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"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1889. No. 141

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER,
Dentist,
IS HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, March 7.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. M'CAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 8th, 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, FREDERICTON 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.

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,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second oor from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Auctioneers

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.

Hotels

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

COLOSSUS
GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,
Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses.
ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.
Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences
Telephone your Orders.
GEO. I. GUNTER.
Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS!
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton.
LARGE SIZED HEADS
A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 14, 1889

New Advertisements.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Best in the Market.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is famous for its Strength and Quality.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Always Preferred by Dress Makers.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Free from Knots and Imperfections.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Always Measures Number of Yards Marked on Spool.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Most Popular Silk in United States and Canada.
LADIES—Ask for this Popular Spool Silk and take no other. See that the name of Belding, Paul & Co. is on Every Spool. For Sale by all Dry Goods Houses.

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" " With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1888.

'Golden Fleece.'
FALL 1888
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, Nov. 3.

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
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.

READY MADE BARGAINS.
The Subscribers will open on the First Day of May next, on the
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS,
At present occupied by Mr. Cropley, one of the best stocks of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
Ever offered in this City. They are now selling the balance of their Fall and Winter Stock at Prices which are nothing less than Ready Made Bargains. For CASH only.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Feb. 25, 1889.

TAKE NOTICE.
You can buy all the fine grades of
T-E-A-S I
At Yerxa & Yerxas,
Such as India, Fine Japan, Farmosa, Oolong, Orange, Pekoe, Fine Congous, and English Breakfast. Also a Fine Tea in 5 lb. Baskets.
LOW PRICES ON
Canned Goods and Evaporated Apples.
Lowest Prices on all Shelf Goods, and Prices marked in Plain Figures at YERXA & YERXA'S.
Fredericton, April 2

Do You Want a Watch?
IF SO, GIVE US A CALL.
We have Waltham Watches, Elgin Watches, Springfield Watches, Hampden Watches
And the Celebrated Rockford Railroad Watches,
WHICH WE CAN PUT UP IN
Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Solid Silver and Nickle Cases at the Very Lowest Prices. Try us and be satisfied.
ESTATE OF
S. F. SHUTE,
302 Queen Street.
Fredericton, March

EDGECOMBE & SONS,
YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.
Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for
SLEIGHS & PUNGS
We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at
PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.
Leave Your Orders Early.
EDGECOMBE & SONS.
Fredericton' Oct. 6th, 1887.

We have now the Finest Stock in the City of
ACCORDEONS, STATIONERY, BOOKS FOR
Normal School and College Students.
A Full Supply of Office Requisites always on hand
AT HALL'S BOOKSTORE,
QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Feb. 13.

The Largest, Choicest and Best Assortment of
TEAS I
In the City are for sale by the
LONDON TEA CO'Y.
13 YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.,
Congous, Saryunes, Paryonge, Oolongs, Indian and other Blends. Indian Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, O. S. Pekoe, Ceylon, Hyson, Hoyune, &c., &c.
W. H. TIPPET, Manager.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Scenes of Christ's Resurrection Described.

Adornments of the Tomb--Innumerable Hosts of Dead.

The Glories of the Resurrection of the Righteous.

BROOKLYN, April 21.—A vast multitude attended the Easter services at the Brooklyn tabernacle this morning. The pews, the aisles and all the adjoining rooms were thronged, and multitudes in the street could not gain an entrance. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject, "Aromatics for Easter." The pulpit and galleries of the church had elaborate floral decorations. The congregation sang the opening hymn:

We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Dr. Talmage took two texts, Luke xxiv, 1: "Bringing the spices which they had prepared." I Corinthians xv, 52: "The trumpet shall sound." He said:

Enchanting work have I before me this Easter morning, for, imitating those women of the text, who brought aromatics to the mausoleum of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balm and ottar of roses and cardamom from the East Indies and odors from Arabia, and, when we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will talk of sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five sentences say: Christ was lying flat on his back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks, rocks over him, rocks under him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains of Joseph's country seat. Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a falling meteor, picks up the door of rock and puts it aside as though it were a chair and sits on it. Then Christ unwraps himself of his mortuary apparel and takes the turban from his head and folds it up deliberately and lays it down in one place and then puts the shroud in another place and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying around, pallid and in a dead swoon, their swords bent and useless. The illustrious prisoner of the tomb is discharged and five hundred people see him at once. An especial congress of ecclesiastics called pay a bribe to the resuscitated soldiers to say that there was no resurrection and that while they were overcome of slumber the Christians had played resurrectionists and stolen the corpse. The Marys are at the tomb with aromatics.

