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AN EASTER SERMON

By Rev. W. W. Brewer. PREACHED IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, MARSH VILLE, APRIL 9th, 1882.

"But some men will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come."—1 Cor. 15: 35. "To be or not to be" after death, is answered by the heart of the world, and all men though with different degrees of faith are looking confidently to an existence beyond the grave. The idea of immortality is seen in the language, literature, and manners of every age, and in the history, philosophy, and poetry of all people. But those not blessed with this book apply the idea of immortality to the soul only. The ancient heathen complained that the sun went down at night, and arose in the morning, but their friends went down in the gloomy darkness of death, and arose no more. They felt the truth of an after life attested by an instinctive shrinking from annihilation; yet the tomb was invested with eternal darkness, and the body surrendered to eternal sleep. With the night of death was starless—the aural splendors would break in upon the darkness of the grave, and hang the rainbow of hope over the dust of the dead. To what source, then is the resurrection of the body? Not to reason, for the mind has not the requisite data—not to nature, for the truth is supernatural—but to the Bible. Hear with what authority the Bible speaks! "They that die shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise." "Dead men, 'Dead bodies' they shall rise. "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by His spirit that dwelleth within you." "The hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." Blessed announcements! They kindle a smile upon the brow of bereavement and a star in the graves of the departed.

1st. Notice—this doctrine being peculiar to Christianity has been the favorite object of attack and ridicule by every school of unbelief, since its announcement. You remember when Paul appeared in Athens, and stood on Mars hill in the midst of a pompous court, learned infidelity, and false philosophy—speaking to the dogmatist of the porch and the sceptic of the academy, and declared the resurrection of the body—he was called a babbler, was mocked, and sneeringly his hearers said, "we will hear thee again in this matter." There Paul stood, his heart confident of the truth, towering above that sea of upturned faces and infuriated glances of unbelief, the unlearned, intrepid servant of God, like a beetling rock in mid ocean, breaking the waves lashed by the tempest; and above the low, sullen murmur of dissent, and the sharp, loud, bitter clamour of opposition, rang his heaven-inspired words, "Jesus and the resurrection." Modern objectors say the resurrection is false, because it involves a mystery. This argument proves too much, is of no force at all, unless every other thing which involves a mystery is false also. Another objector says the resurrection contradicts the great principles of science. Why, friend, great science is scarcely out of its baby clothes. Is it entitled to more credence than the Bible? Must it be more credence than the age of centuries, written by the finger of inspiration, born at Sinai, completed amid the splendors of the apocalypse, whose foot-prints are seen in the crumbled dust of earth's wreck and ruined greatness, whose teachings are godlike, whose promises are the hope of the world, and shall such a book fly the stage before the gorgeous fiction and sacrilegious pretensions of an ungodly philosophy. Never. Another objector says this doctrine you advocate is contrary to experience. I will answer this objector in a word. Does it follow, friend, because the tawny son of the tropics never saw the earth whitened with snow, that we have never seen it? No, you honestly say. Neither does it follow because we never saw a man raised from the dead, that the apostles did not see it. Passing other objections, notice—

2nd. We have seen evidence of the resurrection of the body in the resurrection of Christ. We read, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits and afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming."

You remember after the death of our Lord, his body was placed in a new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, "in which man was never laid." Now, if a resurrection take place, it must be that of Jesus—it could be of no other person. On the third day the tomb was empty. What became of the body? The Evangelists, in plain, unvarnished, unembellished, straightforward statements say, "He is

