

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,

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ALBION HOUSE.

The Intelligencer.

REV. DR. LEES ON BIBLE WINES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN PORTLAND.

The first Temperance Bible commentary ever published was prepared by himself and his accomplished friend, the Rev. Dawson Burns, M. A., where the inquirer would find examined in detail 649 texts bearing on the temperance reformation, of which the original and authoritative versions were given in plain English type. He could honestly affirm that he did not know of one text which connected the sanction of God with the use of intoxicating wine. But to-night he would endeavor to establish his proposition, not by any inquiry into words, but of such plain facts and records of the Bible as hardly anybody would dispute, and which everybody could understand. He distinguished between the Bible and the interpreters of the Bible. These might and did err, but it was impossible that any word of God, truly interpreted, could contradict any of the works of God, truly deciphered. Morally there was another likelihood in the position of the drinker. All the religions of antiquity and the Orient, where our Bible originated, taught teetotalism, all their sacred books—Vedas and Zendavesta, Ilmorphyas, Philosophies, and Koran—inculcated it. Were Jewish prophets and Christian apostles ignorant of this, or opposed to it? Did Pagan teachers see the truth that drink and sensuality went together, and did the authors of this book, on the contrary, link their religion fast to the bottle? This was not possible, he thought. Again, why did the people wonder at his alleging that the Bible was a temperance book? And at his interpreting its language in a plain and natural sense, just believing what it says, that wine is poison and a mocker? Was not that a common thought in antiquity, perpetually taught and practiced by the wise and good in all the countries around Palestine? He could give a hundred examples; but one must suffice. In the Hieratic Papyri, Amen-en-am, to his pupil Pentaur about two thousand, B. C., says:

"It has been told me that thou hast forsaken books, and devoted thyself to sensuality; that thou goest from tavern to tavern smelling of beer at eventide. If beer gets into thee, it overcomes thy mind. If thou wisdest the rod of office, men shun thee. Thou knowest that wine is an abomination; thou hast taken a pledge concerning strong drink; that thou wouldst not put such liquors into thee. Hast thou forgotten thy oath? I, thy superior, forbid thee to go to the taverns. But we see many like thee—haters of books, they honor not God."

He had things to compare—teetotalism and the teaching of the Bible; and to make the comparison fair, and to commence this argument really in an intelligent spirit, they must understand what teetotalism was. Drunkenness was an effect—and, as an effect, had its cause; and so long as its cause existed effects must follow. The proximate cause was drinking, which disturbed the moral by altering the nervous system of man. If there was anything true in science, anything true in experience, it was that alcohol was poison.

The Bible represents intoxicating drinks as a bad article, poisonous, seductive, and corrupting, (1) by using it as a symbol of evil, (2) by plainly declaring it to be poisonous and polluting, and (3) by the history of its bad effects upon the church and people. As there was the "pure blood of the grape," and the rock from whence the living water streamed, so, contrary to this, there was an element unlike the water of that rock, and a people whose "wine was the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." The Almighty uses this very word when He speaks of the "cup of his fury," and Hosea declares (vii. 5) of one, that "the princes made him sick with the poison of wine," though the translators have disguised the truth under the strange rendering of "bottles." In the interpretation of Scripture men generally made it fit their preconceptions and, instead of reverently drawing the real truth out of it, put their own falsehoods into it. It was made to teach the very opposite doctrine to that which it its plainest facts and expressions. "Wine is a mocker, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" "Look not upon the wine, lest thine eyes look upon strange women," was the utterance of palpable teetotal truth. Even Dean Ramsay says that "wine allures men to excess." Were such language read in the Koran, or the sacred books of the Egyptians, Persians or Hindus, everybody would understand it to signify what it says; yet in the Bible it is twisted into meaning that "wine is perfectly innocent, and a moderate dose will do you good."