SYMBOLISM OF THE FLOWERS.

Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and nettles, for these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord? Why did they not bring some national ensign, such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics suggestive to me of the fact that the Gospel is to sweeten and deodorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and maloder that Christ is going to roll over it waves of frankincense and sprinkle it all over with sweet smelling myrrh. Thousands of years before this Solomon had said that Christ was a lily and Isaiah had declared that under the Gospel the desert would bloom like the rose, but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women of the text bring hands full and arms full of redolence and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth the last offense to the olfactories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparadised hemispheres. Sin is a buzzard, holiness is a dove. Sin is nightshade, holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere and set a geranium or a heliotrope on the window sill; cleanse the air and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare this world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how he himself loves aromatics I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and he must have grown them there for his own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving him a sepulcher in Joseph's garden he will yet make the whole earth a garden. Yes, he expressed his delight with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when he said, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and he filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with sweet incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven described in Revelation as golden vials full of odors. I preach an embrosial gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and rancidity and the last noisomeness and the last mephitis gas. Glad am I that though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the magi put frankincense upon his cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for his grave.

ORDER OUT OF DISCORD.

Notice also that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earthquake that put its twisted key into the involved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul and tomb of nations. Concussion between England and the thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion between France and Germany, and forth comes republicanism for France. Concussion among the rocks on Mount Sinai, and on two of them was left a perfect law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary and the crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country becomes ours. Concussion between England and France, and most of this continent west of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between iceberg and iceberg, between bowlder and bowlder, and a thousand concussions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his enemies, and out came the psalms which otherwise would never have been written. Concussion between God's will and man's will, and, ours overthrown, we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of misfortune and trial for many of the good, and out comes their especial consecration. Do not therefore be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations, the great earthquakes, whether among the rocks or among the nations or in individual experience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all round the Lord's mausoleum and see the glorious illumination of its dead inhabitant. Concussion! If ever a general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last twenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it now is. The nations of the earth are tired of having their kings born to them, and they would after a while elect their kings, and there would be an Italian republic and a German republic and a Russian republic and an Austrian republic, and out of the cracks and crevices and chasms of that concussion would come resurrection for all Europe. Stagnation is deathful; concussion is Messianic.

Notice also what the angel did with the stone after he had rolled it away from the mouth of the Saviour's mausoleum. The book says he rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. All of us ministers have preached a sermon about the angel's rolling away the stone, but we did not remark upon the sublime fact that he sat upon it. Why? Certainly not because he was tired. The angels are a fatigueless race, and that one could have shouldered every rock around that tomb and carried it away and not been sweated. He sat upon it, I think, to show you and to show me that we may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph. The young men who get their education easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pine knot lights and reading while the mules of the towpath were resting and of going hungry and patched and barefoot and submitting to all kinds of privation to get scholastic advantages. But the day of graduation came and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study and pale from lack of food and put their academic degrees in the pocket of a threadbare coat. Then starting for another career of hardship they entered a profession or a business where they found plenty of disheartment and no help. Yet saying: "I will succeed; God help me, for no one else will," they went on and up until the world was compelled to acknowledge and admire them.

STRENGTH BY STRUGGLING.