risen." Now let infidelity, chief priests and enemies of Christ produce the body, on or after the third day—they will they silence the clamor of the deluded multitude, then will the claims of Christianity be hushed, once and for ever, then will her fair temple totter and fall with a crash that will send its echoes down the ages and through all time. What are the facts? What was said when the grave was found empty? The tutored Romans said, "While we slept the disciples came and stole him away." Yes! but where are these grave-robbing disciples? They have not fled the country; have not attempted to escape. Here they are standing up in the face of an excited multitude, discomfited infidelity and enraged priests, saying, "He is risen. Come and see where He lay." They stole the body! Why did they not arrest the disciples and make them produce the body? They had all power, all authority, both civil and military; and the blood-thirsty crowd, the influential chief-priests, and the strong arm of the Roman law stretched out for their protection and assistance. Why did they not arrest and crucify every one of them? They put to death the Master; surely they would not scruple to kill the servants. Why did not the enemies of Jesus seize upon this wonderful advantage, and blot out of record every word of the doctrines pronounced by the great impostor and His despised disciples. The world was standing on tip-toe, and the minds of the people filled with inveterate hate. Why let this opportunity pass unimproved? Under the law they should have arrested the guards who were self-convinced and self-condemned—sixty men, all asleep at once, and pronounced upon them the penalty of the law—death!

What became of the body of Jesus? Infidelity has never answered the question and never will. Hear the response of the Gospel—the plain and harmonious statement of the two angels, the apostles and more than five hundred brethren at once—"He is risen." Let stultified unbelief blush with shame, for it is true, divinely true, that "He is risen."

3rd. Christ taught that the resurrection of the body was included in the great work He came to do. See Jesus at the grave of Lazarus. He speaks—"Lazarus come forth." At his command the pulse of immortality began its vibrations in the grave, and the sheeted dead came forth alive. A risen Lazarus is presumptive evidence, that all men shall arise. Glorious hope! A remedy for all ills, a cure for all diseases. Centuries may hold us in the grave—I care not for time or place. The heather of Scotland, or the cactus of South America may bloom over our graves—the chilly mists of the North may sheet our tombs in eternal ice—or the encroachments of the Southern desert may bury them in sand—marks of trade may be built over our resting places, and the busy world of the world's commerce may ring over our sleeping dust—the plough-boy may sing merrily over our ashes and dance upon our long lost graves—corals may incrust our bones in solid rock and uprear continents upon them—or the wings of the tempest may fan our dust all around the world, yet of this I am confident the resurrection trump will find us and we shall live again.

4th. My faith is strengthened, because of the promised and kingly triumphs of Jesus our Saviour. "He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. Oh death, I will be thy plague. Oh grave, I will be thy destruction." Are these proud and boastful words or are they true? They are true. The words of a conqueror and a king. Jesus, our Jesus, met death in death's own territory, and permitted Himself to be captured, that he might lead captivity captive. He went with the pale monarch to the silent darkness of the tomb, but it was to undermine its stronghold, and kindle the star of the resurrection in its murky vaults—to connect the past with the future and pledge Omnipotence for a re-union. He plucked the sting from death, took his keys, broke his crown, chained the monster to his chariot wheels, and mounted to Heaven a conqueror. To-day the keys of death and hell are in His hands. "He must reign."

5th. "With what body do they come?" Here I will not speculate, nor here mention the various theories, but simply answer, Christ's glorified body I believe to be the Model.

Lastly, "How are the dead raised up?" Enquiring humanity asks, how? Infidelity asks, how? Christianity asks, how? The Bible tells us how. "According to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself." This answer is complete, sublime, divine. God's power is pledged to the performance. God's power, remember. That power which made the hosts of worlds, and hold them in perpetual balance. That power which made Chaos order, and laid the foundations of the Universe upon nothing, upreared its columns towering into empty space, and

wreathed them with gleaming constellations. That power which carpeted Creation's temple with emerald, shofed it with aure, and lit it up with ten thousand suns. That power which shook the earth, shimmers its granite, overturns its mountains and upheaves its valleys. That power which binds lightnings to its chariot and rides upon the tempest. That power is pledged to raise us from the dead. Can He not do it? Yes! The scene of its exhibition shall come. The trump of the resurrection power shall sound forth. Time, the father of centuries, and the toad builder of generations, will drop his broken scepter, and break his glass, career in a fall a giant in ruins. The resonant thunders of the voice of Life will roll through all the length and breadth of Death's vast empire, and all its old walls and arches crumpled with buried millions, will fall in crashing ruins. The dingy ink will drop his scepter ringing in fragments upon the damp pavements of the grave. Pyramids of granite and walls of marble will be rent in twain to let the rising bodies come. Mummies will fling off the trappings of centuries, and pour forth from their vaulted chambers. Abbeys, cathedrals, grottos, and caverns will be vocal with life. Old ocean will heave and swell with aening millions. The battle-fields of the world will reproduce their armies, and crowd the world with re-vivified legions. Abraham will shake off the dust of Macphelah and arise with Sarah at his side. David will come forth, harp in hand. Paul and Confucius will stand side by side. The Resurrector of Geneva and the Apostle of Methusalem will hail each other with joy. All—all will come forth—patriarchs and prophets, Jews, Gentiles and heathen, bond and free, rich and poor, fathers, mothers, children, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—all, all from Adam down, will come forth; all, all will hail redemption's grand consummation, with one proud anthem, whose choral thunders rolling along the paths of space will shake the universe with its bursting chorus—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Blizzard Bound on the Canada Pacific.

