

The Near Approach of our Association at Springfield, should remind the pastors and churches of which it is composed, of their obligations to the several objects of benevolence embraced in our Union plan.

NOTICE OF A NEW COMMENTARY.

Dear Visitor.—It is a pleasure, and it may be profitable, to direct the attention of your readers to NOTES OF THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW, by Rev. N. M. Williams.

But the conflicting opinions, with the arguments in their favor, are always presented in language of genuine and graceful courtesy. The arguments are concisely and clearly stated, and are generally forcible, if not conclusive.

As a token of esteem and regard, your acceptance of this Epistle of pure silver is requested. May your health be continued, and your life prolonged.

On removing the cover there was displayed a very handsome Epistle which is very significant and appropriate, consisting of a British oak with leaves and acorns all in solid silver.

Presented to Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., On retiring from the Presidency of the University of Acadia College.

The epistle is about two feet in height, and valued at \$500. It was manufactured in England by direction of Mr. J. Cornelius, of Halifax.

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long, beyond sight and hearing, into work. Does anyone say that the Commentary of Williams is Baptist? We reply, the Commentary of Barnes is Presbyterian.

PROCEEDINGS AT ACADIA COLLEGE.

In our report of the Anniversary proceedings of Acadia College last week we referred to the address of President Sawyer to the young gentlemen who received honorary degrees, and also to the presentation address to Dr. Cramp.

PRESIDENT SAWYER'S ADDRESS.

Young Gentlemen.—You stand to-day at an interesting and critical period in your history. After four years residence in this College, you now are about to meet the duties of active life.

But the value of your lives will depend mainly on the ideals which you cherish. If while you have been familiar with these noble ideals, you have known any aspiration for the true and the good; if you have experienced any purpose of generous devotion to the improvement of the condition of the wretched and the ignorant, we admonish you to cherish these aspirations and purposes as the best fruits of the discipline which you have here received.

ADDRESS TO REV. DR. CRAMP.

DEAR SIR.—A number of your many friends are happy to embrace the opportunity offered by your retirement from the Presidency of Acadia College, to express their high appreciation of your successful and laborious services rendered for a period of eighteen years in connection with the Baptist Department of this University.

The pains which you have taken to examine the history of Baptist principles, and the successful effort which you have made to place before the public the biography of the noble men whose labors preceded your own in these Provinces, have been sources of much profit and gratification to the body generally.

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DEAR VISITOR.—I reached the residence of Rev. W. M. Edwards, in Blissfield, sixty-four miles from Fredericton, by stage, at 12 o'clock, Friday night, the 10th inst. Preached Sunday morning at Upper Blackville, seven miles below Bro. Edwards', and in the evening at the School House near Bro. Underhill's, ten miles further down the river.

I called to see Rev. Bro. Tozer. Because of poor health he has removed his residence from Ludlow to his son-in-law's, in Doaktown. I am happy to say, his health is so far recovered, that at the time I called to see him, he was on a visit to his son's on the Keswick.

Bro. Edwards' people have taken hold nobly of the work of raising funds for the Union Society. I did not have time to canvass the whole field, so it is too soon to report their benevolence; but I doubt not, they will show their appreciation of the work done for them by the Board.

Last week I mailed, from Doaktown, the blank letters to the churches of the Eastern Association—in most instances sending them to the supposed pastors of the churches.

On Thursday, Bro. Hickson came after me to go to Newcastle, and on Saturday I went with him to last week I mailed, from Doaktown, the blank letters to the churches of the Eastern Association.

From our Providence Correspondent.

A TEMPERANCE BASIS.

DEAR VISITOR.—When I last wrote you (R. L.) upon the eve of an election, which it was presumed would result in the furtherance of the Temperance Reform; but, sad to state, it proved otherwise.

Members of these societies, with friends of prohibition outside, to the number of five thousand, signed the following petition:—

To the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island: GENTLEMEN.—We, the undersigned, residents of the State of Rhode Island, believing that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, to be used as a beverage, is morally and politically wrong, inimical to the public welfare, involving great financial waste—imposing great burdens of pauperism, vice and crime—hurling its crushing weight upon woman, and a dangerous temptation to the rising generation—do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to amend our present Liquor Law, as to forbid the granting of licenses, and to secure the appointment of a State Assayer and a State Constabulary for its enforcement.

The Liquor Bill that grew out of this petition was warmly and ably discussed in both branches of the late Legislature, and after flying back and forth, from the House to the Senate, like a weaver's shuttle, it almost became a law.

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with moral suasion, supplemented by the good old Washingtonian pledge. In this way, with God's blessing, a moral basis will be constructed of depth and length and breadth, sufficient to sustain with honor and inexpressible joy, a Prohibitory Law.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, June 5, 1870. "Oh! the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Gladly we hail its golden light."