The fact was that the obstacle between their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock of fifty tons, but by resolution, nerved and muscularized and re-enforced by Almighty God, they threw their arms around the obstacle and with the strength of a supernatural wrestler rolled back the stone, and, having become more than conquerors, they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in proportion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon the fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great poets, great patriots and great Christians who never had a struggle. That angel that made a throne of the bowlder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven, and I warrant that, having been born in heaven and always had an easy time, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter in all his angelic lifetime. O men and women with obstacles in the way, I tell you that those obstacles are only thrones that you may after a while sit on. Is the obstacle in your way sickness? Conquer it by accomplishing more for God during your invalidism than many accomplish who have never known an ailment. Are you persecuted? By your uprightness and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of your Lord and Master, who in all his life owned but sixty-two cents and that he got from a fish's mouth and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor, and who would have been buried in a potter's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place, for he who had not where to lay his head during his life had a borrowed pillow for the last slumber. There is no throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanquished obstacles. An ungrateful republic at the ballot box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the national capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of a New York printing office on which he sat one chilly morning waiting for the boss printer to come that he might get a job, until he mounted the highest throne of American journalism. He rolled back the stone and sat upon it. A poor orphan boy, picking up chips at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea captain and invited to come on board his vessel, drops the chips and starts right away and is tossed from port to port and, homeless and friendless, wanders one day along Tremont street, Boston, and sees Park Street church open and, speaking of it afterward on a great occasion and using sailors' vernacular, as was usual with him, he says: "I put in, I up helm, unfurled sail and made for the gallery and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. Then I hove to and came to anchor."

A NAUTICAL SERMON.

"The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text. Pretty soon he unfurled the mainsail, raised the topsail, ran up the pennants to free breeze and I tell you the old gospel ship never sailed more prosperously. The salt spray flew in every direction, but more especially did it run down my cheeks. Satan had to strike sail, his guns were dismounted or spiked, his various crafts by which he led sinners captive were all beached and the captain of the Lord's hosts rode forth, conquering and to conquer." Before that sailor boy was poverty, but he conquered it; and orphanage, but he conquered it; and ignorance, but he conquered it; and the scoff of the world, but he conquered it; and he rose till every sailors' bethel in the world blessed him and great anniversary platforms invited him, and Daniel Webster and Charles Dickens and Frederika Bremer and poets and orators and senators sat electrified at his feet, and his gospelizing influence will go on until the last jack tar is converted and the sea shall give up its dead. All the obstacles of his life seemed gathered into one great bowlder, but Edward T. Taylor, the world renowned sailors' preacher, rolled back the stone and sat upon it.

Yet do not make the mistake that many do of sitting on it before it is rolled away. It is bound to go if you only tug away at it. If not before, then I think about 12 o'clock noon of resurrection day you will see something worth seeing. The general impression is that the resurrection will take place in the morning. The ascent to the skies will hardly occur immediately. It will take some hours to form the procession skyward and we will all want to take a look at this world before we leave it forever and see the surroundings of the couch where our bodies have long been sleeping. On that Easter morning the marble, whether it lay flat upon your grave or stood up in monument, will have to be jostled and shaken and rolled aside by the angel of Resurrection, and while waiting for your kindred to gather and the procession to form your resurrected body may sit in holy triumph upon that chiseled stone which marked the place of your protracted slumber. On that day what a fragile thing will be Aberdeen granite and column of basalt and the mortar which will rattle out of the wall of vaults that have been sealed a thousand years, and the Taj, built for a queen in India, a sepulcher two hundred and seventy-five feet high, and made of jasper and cornelian and turquois and lapis-lazuli and amethyst and onyx and sapphire and diamond, and which shall that day rain into glittering dust on groves of banyan and bamboo and palm. And all under what power? Ponderous crowbars wielded by giants? No. Thunderbolt cleaving asunder the granite? No. Battering ram swung against the walls of cemeteries? No. Dynamite drilled under the foundations of cenotaph and abbey? No. It will be done by music. Nothing but music, sweet but all penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! You say that is figurative; how do you know? But, whether literal or figurative, it means music anyhow. The trumpet, that stirring, incisive, mighty instrument, with a natural compass from G below the staff to E above, blown above Sinai when the law was given, blown around Jericho when the walls tumbled, blown when Gideon discomfited the Midianites, blown when the ancient Israelites were gathered for worship, to be blown for the raising of the dead in the last great Easter. The mother, who, when the child must be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does well.

THE GREAT RESURRECTION.

But the trumpet, which when the dead are to be aroused kisses the ear awake, does better. Be not surprised if the dead are to be awakened by music. Why, that is the way now we raise the dead. Take the statistics, if you can, of the millions of souls that have been raised from the death of sin by hymns, by psalms, by solos, by anthems, by llutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. Under God what hosts have been resurrected by Ira D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by William D. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by motherly lullabies, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If we raise the dead now by music, be not surprised that on the last day the dead are to be raised by music.

