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The most prudent business men advertise in The Gleaner. Why? Because it pays them.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1888. No. 30

Professional Cards

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 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 8th, 1887

C. 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 1-t, 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

Auctioneers

E. H. ALLEN
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
REGENT STREET NEXT TO CAPITAL OFFICE
Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

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JACKSON ADAMS,
Undertaker,

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The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Guaranteed 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, Tontene, Semi-Tontene, 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 as liberal as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontene 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,—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Clarendon Hotel,
TREMONT STREET,
(BETWEEN BERKELEY AND CLARENDON STREETS),
BOSTON, MASS.
A FIRST CLASS HOTEL, WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.
American Plan. $3.00 per day.
F. S. RISTEEN PROPRIETOR.
april2 3m.

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

IMPORTANT.
WATCHES, CLOCKS
AND
JEWELLERY,
MARKED DOWN TO SUIT ALL.
GOODS ALL NEW.
A FINE LINE OF
SILK CHAINS
AT
F. J. McCAUSLAND'S
Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1887

MEN!
Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when treatment fails. Send 6 cts. in stamps for PROSPECTUS and DIRECTIONS for USE. ERIE MEDICINE Co., 343 Erie St., Ont.

New Advertisements

HAYING TOOLS.
A LARGE STOCK OF SCYTHES
Consisting of silver steel, fine India solid steel, and American clipper.
Scythe Snaths in Wood and Iron;
Hay Rakes, two and three bowed;
Hay Forks, two and three pronged;
Fork Handles; Bush scythes;
Scythestones; Grindstones & Fixtures
Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, June 27, 1888.

SEWING MACHINES
CLEANED
AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN
192 GEORGE STREET
All work guaranteed so far as possible. All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887

CALL AT
NELSON CAMPBELL'S
AND SECURE YOUR
Seamless Wigwams!
ALSO
Tennis and Bicycle
SHOES!
THE FINEST LINES OF
Men's, Youths & Boys
STRAWS
EVER OFFERED IN THE CITY.
Fredericton, May 19 1888.

NOTICE.
NEW GOODS.
James R. Howie,
PRACTICAL TAILOR.
I beg to inform my numerous Patrons that I have just received a very large and well selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, Consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the Latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trouserings, from which I am prepared to make up in First Class Style, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire Satisfaction. PRICES MODERATE.
Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youths' and Boys' Tweed, Diagonal and Men's All Wool working pants.
MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
My stock of Men's Furnishing Goods can not be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American makes in all the Novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear, White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Arthur Underwear, Hosiery and a large and well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs in all the Late Patterns of English and American designs, Rubber Clothing a Specialty.
JAMES R. HOWIE,
190 QUEEN ST. - F'TON.
Fredericton June 12th.

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

For Pianos.
THE Subscriber having purchased a first class lot of PIANO STAMPS, is now in a position to move Pianos and Organs, in good shape and with no danger of accident. For further particulars apply to
JAS. DUNLAP,
55 Brunswick Street.
Fredericton, June 12th,

STEAMER FLORENCEVILLE.
Steamer Florenceville will leave Fredericton for Woodstock and intermediate Landings every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m. Returning will leave Woodstock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.
WM. GIBSON, Agent.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888.

New Store
The Subscriber has commenced Business near the Old Stand, opposite the Barracks, and three doors below Wilmot's Alley, where he intends keeping a full line of
BOOTS, SHOES, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.
The stock is all new and well selected, and prices will be sufficiently low to induce a return of all his old customers, and all other.
D. LUCY.
Fredericton, June 9th, 1888.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.
HONESDALE, PA., Aug. 11, 1887.
MR. C. P. ELDRED, Jeweler, Honesdale, Penn.
DEAR SIR:—In August, 1883, I purchased of you a Rockford eleven jewel nickel S. W. movement, No. 81,785, and since that time the watch has performed perfectly satisfactory. It has never stopped and could always depend on it. During the past nine months, the actual variation has been less than sixty seconds, using it every day on my engine, compared by the time received each day at the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. Depot.
GEO. P. SLOCUM,
Engineer N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.
Call and get one of the Record Books which contains many more such proofs that the Rockford is the Best.
S. F. SHUTE, Sole Agent,
302 Queen Street, Opp. Off. Sq.
Fredericton, April 26th, 188.

Canned Goods.
CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM.
Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.
FOR SALE LOW AT
S. L. MORRISON'S
Queen Street, Cor. of York.
Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA,
NERVOUS HEADACHE,
TAPLEY'S REMEDY
WILL RELIEVE AND CURE.
Persons who have been troubled with the above Distressing Complaints, and never Anticipated a Cure, have found it in using this Remedy, and scores of cures from one to twenty year's standing, are vouched for by most reliable persons in various sections of the country.
For Sale by all Druggists.
Fredericton March 6th, 1888

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.
Fredericton, Oct 6th

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Sour Experiences the Subject of His Discourse.

In Some Lives the Saccharine Seems to Predominate.