There are many diversified scenes in a crowded city like Boston. A number of converts who told their experience at Tremont Temple on Friday evening, were to be baptized to-day, and I designed to witness the administration of the order once, but hearing of a Jewish confirmation to take place, my curiosity led me to the Synagogue.

A number of prayers were read in German from prayer books in Hebrew characters, and then came the confirmation. There were about twenty girls and twelve boys, from 12 to 16 years old; each had an offering in his or her hand—no a turtle dove or two young pigeons, but what was equally handsome, a bunch of flowers.

"Bless, oh my soul, the living God, Call home my thoughts that rove abroad; Let all my powers within me join In work and worship so divine."

It looked to me beautiful to see all those young persons laying their offerings, small as they were on the altar of God, and in a clear and audible voice each went through the same ceremony, repeating some choice verse of our hymns.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

The tone of the English press on the late Fenian outrage upon Canada is exciting widespread dissatisfaction, and awakens very general enquiry in reference to the propriety of continuing our present anomalous connection with the parent Government.

On the 5th of May, Lord Granville, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, made a very remarkable speech in the House of Commons in England, in relation to Red River matters. He seemed to claim special credit for having thrown three-fourths of the burden and expense of subduing a rebellion, in a territory yet belonging to Great Britain, upon the Canadian people.

The London Daily News hopes General Lindsay's address to the troops has been mis-reported by telegram. In view of these evident tendencies in the old country, we ask, "Whither are we drifting?"

Whereas this country has now been invaded a second time by armed men, calling themselves Fenians, coming from a country professing at peace with this Dominion, and whereas, our deliverance from the clutches of a pest, has been signally complete and immediate, and the country has been rescued from the clutches of a pest, has been signally complete and immediate, and the country has been rescued from the clutches of a pest, has been signally complete and immediate.

BAPTIST LOYALTY.

We hear from the Canadian Baptist that the Brant Association of Ontario, at its recent session, passed the following resolution in relation to the late Fenian raid upon Canadian soil:

Whereas this country has now been invaded a second time by armed men, calling themselves Fenians, coming from a country professing at peace with this Dominion, and whereas, our deliverance from the clutches of a pest, has been signally complete and immediate, and the country has been rescued from the clutches of a pest, has been signally complete and immediate.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WORK.—Harper's Monthly says: "The public are still looking for Mr. Beecher's long announced 'Life of Christ,' and are likely to look for it for some time to come. The idea of publishing it in numbers has been wisely abandoned, and when it comes out at all the public will have the whole. Meanwhile, Mr. Beecher carries on the parochial work of the largest Protestant parish in the United States.

The Governors of Acadia Colleges have conferred Degrees of Master of Arts on Rev. John Davis, of Charlottetown, and J. B. Calkin, Esq., Principal of the Provincial Normal School; and of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. W. F. Stubbott, of Massachusetts.

But to return to the evident feeling of England; in view of the treatment which the Dominion has received, we ask again, "Whither are we drifting?" Is it not time that our public men and statesmen should fairly meet this question? Can any man doubt that England wants the Dominion to set up for herself? And if so, what course should we adopt? Shall we wait till we are irritated into this—"Hill we are kicked down stairs," as one has said, and thus have all the filial love which we now cherish for Mother England turned into gall? Or shall we say we will assume the responsibilities of an independent government and nation, and in doing so, we shall neither forget our origin, nor the debt of gratitude we owe? We express no opinion on these questions at present, but we say these are the questions which are forcing themselves upon us; and they must be answered at no distant day.

NEW BOOKS.

Put Yourself in His Place.—Charles Reade, the great master of English fiction, is the author of this fascinating book. It is published by Sheldon & Co., 500 Broadway, New York. The publishers paid the author a large price for the manuscript, not doubting but the work would have an immense run. It is for sale at the Colonial Bookstore, Germain Street.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHOICE, by Mary E. Herbert, author of several popular books, is received. It is issued in two well printed pamphlets, and is written in a style especially pleasing to the young. Miss Herbert expects to visit the city at an early day to superintend the sale of her work. We hope the number of purchasers will quite equal her most sanguine anticipations.

MINNIE LOYLE, OR THE BRUSH CABINETS, by the A. B. P. Society, of Philadelphia, contains charming reading for the young. It not only enlists the feelings, but it seems admirably adapted to foster right sentiments and to produce correct action. It should have a successful run in our Sabbath Schools and family circles.

Secular Department.

A Brief Review of the News of the Week.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE THUNDER STORM of Monday was unusually severe for this season of the year. The lightning cloud passed over St. John about 10 a. m., and the reports which followed closely the oft repeated flashes of vivid lightning seemed like the noise of many cannon. The bolts struck in several places in the city, occasioning a good deal of alarm but doing no serious damage.

