

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Whole No. 1016.

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1873.

The Intelligencer.

CARAVANS IN THE DESERT.

BY N. S. DODGE.

The annual pilgrimage of Mahomedans to Mecca, about which we in our western world know so little, is one of the most interesting events of the world. From five to seven great caravans arrive in the Holy City every year. The Syrian caravan, which crosses the desert from Damascus to Medina; the Egyptian, which starts from Cairo, plodding through sands for many weeks; the Persian, pursuing its weary way from Bagdad; the African, from Morocco; and the Indian, from Yonon, compose the bands which unite the forces of the false prophet from India to Abyssinia. It is safe to say that the smallest of these caravans is always composed of at least 4,000 camels and 10,000 pilgrims; while the Syrian, which is the largest, numbered, two years ago, 15,000 camels and 40,000 pilgrims. Now, though this is a great falling off from the splendor of the pilgrimage made in A. D. 1254, by the mother of Islam, 'Fatima', when 120,000 camels and dromedaries and nearly 250,000 persons made up the vast caravan, yet even this Syrian caravan, winding its way across the desert for many weeks, is something which the Western mind hardly comprehends.

Perhaps there is no more impressive sight than that of a religious caravan moving in mid-desert at early morning. That which came from the coasts of Algeria, Tunis and Morocco to Timbuctoo in 1868, had been in and out of the Great Sahara for eighteen weeks. From every part of Northern Africa, on the confines of the sands and in the most remote villages, pilgrims had been flowing in upon this Tripolitan caravan, until it numbered a mighty host, consisting on the one hand of a few rich dignitaries, ostentatious in their splendour, magnificent, sleeping at ease in their tents, and surrounded by luxuries even in the desert; and on the other, of pedlars and soldiers, servants and camel-drivers, mendicants and beggars (not one-quarter of the number being religious pilgrims), amounting to many thousands; no more picturesque scene ever held onlookers entranced than did this long winding line of living masses. Bands of Arab singers and haughty players went in groups by the sides of the procession. Torches were lighted as the darkness came on, and kept burning all night. Provisions were conveyed by Bedouins, who travelled by day, preceding the host by twelve hours. While the darkness lasted, the movement of the long regular platoons of torches was wonderfully fine; but when morning light began to streak the desert, and the veil of night slowly lifted itself from off the moving masses of turbaned pilgrims and haltered camels, tents and canopies, soiled banners and dingy housings, the effect as they wound along in straggling sections cannot be described.

It hardly seems possible that at this late day, the commerce of the East should still be carried on as it was thousands of years ago. When the brethren of Joseph had cast him into a pit, they beheld a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, "with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going down to Egypt." To-day the caravans of Syria do the same thing, travel the same road, carry the same articles of trade, and their sharp-eyed leaders are as ready for a bargain, whether in a precious stone or a slave-boy. Odd enough it is, too, how cheaply across desert freighting is done. A camel load is about 700 lbs., and a distance of six hundred miles, for twenty dollars in gold.

There are two kinds of commercial caravans, heavy and light, composed both of camels, indeed, but as different from each other as the day horse from the hunter. The former, the heavy camel, makes a mean daily rate of eighteen miles; the latter if pushed, can surpass a hundred. Some of these last, when in good condition and light weighted, will take up a nine-miles-an-hour trot, and keep it up without refreshment for twelve consecutive hours.

Desert travels have lost in our day some of their horrors. Wherever caravans no longer die of thirst, nor are the bones of dead camels, as Burckhardt says they were in this day, the only guide of the pilgrim through the wastes of sand. Reservoirs of water have been established wherever possible in the most travelled deserts, and the transits are made with less danger from Bedouins. Still, however, water has to be carried for the traveller, and skins containing about six gallons each, which is a three days allowance for a single man, are put on the beast in addition to his ordinary load. He, the traveller, however, is expected to drink only when the whole caravan stops. No matter how thirsty he may be, he must not, in Arab phrase, "have his mouth tied to the water-skin."

The halts in the desert are exceedingly curious. The sight of the oozing water if the stop be at a spring; the verdure of the morass around; the flowers and fragrance of aromatic herbs, and song of birds; the self satisfaction of the patient beasts who have drunk their fill; the low hum of the Arab telling his stories off the stars; and by-and-by, as all fall off asleep, the impressive silence that reigns everywhere, are what one enjoys at the time and remembers pleasantly in after years.

