

# 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. XVI.—No. 23.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1869.

Whole No. 803.

MAY 1869.

## The Intelligencer.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

BY REV. DR. LATIMER.

We read in the life of the great Reformer that the nearer he came to Rome, the more he was surprised and disgusted at the effeminacy of the priests and the hollow pomp of their worship. At last in Rome, his eyes were opened to this mystery of iniquity, and he sprang up from the Sancta Scala with these words ringing in his ears, "The just shall live by faith." It would seem in like manner that a like result would follow in the case of any Protestant who has any tendency towards the Romish church, although, alas! it is not always thus. Too many fail to be satisfied with that simple and true worship which is "in spirit" and long for outward forms and material symbols in which to embody their faith and by which to wing their devotion. So the recoil from the skepticism of these days and from the shallow piety of *soi-disant* Christians, swings men over to the opposite extreme of adoration of relics and the devotion of anchorites. We are told that great numbers are sweeping into the Romish church from the folds of Protestantism. No doubt the number is exaggerated in behalf of the church that claims miraculous powers, and which does not hesitate to falsify history to secure its ends. Still, the number of those who take their flight to "the infallible Church" is sufficient to awaken attention to the subject and elicit enquiry as to the cause.

But apart from this, Rome is full of interest to all at the Easter season, when the pomp of the Romish ritual is exhibited in all its splendor. I did not reach Rome before Palm Sunday, and thus did not witness the imposing ceremonies on that occasion. The first "station" after my arrival was the Tenebrae, on Wednesday afternoon, at the Sistine Chapel. So, prepared with the prescribed dress, at 2 o'clock, I climbed the Scala Regia, as far as the guards would allow, to wait for the service at 4 p.m. The crowd had already begun to gather; the usual pushing on such occasions was kept up at a lively rate; and I am sorry to say that some, who came hither for a solemn church service, swore at their neighbors who crowded them in a most unbecoming manner. The ladies, as it was fitting they should, were allowed to pass, provided they were accented in the prescribed manner, that is, in black, without hats, and in a black veil. It amused the gentlemen very much to see one now and then checked by the Swiss guard, and obliged to doff her hat and put on the veil in the midst of the crowd. At last, at 3½, the uneasy crowd were allowed to pass, one by one, and then the John Gilpin race to the top of the stairs was most amusing to see. Not often, I judge, is the Scala Regia deserted by such a race for precedence. I deem myself as expert a hand at pushing through a crowd as most men, but I was melting here to give over and yield the contest. The pressure was terrible at the door of the Sistine, and we nearly overturned the dozen guards who stood at the entrance. The ladies, like a bevy of angels in black, smiled upon us as we came puffing down the aisle and took our places. Soon the hour arrived—the cardinals came in, one by one—all waited with great expectancy for the Pope, who did not appear on this occasion—the six great yellow candles across the screen were lighted, and the fifteen also, which were to be extinguished, as a symbol of the Darkness. At the right was the Papal choir of about a dozen monks, behind the screen inscribed "Cantate Domino." Suddenly a high-toned soprano broke the silence and this musical service had begun. I need not say to those who have heard the chanting of the Romish ritual, that the intonations, even on this occasion, of the Psalms and Lamentations, were monotonous in the extreme. I began to think that all my pains had been in vain, and this much famed service was, after all, of little account. But now four voices took up the song and rendered the strains of Allegri in the most enchanting manner. It was the sweetest music I ever heard, and tears gushed unbidden from my eyes. It was not wholly sad, and it was not joyous, but seemed to voice forth that heavenly submission, which looks up through blinding tears to the skies. All too brief was this enchanting strain, as if caught from the harmonies of heaven, and now the most autonomic strains began again, and I wonder why those celestial voices keep silence. Meanwhile, one after another of the lights has been extinguished—one is hidden under the altar as a symbol of the light that shone through the crypts of Death—and now the "Miserere" of Allegri floats forth on the air from the lips of these elect singers. Sad, inexpressible sad, are the first strains, as if all hope had left the world. Then the melody brightens by degrees, the voices increase in number and in volume; trumpet-like they pour forth their strains, and close with a rapturous burst that seems to climb the very empyrean. I cannot describe to another the effect of all this, and the surroundings, the dim light of closing day, the cardinals on their knees in prayer, the strains of this most heavenly music, and the divine creations of Michael Angelo beaming down upon us from the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Prophet and sibyl and the Virgin Mother and Christ himself, we could almost imagine them as hovering above us and listening to these strains in honor of the suffering and yet triumphant Messiah.

