POOR COPY

Dept: Public Works

THEBEST.
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 11, 1888. No. 95

Professional Cards

E. A. McKAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE: PHOENIX SQUARE, FREDERICTON, N. B.
(Opposite Upper Side City Hall.)
Fredericton, Dec. 3, 1888—w tw 1yr.

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. J. McCAULAND'S JEWELRY STORE
259 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 8th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
184 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct. 8th, 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, 109 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.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
DEBTS 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. 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.

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. McCAULAND,
CORNER QUEEN AND CARLETON
Fredericton Oct. 27, 1888.

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, PREST.

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. 29, 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

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAW MILL 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

JUST RECEIVED:
BATH SPONGES,
Assorted Sizes.
CARRIAGE SPONGES,
Assorted Sizes
FINEST TURKEY SPONGES,
Assorted Sizes
SLATE SPONGES,
All Sizes.
OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE.
DAVIS, STAPELS, & Co.
DRUGGISTS,
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton, Oct 4th, 1887

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.

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

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

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! Repairing and Upholstering Done!

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.

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.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Our Dead Still Live His Subject at the Tabernacle.

An Intensely Interesting Discourse.

The Hope of Immortality Beyond the Grave.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today on "Our Departed Still Living." His text was Genesis xlv, 27, 28: "And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive." Dr. Talmage said:

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges, there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower buds, there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow white horses, golden bitted and six abreast, dashing at full run. There were fountains from stone wreathed vases climbing the ladders of the light. You would hear a bolt shove, and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace and dripped from the arbors, and burned their incense in the Egyptian noon. On floors of mosaic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry, and beryl, and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of the tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hide of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts, and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stood on the level beach of the sea on a summer day, and look either way and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward; so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

WHAT A CONTRAST!

This was the place where Joseph, the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharaoh in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble starting, and the pit into which his brothers threw him! Yet he was not forgetful of his early home; he was not ashamed of where he came from. The bishop of Mentz, descended from a wheelwright, covered his house with spokes, and hammers, and wheels; and the king of Sicily, in honor of his father, who was a potter, refused to drink out of anything but an earthen vessel. So Joseph was not ashamed of his early surroundings, or of his old time father, or of his brothers. When they came up from the famine stricken land to get corn from the king's corn crib, Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maltreated and abused him, sent them back with wagons, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacob, the father, in the very same wagons, was brought back, that Joseph, the son, might see him, and give him a comfortable home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the wagons, the king's wagons, rumbling down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the wagons go off, stands Pharaoh in royal robes; and beside him Prime Minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring given by Pharaoh to him, so that at any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so. Wagon after wagon rolls on down from the palace, laden with corn, and meat, and changes of raiment, and everything that could help a famine struck people. One day I see aged Jacob seated in front of his house. He is possibly thinking of his absent boys (sons, however old they get, are never to a father any more than boys); and while he is seated there, he sees dust arising, and he hears wagons rumbling, and he wonders what is coming now, for the whole land had been smitten with the famine, and was in silence. But after a while the wagons have come near enough, and he sees his sons on the wagons, and before they come quite up, they shout: "Joseph is yet alive!" The old man faints dead away. I do not wonder at it. The boys tell the story how that the boy, the long absent Joseph, has got to be the first man in the Egyptian palace. While they unload the wagons, the wan and wasted creatures in the neighborhood come up and ask for a handful of corn, and they are satisfied.

JACOB GOING ON A JOURNEY.

One day the wagons are brought up for Jacob, the old father, is about to go to see Joseph in the Egyptian palace. You know it is not a very easy thing to transplant an old tree, and Jacob has hard work to get away from the place where he has lived so long. He bids good-by to the old place, and leaves his blessing with the neighbors, and then his sons steady him, while he, determined to help himself, gets into the wagon, stiff, old and decrepit. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eighty-two in all, followed by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance; they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the prime minister, gets in his chariot, and drives down to meet the old man. Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on the one side—the dust covered wagons of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the chariot and jumps into the emigrants' wagon, throws his arms around the old man, and weeps aloud for past memories and present joy. The father, Jacob, can hardly think it is his boy. Why, the smooth brow of childhood has become a wrinkled brow, wrinkled with the cares of state, and the garb of the shepherd boy has become a robe royally bedizened! But as the old man finds out it is actually Joseph, I see the thin lip quiver against the toothless gum as he cries out: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face; behold Joseph is yet alive!" The wagons roll up in front of the palace. Help out the grandchildren, and take them in out of the hot Egyptian sun. Help old Jacob out of the wagon. Send word to Pharaoh that the old shepherd has come. In the royal apartment Pharaoh and Jacob meet—dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is, and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face, and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?" Give the old man a seat. Unload the wagons; drive out the cattle toward the pastures of Goshen. Let the slaves in scarlet kneel and wash the feet of the newly arrived, wiping them on the finest linen of the palace. From vases of perfume let the newly arrived be sprinkled and refreshed; let minstrels come in with sandals of crimson, and thrum the harps, and clap the cymbals, and jingle the tambourines, while we sit down, at this great distance of time and space, and learn the lesson of the king's wagons.

