POOR COPY

Dept: Public Works

"The policy of every man in business, and who must live by the public, should be to let the public hear of him. His best speaking-trumpet is the Newspaper advertisement. In a populous community, and a rapid age like this, every trader must make himself heard and known, otherwise he will fall behind the progress of his neighbors.

The Gleaner.

"In no department of business is there probably so much money wasted as in advertising, and in no department are good judgment and experience more requisite. Twenty-five years' experience has clearly demonstrated the superior advantages and economy of Newspaper advertising over all other mediums offered for that purpose.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1888. No. 54

Professional Cards

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. MCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE, 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, '888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERIOTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR,)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DR. CROCKET,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 100 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GREGORY & GREGORY,
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

C. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law
Notary Public, Etc.
SEC'Y-TREASURER OF SUNBURY
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov 1st, 1887

Livery Stables

BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch.
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. GUNTER,
BACK AND LIVERY STABLE,
Queen Street,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telephone Communication.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Auctioneers

E. H. ALLEN
AUCTIONEER AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
REGENT STREET NEXT TO CAPITAL OFFICE
Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

H. C. C. WETMORE
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms moderate. Returns prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Guaranteed Capital, - - $300,000.00
Full Government Deposit.
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontene, Semi-Tontene, and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontene the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
C. E. DUFFY,
Agent, Fredericton
Oct. 29, 1887—w tw—1yr.

THE ATLAS FIRE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Of London, Eng.
Established in the Year 1808.
CAPITAL, - - $6,000,000.00
Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.
C. E. DUFFY, Agent.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Undertaking

JACKSON ADAMS,
Principal Undertaker,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE
(OPP. QUEEN HOTEL)
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Hotels

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements constantly being made
F. B. COLEMAN, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

QUEEN HOTEL
FREDERICTON N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that, besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING, PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
☞ Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

IMPORTANT.
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY,
MARKED DOWN TO SUIT ALL.
GOODS ALL NEW.
A FINE LINE OF
SILK CHAINS
AT
F. J. McCAUSLAND'S
Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1887

For Sale or To Let.
THE PROPERTY on Regent Street, with all the Household Furniture, Bedsteads, Beds and Bedding, Tables, Piano, Dishes, Stoves and Stove Pipe, Carpets and Couches, Window Blinds and a variety of other articles. Also a good Milch Cow; Hens and Chickens. Also, Bellows, Anvil, Vise, Drilling Machine, Sledge and Swedges, Tins, &c. If not disposed of by the 15th of September, will be sold at Public Auction. Terms easy.
JOSEPH DOUGHERTY
Fredericton, Aug. 25th, 1888.

500 Bushels
P. E. I. Oats
LANDING THIS DAY.
For sale by
ELY PERKINS.
Fredericton, Aug. 9, 1888.

New Advertisements

BELDING, PAUL & CO.
On the End of the Spool.
LADIES, LADIES.
Spool Silk
THAT BEARS OUR NAME,
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
On the End of the Spool is Superior to all Others.
Ask for It. Ask for It.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
ON THE END OF THE SPOOL.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
On the End of the Spool.

JUST RECEIVED.
Cox's Gelatine;
Harvest Moon Flour;
Star Flour. Codfish.
EXPECTED DAILY:
CORNMEAL!
Per "Ella J."
One Car Load of
New Mess and Clear Pork.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.
Fredericton, Aug. 15.

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN
192 GEORGE STREET
All work guaranteed so far as possible.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887

WE WANT POTATOES.
WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.
And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside profit, we want a few more good shippers Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

AT WALKER'S!
250 PAIRS OF
PANTINGS
Just Arrived Composed of the
Very Latest Patterns
IN FOREIGN MARKETS
Which Will be Sold at
VERY MODERATE RATES
To Close the Season's Trade.
JOSEPH WALKER,
Next door above W. H. Vanwarts' Grocery Store, Queen Street, Fredericton
Fredericton, August 16.

G. W. DYKEMAN & CO.
AGENTS,
DOMINION
ORGAN
—AND—
PIANOS,
Sewing Machines
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET,
Next Door Below Z. R. Everett
Fredericton, April 26th, 1888.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at his work. All succeed.

The Boot, Shoe & Hat Business
Managed by D. LUCY, will in future be carried on under the firm of
LUCY & CO.
Trusting that the new firm will continue to receive the same generous patronage accorded to me while in business,
I remain, respectfully yours,
D. LUCY.
Fredericton, Sept. 1, 1888.