Now, it was a fact that the greatest sages of antiquity, and the most pure and ancient forms of religion, inculcated abstinence as a moral duty and a religious obligation—that up to the time of Christ the doctrine gained greater and greater power in the centres of civilization, until at last among the Evangelists and Primitive Bishops of the church (as Professor Jewett has shown), it became ranked amongst "the Councils of Perfection." The Bible shows how unavailing was the religion of Noah, Lot, and the priests, to preserve them from intemperance, so long as they tampered with wine; and that the progress in civilization and religion of the Jewish church and people was arrested by their love of drink. And nearly a thousand years of training and instruction, the most remarkable to which any people have ever been subjected, including radical law, feasts and recreations, a fine climate and abundance of food and raiment, the Bible represents Jehovah as being disappointed in His just expectations. "Judge ye between me and the vineyard. What more could ye have done for my vineyard that I have not done for it?"

"Why, then," it is asked, "when I looked for grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" The answer is given again and again—because the people, the princes, and the priests loved wine! From Amos ii. 6, in conjunction with Micah ii. 11, the four sins of the Jews were summed up in this one sin. For the judges passed unjust judgment to get wine to drink in sacred places; the people told the true prophets to be silent because they would not prophesy of drink; they tempted the Nazirites to break their pledge; and they drank with bowls to dissipate their minds and cast off all care concerning religion and country. Finally, so bad did the Jews become through drink, so little power had religion to prevent the effects of a physical agent like alcohol from besetting a nation, that the religious teachers themselves were "swallowed up of wine—they stumble in prophesy; they stagger in judgment." (Is. xxviii. 7.) As a last resource, it is said, "Therefore shall my people go into captivity." And it is a remarkably suggestive fact, that in that captivity they were first brought in intimate contact, and friendly relationship with the Persian teetotalists in the train and court of Cyrus the Great. Thus, the Bible everywhere connects evil with intoxicating wine; and every tree may be known by its fruit.

Lastly, the Bible represents God as the inspirer of that teetotal doctrine and movement which purified Judea from intemperance, and prepared for the Christian dispensation. In the days of Isaiah "men rose up early in the morning to follow strong drink." In the days of Peter and Paul it was a thing unknown that any should be drunk at even the third or sixth hour. "They that are drunken, are drunken in the night." It is abundantly evident from history that the pre-Christian ages saw a great preparation for Christianity—and that teetotalism flourished in Judea. Entire Jewish sects, here and in Egypt, were abstainers; and this influence, beginning in the captivity, where a court of fashion had influence, had been strengthened by the philosophy of Pythagoras and Epicurus. But, biblically, we can be at little loss to trace its origin, as providentially, to comprehend its mission—I raised up your sons prophets, and your young men for Nazirites. Is it not even thus? saith the Lord." And if it was thus then, the teetotalists of old, He would not forsake us now. Let them but stand by the truth, and the truth will be true to them, and bring multitudes of blessings upon them and their children.—Portland Press.

WHY I LIKE IT.

In the Star of March 16, I find the following:

"The Lewiston church has adopted a good order. They divide their funds, two-fifths to Foreign Missions, two-fifths to Home Missions, and one-fifth to Ministerial Education."

I like this.

1st. Because it appears to be a just and equitable distribution of our funds for benevolent purposes, at present. God has blessed us in our Foreign Mission. This is the oldest of our Benevolent Societies. It did much to prepare the way for the others, and to awaken and foster the spirit of benevolence in the denomination. It has already accomplished a noble work in idolatrous India. Yearly its opportunities for extended usefulness are on the increase. It only waits for an increase of means and the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit to accomplish a vast deal more. God holds us to this enterprise, and grants us no reprieve. Unrepented still stands emblazoned on the inspired page: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, lo I am with you alway."

The Home Mission is also a necessity, a denominational necessity. With small means, strong hands and earnest hearts, it has done and is doing a glorious work, and must be sustained. God smiles upon its labors, and excellent fruit is gathered in. It is a burning shame, that Free Baptists, with their vaunted hatred of slavery and all oppression, their intense love of freedom for every man, woman and child—should allow a Mission like ours to the freedmen, a mission born of long and cruel suffering, peril, anguish and death, to languish and pine for want of the small amount of funds needed to carry it on. Upon what scene, if not on such a mission, does the eye of the blessed Redeemer rest with approbation? To whom, if not to the authors of such a work, will He at last say: "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me?"