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine struck; but the King is in constant communication with us, his wagons coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show you what the wagons bring and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons now bring us corn and meat and many changes of raiment. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us; but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the sheep's back? Oh, I wish we could see through every grain field, by every sheep fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's wagons. They drive up three times a day—morning, noon and night. They bring furs from the arctic, they bring fruits from the tropic, they bring bread from the temperate zone. The King looks out, and he says: "There are twelve hundred millions of people to be fed and clothed. So many pounds of meat, so many barrels of flour, so many yards of cloth and linen and flannel, so many hats, so many socks, so many shoes;" enough for all, save that we who are greedy get more shoes than belong to us, and others go barefooted. None but a God could feed and clothe the world. None but a king's corn crib could appease the world's famine. None but a king could tell how many wagons to send, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground today. Do you not hear their rumbling? They will stop at noon at your table. Oh, if for a little while they should cease, hunger would come into the nations, as to Utica when Hamilcar besieged it, and as in Jerusalem when Vespasian surrounded it; and the nations would be hollow eyed and fall upon each other in universal cannibalism; and skeleton would drop upon skeleton; and there would be no one to bury the dead; and the earth would be a field of bleached skeletons; and the birds of prey would fall dead, flock after flock, without any carcasses to devour; and the earth in silence would wheel around, one great black hearse! All life stopped because the King's wagons are stopped. Oh, thank God for bread—for bread!

JACOB HEARS GOOD NEWS.

I remark again, that like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's wagons bring us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. He never thought of him but with a heart ache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where lay the corpse of his unburied Joseph; and when the wagons came, the king's wagons, and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The King's wagons come down and tell us that our Joseph-Jesus is yet alive; that he has forgiven us because we threw him into the pit of suffering and the dungeon of shame. He has risen from thence to stand in a palace. The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the wagons that brought the tidings. Our Joseph-Jesus sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph-Jesus is still alive!

I go to hunt up Jesus. I go to the village of Bethany, and say: "Where does Mary live?" They say: "Yonder Mary lives." I go in. I see where she sat in the sitting room. I go out where Martha worked in the kitchen, but I find no Jesus. I go into Pilate's court room, and I find the judges and the police and the prisoner's box, but no Jesus. I go into the Arimathean cemetery, but the door is gone, and the shroud is gone, and Jesus is gone. By faith I look up to the King's palace, and behold I have found him! Joseph-Jesus is still alive! Glorious religion, a religion made not out of death's heads, and cross bones, and undertaker's screw driver, but one bounding with life, and sympathy, and gladness. Joseph is yet alive!

I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head!

He lives to grant me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death.
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Jesus still the same.
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

The King's wagons will after a while unload, and they will turn around, and they will go back to the palace, and I really think that you and I will go with them. The King will not leave us in this famine struck world. The King has ordered that we be lifted into the wagons, and that we go over into Goshen, where there shall be pasturage for our largest flock of joy, and then we will drive up to the palace, where there are glories awaiting us which will melt all the snow of Egyptian marble into forgetfulness.

WE WILL SEE OUR FRIENDS AGAIN.

I think that the King's wagons will take us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not seeing the Nile, nor of seeing the long colonnades of architectural beauty, nor of seeing the throne room. There was a focus to all his journeyings, to all his anticipations, and that was Joseph. Well, my friends, I do not think heaven would be worth much if our brother Jesus was not there. If there were two heavens, the one with all the pomp and paraphernalia of an eternal monarchy, but no Christ, and the other were a plain heaven, humbly thatched, with a few daisies in the yard, and Christ were there, I would say: "Let the King's wagons take me up to the old farm house."