Once again, on Friday, I was permitted to witness another Tenebrae and listen to another "Miserere" by Palestrina. It was hard to say which pleased me best, for both were wonderful. The extinction of tapers, to a Protestant, is the extreme of puerility, but the music is unsurpassing. To a Catholic, I can conceive that the whole service is fraught with the deepest and most sincere devotion.

On Thursday, at 10 a.m., we gathered in the great church of St. Peter, to witness the foot-washing of the Apostles. Ample as is this grandest of churches, it was not large enough to hold the eager crowd. In due season, after all the cardinals had gathered together in their scarlet robes, and the thirteen priests had taken their places on a high dais, the Pope appeared, was conducted to his throne, and after the preliminary service was concluded, girded himself with the embroidered sash, and proceeded to wash the feet of the white-robed priests. The water was carried in golden pitchers and basins, the Pope sprinkled water upon their right foot, and wiped it with a napkin and kissed it, then extending his

hand for a kiss, he passed on to the others in order. Then returning to his seat and again assuming his gorgeous robe, he intoned the service, and passed out in wonderful state. So ended this most foolish ceremony, full of mock humility, and a perfect failure considered as an imitation of Christ.

On Easter Sunday, a Catholic would say, came the great day of the feast. At 9½ o'clock, with all his retinue, carried in his chair of state, with the eulcanatic peacock fans on each side, and the silken canopy above him, he passed in procession to the place beneath the baldachino and officiated at High Mass. When the moment came in which he placed the wafer on his tongue, the silver trumpets sounded and filled the mighty dome with their noisy blast. So he passed out in the same state as he entered, and standing on the balcony above the principal door, gave his blessing to the people, who had gathered in thousands in the Piazza. Then rang forth the shout, "Viva Pio Nono," huzzas broke the stillness of the Sabbath air, the bells rang forth a merry peal, and the cannon of St. Angelo reverberated over the Tiber.

Slowly amid the dispersing crowd I made my way back to my lodgings, sick at heart because all these mummeries are enacted in the name of religion, and praying God most heartily, that Pius IX. may be the last representative of that spiritual power, which, claiming an infallible commission from Christ, has hindered the progress of the Gospel for more than a thousand years.

## FAITH AND WORK:—AN INCIDENT.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

The Conference is about to close. The hearts of many are trembling while they sing the last hymn, offer the last prayer, and prepare to hear the Bishop read their appointments. There is one appointment to run down and has become so forbidding, that the ministers, at least some of them, are afraid of being sent there. This desolate appointment falls to the lot of a young married minister, and it seems like one of the darkest days of his life. Other ministers looked at him with some commiseration. But he was not the man to complain or refuse to obey the powers that be. He carries the case like a man to God, in his closet, and while wrestling with God, he obtains the promise, that if he will go to that appointment cheerfully, God will go with him, and give him a glorious revival. The burden rolls off his soul, and he girds himself for duty. Amid all the trials and discouragements of the first few months, and in the darkest moments, he had this divine persuasion and sacred promise, and his faith never faltered.

But patience had its perfect work before the revival came. For six long months he toiled on, hoping against hope, and clinging to the promise, but not a soul was converted. The Spirit of God comes down upon him, and for three months, Sabbath after Sabbath, twice a day he is led to preach the terrors of the Law till Sinai glares with its lightning, and roars with its thunder. Sin is exposed in all its forms, and the Law is preached with all its terror. Month after month the people come out to hear these awful sermons, but it is whispered among some that the minister is beside himself.