Speaking of the cheapness of desert carriage, let the reader note this. Caravans from the tea provinces of China to Kieoch in Russia—a journey of seventy days, bringing annually about twelve million pounds, avoidpoids, of tea, at two cents per pound. The ostrich feathers and gums which reach Cairo from Arabia; the gold dust and ivory that cross the Sahara from Timbuctoo; the fine fabrics displayed in the markets of Tibet, which come by caravans from the remotest recesses of Africa—are exchanged and sold at a cost of freight that seems ridiculously small.

The transition from sand to soil is perhaps one of the most pleasant recollections of desert journeying. For days you have been perplexed with the mirage. River and lake start up on every side; stunted shrubs appear as

mighty trees, inviting you to their shade; and in a moment the whole expanse melts away and there rises before the eyes a shipless sea, with irregular coast and bluff headlands, green islands and precipitous promontories. Accustomed to these perplexed and shifting scenes you doubt everything, so when the ground begins to undulate, and palm trees to appear, they are counted as cheats of the mirage. It is only when ascending the brow of a gentle slope, beholding oases and flowering lupins spreading over the landscape, and listening to the wailets of some stream breaking upon the shingle, your camel quickens her pace onward through trees, shrubs, and under wood, that you are assured of your senses, and your joy is complete.

SPEAK TO THEM.

During the winter of 186— there was a great revival going on in the village of S—, where the writer had been converted a year previous, and having enjoyed a good degree of the love of Christ in his heart, I wanted to do what I could for my blessed Saviour, and felt anxious for those out of the ark of safety.

I had great faith in prayer, and feeling that prayer had great power with God, I thought of a particular individual who had recently come to us, a stranger, and one with whom I had become somewhat acquainted, and decided to make her the subject of my prayers until she should be converted.

Week after week passed away, and as yet I could discover no signs of her becoming interested in the great salvation. I felt some what disappointed, for I felt sincerely in earnest, and earnestly my care on the Lord, I said, "In thine own time, dear Lord."

I continued praying for her until, one evening, after several weeks had passed, as we sat side by side in the prayer meeting, I began to think and wonder why she was not converted. I heard a voice and listened. The Holy Spirit whispered, "You have not given a cup of cold water in my name;—you have not spoken to her. I felt rebuked, and determined that as soon as the meeting was closed to speak to her about her soul; I did so, but no sooner than she burst into tears, and said she felt for weeks that she wanted to be a Christian, and had been waiting for some one to speak to her.

It is a lesson I have not forgotten; and whenever I pray for the conversion of soul out of Christ, I remember to seek an opportunity to speak to them about their souls' salvation.—Bessie.

HOLDING FAST.

Paul enjoined a safe policy when he exhorted the Thessalonians to hold fast that which is good. It is a secret of success in almost every undertaking. Hardly any person has won wealth, or position, or any other kind of distinction, without first trying his methods, and then holding fast to what seemed good for his business.

This is especially true in the Christian life. No grace can be easily retained. If we understand its nature, our faith even is something that may easily slip away. That we believe God's promises to-day, and that we can venture on them even into the furnace or upon the sea, is no proof that we may not hesitate to trust him so little as a loaf of bread or a coat, before a week is gone. Like our bodies, the faith that may be in us must be fed with its proper food, or it will perish. Like water through the fingers, it will run away, if we attempt to keep it in mere earthen vessels.

Paul must have experienced this. If not in himself, at least in the churches for whose life he gave his own. How often he exhorted the Christians of those days to a persistent religious life. Timothy must "hold fast the form of sound words" in the faith and love of Christ. And to the Hebrews he wrote, as though he himself had experienced the bitterness of a faltering trust, "Let us hold fast our profession." And again, as though he had sometimes thought that God himself might be false, "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised." We rarely exhort men to seek a condition, of which we have not in some way felt the need. Paul's own words give us a hint of his experience. He knew no open way to the kingdom. He must gird on the whole armor, and fight it out, or there could be no victory over sin. And though Paul and the hosts after him have entered into the kingdom, the same need of steadfastness remains.

Haven't we all, in various ways, felt the force of these exhortations? How often we have seemed to say in vain, "Here is a special result that we want. If it was of minor importance, it might be of less consequence that our prayer was unanswered. But our importunity increases with the desire. We say, "I can bear it, not to get what I care but little for. But here is something that it seems to me I must have. Of what good is prayer, if it will not bring it?" And so we approach the throne. We pray with all the faith and at the same time with all the submission that we can exercise. Can we bear disappointment? We open the Bible and with our finger on that passage which absolutely promises whatsoever we ask in faith, we turn the open page towards the sky and press our petition. We have faith. We recognize God's omnipotence as a fact. Dare he refuse us?