The trumpet shall sound! And that instrument shall have plenty of work to do on the day mentioned. It will have to sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepulchers, and liberate the buried kings. And through hypogean graves which were built in mounds and the hypogean graves which were dug in rocks and through the nine hundred winding miles of catacombs under and around the Roman Campagna, where over seven million human beings sleep. And through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Caspian and Black sea deeps. And over all the battle fields of continents, until all the fallen troops of English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Persian and American and the world's battle fields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt, come up! Blenheim, come up! Acre, come up! Hohenlinden, come up! Sedan, come up! Gettysburg, come up! Near Sharpsburg during our civil war, when I was, with some others under the auspices of the Christian commission, looking after the wounded, Federal and Confederate, one moonlight night I was where I could look down upon the tents of the sleeping army. Oh, what an imposing spectacle! But my subject calls us to look down upon a mightier host of soldiers slumbering their last sleep in the bivouac of the dust: the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean war, the eight hundred thousand slain in our American war, the fifteen million slain in the wars of Sesostris, the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, the thirty-two million slain in wars of Ghengis Khan, the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Roman wars. Aye, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground, would make enough graves to reach four hundred and forty-two times around the earth.

THE INNUMERABLE DEAD.

The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms, a basement, and a room above ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their harvests for near six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphal march to Kenilworth, or William, Prince of Orange, land, or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake, or Tamerland found his empire? Gone! Gone!

But the trumpet shall sound. Music to raise the dead. Oh, how much the world needs it. You take a torch and I will take a torch and we will go through some of the aisles of the Roman catacombs and see the expectant epitaphs on the walls and right over where the departed sleep. You know that these catacombs are fifty or sixty feet underground, and if one loses the guide or his torch is extinguished, he never finds the way out. So let us stay close together and with our torches, as we wander along a small part of these nine hundred miles of underground passages, see the inscriptions as they were really chiseled there on both sides the way. On your side you read by the light of your torch: "Here rests a handmaid of God who out of all her riches now possesses but this one house. Thou wilt remain in eternal repose of happiness. A. D. 880." On my side I read by the light of the torch: "Aurelia, our sweetest daughter; she lived fifteen years and four months, A. D. 325." On your side you read: "Here hath been laid a sweet spirit, guileless, wise and beautiful. Buried in peace. A. D. 888." On my side I read: "You well deserving one, lie in peace. You will rise. A temporary rest is granted you. Plaucus, her husband, made this." On your side you read: "Nicephorus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment." On my side I read: "In Christ, Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his dead body rests in this tomb." On your side you read: "Here, happy, you find rest bowed down with years." "Irene sleeps in God." "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Arethusa sleeps in God." "Navira in peace, a sweet soul who lived sixteen years, a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made by her parents."

THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

But let us come out from these catacombs and extinguish our torches, for upon all these longings and expectations of all nations the morning of resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound! And the sooner it sounds the better. Oh, how we would like to get our loved ones back again! If we are ready to meet our Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a good thing if this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again and all your departed kindred again? Roll on sweet day of resurrection and reunion! Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would it not be grand if we could all rise together! You know that the Bible says we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. What if we should be among the favored ones who never have to see death, and that while in the full life of our body we should hear that trumpet sound and these mortal bodies take on immortality. Oh, how I would hasten to two places before the close of such a day—peaceful Greenwood and the village cemetery back of Somerville. And I would cry aloud: "The hour has come, the trumpet has sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group, now lead the way!" The earth sinks out of sight. Clouds under foot. Other worlds only milestones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! to be forever with the Lord and forever with each other. May we all have part in that first resurrection!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away.

GODS AND ENDS.

During the first quarter of this year 40,685 emigrants arrived at the port of New York.

Justice Day never said one single word in court during fifty-eight sittings of the Parnell commission.

Some one recently told Henry Irving, Jr., that he wonderfully resembled his illustrious father. "Yes," was the reply. "We go to the same tailor."

The government of Chili has formally signified its intention to participate in the congress of American nations to be held in Washington this year.

A burglar, arrested in Boston, had on his breast an India ink picture of a gravestone, on which was marked: "In memory of my dear father and mother."

Despite the talk about Smith being such a common name, those of Green, White, Brown and Davis beat it in the United States by 15 per cent. Even "John" is not as common as "Joe."