At length there appears to be a weak place in the battered walls; a rich and influential man appears to be unusually sober. The evening meeting is closed, the people are scattered, but the minister's work is not done. There is a divine persuasion of duty to go that night to the house of that rich man, and talk to him about his soul. He mentions it to his wife. She doubts the propriety of going at such a late hour. Still the duty presses itself upon him, and he must obey or sin. He starts for the house, but Satan meets him and begins to reason, "What will he think of you going to his house at this late hour, nearly ten o'clock? He may be in bed, and what will his family think of you? They will rumormonger all through the town to-morrow, and the people will think you are insane." Still duty must be done, or the Divine displeasure must be incurred.

He finds his way to the door and stands trembling on the step. Shall he disturb the family and become an intruder at so late an hour? He pauses for a moment, yields to temptation, and starts for his home, but now he travels the path of disobedience, and every step he takes is a step into darkness. His heart flutters, and his conscience smites, but his will arises to its supremacy, and says "duty shall be done." He finds his way to the door again, and having lost much time in delay he now knocks at the door, and inquires for his neighbor,—he has a special message for him. After some delay he finds himself in the presence of his friend in a room alone. Trusting in God, he dares to ask:—

"Have you not of late felt much more than usual upon the subject of your soul's salvation?" "God only knows how bad I have felt of late, and how much I have wanted some one to talk to me on the subject of religion."

The way was now open and the conversation flowed freely, and the rich man felt that he was a poor, lost sinner, and the exultant minister pointed him to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

During all this time, the trembling wife was on her knees in another room, praying for her convicted husband, who was led to Christ, and became the first fruit of an abundant harvest.

The minister returned to his home with a bounding heart and an expanded faith, fully satisfied that God made no mistakes, and that it was always safe to follow the direction of the Holy Spirit.

After the conversion of this influential citizen the work of God broke out, and a multitude of souls were converted of all classes. God came down out of His Holy Place, slew the dragon, and the slain of the Lord were many. The wilderness and the solitary place were made glad, and the desert blossomed as the rose, and this desolate charge became an excellent appointment.

The voice of the Church is the voice of God. Let us go where she appoints, fully confident that God will go with us and give us the victory, and make us the joyful witness of a glorious revival. But let us gird on the whole armor of God, "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

O wondrous power of faithful prayer! What tongue can tell the Almighty grace? God's hands or bound or open arm, As Moses or Elijah pray: Let Moses in the spirit groan, And God arise out "let me alone."

## "THE SHELL OF MORALITY."

Some years ago a clergyman in a neighboring city had in his congregation a gentleman of rare moral worth and intellectual culture, with an urbanity of manner that was irresistible. Day after day he sat under the ministry of the word; always in his seat, polite, affable, interested, but immovable in the fastnesses of a morality that could not be impeached.

In the providence of God the pastor was called to the care of another church in the same city. What was his surprise to find his friend had taken a few years. He had become so much attached to his pastor that he could not and would not leave him. Still he was a weight on that pastor's heart; friendly visits, religious conversation, the most pointed appeals glanced and rebounded; the man was always there, it made no difference what kind of weather, the same affable, gentlemanly manner, but unmoved and immovable as adamant.

When addressed personally, he was always ready to admit the necessity of Christian teaching, and the beauty of a Christian life. He also admitted the depravity of the natural heart; but in his own individual case, the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit was unthought of.

At length the pastor, wearied with unavailing efforts to arouse him to a sense of his true condition, turned reluctantly away. He made no more pastoral calls, no more pointed appeals, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." This state of things continued for seven years, and the pastor felt that his friend was given over to hardness of heart, that his shell of morality would never be broken by the gospel hammer.