Now we have no doubt that experience of this kind comes to a great many. But that isn't the worst of it. We wait, and wait, and still wait, all the time believing and hoping, repeating the promises and renewing our petition. No answer comes. It is next year. But we have not what we wanted. Moreover, we find ourselves obliged to accept just what we besought the Father not to be put upon us. Are the promises true? What is the use of a throne? Of what avail to pray?

It is now that we must hold on, lest our faith fail. It was doubtless in view of just such experience as this that the injunction was given. One can hardly question the propriety of pressing a petition in this way. "Pray without ceasing, for ye shall receive

what ye ask for, believing." That is the sense of the promise. It has seemed to fail in our case. What can we do? "Hold fast in the faith and love of Christ." Does it seem useless? Is faith provoked, and endurance wearied? "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." When the wretched Atlantic lay on the rocks, and the great waves broke over, and the passengers, clinging to the shivering, saw that she would never reach the expected harbor, and heard the cry coming from the shore through the darkness, "Hold on, help is coming," they may have despaired even then of safety, but they knew there was no safer way.

It is sometimes with the Christian. And not just for a day, but for a long time. He may see the line along which he is to come, merged in blackness and strained by great waves, but he should know that the other end is made fast on the eternal shore, and that Christ is waiting to welcome him there. He may need to set his teeth and clench his hands till the blood starts, and spur up his will till he feels that spirit, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," before he gets the victory. But he may hear the same cry coming to his ear, "Hold on," and he may know that he who promises is faithful to fulfil. Though we make a thousand prayers in vain, let us never despair. This specific injunction is given to meet these desperate cases, and relief is sure to come while we observe it.—Star.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE UNBELIEVER.

Go with me to the dying chamber of this unbelieved. His three-score years and ten of toil and conflict are passed, and in weakness, poverty, and pain he is waiting to die. His wife and children have gone before him. They have perished, as he supposes, like vegetables and brute animals—passed away into annihilation. He has no hope of ever seeing them again. The companions of his infidelity have either long since perished, or have abandoned him in these hours of gloom and suffering. In looking back upon the past there is nothing to cheer him. The present is all solitude and hopelessness. The future presents but the abyss of annihilation. He has no God, no hope. The blackness of despair hangs over his dying pillow.

Such is dying man unsustained by the supports of the Christian religion. Culture of soul, warmth of affection, elevation of nature, do but add to the intensity of his anguish. With thoughts ranging to infinity he cannot die senseless like the sparrow. Fond memories and glowing love ennoble his nature only to sink him deeper into wretchedness.

The pages of biography are filled with the melancholy developments of death beds whence souls, unsustained by the hopes which Christianity gives, take the awful leap in the dark. Who can read without melancholy emotions the lamentations of the Greek poet, written more than two thousand years ago? As he compares the entire extinction of his being, to which he supposes himself to be doomed at death, with the perpetual renovation of nature, he exclaims:

Alas! the tender herbs and flowering tribes, Though crushed by winter's unrelenting hand, Revive and rise when verdant zephyrs call. But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise, Alas! we fade, and die; and then succeeds A long, long, silent, dark, oblivious sleep, A sleep which no propitious power dispels, Nor changing seasons, nor reviving years.

Sophocles, the most renowned of the Grecian poets, almost equally distinguished as dramatist, statesman, and philosopher, closed a career of eighty years, which the world has called brilliant, five centuries before the birth of our Saviour. But unenlightened to Christianity, there was no happy paradise of God opening before him. As he sank into the rayless grave he left behind him the following pathetic testimony:

Man's happiest lot is not to be; And when we tread life's thorny steep, Most blissed are they who, earliest free, Descend to death's eternal sleep.

How differently does the Christian view time and eternity, death and the grave! As the martyr Stephen sinks beneath the stones hurled upon him by his murderers he sees the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. "Lord Jesus," he exclaims, "receive my spirit!" and thus he falls asleep.

Paul, at the close of his noble life, writes to Timothy, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day."

And again, triumphantly he exclaims, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory! But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

—J. C. S. Abbott.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

Weighing is a method by which we ascertain the quantity and value of certain articles for commercial purposes. It may signify to ascertain the moral worth of a person,—what he is worth spiritually.

Now, in order to ascertain correctly the weight and arrive at the correct value of an article, the scales and weights by which we weigh must be correct. A false balance never gives the correct weight of anything. Many have a false balance in which they weigh themselves to ascertain their moral character and spiritual worth; and they fearfully over-estimate themselves.

