

REV. MR. FOLYARD IN CARLETON.

"GOD, MAN AND THE DEVIL."

On Sunday afternoon the Carletonians were treated to an able and eloquent discourse on the above subject by this eminent Theologian, which, for deep research, analytical skill, theological knowledge and eloquent pathos, stands unequalled among the ablest oratorical displays of the Earth's most accomplished Divines.

A large audience assembled in the City Hall to hear this eloquent preacher, and the opinion was unanimous that his discourse was a master piece of eloquence.

The Chair was occupied by a noble young man who, in a few felicitous words introduced the speaker, after which the Chairman gave out a hymn and called on the choir (composed of a male trio, Messrs. Taylor, Freeze and Allan) to sing. The choir responded to the call ably assisted by the organist.

The Rev. gentleman then made a short prayer, after which he commenced his discourse, taking for his subject, "God, Man and the Devil." He seemed either to have a more intimate knowledge of the latter gentleman, or else he took it for granted that a dissertation on His Satanic Majesty would be more appropriate to that particular audience.

It would be impossible to give a graphic report of the sermon, as our reporter's dull pencil was not equal to the emergency of keeping time with the burning bursts of eloquence which flamed incessantly from his lips. We, therefore, content ourselves with a brief epitome. He informed us that "the Devil is not omnipresent nor ubiquitous. Satan, the prince of darkness, can't be in St. John and Boston at the same time. He works by agencies, and goes from his headquarters in the St. John newspaper offices through ariel space to Chicago, Boston and other immoral and wicked places. Does he travel in bodily form? No, he goes *incog.* as it were, by an intricate system of electric locomotion. For instance, if he desires to go from here to Egypt, he clutches the tail of a comet—and in the twinkling of an eye he is whirled through space, and presto! change in less time than you could say "Jack Robinson," he is at his destination; travelling at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, as the earth is 24,000 miles in circumference, it only takes him one day to go around the whole world.

The above gives but an extremely faint idea of this peerless Demosthenic effort. The copiousness of exuberant fancy, and redundancy of ambiguous imagery, should have been heard to have been appreciated.

At the close of the sermon a vote of thanks was given the eminent theologian, for his able and exhaustive diabolic discourse, and a collection was taken up, amounting to 450 cents, which he deposited in the pockets of his pants. The weight of the specie must have been too much for the pocket lining as the cents went through with a rush and came jingling out of his trousers' legs on to the platform. The chairman and choir helped him to pick them up, and the audience dispersed amused if not edified.

A man in Woodstock has an apple tree that bears all the year 'round. It will bear apples in summer, and bare branches in winter.

LETTER FROM JOSH MUFF.

BOSTON, January, 1878.

MY DEAR HULLDAY,—“Grate Countree this” and no mistake. Soon as I arrived at the depot I was hailed and pulled about by a nice lot of accommodatin gentlemen, who wanted to cart me to all the taverns in the town. Thank ye, I said, I guess I’ll take a horse keer. So I hollered to one that was jest passin, and told the konducter to leave me at the American House, Handover Street, where I was soon landed in 2 or 3 minutes, written me name down in the big book. Mr. Hankock, the very prette clarker, asked me what I wanted to eat. “Well, I dun no, mabee some shipjacks and apels sas, with a few donuts will doo, until I git the hang of your tavern.” “Korect,” he said, and ringin’ a bell for a serran’ man, told him to take me up to the hash room. I was soon surrounded by a lot of niggers with white aprons and nektyes, and each vlein with the other to wait on me. I swow I was so konfused, I thought I was in a konvencion of preachers, and then, so polite too, me heart warmed towards them, and I asked ‘em if they wooden hash with me, and I am be goll darned if the diddnt refuse; but all of ‘em, at the same time, shufled there big paws towards me, erien with one voice, sea me, sea me, and I did see them, by givin’ ‘em some gum and dulee, for wlich the thanked me. Gettin’ threw with my 1st square meal, since I left Otenabog, I retired to the parlor and, while lookin’ at one of the pieters, I was tapped on the sholder in a very familliar manor by Mister Huva, of garden sass notecaritory, why wanted me to look at sum of his seeds in his karpel bag. “Tha took the 1st prise in Russia, Prussia and London,” he said, “and I can rekommend ‘em as comin from all parts of the earth. You ‘ll be some, want you.” “I will, said I, if you ‘ll take buckwheat and shingless in exchange, as I am not over particular about fancee farmen. Mabee you mite sell London Jon’s some as he has grate tastes that way, howsomever, as you look weak, you better come up to my sweet of rooms in the 7th store and tri a drink of my koughl cordel, given to me by M. Finn, of St. John, as a Christmas box.” Takin’ hold of me arm, I led him to the room, passin’ him the bottle he took a good drink, smakin’ his lips with grate glee, asked for some more. “Hold on, bald head, I said, you are a little too fresh, you better carree a broom in your pocket; that has to do me until I git back to St. John, unless Friend Meliek brings on a stock.” He asked me to go to the theater to see Pippins. “All rite, Charlee, wait till I put on a dickey.” So off we started in a barutch for the Tempell of Pagases, arrivin in good season. Charlee got some tickets from Mister Lingerin, the boss for the lone of 2 or 3 four pots, and then we ware led in too a box, by a pale faced young man they called an lusher, and in considrashun of me 1st visit to the Hubb, the managher with lots of komplements, let me, I think, they call ‘em, opprech glasses. I found ‘em very nice to look at the female part of the show, and by jimitee, tha come on the stage with nothin’ on but a compell of frills and a pare of Ear Rings. ‘Pon my word, Huldai, I blushed all over with shame, and 2 or 3 times I put my Banana hankerchief too my ies. Charlee told me I mament sooth as the people might say we ware green. “Rich singin’ it was hollerin’, isint a patch to ours in Otenabog, mabee I am predujiced, and thin agin, there lugin each other, wasent jest wat it ought to be, too much carryin’ on and throwin’ there legs up in the are, and mind you all this time I was lookin’ for the plot of the play, didn’t see it, any more than the beautiful kolektions of plants from the celebrat ed nursery of the garden jess man, altho’ on the bills. It was awful agin’ my feelings to set there and see the thing threw, but I mung agoin’ to see the world, and I thought I might jist as well see it