One Saturday, when the pastor was in his study, Mr. — called at the door, with a request to see him. The good man's time had been broken with unavoidable calls during the week. It was Saturday, and he was not prepared for the Sabbath. He had given orders not to be disturbed. Still, Mr. — was there.

"If your business is not very urgent," said the pastor, "could you as well put it off till Monday?" "Very busy to-day. I shall have plenty of leisure then."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I can wait." Still, he hesitated, while there was that in his countenance which betrayed anxiety. At length, the pastor, seeing the distressed, hesitating look, said: "If your business is very urgent, Mr. —, come in."

"If I may be pardoned," replied the gentleman, "for intruding upon your time,"—and throwing himself into a chair, he burst into tears.

"What is the matter? Has misfortune overtaken you? Any disaster happened to your beautiful family?"

"Nothing of that," responded the gentleman, trying to stay his tears, and speaking brokenly: "I have come to say that what you have so often told me is true. I am a helpless, wretched, ungodly sinner. I want you should pray for me."

The pastor was nearly as much overcome as his friend, and sinking on his knees, he bore on the strong arm of faith the case of his friend up to the mercy-seat.

"Never before," said the pastor, as he related the scene, "did I witness such a perfect breaking up of all the old feeling, such agony, such prostration. The walls of his old morality swept completely away. The love of God rushing in and over him like the swelling tide of a great sea."

When he left the pastor's study he was a new man. No longer trusting in his own works, but in the precious blood of Christ; rejoicing in salvation as a free gift, not because of his morality, but because Christ died.

All these years he had been trying to buy salvation. He had been careful to lead a pure and spotless life. He had not committed open sin. He was constant in his observance of the Sabbath. He was always to be seen in the sanctuary. His example was good, what more did he need? He needed just what you and I need; he needed a new heart; a heart to love Christ; a heart to labor for Christ.

The bloodshedding of Jesus is the propitiation for our sins. This is the good news: "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." You must have forgiveness or perish forever. Why not have it now? God pardons freely, and at once. All the preparation you need is to feel the want. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." All that you have to do is to accept what God, for Christ's sake, so freely gives.—*American Messenger*.

I AM NOT, and I AM.—Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question, "Are you happy?" "Happy?" he answered, "when, just as you are going to dinner you have a letter placed in your hand saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds I will blow your brains out.' Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow! No, indeed, I am not happy."

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't put off death." And so it was plain to see he was not happy.

But I went once to see a poor, lame and aged woman, who lived in one small room, and earned a pittance of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her this same question, "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could hold another drop of joy."

Why? I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon?" "But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full?"—*British Workman*.

## CHRISTIAN WORK.

The following extract is from the March number of *Christian Work*.

THE WALDENSES IN ITALY.

It is one of the signs of the times fitted to cheer our hearts and strengthen our faith in God, to see these brave and pious mountaineers, who so long endured the fires of persecution, now rallying forth from their rocky fastnesses to invade with the sword of the Spirit the territories of their persecutors. It is something, for instance, to learn that in Venice, the Vandois heretics, like a set of raging wolves, have rushed into the fold of the patriarchs of the city, and the Romish Church, alarmed by the inroad, sent an able and eloquent priest to denounce them, but that he has been obliged to retire from the field discomfited.

These are the poor people of whom the Rev. Dr. Gilly, of Norwich, wrote:—"Sixty-eight enactments, were put in force against them between 1561 and 1686. The edicts ran thus: 'Wishing by every means in our power to eradicate the heresy,' &c., or 'In our zeal for the Holy Catholic, Apostolic and Roman faith, desiring to pluck up the tares,' &c. Blind must be he who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vandois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for 700 years, and yet it has not swept them away, but there they are in the land of their forefathers; because the Most High gave unto the men of the valleys stout hearts and a resolute spirit because He made them patient of hunger and thirst and nakedness and all manner of affliction."