If Jesus were not in heaven, there would be no music there; there would be but few people there; they would be off looking for the lost Christ, crying though the universe: "Where is Jesus? where is Jesus?" and after they had found him, with loving violence they would take him and bear him through the gates; and it would be the greatest day known in heaven within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Jesus never went off from heaven but once, and he was so badly treated on that excursion they will never let him go again.

Oh, the joy of meeting our brother, Joseph-Jesus! After we have talked about him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with him, and to clasp hands with the hero of the ages; not crouching as underlings in his presence, but, as Jacob and Joseph, hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address him. On earth we call him Saviour, or Redeemer, or friend; but when we throw our arms around him in everlasting embrace we will want some new name of endearment. I can think of what we shall do through the long ages of eternity; but what we shall do the first minute I cannot guess. In the first flash of his countenance, in the first rush of our emotions, what we shall do I cannot imagine. Oh, the overwhelming glory of the first sixty seconds in heaven! Methinks we will just stand, and look and look and look.

The king's wagons took Jacob up to see his lost boy, and so I really think that the King's wagons will take us up to see our lost kindred. How long is it since Joseph went out of your household? How many years is it now last Christmas, or the fourteenth of next month? It was a dark night when he died, and a stormy day it was at the burial; and the clouds wept with you and the winds sighed for the dead. The bell at Greenwood's gate rang only a few moments, but your heart has been tolling, tolling, ever since. You have been under a delusion, like Jacob of old. You have thought that Joseph was dead. You put his name first in the birth record of the family Bible and then you put it in the death record of the family Bible, and you have been deceived. Joseph is yet alive. He is more alive than you are. Of all the sixteen thousand millions of children that statisticians say have gone into the future world, there is not one of them dead, and the King's wagons will take you up to see them. You often think how glad you will be to see them. Have you never thought, my brother, my sister, how glad they will be to see you? Jacob was no more glad to see Joseph than Joseph was to see Jacob. Every time the door in heaven opens, they look to see if it is you coming in. Joseph, once standing in the palace, burst out crying when he thought of Jacob—afar off. And the heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes! I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven." They are all well there.

In my boyhood, for some time we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days the children staid at home, but father and mother always went to church; that was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we staid at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted; for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at 12 o'clock to see if they were coming, and then we would go at half-past 12 to see if they were coming, and at a quarter to 1, and then at 1 o'clock. After a while, Mary, or David, or De Witt would shout: "The wagon's coming!" and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in front of the old farm house; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's wagons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after a while we will come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred, who have been waiting and watching for us, will rush out through the doors and over the lawn, crying: "The wagons are coming! the King's wagons are coming!" Hark! the bell of the city hall strikes 12. Twelve o'clock on earth, and likewise it is high noon in heaven.

Does not the subject of today take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight? We used to think that when we died we would have to go afoot, sagging down in the mire, and the hounds of terror might get after us, and if we got through into heaven at all, we would come in torn, and wounded and bleeding. I remember when my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to think that the grave will be the softest bed I ever slept in, and the bottom of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

I was reading of Robert Southey, who said he wished he could die far away from his friends—like a dog, crawling into a corner and dying unobserved. Those were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch surrounded by loved ones, so that they with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announcement: "The King's wagons are coming!" Hark! I hear them now. Are they coming for you or me?

Quite a Change.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess of Wales and future queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, who no one ever dreamed then of being a king, was poorer than many a burger in the same street. She and her two sisters, now the czarina of Russia and Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantily furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years as the happiest of her life.

How Geese Play.

I do not know of anything that plays so regular a game as geese. There is no wiser creature than a goose. See a flock in the water playing at dive and catch. One goose goes a little in front of the rest and dives. He is gone quite a while, during which time the rest are watching with every nerve ready. Up he comes, after swimming quite a distance under water. What a yell from every throat as they go for him! It is a sight for a Harvard crew to watch. The best oarsmen are now in front, and he will soon be overhauled. Down he goes; then the flock draws together, and the game begins over again.—E. P. P. in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Needless Advice.

One of the prisoners at the county jail was so fortunate the other day as to be turned out of his cell into the corridor for a brief interval. He managed to get up to one of the high windows and steal a glimpse at the outer world. "Ah, there!" he cried out to a benevolent looking old gentleman he saw going down Regent street. "Stay there!" retorted the old gentleman. It is needless to remark that the joyous inmate deferred to the old gentleman's advice—not so much as a voluntary act on his part as because he had to.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.