The passenger train recently overtaken by the blizzard near Reaborn, on the Canada Pacific, west of Winnipeg, was for eighty hours fast in the snow. Among the 150 passengers were five or six ladies. The house of Mr. Spiers, about half a mile distant, and that of another farmer about an equal distance away, were the only available houses for supplies. They did all in their power to assist—kindly giving all they could command for the use of the travellers. The supplies of the station were not available for the use of the passengers, their resources being taxed to supply the gang of railway employes engaged in clearing the track. The water supply had also run out, and thirst had to be quenched with melted snow. Fortunately there happened to be two dog trains, and a couple of snow shoes on board. The dog trains were despatched on Thursday afternoon to Poplar Point, and returned in the evening with all the provisions they could carry, which temporarily satisfied the cravings of hunger. Thursday night the supply of coal and wood also began to look alarmingly small and threatened to soon run out. In order to economize in this direction the rear car was abandoned, and the passengers doubled up in the two other coaches. The second class car attached to the train was so cold and uncomfortable as to be of scarcely any use whatever. At night the backs of the seats were turned up so as to come together, and the cushions from the abandoned car laid across, and in this manner beds were made up, and in many cases, in order to accommodate, a sort of double deck arrangement was resorted to. Friday passed about as the day previous. The stock of fuel was nearly exhausted, the stoves refused to draw well, and the passengers were well-nigh as uncomfortable as could be. One of the passengers came across a barrel of salt pork and some frozen fish lying in a snow drift near the station. The question of ownership was not for a moment considered, and in double quick style boiled pork and fish were under way, and rough fare though it seemed, was very acceptable under the circumstances. On Saturday the passengers turned out and helped to clear the track, and on Sunday a successful start was made for Winnipeg.

JENNIE CRAMER'S DEATH.—It is stated that Prof. Crittenden, who made an analysis of the remains of Jennie Cramer, found more than three grains of arsenic. It is understood that an analysis of the body structure did not reveal such an amount of poison as to furnish the defence ground for the claim that Jennie was an arsenic eater. It is reported that important evidence has recently been discovered regarding the purchase of arsenic by one of the implicated persons, which greatly strengthens the case against the Malloys.

That New Idea.

We don't want to say a word to discourage those New York people from introducing the bow and arrow into their fire department, nor do we want to throw a doubt on the idea that ninety-nine men out of a hundred can catch hold of a rope and safely descend from a seventh-story window. All we propose to do is to call attention to a trial made on Lacrosse street yesterday afternoon. A couple of citizens who had given the matter much deep thought decided to experiment a little. It was exactly 2 o'clock to a dot when one appeared in a second-story window with look of mortal terror on his face, and the other stood on the walk below with a bow and arrow in his grasp and a smile of self-confidence running clear back to his hind collar button. Attached to the arrow was a stout fish-line, and attached to that was an inch rope, and at the small boys grouped themselves around to see that it couldn't be done.

"The idea is," said the man in the window as he looked down—"the idea is that his building is off fire. I am a Chicago drummer. I am surrounded by flames. Exit by the stairs is cut off. Even cheek cannot save me. If I do not have aid from below I'm a goner."

"And the idea is to shoot you up this line," said the man with the bow. "You receive it, haul up the rope, make it fast and down you come, with sever a button missing. Here she is!"

