

SERMON.

First Fruits of Them That Slept

By The Rev. Dr. N. McGee Waters.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 16.—Dr. McGee Waters preached an Easter sermon on "The First-Fruits of Them That Slept." The text was from I Corinthians xv:20: "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that sleep." Dr. McGee said:

The Christian evangel is the story of God's abundant care. The New Testament begins with the cradle. Over the cradle the women of our household have always loved to sing, and the men have lingered lovingly. But it is by the New Testament revelation that we hear the angels singing above the first born and know that the birth of every child is the advent of God into human life. There is the growing boy—the most puzzling of all problems. However wisely we seek to hold him in, or give him rest, there come moments when he seems headstrong, and every mother knows the pangs of a slighted heart. As we look at it it is cause for anxiety. Let the gospel explain that trying time. In the light of that temple scene we see that God is calling to the boy. It is the Father's business which he puts above your business. That very self-assertion is the sign of God's calling and God's care.

Then come the temptations of life. Of nothing else are parents so afraid for their children. From bitter experience they know of fightings within and wild beasts without. It is not strange that fathers and mothers fear temptations and have in their thought made our Satan to be a king scarce inferior to God. In the gospel story of the temptation we see clearly what Job taught—that Satan is not a king at all, but his true name is Testar, and he is one of God's angels. Nor do those men meet temptations alone, as he thinks. God himself is witness of the scene and when the man's purpose is strong sends His angels to minister unto him, weakened by the conflict. Even the temptations of life bear witness to God's abundant care.

But it is only three months from Christmas day to Good Friday. Short is man's pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. The days of man are three score years and ten. And if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; and we are soon cut off and by a way. It is at the grave that the lamp of hope burns low in the heart. Death seems to spell defeat. By our open graves doth it not seem that God hath forgotten us, or His arm cannot reach? What now had become of the gospel revelation of God's unending care?

The common sense of the common people has always and everywhere affirmed a life beyond the grave. Faith in man's pilgrimages from the cradle to the grave, it had been intensified and purified as humanity has grown in knowledge and spiritual power. Leaving behind a belief in ghosts and witches, and a thousand errors and superstitions, the race as it has grown wiser has clung to immortality with a more certain faith, until it has become the certainty and creed of every great and powerful life.

"For a great some of the people all of the time, I have been dying all the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." It is something to know that all who have stood about open graves have believed that the "Dust to dust" was no spoken of the soul, but that "the spirit returns to God who gave it." I believe in the universal postulate of humanity.

But, as I said, scholars stood by that grave the world's wisest men, the philosopher and the scientist. Let us draw near and hear their witness. It is the philosopher who is talking. He talked long and deeply. I cannot recall his words; but the fact that I could understand. We all believe things we cannot physically prove. Astronomers again and again have known of planets no one had yet seen. They had calculated their size and orbit, with mathematical exactness, and yet made a larger telescope, have had demonstration of their knowledge. I believe in gravitation, though no man ever saw it. I cannot explain or understand the universe without gravitation. I know things I cannot demonstrate. I cannot understand or explain life unless I believe in immortality. I cannot prove immortality; but I cannot understand life or explain life without immortality.

The instinct of man is the voice of God. Emerson I think it was, who first stated this argument clearly, but if so he only gave statement to what the scientific men knew. It takes a long time to develop the full of a man into a lung, but when at last it is done the air is all there waiting to be breathed. It must have taken Nature a long time, how long we cannot dream, to develop the voice out of a vibration; but when the voice is once made it finds a message. All ready to be spoken or said. God keeps His promises to His lowliest children.

I turn back into history and I find out how Moses, the Jew, followed the allied armies to Waterloo. He carried with him birds shut up in cages. From a neighboring cliff he watched the tides of battle, as they rose and fell. He saw the smoke of battle, he opened the cages and the pigeons, with their wings under their wings, arose, circled about in the upper air, and made straight for England. Trusting to instinct they did not lose their way. And trusting to their instinct the Jewish man laid the foundation of the house of Rothschild. Man, too, has his instincts. The babe in his own and his first language is a cry. The nurse is there to hear. Its first movement is to stretch out its hand, groping for the touch of a friendly hand and some one to love and to whose arms are about it and her love bathes it like the sun. The babe becomes a man, and still its nature cries out for love, and at last some day there crosses his path the maiden for whom his soul never ceases to yearn. God had known of his hunger, and sent her. And by and by these two, now be-

lently restudy the phenomena of death. It is a consolation for sorrow. I look at my friends and there are not many who are past seventy, and these are lonesome, for their dearest are gone and they are left to walk alone. In late September the blossoms in the garden and field are only a few as compared to the multitude whose leaves caught the sunshine and showers in midsummer. Thus the man must look across the unknown sea for most of the faces he has loved. All of us have friends who have moved to a better country within this last year. One said: "I will go to the sea and spend a year and see Christ," and lo! He has gone to the city where we believe he gets God.