inside of the Theater as outside of it, and agin I don’t think it is any harm away from home. Yours until death doo us part, Josh.

P. S.—Bollid shirts come all rite,

N. B.—You forgot Lutons on the above.

Merr.

See Chas. W. Watters’ Real Estate card in advertising columns. Mr. W. is also agent for several first-class Insurance Offices.

Mr. A. B. Sheraton was receiving congratulations yesterday on having received a “sweetly pretty Valentine” from Mrs. S. It isn’t a little boy.

SENATION IN UPPER TEX-DOM.—The marriage of a young lady, aristocratically connected, to a man whose social standing was considered below par, caused quite a flutter in the upper circles on Thursday last. Mrs. Grundy is shocked, but what’s the odds as long as they’re happy?

GODEY for March has arrived at Mr. T. H. Hall’s, and fully sustains the expectations induced by the first few numbers published under the new management. The fashions are new and extensively represented by plates, cuts, etc.; the storie are an admirable interminglings of grave and gay, and the opening engraving exceedingly spirited.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

***The New York *Herald* classes the works of Miss Rhoda Bronghton, Mrs. Hamilton and their ilk as “novels of gush.”

***Mr. Edward Jenkins’ new book, *Lutch-mee and Dilloo*, is a story made out of the same material which he used in *The Coolie*, the scene being laid in British Guiana.

***Frederick Villiers, the artist of the London *Graphic*, who was, till lately, with the Russians in Bulgaria, is about to write the story of his experiences, illustrated by his own sketches.

***Mrs Laura D. Fair, the San Francisco murderess, has just finished a dramatization of Owen Meredith’s “Lucille,” the principal portion of which was done in prison.

***One of the leading features of Mr. L. T. Jennings’ journalistic and literary venture in London, *The Week*, is American news, including special letters from Washington and New York, etc.

***The *Atlantic* for March will contain a “Rosemary of Sonnets” by Longfellow; and a thrilling story of a fight with a trout in the Adirondacks, by Chas. Dudley Warner.

***Miss de la Rance—otherwise “Onida”—has written a new novel, one of modern English society, and it is to be printed in March.

***Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick, whose microscopical studies, published in *Scribner’s Monthly* during the past year, have attracted wide attention, has become permanently connected with the editorial department of that magazine.

***Edward King describes Dr. Schliemann as an active, energetic gentleman in the prime of life, with regular, oval features, dark hair and mustache, sparkling eyes and a genial fund of humor. He speaks English very well; even in technical terms he is never at a loss for a word. As most people have heard, he has spent a good portion of his life in America, and in the title page of his new book describes himself as “Citizen of the United States.”

***A story, entitled “The Return of the Native,” by Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of “Far from the Madding Crowd,” was begun in the January number of *Belgravia*. The scenes are chiefly laid in the open air, on the hills of a large heath to the west of the New Forest; and the leading characters are seconded by a chorus of rustics, as in some of the writer’s previous novels.