And as a fitting sequel to their past history, as the wonderful development of God's purpose in their preservation, He has now sent them forth to evangelize in the land of their spiritual foes. He has permitted them to occupy with their college a Cardinal's mansion in the capital of Italy, and to set up a mission staff with a congregation of more than 300 evangelical worshippers, in one of the old palaces of beautiful Venice, "The Bride of the Sea." Such a transition from old times has been thought a happy illustration of our Lord's words, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

We learn that there are nearly one hundred places throughout Italy and Sicily, where the Gospel is proclaimed, and where more or less progress has been made towards forming evangelical congregations; and judging from the reports of travellers whose hearts are in the work, there seems to be a great readiness among the common people to listen to the simple preaching of the Gospel. But the ignorance and vice that prevail are appalling. It is estimated that at least two-thirds of the population can neither read or write. Hence the Waldenses establish schools wherever they go; and at present, of their 81 agents, 32 only are ordained ministers or evangelists, while the remaining 49 are teachers. The mission schools are needed, because the government schools are too often conducted by priests, whose interest it is to teach the children as little as possible.

In Venice there is a flourishing school of 70 children, under an able Waldensian master. At Genoa, also, where the Vandois church has been greatly blessed in gathering souls to Christ, there is an excellent day school of 70 children, and a Sunday-school with nearly an equal attendance. At Leghorn there are 181 children receiving instruction at the mission schools. At Naples, the Evangelical Aid Committee has more than 330 children in five schools, besides 154 in three schools to which they give grants in aid. One of these is under the Vandois church. Notwithstanding the active opposition of the priests, there is a steady increase in the attendance, and the progress of these clever little Neapolitans, particularly in Scripture knowledge, is quite surprising.

## THE GOSPEL IN MEXICO.

The people of Mexico have but just begun to see that the invasion by the French was an organized attempt, on the part of Popery, to crush out the remnants of civil liberty in that distracted land. Now that the invader has been driven out, most wonderful opportunities are presented for evangelical, religious effort among all classes. The writer has just read a letter from an old friend a minister, who for many years has practised a life of faith in regard to his maintenance and of Christian work. Forgetful of himself, he has only asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" knowing that the Master would supply the servant's needs. He writes:

"I arrived at this place (Cadiz) about 5 p.m., on the 1st of February last; the news of my arrival having spread, by 7 o'clock a Bible class of 22 adults was gathered, eager for instruction. This proved so interesting that it has been continued each week, evening, for several hours, with an average attendance of 20 or 24 persons. The good work began in this city some four years ago, when three women were converted and baptized. Since that time the interest has widened and deepened until there is now a congregation of 25 baptized persons. These again have extended their influence for 9, 12, and even 25 miles from their home, carrying and preaching the Gospel as they travelled for business purposes. Some have come 25 miles to receive the ordinance, so that now there are registered on the baptismal list 52, 49 having been converted within two years. These people are poor, needy and feeble; they have no place of their own large enough for their meetings, and so have to hire of Romanists. As they are exposed to constant persecution, they are liable to lose even this accommodation. They have, however, a most earnest desire for a house of their own, as so desirous are they that one man, who, with a family of five, occupies a hut some 10 by 12 feet, cheerfully has given a good site for the church in his own garden. A building to hold some 200 people would cost \$900 gold, and of this the converts themselves hope to raise \$175 to \$200, which will be a large sum for them. Now I have promised this people (believing that God would put it into the hearts of some of my fellow Christians to do it) that you who love Jesus in the States would aid in the sum needed to complete the enterprise, which will be the second, I not the first Protestant church built in Mexico."

We often omit the good we might do, in consequence of thinking about that which it is of our power to do.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits.

## A CHAPTER OF "DON'TS" FOR SUPERINTENDENTS.

Don't forget the real object of the Sunday school. It is not entertainment. Singing, fine speeches, concerts, pic-nics, &c., are desirable in their appropriate place. It is to be remembered that their place is subservient. They are helps to the attainment of the object, but are not the object itself. The real object is the thorough study of God's word. It is first the understanding of truth, and secondly, the practical knowledge of truth. The ultimate aim is the conversion of souls; but every true conversion is through the medium of the truth.