I am speaking to the children of betterment. Some of you have gone home at night to be troubled and enter the day came your heart was broken. You scarce heard the voice of friend or minister as they spoke above the grave. You often go there and see the mound of earth, and death, and the violets sown by the angels of God. And do we still wonder while we weep? Easter is God's fair messenger, and as she comes with a lily in her hand she brings the message of the first fruits of them that slept." For love is stronger than death, and outreaching time and sorrow is God's abundant care.

From this it is only a step for us to see likewise, death meant the progress, and the development of the individual. Then even as the chrysalis must be before the butterfly can be set free; as the grain of wheat must die, if it is to give to the world a harvest, so must the child break away from his childish body if he is to have the body and strength of a man. So at last must this house of clay, which men finally outgrow, and which at last becomes only a prison, and a hindrance, be cast aside for another body, if the spirit shall go on and fulfill its mission in a larger and better world.

So the conclusion in the whole matter is that the dream of the age is true. The promise of Christ is fulfilled. In the scientific world we have come to realize that death is not an exception, or an enemy, but death is a natural law of life. Just as we come into this world through the birth of a woman, call it birth, having received all that it can do for us by way of growth and tuition, we cast off the body like a worn-out coat, and passing through the door called death, we enter into our immortal life. Not even the manger cradle, with the angels singing above it, is any more the evidence of God's care than the tomb which is empty, and the angels singing, "He is not here, but risen," is the proof of God's abundant care.

But for the mother and the old minister at the grave, so comforting are the scholars, there was a greater comfort and a more certain friend. There was for them another friend, the friend of Mary and Martha, beside that grave, immortality. It was just what I needed. It increased my faith, and gave me a new feeling entirely. I used about eight boxes and was made perfectly well. My doctor thinks Ferruzone a wonderful cure."

Your druggist sells it in 50c boxes or six boxes for \$2.50. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

HARCOURT. HARCOURT, April 18.—Miss Bessie Call, daughter of John Call of West Branch, died in Boston, on Monday. She had had diphtheria, and was thought to be out of danger, but died suddenly. She was about twenty years of age.

Miss Citrus Ward came back yesterday from Nauviggauk. On Tuesday Misses Grace K. Bailey and Kate M. Keswick returned to their schools at Albert Co. and Rexton, Wilham O'Donnell, the Misses Purdy, Dunn and Hartnet to Sackville, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodling and Mrs. God—An evening and foolish saying if the poor to be content with the rich? He lifted the curtain of the future and showed us that Lazarus and Dives changed places in the spirit world. The one had lost his soul, and the other had gained it. He spoke of the dead as if he were sleeping and called them. He spoke of his own demise as a young man. When He was dying, He came in contact with His Father into whom He was about to come. He assumed immortality in all He said and in all He did.

Moreover, He distinctly, and in plain language, taught the doctrine of a resurrection at the last day. He took pains to correct the misunderstanding of the poor to be content with the rich? He lifted the curtain of the future and showed us that Lazarus and Dives changed places in the spirit world. The one had lost his soul, and the other had gained it. He spoke of the dead as if he were sleeping and called them. He spoke of his own demise as a young man. When He was dying, He came in contact with His Father into whom He was about to come. He assumed immortality in all He said and in all He did.

But I believe in the resurrection because I believe in the universal law of life. Men—men with powerful spirit—vision—saw Jesus alive. We have not seen others alive after their burial. But they are alive. Our vision is too dim. Our children's children will see and know. The resurrection is not an exception; it is a rule. It is not a single wonder; it is a perennial fact. The dead are all living. Christ is "the first fruits of them that slept."

PROVINCIALISTS WHO RESIDE IN THE WEST

(Continued from Page 1.)