If, in the course of Providence, I should again be permitted to revisit my loved native land, most certainly shall I wish to visit our friends in the south, and extend to them the grace of a cordial right hand of christian fellowship, on behalf of our eastern churches. Then our Education Society must have more ample means for educating and training young recruits. With suitable means at command, and the everlasting power about location disposed of, this society may, it would appear, have one hundred students in training for the gospel ministry in place of the small number now aided.

Rev. D. M. Graham tells us the number of students is equal east and west, and that there are now about forty at Hillsdale, studying with a view to the ministry. It is but reasonable to suppose that once due provision was made, both at Lewiston and Hillsdale, for the prosecution of biblical and theological studies, the increase of interest would bring a large increase of students. With a hundred young recruits under drill soon to take the field, our Zion could safely contemplate a forward movement. And while Dr. Hall labors to show the world in general, and the Baptists in particular, that free communion is all right, being the only consistent christian communion, our onward march would clinch the argument, by showing our fellow christians in general, and our Baptist brethren in particular, that we are not unworthy of their co-operation and fellowship.

While no countenance should in any case be given to any man, whatever his pretensions, who is an idler or a trifler, our young men, called of God to the ministry, should all be made to feel that they have friends at home. It makes a man a deal stronger to know and feel assured that his friends have confidence in him, need and expect his services, and are ready to stand by him. Educated in our own schools, our ministers would become more homogeneous and promote cohesion in the connection, an element by the way very much needed, as in our radical independency we are but too ready to fly to pieces. The Education Society is needed, and must be sustained.

2. I like the proposition because it tends to interest all our churches in our benevolent enterprises, and disposes at once, and finally, of all perplexity and dispute in relation to a division of funds. Nothing is more unseemly and out of place, than to represent the claims of these different societies as rivals and conflicting with one another. In the amicable and loving spirit of the father of the faithful, let us rather say: "Let there be no strife I pray thee, between me and thee; and between my herdsman and thy herdsman; for we are brethren." In place of disputing about the division, let us rather heed the apostolic injunction, and every one of us lay by him in store according as he is prospered, that we may make sure of having something to give. And may God enable us all to do our duty, both to ourselves and to the world! May our sons and daughters be made to feel that they are loved, trusted, confided in, needed and depended on at home! Then whatever of intelligence, strength and manly virtue they may possess, we may expect to see laid on the altar of God, and used for his glory and the conversion and salvation of sinful man.

J. PHILLIPS.

Saint John, May 10, 1870.

THE ECCENTRIC STEWARD.

I was once spending a Christmas holiday in the country many years ago, and as the village was a quiet place and afforded little variety in the winter time, my friends, by way of diverting me, asked me to visit a beautiful park in the neighborhood, and told me if I liked they would show me the castle, and let me see the annual distribution of gifts to the poor, which was to take place the next day. "For," said they, "the nobleman who owns it is both rich and benevolent." I willingly agreed to this plan, and accordingly next morning we walked across the fields, crisp with frost, and soon arrived at a fine, comfortable-looking building, whose large hall stood open, and the steps were already crowded with a number of poor persons. A man with a good-natured expression of face and a tall imposing figure, was standing at the door with several servants behind him, loaded with bundles of warm clothing, and baskets of bread and meat, while a blazing fire was evidently burning in the grate. The ruddy glow of which seemed to dispel the cold and pre-eminence with the colder beams of the December sun, which was struggling through the mist.

A little order having been made by the porter and gardener, who were on each side of the steps, a troop of poor old men came up at a sign from one of the servants, and the person whom I took to be the kind donor stepped forward and handed to one a great coat, to another a woollen comforter, to a third a blanket, and so on; they were then desired to stand aside till the time came for distributing the tables, and up came the old women for cloaks and gowns. Just as the poorest was handing out her hand for a warm red cloak, some one put a note into that of the gentleman who was giving it, and he paused to read it, saying to my friend, who happened to stand near him: "This is from our clergyman; I see he begs me on no account to neglect giving a cloak to Betty Johnson."