Some weigh themselves in the scale of ignorance. They do not try to ascertain the will of the Lord concerning themselves, nor inform themselves of the way of salvation. They never search the Scriptures to find what they must do to be saved. No, never. They flatter themselves with the delusive idea that if they know nothing, nothing will be required of them; that a plea of ignorance, in the day of judgment, will suffice, and all will be right with them. Poor, deluded soul, God will not judge you for merely what you do know. You might know enough to be saved,

if you but would; and God will judge accordingly.

Again, some weigh themselves in the scale of comparison with others who are more wicked, and then conclude that they themselves are pretty good fellows—good enough. The poor Pharisee in the temple, when he compared himself with the poor, conscience-stricken publican, had an excellent opinion of himself. He was so very good that he was good for nothing. Now this class reminds me of a certain bird which will fly over a thousand head of cattle and never light upon one; but passing on a mile, or two, until he finds a carcass, he will light down upon it and glut his rapacious appetite upon a meal of carrion, and then clap his wings and soar aloft and feel good on it. So will these men pass by a thousand good men and women, who are the light of the world and the salt of the earth, and light upon a hypocrite, and compare themselves with him, and then whirl upon their heel and say, "I am better than he," and feel good on it. Stop, my dear friend, you may, for aught I know, be better than the hypocrite, but remember, you are not good enough for heaven. Some, in the old world, were better than others; but all out of the ark perished.

Again, some weigh themselves in the scales of their conscience. They do certain things forbidden in God's word, and leave undone others commanded to be done, because their consciences do not condemn them for doing the former and leaving undone the latter. Now conscience is not the judge in deciding moral action, and especially to those in an un-sanctified state. If sanctified by the grace of God they will greatly assist us. The word of God is the rule of moral action. What it enjoins must be done, what it forbids must not be done, whether conscience acquiesces or not. By the infallible word of Jehovah, you and I, my reader, will stand acquitted or condemned at his bar; and that unrighteous weight that we so frequently drop in the scales here will not be used in the day when the books are open.

Reader, come, let us go to the scales of divine revelation, to the balance of God's sanctuary, and there weigh our moral character, and let us ascertain our spiritual worth. Throw away your false method of weighing. Be honest with yourself. May the Holy Spirit assist you. What is your spiritual character? Is it natural, or changed and renewed? One of guilt, or pardon? Of sin, or holiness? Is it the old, or the new man? How important to know! God will weigh us all in the day of judgment, in the scales of impartial justice, and the spiritual character of every man and woman will be correctly decided. The judge of all the earth will do right.

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

Said Mrs. A. To Mrs. J., In quite a confidential way, It seems to me That Mrs. B. Takes too much—of something—in her tea."

And Mrs. J. To Mrs. K., That night was overheard to say— She grieved to touch Upon it much, But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!" Then Mrs. K. Went straight away To the same day, "Twas sad to think— Here came a wink— Was fond of drink."

"That Mrs. B. The friend's disgust Was such she must Inform a lady, "which she nussed," "That Mrs. B. At half-past three Had far gone she couldn't see!" The lady we Have mentioned, she Gave needle-work to Mrs. B. And at such news Could scarcely choose But further needle-work refuse.

Then Mrs. B. As you'll agree, As she said, said she, That she would track The scandal back To those who made her look so black. Through Mrs. K. And Mrs. J. She got at last to Mrs. A. And asked her why, With cruel lie, She painted her so deep a dye. Said Mrs. A. In sore dismay, "I no such thing could ever say, I said that you Had stouter grew On too much sugar—which you do!"

WHAT THE ROMISH CHURCH CLAIMS.

When the warning voice is raised as to the intentions and designs of Romish priests, many persons would pay but little heed, because they think the whole an exaggeration arising from prejudice and bitter feeling. Well, if Protestants will not accept the statements of Protestants on this matter, let them read what the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, says in his recent Lenten address. This prelate, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, has pretty plainly hinted at the nature of some of the designs of his Church. The chief points upon which he insists are as follows:

That the supremacy of the Church over the State shall be acknowledged.

That the present system of public school education demands strong censure.

That Catholic families shall send their children to Catholic schools, unless that is impracticable.

That Catholics shall not intermarry with persons outside the pale of their Church.

That all Church property shall be controlled exclusively by the Bishop.

That the school boards shall pay for teachers for the separate Catholic schools, the buildings to be erected from church funds, and owned by the Church.

That during school hours no religious instruction shall be permitted, but that it shall be allowed before and after these hours.