When the storm was at its height, about half past 2 o'clock, Mr. Douglas McMonagle of Lower Cove, a mile and a half from Sussex, was standing in his barn door with a number of others, including Mr. Robert Allison. The wind struck the saddle beam of the barn, ran down the gable rafter, and followed the door-post, splintered off the boards from the end of the barn, and the shingles from the roof. Some of the party were just outside and escaped unhurt. Mr. Allison says he was shocked by the force of the concussion, and was knocked over. He saw Mr. McMonagle's hat rise on his head, which was enveloped in a blue light. Both the men fell, Allison was only stunned, but Douglas McMonagle was killed. Death was almost instantaneous. The deceased was 29 years of age and a married man, with no children. Besides his wife, (a daughter of Mr. John K. Campbell, of Charlotte Street,) he leaves a mother and sister with a large number of other relatives to mourn their bereavement.

Eight men were in the barn with McMonagle at the time. They had been working on the roads and went in out of the rain. Among them were Robert Allison, George Ellison, — McBride, and James McIntyre. Robert Ellison was thrown thirty feet, and killed for a time. McBride was knocked down, senseless, and paralyzed for fifteen or twenty minutes. McMonagle was struck directly on the top of his head, his hat was torn to pieces, and partly burned. Death was instantaneous. The rain of Monday and Tuesday fell in large quantities. If general, as we hope it was, it will render most valuable service to all the lumbering and farming districts of the country. The streams will overflow and carry out millions of feet of lumber which have been hung up for the want of water, and the lands in some sections suffering so severely for want of rain will once more bloom in virgin freshness. Let us all be thankful to a gracious Providence for this refreshing rain.

BRIED TREASURER.—Since your correspondent visited this section we have what may be justly termed a sensation. A few evenings ago, Rev. W. A. Troop, Deacon D. H. Crandell, and another gentleman whose name has not yet transpired, went to dig for money upon the estate of the late Elijah Spragg, now in possession of his son Mr. Jacob Spragg. Ten rods east from a certain immovable rock, bearing upon one side the rude and dim outlines of a square and compass, and five rods South-east from a boiling spring, a knoll of earth by no means remarkable. Here the treasure was found. When six feet below the surface, the pick struck the top of a stout, oaken box. "I've found it," "I've got it," cried the Rev. gentleman in an ecstasy, his companions bewildered at the sudden realization of what had hitherto appeared to them an idle dream. I may here remark that this section was formerly in possession of the French, but when troublesome times came they with precipitation fled from the English. The treasure may have been concealed by them, but by no means by an enemy.

But to return—the box was a cube of three feet, which, with great difficulty, they brought to the surface. Not discouraged, however, having heard a metallic sound, they continued their investigations, and found two iron pots of different sizes, the one inverted and put over the other. Upon separating them they found gold slightly dimmed, some silver very dark, and a small piece of parchment with the two words "Deus" and "Justitia," and a little Hebrew. The amount was \$1,200 and was secured by the Rev. Mr. Troop, the other two gentlemen gained to go as assistants only. The short night's work is the topic of general conversation, and hundreds have visited the spot and seen the deep hole, box and pots. Formerly many holes were dug on Mr. Crandell's farm, with the expectation of finding hidden treasure, but all without success, none ever dreaming before that the true mine was on the Spragg estate. Although the Spragg heirs might have died without being benefited by this money yet they are now thinking of calling to their assistance the best counsel the city can afford, and deprive Rev. Mr. Troop of what they choose to style "his ill-gotten treasure."—Telegraph.

NOVA SCOTIA.

SAD FATALITY.

The Free Press of last week says:—George McNayr, son of Mr. Thomas McNayr, of Springfield, was drowned on Friday last in the Annapolis river, near Middleton. He went alone to bathe, and after being missed about three hours, his clothes were found on the bank of the river. Finding these, of course, led to an immediate search, and he was soon discovered in about three feet of water. The young man, thus early passing away from his friends, was about 20 years of age, and was universally esteemed for his studious habits, amiable disposition and deep piety.

THE DENSE FOG IN YARMOUTH.

The Herald of the 10th inst., says:—A dense fog has prevailed along our coast and for some distance inland for the past two or three weeks, and the Steam Fog Whistle at the entrance of this harbor has been blown every day. Yesterday evening, a steamer from New York passed state that for two or three days previously a thick fog had enveloped the Atlantic from Hatters to Halifax, proving a source of great danger and delay to shipping.

A MELANCHOLY RECORD.

More than a year ago now, Mr. Thomas E. Robertson, an English gentleman, of the firm of Kirkwood, Hawkins & Robertson, contractors on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, died and was buried in Windsor, where subsequently a tombstone was erected to his memory, setting forth that he had been harshly treated by certain creditors, who persisted in imprisoning him when languishing in deathly sickness, his end being thus hastened. The widow was left with three children in a strange land, and after the affairs of the deceased were settled up, proposed returning to her friends in the old country. Passage for them had been engaged on board the "City of Boston," but on the