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THAT CIRCULATES.

The Gleaner.

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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1889. No. 39

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER
Dentist,
S 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. MCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE
280 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

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, FREDERICTON
OPPOSITE BLAIR & BARRY'S 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 corr from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887.

Auctioneers

H. C. G. 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

IMPERIAL HALL.
NEW GOODS
FOR
SPRING & SUMMER
HAVE NOW ARRIVED.
SUITINGS
AND
TROUSERINGS
In Great Variety and Latest Styles.
A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also: A Fine
ASSORTMENT OF HATS
Just Opened. Prices low.
THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET
Fredericton, March

WEST END
SAW MILL 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.

Hotels

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

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 23—3m

HOTEL STANLEY,
(Late Continental,)
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.
FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
July 18—6m

SUNBURY HOUSE.
D. H. NEVERS, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOUSE having been Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished, I am now prepared to accommodate
PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS
at reasonable rates. Give me a call.
☞ Good Stabling with hostler in attendance
QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, May 29—3mwtw

LORNE HOTEL.
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 7, 11—wtwly

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

HARVEY'S PHOTOS! IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton. LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.
Fredericton, Jan. 12, 188

BUSINESS EXCHANGE---WANTED.
MALE AND FEMALE HELP.—Bookkeepers, Salesmen, Clerks, Collectors, Porters, Packers, Store, Shop and Factory Help, Machinists, Engineers, Firemen, can secure first class paying situations in any city in the United States or Canada, through membership to this Bureau.
LADIES EMPLOYMENT PARLORS.
MANAGED BY LADIES. Established 15 years, operating 48 offices. Young ladies wishing to connect with leading business houses, Clerks, Sales Ladies, Bookkeepers, Companions and Nurse Girls, Hotel Help, and
100 SERVANTS
Wanted at once. Address Ladies Parlors, 134 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
DO YOU WANT TO SELL A BUSINESS or secure a Partner, Rent or Sell Property, address Business Exchange, St. John.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned General Traders, doing business at St. Mary's Ferry under the name of "Regar & Hayes," has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make payment on or before the 20th day of August next; after that date the unpaid accounts will be handed to an Attorney for collection, and all persons having any claims against the firm will please present them on or before the above date.
Dated this eleventh day of June, A. D. 1889.
HUGH REGAR,
JAMES P. HAYES.
June 25—3mpd

New Advertisements.

SEWING SILKS.

Ladies who are annoyed at not finding a strong SEWING SILK will please ask for our brand:

BELDING, PAUL & CO.

This quality has for a quarter of a century sustained its supremacy over all competitors, and its SALE FAR EXCEEDS any other make.

Do not be misled into taking an inferior article by the assertion that it is our make, but see that every spool has our name printed on the end, and

TAKE NO OTHER.

BELDING, PAUL & CO.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

WINTER'S GONE. SUMMER'S COMING.
—AND—
ADAMS, the FURNITURE Man
Still keeps in County Court House Square.
Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Centre Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Lounges, Chairs, Rockers, &c., As Cheap as the Cheapest.
☞ CABINET WORK MADE TO ORDER.
Furniture Upholstered, Repaired, Called for and Delivered Free of Charge.
Jackson Adams,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQ., OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.
Fredericton, March 23

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

WE DO NOT CLAIM
TO SELL GOODS AT
LESS THAN COST,
But we do claim that we have a fine line of
SILVERWARE
At Surprisingly Low Prices.
BUTTER DISHES, PICKLE DISHES, CASTERS
AND CAKE BASKETS AT SPECIAL RATES.
THE ESTATE OF
S. F. SHUTE,
302 QUEEN STREET.
Sole Agent for Rockford Railroad Watches.

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NEILL'S and Mr. EVERETT'S Hardware Stores, Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY
Gibson
Gibson, Ma

MISS WILLIAMS,
MILLINER,
Has Removed her place of business to the Brick Building
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE
And next below Mr. John Owens Grocery, where she is now prepared to fill all orders
FOR LATEST STYLES OF MILLINERY
WITH PROMPTNESS.
Fredericton, May 4—1y

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Noted Brooklyn Divine Preaches in St. Paul, Minn.,

Before an Immense and Appreciative Congregation.

"Believe and be Saved," the Subject.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 28.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N.Y., preached in this city today. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi, 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

THE SONG OF PAUL AND SILAS.

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

YOU CAN TRUST HIM.

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable today when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love him. Oh, how attractive his manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out, did he say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self sacrificing—can you not trust him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins, and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

YOU ARE SAVED.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry, "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Age." And built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" Instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

DO NOT FEAR DEATH.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation today are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity.

JESUS IS HEAVEN'S BLOOM.

Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

THEN YOU WILL KNOW.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you today to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamp reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm, while he looks down into her face, and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

The Princess of Wales set an example to women during her visit to the Paris exposition. According to that well informed correspondent, Mrs. Emily Crawford, she was only seen about in the one gown, a dark blue foulard with white sprays, and the bonnet of black lace, trimmed with lily of the valley. Her mantle was a bluish gray jacket of cashmere trimmed with surah silk and black lace. Her daughters, who were with her, were dressed silke, and very simply.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Russian nobleman has recently paid 1,200 rubles ($600) for a pair of nightingales that are said to render delightfully various national melodies.