These are the objects which Dr. Gilmour, of Ohio, seeks to accomplish, and doubtless many other prelates have the same idea in their minds, though they may not have spoken out as distinctly. Now we ask why should the State and National Legislatures be called upon to throw a hedge around the children of this particular sect? Why should the Roman Catholics ask this any more than the Presbyterians, or the Methodists, or Jews? Is it not because they feel convinced their system will not bear the light—that it is not founded upon a rock, and therefore cannot stand unless it is protected and bolstered up by the State?—N. Y. Witness.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE LITTLE THINGS which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer-dews fall upon the vineyard. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street? It dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what a cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel?

A SUCCESSFUL father in the ministry, speaking of the children in his parish, said he was accustomed to gather them yearly at his home, and amuse and instruct them. He related some incidents to show what a fine appreciation those children had of what was proper for them at the pastor's house, and directly it came to me, "there is a secret of his long and successful pastorate—he feeds the lambs."

LUCK AND LABOR.—Last week two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor will do for me," cried the other.

Which is the best to depend upon; luck or labour? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slides down to indolence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

Which is likely to do the most for you, boys?

WHAT SAVES?—Does faith save? We read of saving faith, yet it is merely an act of reception. Does repentance save? That is merely ceasing to resist God and a surrender to Jesus. Does baptism save? That is simply an avowal of loyalty to Christ. None of these things really saves. They are instruments; but the efficient cause is Christ. He saves, and he alone. We are always inclined to trust in means, stop short of Christ, and look for salvation in belief, in the church, in ceremonies, in prayer, good deeds, or something which we can do. We must do something to draw nigh to Christ; but life is not in those acts, but in the Saviour. He gives it, and he alone. Faith in faith, faith in repentance, faith in baptism, faith in creeds, the church, morality, or anything man can do, is vain; but faith in Christ brings life from Christ, because life is in Christ, and he gives it to all who trust and obey him.—Exchange.

CRIPPLES MADE BY INTemperance.—The number of cripples in England and Wales alone is reckoned at not less than one hundred thousand; and the saddest thing of all is, that by much the larger number owe their infirmities and deformities to bad fathers, bad mothers, and bad nurses. Tumbling out of the arms of staggering drunkards, parents or nurses, they get their back-bones broken, their joints dislocated, or their limbs fractured. There is no doubt that the use of intoxicating drink is the root of this and a host of other domestic, social and political evils. Year by year it cripples thousands of innocent infants; more ruinous to the country than a pillage of the Bank of England, it costs sixty millions of money, and more fatal than the bloodiest battle-field, sixty thousand lives. Neither Moloch, nor Juggernaut, nor any other heathen idol, was ever worshipped with such cruel and costly sacrifices as the Christian kingdom offers, year by year, to the demon of drink.—Dr. Guthrie.

SCOLDING.—Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all, becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it.

It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who at once get in the way of scolding, always find something to scold about. If there were nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at.

It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, creaking of a hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

Women contract the habit more by frequent use than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine.

Rev. J. McLeod.

Vol. XX—No. 28.

GRAND DISPLAY

OF

New Goods,

FOR SUMMER, 1873.

AT THE

ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Have now open for inspection 30 Cases and Boxes of

STAPLE and FANCY

Dry Goods,

For the summer trade. Imported direct from the Home

Markets.

Black and Colored Silks,

IRISH POPLINS.

300 PIECES CHOICE DRESS GOODS

In all the Newest Styles.

A Rich Stock of Mourning Goods.

SHAWLS—in Cashmere, Black Lace, Paisley,

Roman Stripes, Bangs, Grenadine, &c., &c.

PARASOLS and UMBRELLAS.

PRINTED MUSLINS, CAMBRICS, BRILLIANTS, &c.

437 PIECES OF DARK PRINTS.

WINDSOR LACES 1 & 2 SETTS,

and by the Yard.

BOULLON 1st CHOICE KID GLOVES,

with 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 Claps.

10 Boxes of Grey and White Cottons; Tickings,

Sheetings, &c.

WOOL and HEMP CARPETS.

SAINT JOHN COTTON WARPS.

In all colors and numbers.

This Stock we can recommend to our Friends and the

Public. Inspection will prove it to be the largest

and best assortment of DRY GOODS

ever before shown in this City.

All Goods sold with small profits and at one price.

Inspection invited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Fredricton, July 11, 1873.

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing an excellent stock of seasonable

goods, comprising.

White & Grey Cottons,

White & Grey Sheetings,

PILLOW COTTONS,

LINEN SHEETINGS,

TABLE DAMASKS,

TABLE CLOTHS,

Napkins,

Doyleys,

Towels and Towelling,

Quilts and Toilet Covers.

WHITE and COLORED

Knitting Cotton!

AND

ANGOLA YARN.

Patch Work, Turkey Red, Yellow and

Green Cambrics.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredricton, March 20, 1873.