Services for the deaf are held in the church institute at Sheffield. The preacher speaks into a bell shaped receptacle, from which tubes convey the sound of his voice to the ear of each person present.

The system to relieve street traffic in Paris as proposed by M. Berlier consists substantially of a system of subterranean cast iron tubes, 18.4 feet in diameter and about ten miles in total length.

Not long ago up in Buffalo John Grabenstetter and wife celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage by walking to the church in which they were married at the head of a procession of twelve children and one grandchild.

The second period of the earth's existence, which is to end with the going out of the sun's light, will terminate in about thirteen million years. We speak of this matter in time, so that our friends may get in their hay.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

In the first two months of this year the Pennsylvania railroad earned nearly $9,000,000, and spent nearly $6,500,000 in operating the road. That is a pretty large business. It indicates the immense importance and power of a great railway corporation from a commercial view.

A Maine pine tree recently felled at Bullen's mills was 105 feet long, 3 feet 11 inches on the stump, and the first three cuts of 12 feet each made 1,228 feet of sawed boards. The top of the sixth cut, 72 feet from the stump, was 15 inches through.

The "speech from the throne" in Sweden is the genuine article; far different from those at other capitals. It is delivered by stalwart King Oscar himself, clad in white ermine trimmed with red and gold, wearing a crown of gold upon his head and bearing a jeweled scepter in his hand. He has a fine voice and is a graceful and eloquent orator.

The 200 religious denominations of England and Wales have now about 47,000 places of worship, of which 23,857 have been certified and recorded by the registrar general. The sitting accommodation is for between 9,000,000 and 16,000,000 persons. The ministers number 38,000, church and chapel officials, 180,000, and communicants rather more than 3,000,000. The annual cost of the various efforts for the reformation of the people is £16,000,000.

W. M. Hyde, of near Sand Hill, Carroll county, Ga., gives the particulars of a rat massacre which occurred at his house. The rats were grinding his corn without toll, and, as he was fully able to keep up with his own grinding, he concluded to oust the trespassers. He surrounded his crib, a building about eight by twelve and ten deep, in which was stored about one hundred bushels of corn. Well equipped with dogs, children and clubs, he proceeded to wake up the natives. After the first onslaught the corpses of 218 rats were weighed and tipped the beam at forty-five pounds.

Death of Charles VIII.

Charles VIII, king of France, died at Amboise on April 7, 1498. On that day after dinner the king was pleased to go down with the queen into the fosses of the castle of Amboise to see a game of tennis. The way lay through a gallery, the opening of which was very low, and the king, short as he was, hit his forehead. Though he was a little dizzy with the blow, he did not stop, but watched the game for some time and even conversed with several persons about him. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon while he was the second time traversing the passage on his way back to the castle, he fell backwards and lost consciousness. He was laid upon a paltry palliasse in that gallery where everybody went in and out at pleasure, and in that wretched place, after a lapse of nine hours, Charles VIII expired.—Philadelphia Times.

We Take the Risk Willingly.

The last item of news from the laboratory is that the deadliest of bacteria live and multiply on the bank notes that we handle. Probably there is not a viler article that we ever touch than a bank note. Carried in the pockets of the most leprous and loathsome, it passes through the pocket of the refined. We would not think of taking a pocket handkerchief that had made any such round without washing and fumigating. We could not be induced to put on the shirt of a tramp, but the money of the diseased and contaminating goes without a thought into our inner pockets. What disease we lug we do not think or care.—Current Literature.

A Very Soon Bridegroom.

At a Kansas City wedding the other day the bride's father gave the happy couple a check for $150. The urbane bridegroom raised the check to $1,500 and started off on a solitary wedding tour. Another case of "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"—Buffalo Express.

At the Sunday School.

"And now, children," said the superintendent, benignantly, "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave this lesson?"

"How long did it take you to get all the pigs in the pen the first time you tried?" inquired the sweet little girl on the front seat.—Chicago Tribune.

Something That Wouldn't Make Much.

Managing Editor—Did you prepare that article on "The Intellectual Attainment of the Four Hundred?"

Reporter—Yes, sir.

Managing Editor—About how much space will it occupy?

Reporter—About six lines.—Burlington Free Press.