Don't forget that *example* is far more potent than precept in the religious instruction of children. Pure lives are the best object lessons. Do yourselves what you would have the children be. In the selection of teachers, make Christian character the great essential.

Don't forget that *breve* is a charming trait in the superintendent. Children make short prayers; so should you, if you are praying with and for the children. *Talking* superintendents are generally an abomination in the Sabbath school. Some one has given the following good advice to public speakers: "First, have something to say; Secondly, say it; Thirdly, when you have said it, stop. A good superintendent will know *how* and *how much* to use his tongue."

Don't forget that you were once a child. Try to remember what your child wants were. You need not be silly, but you should be very simple in the use of words when children are listening. Don't forget on Monday that you are a superintendent. It you meet Johnnie on the street, stop and speak to him. As you go down town, stop at Miss Annie's house. Tell her you have missed her the past two Sabbaths. She will be there in time next Sunday. A pleasant smile will cost you nothing; it will be to some of your little scholars like picking up a coin. Love is cheap, but oh, how powerful for good.

Don't forget that your teachers are fellow-laborers with you. Don't put on the airs of a dictator. Do not seem conscious all the time of your authority. Be firm and self-reliant, but be a Christian gentleman.

Don't quarrel with your pastor. Consult him often. Invite him often to come into the school. Don't try to be independent of him.

Don't forget, dear brother, your dependence upon God for success. Be a man of prayer. Try to lead the children to Jesus. Let no precious soul committed to your care be lost, by reason of your unfaithfulness.—*Sunday School Times*.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.—1. To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment; but it did not succeed. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

2. To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.

3. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree growing in the open field where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

4. To be a growing man, by looking to your position in society for influence, instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty, than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.—*Church Gazette*.

IN CHRIST.—Let me hear, when I am on my death bed, that Christ died in the stead of sinners, of whom I am chief; that He was forsaken of God, during those fearful agonies, because He had taken my place; that on His cross I paid the penalty of my guilt. Let me hear, too, that his blood cleanseth from all sin, and that I may now appear before the bar of God, not as pardoned only, but innocent. Let him realize the great mystery of the reciprocal substitution of Christ and the believer, or rather their perfect unity. He in them, they in Him, which he has expressly taught; and let him believe that I was in effect crucified on Calvary. He will in effect stand before the throne in my person. His the penalty, mine the sin; His the shame, mine the sin; His the thorns, mine the crown; His the merits, mine the reward. Verily Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my Redeemer. In Thee, I put my trust. In Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.—*Le Jeune*.

Why do you ask me to become a Christian? Why not let me alone, and wait till God shall call and convert me? was the language I heard addressed to me on my way to this meeting," said a speaker. "I replied, 'I am a sailor. I was on board ship. There was a cry, 'A man overboard,' a rope, a rope,' was the cry. The rope was thrown to him. There he had the means of safety, but must grasp the rope or sink. So the sinner must embrace the offers of salvation, lay hold of the cross, and look to Jesus. All other foundations are sinking beneath him. He sees that all is giving way. His lost and wretched condition is set before him; and on the borders of despair he cries to God for help. 'Jesus have mercy on me.' This prayer is heard. He hears the voice of mercy. 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' He believes and trusts in Jesus and he is safe. Those who are perishing in sin must come to Jesus believing, must lay their hand to the rope, or, like the drowning man who refused to lay hold of it, must sink to rise no more."

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.—We know not what we owe those nights of prayer. The world's Redeemer there made intercession for all coming generations. What vast trains of the children of men must have swept in review before the Saviour's eye! And as the shepherd knows and recognizes each little lamb in all his flock, so our Shepherd, in those nights of watchfulness and prayer, knew and looked upon us, for whom he came to suffer and atone. For his chosen he sent upward the voice of intense, earnest prayer, asking mercy for the sleeping world at his feet, and for the unborn world that he saw with divine vision.

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