A Gravel in Almost Every Shoe—The Omnipotent Sympathy of Jesus Christ.

BROOKLYN, July 8. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached today to an exceptionally large auditory. His subject was "Sour Experiences," and his text: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar." John xix, 30. The sermon was as follows:

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day —crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours, the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" Oh skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue. Oh world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink. If there be any pity in earth, or heaven, or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic, and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of its being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperials; but stinging acids for a dying Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George, of England, forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives the sours are greater than the sweets. "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize today and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there is the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our $20! They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup of betrayal to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for years. By keeping of drugists, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time; but oh, the headaches and the sideaches and the backaches and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music; but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpnesses that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve, or muscle, or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great Wilkie sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterward it brought its thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough, yet that very sketch hung for years in the shop window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to keep the bailiff out of the door; and the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you have to rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailings, and lo! suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There also is the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still." Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar mate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary, and Martha, and Christ, and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes, he knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited —whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point, I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame, to draw us up the steeps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to go like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal, and wintry, and vernal, and summery glories have vanished from our vision—we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love. But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None absolutely none. So I look over this audience today—the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits—and yet I realize that in a short time all of us will be gone—gone from earth, and gone forever. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens; for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; he twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the the air; they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying and earth was mocking and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a-rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apeninnes when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way, and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it, and what that man will say about it, and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. O, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race, he took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you today, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort and thirsting for eternal life; and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets, and drink, and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will refuse this Divine sympathy; and they will try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could today gather up in mine arms all the woes of men and women—all their heart aches—all their disappointments—all their chagrins—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that today there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation. But no. There are some, I fear, in this audience who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy; notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel.

A French electrician says he will soon be able to produce a thunder storm whenever demanded and in the district desired, and the cost won't exceed $5.

Concerning the South Pole.

If Henry Villard carries out his present intention of making a trip to the south pole the world will doubtless learn some new facts about that interesting region. Sir James Ross has told us all that is known about the south pole. He found enormous fields of ice and icebergs a mile high, and he also found an open polar sea. He saw beyond the extreme southern limit of his voyage an enormous active volcano, and this gives rise to the belief that the intense cold in the vicinity of the pole may be tempered by the heat escaping from the interior of the earth. This fact perhaps led Poe to write his wild and fanciful account of the adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym. The world at large will wish Mr. Villard a successful trip in the interests of science.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Spring Races in Tokio.

The spring races have occupied the attention of the capital's upper and lower circles for the past three days, and the sports and fashion models have paraded the lawn before the grand stand as they might at any race course in western countries. Pool tickets made and lost dollars for the investors, and jockeys were accused of all the tricks they can ever play. Horse racing was a favorite sport of the daimios in ancient days, and the modern Japanese takes most readily to the foreign methods of starting, timing, handicapping and pool selling. The Uyeno race course is one of the most beautiful tracks in the way of its landscape setting, the course describing a great oval in a hollow between two hilly ridges, and the middle space being occupied by a lotus pond. The young leaves are just thrusting up their first shallow blue green saucers, but in August the pond shows acres and acres of enormous leaves, starred with pink or white blossoms. A few weeks ago the cherry trees lining the track were masses of pink bloom, and if the races could have been held then it would have been a most æsthetic festival. By the enthusiasm manifested by some of the ticket holders, it is possible that neither stately lotus nor the fairy like cherry blossoms could draw much attention while the scrubby little China and Hokkaido ponies were flying round the course with diminutive Japanese jockeys clinging to their backs.

A feature of one day's entertainment was the riding of six Japanese ladies, and natives and foreigners were equally interested in the spectacle. Tokio is not behind other modern cities in a rage for riding schools, and in addition to the number of army officers and men who learned the foreign style abroad, every official or well-to-do citizen now aspires to lessons in equestrianism. There is a flourishing riding school near Shiba Park, and a number of Japanese ladies belong to the classes. They wear the foreign riding dress, and look well in the Amazonian habit, although a French tailor would groan at the outlines of their figures, that are largest at the waist, have no hips and the most sloping shoulders. The six Amazons who bounced in the saddle around the Uyeno race course the other afternoon mounted in the paddock, and the mounting was unique. The bettos, or grooms, clasped their hands together like a cradle, the Amazons stepped on with both feet, and the betto slowly raised them straight up in the air until they reached the level of the saddle. The feat was entirely the bettos, and the man who holds the 100-pound dumb bell or plays with cannon balls hardly equals them.—Tokio Cor. Globe-Democrat.

An Unsatisfactory Brand.

Belton—Young Jones is very generous with his cigars—isn't he?

Wolton—Yes (puff); but I think he would (puff) be kinder to his friends if he smoked them himself.—Life.

An Appropriate Subject.

The Bishop of Carlisle in a sermon referred to "a text floating in a vast quantity of weak soup." The subject of his discourse must have been the oyster.—Norristown Herald.