The average monthly temperature of San Francisco for the last fifteen years has been 55½ degs. The highest for any month was 59 degs. and the lowest 50 degs.

It is said that the United States accumulates wealth at the rate of $2,500,000 daily. This is equal to one-third of the accumulations of all the rest of mankind outside the United States.

A new dog from Holland has a long mane, a short body, a sharp bark, a head like a pig, big ears, and no tail. He has appeared at English dog shows, and is fashionable and expensive.

The Michigan legislature has just appropriated for the Michigan Mining school $104,000 for the furnishing and maintenance of the school during the year 1889 and 1890.

"Philanthropy is a love of our species," said a clergyman, preaching in a charity sermon. "Let your contributions show," he added, "that you don't understand me to say 'love of our specie.'"

An American was arrested on the Austrian frontier for having in his luggage dynamite bombs. On further investigation, they proved to be cocoanuts, something which the Austrian authorities had never seen.

Judge Schley, of Paulding county, Ga., drives to his buggy a mule that is perhaps 35 years old and yet sprightly and in fine condition. He bought the mule in 1865 as a 10-year-old from a man who had picked him up running at large after Sherman's march through that section.

The Australian papers just received announce the finding of a nugget weighing 336 ounces, and valued at £1,360. It was found near Wedderburn, Victoria, by a young Austrian named Costa Clovich, who has only recently arrived in the colony.

At M. Cornuschi's great fancy ball the other evening, M. Zola appeared as a friar, with his handsome wife as a Norman peasant; M. Munkacsy was a Sixteenth century German, M. Daudet was a lawyer, M. Petit a Zulu chief, and Mme. Bernadeki had an Eiffel tower on her head a yard high, set with diamonds.

There goeth about a legend concerning a Chicago newspaper man who was the prize stutterer of the west. He once wrote a play which he read to a manager. "How do you like it?" he asked. "It's great," was the reply; "very comical idea, that." "Which do you mean?" asked the author, flattered. "That of having all the characters stutter. It will go with a roar."

Certainly it is the duty of the strong to "bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves," but it is also the duty of the weak to become strong, and not to need to be pleased by being allowed the selfish luxury of putting restraints on the liberty of others.—Thomas Binney.

It is probably true that our brightest and most "spontaneous" wits have had to grind out their laughable productions with as much labor as the musician must give to the acquirement of the wonderful facility with which he performs a difficult piece. Every good thing is born of toil.

M. Jacques Meyer, whose career is engaging the attention of the Paris correctional police court, swindled the customers of his bank out of $875,000. This financier began life as a journalist. He lost enormous sums on the bourse, and then took flight and was at last, appropriately enough, run to earth in the house of a friend on the battlefield of Waterloo.

A lady traveling in Brazil, a short time since, brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets, which shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wildcat, the curve of which turns backward. The whole is barbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

Textile Industries in Japan.

In a recent issue The Japan Weekly Mail, of Yokohama, states that at the close of last year the number of spindles at work is given at 114,636, 13,376 having been added in the last six months of the year. The industry gave employment to 1,680 men and 3,461 women, the number of the former having been increased by 275 and that of the latter by 657 during the second half of the year. The quantity of yarn manufactured was 2,366,261 pounds, which, though a small figure compared with 63,250,000 pounds of imported yarn, is, nevertheless, not insignificant. The maximum and minimum prices of the Japanese yarn here were fully 15 cents higher than those of the imported yarns. It is against the Indian yarn that Japanese mill owners have to compete, and they must reduce their prices 14 per cent. before they can beat this.

On the other hand, Japanese consumers prefer the home manufacture and are willing to pay more for it. Its superiority, therefore, whether actual or sentimental, must be taken into account. The import of cotton yarn during the year 1888 was much greater than during 1887, and the increase is spread about equally over the English and Indian yarns. The total import in 1888 was 47,500,000 catties (11.3 lbs. each), against 33,250,000 in 1887 and 24,500,000 in 1886, the values for the three years being $13,500,000, $8,250,000 and $6,000,000 respectively. The Indian import just now is larger in quantity, though not quite so large in value as the English. In spite of this enormous increase in the import of cotton yarns, and in spite of the growing importance of the native cotton industry, there was also a very large increase in the import of cotton manufactured goods. In 1888 they amounted $9,000,000 against $7,000,000 in 1887 and $4,000,000 in 1886.—London Standard.

Says He Choked a Bear to Death.

A man named Robert Brown, who resides near Fox Hollow, is credited with having killed a bear about five miles from Edgeville, a Catskill mountain hamlet. The animal was no larger than a Newfoundland dog, but it was fat and plump. Brown killed the bear, but he says he used neither firearm nor missile of any kind. He choked it to death with his brawny right fist.

The animal was feeding on some berries when Brown first espied it. Taking off his coat, the hunter crept stealthily up to within "throwing" distance, when he covered the brute's head and face with the garment. Before brain could free himself from the unwelcome covering, Brown had gotten close enough to the shaggy brute to gets his fingers around its throat. He squeezed mightily, and the bear slowly but surely succumbed to the killing pressure and fell dead at the hunter's feet. The carcass weighed 110 pounds. Bear steaks were distributed around, and "home folks" and a score or more of early Catskill mountain guests ate bear meat for the first time in their lives.

Brown says he choked a wildcat to death last winter. There are people who doubt this Samsonian story, but, be that as it may, the steaks were a reality.—Kingston Freeman.