"Yes, sir, I'm Betty," said the old person who had brought the note.

"I see he says you have a claim on account of faithful service to his lordship in youth, as housemaid," said the gentleman, looking at his note. "Well, I can't neglect his advice, so here," and he pulled the red cloak out of Polly's writhing hands, which had clutched it tremblingly, and handed it to Betty.

"That is an odd way of settling matters," I whispered to my friend.

"O, that is the steward," said my friend in reply, "and we all know what a queer man he is."

"How? are these gifts not his own?"

"Oh, no, he is only a steward; but the selection and distribution is entirely left to his discretion—in fact, he has a good sum allowed him, over which he has power to devote what he thinks fit to charity, and the remainder for his own use; his lord trusts him very fully. But look now, he is actually taking a coat off the shoulders of poor rheumatic old Betsey to give to Tom, the sexton; it is true both want coats; it is a hard case for them."

"Hush," said I, "he will hear us; and look, they are now bringing up the provisions."

As we spoke, two men brought immense baskets and set before the steward, who began handing out loaves and joints of beef very promptly, and received many thanks from the people, though some were secretly murmuring about the loss of their clothes. He had just finished this distribution, when a poor wretched, after her, came up, and with many apologies for her boldness, entreated a single loaf of bread, saying she had walked far, and was on her way to join her husband, who had got work at a new road that was making, ten miles further on; the children looked famished, and cried when they saw the bread.

"Do, Mr. Careful," cried the old porter, "take pity on her!"

"Ah, ah, my name is Careful, and I must be careful," replied the steward, smiling.

"I am very sorry, very truly sorry for you, poor woman, but you see the people are all walking off with their loaves; I couldn't catch them to take one for you—and besides, it made quite a fuss changing a few coats and cloaks; what a trouble we should have if I deprived any of those old folks for your sake!"

The woman looked puzzled, and I did not wonder; for the hall door stood open, and by the fire within was a little Dutch oven of shining tin, and in that oven a dish of hot mince pies, and the woman smelt them. I have no doubt, as well as I did, and perhaps caught a glimpse of a sideboard where a large loaf and a round of boiled beef, bottles of wine and jugs of ale, were visible, and she may

have thought a slice or two, and even a mince pie for the children, would do no harm.

"My good woman, go away; it's all gone. I have no more left," said the steward, decidedly. So she sighed deeply, and went on her way, the little ones sobbing as they toddled after her. I was going to run down the steps with a sixpence, but was stopped by my friend, who desired the porter to direct the woman to his house.

"I am not rich, you know," he added to me, in a low voice, "but we can find a bit for the poor things. And now," he added aloud, "I think we must say good morning, sir; the cloaks were beautiful this year."

"Ah, yes," said the steward, in a self-appraising tone, "I saw to that; my cloaks always are of nice strong cloth; and with a cheerful nod he bade us adieu."

"But," I said, "I thought Mr. Careful was only the medium, and that all the things really came from his master."

"Yes, but he has the arranging, and as you see, he gives himself great credit for that. I fancy he keeps the lion's share for himself; perhaps when his lord returns next year, as it is said he may do, he will call Mr. Careful by his other name."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"Mr. Wrongways Careful is his full name, but he does not like the first, and only signs himself W. Careful, so that, people may suppose he is named William; but some think it is very appropriate; for, having such full liberty, and making such profession of his charitable doings, why does he not take at the least a little from his own luxuries for the extra cases that fall in?"

"Why, indeed," said I; "no one would expect him to starve, but his superfluities, his gold chains and diamond studs, his bottles of Maderia, and all the overabundance of that table in the hall might have been just cut down a little, one would think, especially as he is but a steward."