SPECTACLES. EYE GLASSES.
Lazarus & Morris's Celebrated Perfected Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

ARE THE ONLY KIND ADAPTED TO EVERY CONDITION OF HUMAN VISION.
Their Copyright system of fitting is an unerring guide for ascertaining the exact requirements of all who need Optical aid.
YOUNG OR OLD, FAR OR NEAR-SIGHTED
A full and complete assortment always on hand
JUST RECEIVED.
THE most complete line of SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES in the city. Our genuine Lazarus & Morris's Spectacles and Eye Glasses are within the reach of the working man and good enough for the wealthy. And we guarantee you a perfect fit.
Remember that we are the only concern in the city agents for the genuine LAZARUS & MORRIS Spectacles. Don't be deceived by similar names used to take in the public by an inferior article.
S. F. SHUTE,
302 Queen Street.
Sole Agent for the Rockford R. R. Watches!

PARIS GREEN.
ONE BARREL
PURE WEST INDIA LIME JUICE
Enos' Fruit Salt,
Citrate of Magnesia.
JUST RECEIVED BY
JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen St
Fredericton, June 28th, 1888.

REMOVAL!
J. W. Tabor begs leave to notify his Customers and the Public generally, that he intends to enlarge his place of Business on the Corner of King and Westmorland Streets, and for the present will be found in the Corner Store of the
HOGG BUILDING,
Corner Queen and Westmorland Streets,
where he will continue Business until his former place is ready for occupancy.
J. W. TABOR.
Fredericton, May 31.

TOBACCO
—AT—
G. T. WHELPLEY'S
Lily, Solace, Myrtle Navy, Briar, Rough and Ready, Pace's Twist, Pilot, Index, Myrtle Navy Fine Cut, Beaver, Jubilee, Napoleon, No. 1 Crown.
☞ TRY THE "LILY" SMOKING TOBACCO.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN ST., - - FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Aug. 2, 1888.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Miserable Comforters--His Discourses at East Hampton, L. I.

Why Did God Let Sin Come Into the World?

No one Can Tell Until He Gets on the Other Side of the River of Death.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who spends a good part of his summer rest here, took for the subject of his vacation sermon of this date, "Plasters That Will Not Stick." His text was, "Miserable comforters are ye all."—Job xvi, 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parents had not sinned in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—so many flower gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel, he poured out, at the same time, the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side of that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All I know is one great fact, and that is that a herd of woes have come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The grave yards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your very best friends who wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after awhile. Silence! Do you expect, with a thin court plaster of words, to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling, and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says, "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say, "Show us the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" tearing off the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed!

Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post-mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control;" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He can not play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No; that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus; and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again I remark, that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearses through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes. If there are men and women here who have old people in the house, or near at hand so they can easily reach them, I congratulate them. Some of us have had trials in life, and although we have had many friends around about us, we have wished that father and mother were still alive, that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them; let them lean on your arm—these aged people. If, when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and you have to say it a second time, when you say it the second time, do not say it sharply. If you do, you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have so much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart.

People who have not had trial themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having of no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door and clapped her hands—the odd figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah no, you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them, "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others, we must have faith in God, practical experience, and good, sound common sense.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to those who are sorrowful and distressed, and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me!" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune have come. Oh, no. Do you not remember that passage of Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?" A child comes in with a very bad splinter in its hand and you try to extract it. It is a very painful operation. The child draws back from you, but you persist. You are going to take that splinter out, so you take the child with a gentle but firm grasp, for, although there may be pain in it, the splinter must come out. And it is love that dictates it, and makes you persist. My friends, I really think that nearly all our sorrows in this world are only the hand of our Father extracting some thorn. If all these sorrows were sent by enemies, I would say, arm yourselves against them; and, as in tropical climes, when a tiger comes down from the mountains and carries off a child from the village, the neighbors band together and go into the forest and hunt the monster, so I would have you, if I thought these misfortunes were sent by an enemy, go out and battle against them. But no; they come from a Father so kind, so loving, so gentle, that the prophet, speaking of his tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of a father, and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then bareheaded workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken it would have said, "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said: "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" God says, "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more bores with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp, well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnace, and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged, and say, "I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with anybody who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe and well strung instruments of music and tapestried parlor and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment. It is easy for him to be cheerful. But suppose his fortune goes to pieces and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of romping little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that asked so many questions will ask no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says, "God is hard, God is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have, and how much God has to put up with, and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland, or England, or Ireland a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after a while writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families; they are emigrating to a better land. Now, one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after a while go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is, heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about; but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—this heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not afloat. The residence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are afloat, you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed, "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so infidel as to say three. Say four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought! I expect to see my kindred in heaven; I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home today. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the graveyard back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China; and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes, and see that the sun is high in the heavens, and you say, "I have overslept, and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection, in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up, and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was—good old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments, "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more, our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall—from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition it will be for you—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said, "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he, "Welcome heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the thrones. Ho! ye who are sick now, no medicines to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave digger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies roseate with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Sham Battle Flags.

Sham battle flags, tattered and torn to represent the real article, are the latest product of French ingenuity, and are said to have deceived large numbers of curiosity hunters and patriots.—Chicago Herald.