There are a large number of persons in San Francisco who have relatives in this city and other sections of the province who are very anxious about them. Many have tried to get telegrams through to friends but were unsuccessful.

Wm. McCarthy, who was mentioned in yesterday's Star, has been in San Francisco since 1878. He is now the calker foreman of Geo. G. Rundle, shipwright, calker and spar maker. The shipping industry will suffer very severely, and Mr. McCarthy said that he would doubtless lose all his tools and the business stand where he worked would be a total wreck, but he did not mind that if his family were only safe.

Asked as to whether he knew of any St. John people in San Francisco, Mr. McCarthy named Charles Loyett, who has relatives at Tyrone mouth Creek. Mr. Lovett works for Stone Bros., shipbuilders, at Harbor Street, and is a brother-in-law of Mr. Brannen. He has been in Frisco for quite a number of years.

Another from this city is Mr. Meahan, whose sister, Mrs. Patrick Quinn, is in the Strait Shore. Mr. McCarthy also mentioned John Gorvin, who was born in Portland but whose relatives now live up the river. There are a large number of St. John people in San Francisco, and their friends are very anxious regarding them, but so far have not been able to ascertain anything definite.

Among the St. John people and associates in San Francisco are: Rev. F. E. Wicher, of San Francisco Presbyterial Seminary, which is situated a short distance out of the city proper, and Mrs. Wicher are two former residents of St. John, living in the region affected by the earthquake. Rev. Mr. Wicher was for a few months in charge of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church in this city.

Thomas Robertson, his wife and family, are also residents of the stricken city. Mr. Robertson is a son of John Robertson of Kerr & Robertson, and a nephew of James F. Robertson. Mrs. Horace Ames, widow of Horace Ames, who was a resident of San Francisco, is also living in San Francisco. Mrs. Ames was a visitor in this city last summer.

Dr. Gaynor and P. A. Gaynor, brother and Rev. W. C. Gaynor of this city. Dr. Gaynor does not reside in San Francisco, but conducts a sanitarium in that city and is very frequently there. P. A. Gaynor conducts business in San Francisco, and is engaged there a good portion of his time.

Mrs. Fred Hillier, who is a sister of J. Harvey Brown, and Mrs. Thomas Mallory of this city, removed with her family to San Francisco from Seattle the first of the year. They reside at 373 40th Street.

George B. MacLeod, son of H. D. MacLeod of this city, is engaged with the Hammond Lumber Co., who do business in San Francisco, having their offices in the Merchants' Exchange building. Mr. MacLeod boarded at the Hotel Cecil on First street.

Does Your Food Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz., constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, clearing impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years, and after trying three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

SAMUEL BRAINE. Samuel Braine, eldest son of Colonel A. Braine, and one of the best known of Saint John's men died in Boston, Tuesday night from the effects of an operation performed upon his throat by the most noted experts procurable in the city of Boston. The operation took place in the Boston Dispensary, General Hospital, an institution ranked as the surgical work.

When news was spread about town yesterday forenoon that Mr. Braine was dead, little credence was given to the report. Even family connections and relatives were inclined to deny the rumor, for it was not generally known that Mr. Braine had been ailing. By those who did know of his throat trouble and of his flying visit to Boston, it was not for a moment supposed that the ailment was so serious, and a sudden fatality was never dreamed of. Hence the surprise and general disbelief when the report gained ground.

But it was all true. A telegram to the Braine homestead on Duke street was sad evidence of the truth of the report, and in consequence the city was shocked. Business men, household neighbors, work fellows, brother-in-laws and the public in general listened to the news with keenest regret.

Mr. Braine left the city only a few days ago of his throat ailment and strength. It was at the request of his physician and of near relatives that he sought expert advice in the matter of growth in his throat. This affection became rather bothersome, and he was accompanied by his wife, who accompanied him, were quite hopeful of a speedy remedy, but the very opposite report was brought in and an operation ordered at once.

The deceased citizen was greatly missed. In his business connection with the old reliable publishing house of J. & A. McMillan, he had numbered years during his thirty-eight years of service. He was at one time active in the local lodge, and belonged to several fraternal societies, notably the Knights of Pythias, in New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, K. of P. He has held all the important offices, and was a member of the Grand Division, Uniform Rank, K. of P. Only a few days ago New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, was called upon to mourn the loss of another of its prominent members, William Dummer.

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