"Mr. Wrongways Careful," replied my friend, "always goes on this plan; namely, that his own luxuries and enjoyments are never to be curtailed in any way by anybody's necessities; then the remaining sum when these are fully supplied, is to be distributed as well as he can. And to do him justice, he is always ready to do his best to find deserving objects; but if extra ones turn up, as will happen especially in cold winters, and so on, why, his only idea is either to rob Peter, as the proverb says, to pay Paul, or else to let Paul go without, however urgent his necessity. So at one time he will poll the coat off Ben to give to Tom, and at another send away a starving mother and children, because the set number of loaves are given already, though the house has plenty of bread in it still."

"What an eccentric steward!" I exclaimed; "well called Wrongways. I never heard of so ill-judging a person."

"Did you not?" said my friend. "Now, I know several very like him, and to say truth, if you will pardon my plain speaking, I think you are a far-away cousin of his yourself; you so resemble him in points."

"I like Mr. Wrongways Careful!" I angrily retorted, "how can that possibly be?"

"Do not get angry, my dear fellow, and I'll show you. Did you not tell me yesterday that you were very sorry you could no longer subscribe to the Irish Church Mission for preaching the pure gospel to ignorant Roman Catholics, because you had given the sum you generally paid, to the sick and wounded French soldiers? Did not you, when my daughter Susie begged for a shilling to put in her box for the little hungry gutter children of London, reply, as you stroked her head with a smile, 'I gave my shilling to buy linen for the poor soldiers, my dear?'"

"Well," said I, (huffed a little by his remarks), "don't the poor soldiers sadly want linen?"

"Of course; Susie did not want you to take that shilling, but another."

"But, my good friend, I'm not so rich as some, and have not unlimited means to give; I must select objects—and besides, I am not a steward like Mr. Wrongways."

"Are you not?" I thought all believers were stewards. I looked down a little confused at this, and he continued, "I have been amazed to find so many Mr. Wrongways among our dear Lord's stewards; so many who say we cannot give to missions (the spreading of God's word, which he enjoins on all either in person or by proxy), not to the crying necessity of the London poor, because they have given to the suffering soldiers or people abroad. Why not do both? why snatch Polly's warm cloak from her to cover the shivering Betty? or else leave Betty to shiver without a covering for no better reason than that Polly has one? If, indeed, you had given of the goods entrusted to you by your Lord as far as you could, without actual deprivation of comfort to your family, you might say to Susie, 'I have given my shilling, and have no other to give; for I don't ask you to make your children dine on cold potatoes, or to wear frocks of checked union. I am all along supporting you to live as those of your station usually do in most respects; but I wonder that, since it is required of a steward that he be found faithful, we are not, as believers, more careful in the right way instead of the wrong, that on any emergency, such as a war or a pestilence or a famine, we shall spare somewhat here and there from our own luxuries, rather than refuse either to help the work we formerly supported, or else to assist the new and sudden call. We are poor stewards; I am, very often!'"—Sunday at Home.

Mr. Beecher, discussing the need of "Using one's life for others," said:

There are thousands, and thousands, and thousands, who could be saved if there was anybody to wrap a warm heart about them; if there was anybody to take them up and care for them, and cling to them, through good report and through evil report.

A French artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence; it gives more than any other substance."

FAMILY RELIGION.

Rev. Dr. Van Doren, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, has a good article on the importance of family religion and worship. Speaking of some of the excuses for the neglect of this duty, such as want of time, etc., he says:—

How comes it to pass that the prayerless heads of families find time to trade, to farm, to gossip, to visit friends, to attend elections, to frequent the theatre, the dance, and a thousand other scores of pleasures, and no time to pray with their families? We once saw a young merchant urging with energy, arising to vehemence, a successful business. We accosted him as to his neglect of this and other duties.

"No time, sir; no time, sir," replied he, in urgent haste.

"Well, my dear friend, God will give you time by and by."

Only one week after he was driving with Jehu speed along the avenue, and one of the tires of his wheels broke. His splendid team being frightened, became unmanageable, ran away, and flung him against an iron lamp-post, and broke both his legs. His very first thought, he afterward confessed, was his reply to the above question: "Will you have time enough now to pray, Alfred?"

