POOR COPY

THE BEST.
This is the verdict of all who have tried The Gleaner as an advertising medium.

The Gleaner.

FOR $1.00
The Tri-Weekly Gleaner will be delivered at any house in the City for four months.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1888. No. 92

Professional Cards

GEORGE W. ALLEN,
BARRISTER,
Winslow's Building, St. John St.,
FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct. 4, 1888.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. A. MCAUSLAND'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 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
104 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.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 169 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

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

G. E. DUFFY,
Barristers 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 Door 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. Fox's Forest, 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.

ENGLISH OAK
FALL GOODS,
—IN—
Toast Racks, Biscuit Jars, Salt, Mustard and Pepper Boxes.
The above Goods are beautifully finished, and of Latest Designs, the only goods of the kind in the City; and will be sold at a Small Profit.
F. J. McCAUSLAND,
CORNER QUEEN AND CARLETON
Fredericton Oct. 27, 1888.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment at will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PRES'T.
Gauranteed Capital, $300,000.00
Full Government Deposit.
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine, and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims, are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are, according to their various plans, so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
C. E. DUFFY,
Agent, Fredericton.
Oct. 30, 1887—w tw—1yr.

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

Hotels

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

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

Livery Stables

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

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

New Advertisements

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

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 13, 1888.

Girls Wanted.
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR GOOD GIRLS AT THE BARKER HOUSE
Reference Required.
Fredericton, Sept. 4th, 1888.

New Advertisements.

XMAS IS COMING.

We want every Boy and Girl in Fredericton that wishes to improve their time during the long winter months, to ask their Dry Goods Merchant for one of our

DRAWING BOOKS,

Which will be furnished free of charge.

LADIES, USE BELDING'S
Unequalled Spool Silk,
And find a Treasure in that one name.
BELDING, PAUL & CO., Is on the End of every Spool.
Fredericton, Nov. 13.

WANTED
IMMEDIATELY
—AT—
GUNN'S
COAT AND VEST MAKERS.
Steady Employment, and Highest Wages Paid.
ALSO:
A Few Smart Girls, wishing to Learn Dressmaking can have a good chance.
MRS. J. G. GUNN.
Fredericton, Oct. 18th, 1888. tw. tf.

WE WANT POTATOES.
WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.
And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 18
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
STANLEY'S ENGLISH SPECTACLES
THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

GEO. C. HUNT,
Agent, - - - - - Fredericton.
See later Advertisement.
Aug.

IMPERIAL HALL.
FALL AND WINTER, 1888-9
NEW GOODS.
CALL AND SEE THEM.
OVERCOATINGS
In Naps, Meltons, Satarns, Tweeds, Elysians, Diagonals, Pilots, &c.
SUITINGS
all the Latest Shades and Patterns, Prices low. Also
Gent's Furnishings, Gloves, Caps, &c, &c.
THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Nov. 1.

NOW IN STOCK
FOR FALL TRADE
—AT—
WM. JENNINGS
Merchant Tailor.
WIDE WALE WORSTED OVERCOATINGS IN A GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS.
ALSO:
A Fine Selection of Fashionable Trowserings and Suitings.
WM. JENNINGS
COR. QUEEN ST. AND WILMOT'S ALLEY
Fredericton, Sept. 4th, 1888

BARGAINS
READY-MADE.
The Subscribers are constantly receiving New Goods direct from the manufacturers, which they are offering at remarkably low prices. Read the following:
Men's hand custom Boots, - - $3.50;
" Canadian Clump Sole, - - 2.00;
Boys' Strong Boots " - - 1.60;
Youths' " " - - 1.25;
Women's Prunella Elastic Sides, 50.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Oct 31, 1888.

JACKSON ADAMS,
PRINCIPAL UNDERTAKER.
Coffins and Caskets of all kinds, Sizes and Prices. Robes, Shrouds and Funeral Goods of Every Description kept in stock.
Telegraphic orders promptly attended to. Day or night orders will receive prompt attention.
RESIDENCE OVER WAREROOMS.
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE, - - - - OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.
A Full Line of Furniture Kept in Stock I Repairing and Upholstering Done I

GENTS' SCOTCH L. WOOL
UNDERWEAR
All Qualities and Sizes.
TENNANT, DAVIES & Co
202 Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1888.

NEW STORE,
Corner King and Westmorland Streets.
I beg to thank my many customers for past patronage, and to inform them that I am
Back at the Old Stand,
WHERE WITH UNEXCELLED FACILITIES, AND
Choice Fresh stock,
I am better able than ever to supply their wants. I shall always aim to keep
THE BEST AND THEREFORE THE CHEAPEST
Goods, and cordially invite all my OLD customers to call, and each one to bring or send as many NEW customers as possible, and see
The Nicest Grocery in Fredericton
J. W. TABOR
Fredericton, N. B. Oct.

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.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Beauty of the Gospel—His Subject at the Tabernacle.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris Made the Subject

Of a Striking Comparison--The Symbolic Myrrh, Aloes and Cassia.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 2.—New members were received at the Tabernacle this morning, making the communicant membership four thousand one hundred and ninety-two. Multitudes of strangers from all parts of the earth were present, and all together, led on by organ and cornet, united in singing William Cowper's hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached an eloquent sermon on "The Fragrance of the Gospel," taking for his text: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalms xlv, 8. He said:

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead, its battlements of quarterfoil, its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the king steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion, King of Earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled; but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay. They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

THE HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF MYRRH.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many he is only like any historical person; another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend stirring to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night—yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul; and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enimies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes, and to hear him with our ears, and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that today he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice rales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of pungent, lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Oh, that you all knew his sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed, clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost bitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE BITTERNESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFERINGS.

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in ever and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Denied both cradle and death bed, he had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to his lips, until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Cæsar? No! no! All this because he wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because he wanted to raise you and me to heaven. Because we were lost and he wanted us found. Because we were blind and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs and he wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthrallment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes!

THE PECULIAR QUALITIES OF CASSIA.

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these cool days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night on Fulton street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the divine physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia.

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

SOME OF THE CURES BROUGHT ABOUT BY CHRIST.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club foot." Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure, and according to to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty. Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE GRANDEUR AND MAGNIFICENCE OF HEAVEN.

Oh, what a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes, from under the altar; one for the king, the steps of his palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not 82 years and 79 years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed—we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST'S DIVINE EXCHANGE.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whelm this audience with thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace. Ride through today the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

O sinner, fling everything else away and take Christ! Take him now, not to-morrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

Antiquities Galore.

An English gentleman, who had visited Cyprus, was asked if there were many antiquities in the island. "Antiquities!" he cried. "Why, the place is alive with them!"