live rather than he. What will become of me, think you?

Peter.—I am to preach repentance and remission of sins to every one of you, says Peter.

One.—But I was one of them that did spit in his face when he stood before his accusers. I was also one that mocked him when in anguish he bled and sweated on the tree. Is there room for me?

Peter.—For every one of you, says Peter.

One.—But I was one of them that in his extremity said, 'Give him gall and vinegar to drink.' Why may not I expect the same when anguish and guilt is upon me?

Peter.—Repent of these your wickednesses, and here is remission for every one of you.

One.—But I rebelled on him, I reviled him, I hated him, I rejoiced to see him mocked by others. Can there be hope for me?

Peter.—There is for every one of you. In the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Oh what a blessing 'every one of you' is here. How willing was Peter, and the Lord Jesus by his ministry, to catch these murderers with the word of the gospel, that they might be made monuments of the grace of God. How unwilling was he that any of these should escape the hand of mercy. Yet, what an amazing wonder it is to think that above all the world, and above every body in it, there should have the first offer of mercy.—*From Bunyan's Jerusalem Saved.*

THE MOST ALARMING SIN.—If I were called to point out the most alarming sin to-day—those which are most deceitful in their influence, and most destructive in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their thousands to perdition. They wear the conscience, inherit the soul with an imperceptible sort of worldliness, debase the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self.—While doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment.—*Dr. Crosby.*

LOOK AT THE PREACHER.—Yes, look at him while he is preaching.

1. Because he is speaking to you. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head or avert your face when a friend or any man speaks to you in the house or the street. Acknowledge by looking that you feel that you are spoken to.

2. Because looking at him in a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you.—He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered, who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary.

4. It is kindness too. You can do the preacher service—perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct or profit you in some way.—It will gratify him to notice your fixed gaze. It will cheer him.—*New York Observer.*

TIME USED IS LIFE.—An eminent divine was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians. They declared, on being consulted by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they unanimously advised him to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him.

'If I inquired the divine, 'I give myself up to repose, how long will you guarantee my life?' 'Probably six years,' answered the doctors. 'And if I continue in office?'

'Three years, at most.'

'Your servant, gentlemen,' he replied; 'I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good, to living six years in idleness.'

'PLEASE DON'T STEP THERE, SIR.'—A layer of snow was spread over the icy streets, and pedestrians, shod with India rubber, walked carefully toward the village church on a cold Sabbath morning in February.

Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for I was late, I noticed a bright looking little fellow standing upon the pavement, with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon one spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up to me, and pointing to the place, said, 'Please don't step there, sir; I slipped there and fell down.'

I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed round the dangerous spot.

'Don't step there,' was the theme of my meditations during the remainder of the walk. A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind-hearted child rang in my ear, reminding me of my duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat it, wherever it promises to be useful. 'Please, sir, don't step there.'—*Christian Advocate.*

THINK OF CHRIST.—The best protection against sin at any time is the remembrance of Christ's sufferings. Not only at the sacrament, but whenever we are, this remembrance is an excellent shield in the day of battle. Art thou walking, art thou sitting, art thou going out or coming in? Set a bleeding Saviour before thee; when 'sinners entice thee,' think of thy Saviour's wounds; when thou art tempted to overreach or defraud thy neighbor in any matter, think of the bitter cup thy Master drank of; when any lust, any vain desire rises in thy mind, think of thy dear Redeemer's groans; when thy flesh grows weary of a duty, remember who suffered on the cross; when thou art tempted to be indifferent in religion and faint in thy mind, look upon Him who made his soul an offering for sin, for thy sin; when thou art loth to overcome, think of Him, who 'by his death overcame Him that had the power of death; when impatient thoughts assail thy mind, think of 'the Lamb that bore his sinners' shame; and, sure, under this sad scene, thou wilt not dare to sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

'JUST FOR PITY.'—These were the words upon the lips of a beautiful young lady very recently, while standing by the railway, determined to cross before the approaching train against the wishes of a mother, while the father approved the trial of 'smartness.' In another moment, the engine caught her dress, still sweeping the iron rail, and drew her away from the revolving wheels. She was taken thence with only strength to whisper—'Kiss mother for me,' and died.

Lessons of deep import are taught by this tragedy. 'Just for pity,' is the language of souls daily drifting with 'the death that never dies.'

Among these many who have, living and dead, pious mothers protesting with gentile accents of holy love against the folly of madness. And often, opposed to these, are the tones of a worldly, skeptical father's sanction to the sinful pastimes on the edge of ruin. Sometimes his perverted love wins the day, and the idolized spirit goes to eternity unsaved, feeling in the ruin all that the mutilated victim felt in the mortal agony. 'Kiss mother for me.'

Friends might pity the remorseful anguish of the parent who must hear in his own despair the echo of his approval, which sealed the doom of the loved and lost.—*American Messenger.*

THE GREAT AUTHORITY.—The mother of a family was married to an infidel who made just of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were opposed to her own. This was her answer: 'Because to the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'—*Rev. Adolph Monod.*

THE PATIENT QUAKER.—A venerable friend and dashing buck, driving their respective vehicles, met in a narrow road where neither could pass without the consent of the other. After some dispute as to which should first turn out, the buck drew a newspaper from his pocket and set about perusing it very diligently, upon which the friend with characteristic composure asked: 'Friend, has there another newspaper in thy pocket?' 'No!'

'Then when there has done reading the one in thy hand I would thank thee to loan it to me!'

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