For three long months, like a chained eagle, that fiery-hearted merchant was confined to his couch at home. It was a harvest-time for eternity as it regards the interest of his soul. The strongest argument in favor of neglecting family worship is seldom stated: *It is a waste of heart for the duty.* Men that have not been renewed find it a hard task to play the hypocrite alone. But to subject themselves to the scorching glance of children and servants—that is too much.

It was the question with the patriarch, some three thousand years since, concerning the hypocrite, "Will he always call on God?" A similar question brought a proud, insolent questioner to grief before a large congregation. A minister of Christ, after he had finished a searching sermon, took his seat; but the conscience of one of his hearers could not thus rest. Some explanation of the discourse, in a scolding manner, was requested by the stranger. The pastor arose and said:

"I perceive the gentleman to be a Universalist preacher who questions me. If he will answer me, I will respond to two dozen of his questions. Do you, sir, pray regularly in your family?" The questioning Universalist preacher was as silent as the grave. We read that Prof. Webster, the murderer of Dr. Parkman, was asked a similar question, and the answer may be inferred.

Our Lord prayed with the disciples, as well as alone. Those Jewish converts were his family. Abraham, David, Job, Cornelius, Aquila, and Priscilla trained those entrusted with them, to hear the daily voice of prayer in the family circle. But sad is the case where one of the heads of the family is not only unwilling to lead, but opposed to that divinely-ordered custom. It was to such a state of the case that Dr. Payson said it reminded him of a "dove with a broken wing." Through eternity will millions of souls continually and adoringly bless Providence for their privilege of having been reared under the sacred shadow of the family altar.

TATTLERS AND TATTLING.

The disposition to pry into the privacy of domestic life is, unfortunately, very common, and is always dishonorable. The appetite for such knowledge is to be regarded as morbid, and the indulgence of it disgraceful.

A family have a sacred right to privacy. In guarding the delicate relations of the household, secrecy becomes a virtue. Even if by chance the private affairs of the household are laid open to a stranger, honor will require him to turn from them; they should be looked in a sacred silence.

A double obligation of silence and secrecy rests upon one who is in the family. The turpitude of a betrayal of family history by a traitor, is far greater than theft would be. To pocket half a dozen silver spoons would do far less damage, produce far less suffering, and be less immoral, than tale-bearing. It is a thing so scandalous that it should degrade a person, and put him out of society. To betray household secrets is not only an odious immorality, but it is a sin and a shame to be on good terms with those who are known to commit such outrages. They are miscreants. They put themselves out of the pale of decent society. They should be treated as moral outlaws.

These hungry-eyed wretches, who sit in the unsuspicious circle of parents and children, treasuring their words, spying their weaknesses, misinterpreting the innocent liberties of the household, and then run from house to house with their shameful news, are worse than poisoners of wells or burners of houses. They poison the faith of man in man. If one opens his mouth to tell you such things, with all your might smite him in the face. There are two actions which justify you in instantly knocking a man down; the one is the act of pointing a gun at you in sport and the other is the attempt to tell you a secret which it is disgraceful for you to hear. Make no terms with such people. Tale-bearers have no rights. They are common enemies of good men, hunt, harry and hound them to society. They are the worst of pests, save one, and that is the listener to the tale-bearer.

There could be no tattling if there were no one to hear. It takes an ear and a tongue to make a scandal. Greedy listening is as dishonorable as nimble tattling. The ear is the open market where the tongue sells its ill-gotten wares. Some there are that will not repeat again what they hear, but they are willing to listen to it. They will not trade in contraband goods, but they will buy enough of the smuggler for family use.

These respectable listeners are the patrons of tattlers. It is the ready market that keeps tale-bearing brisk. It is a shame to listen to any of your neighbors. Christian benevolence demands that you do not love ill news. A clean heart and a true honor rejoice in kindly things. It should be a pain and sorrow to know of anything that degrades your neighbor.

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Fredericton, June 10, 1871.