It was a noble shot. Had a bird been roosting exactly six feet to the left of that window he'd have been driven right through the clapboards. The man with the bow muttered something about rheumatism in the elbow and tried again. The arrow struck about four feet to the right this time. A third shot hit the ash and bounded off, and the man up stairs called out:

"What's the matter down there. I'd burn up three times over if there was a fire here."

"I've got to practice a little," growled the other; and after four or five more shots he sent the arrow into the window. The fish-line ascended, and then the man up stairs called out:

"Do you want to kill me or rescue me? You've nearly destroyed my left eye by that infernal arrow!"

"Never mind your eye, but pull up the rope!" The fish-line ascended, and then the man up stairs called out:

"How far is it?"

"Not over fifteen feet." The man intended to come down in a graceful manner and receive plaudits of the multitude, but as soon as his weight lashed the rope the headstead made a rush for the window. There was a hoop and a yell, and then something struck the ground with a thud. When that "something" rose he called the man with the bow to the window, and was presently seen at the window. It took him just seven minutes to back out clear of the sill and get a firm hold of the rope, and when his feet swung clear his hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out like thirty-cent plaques with white ground-work.

Freaks of Justice.

Shiel, in his inimitable sketches of the Irish bar, tells of the verdict of a Clare jury, in a case of "a felonious gallantry." They acquitted the prisoner of the capital charge, but found him guilty of "a great undecency." R. Shelton Mackenzie, in his notes to Shiel's text, says: "This is nothing to the verdict of a Welsh jury: 'Not guilty—but we recommend him not to do it again.'" Mackenzie also relates that an English jury, not very bright, having a prisoner before them charged with burglary, and being unwilling to convict him capitally, as no personal violence accompanied the robbery, gave the safe verdict: "Guilty of getting out of the window." He adds that the most original was that of an Irish jury before whom a prisoner pleaded guilty, throw himself on the mercy of the court. The verdict was: "Not guilty." The Judge, in surprise, exclaimed: "Why, he has confessed his crime!" The foreman responded: "Ah, my Lord, you do not know that fellow, but he do. He is the most notorious liar in the whole country, and no twelve men who know his character can believe a word that he says." And as the jurors adhered to their verdict, the "liar" escaped.

J. W. Edmunds reported to the Albany Law Journal of June 18, 1870, a murder trial, which took place in New York City, and in which he appeared for the accused some thirty years before by appointment of the court. The defendant was a young woman who, leaving poor parents in New Jersey, went to New York City, and obtained a place as waiter in a restaurant. She met and married a young butcher boy, but kept at work until her pregnancy compelled her to desert, when she went to her parental home to be confined. When she returned to her husband's lodgings in New York City, she found them vacant and her own effects packed off. It was a case of heartless desertion. She discovered him at a slaughter house talking to a woman, who wore at the moment, what she recognized as her, the defendant's, best dress, which she had bought with her own earnings before marriage. He refused to talk with her. The next morning he was seen to take a proffered cake from the hands of a young woman, divide it with some companions, and in a few hours was dead, his companions being taken very sick, but surviving. The police, investigating the matter, found that the deceased had three wives, or rather three women who supposed themselves his wife. All three were arrested, but two were speedily released, as our heroine admitted that she had done the business. The case for the defence was weak, but after only a few minutes' absence the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. The prisoners' counsel asked one of the jurors on what ground she had been acquitted. "It served him right," was the answer.

The new comet continues to give promise of a brilliant future. In three or four weeks it will probably be conspicuous in the northern sky, but at present it cannot be discerned by the naked eye. In the telescope it is a faint object, but the observer quickly perceives that, under the mighty pall of the sun, it is quickening its flight every hour, and rapidly growing larger. In June it will dart into its perihelion, sweep around the sun, and it is hoped, burst into a blaze of cometary glory. The direction of its flight is such that, if it does fling out a long tail, we shall have a fine view of it. The comet will at no time come near the earth, but it will be one of the most remarkable ever known for its close approach to the sun. The figures of the calculators vary, but all agree that the comet will go very close to the sun, and some express doubt whether it may not strike the solar orb. In that event we may behold such a spectacle as man never witnessed before, or, more likely, we shall know nothing of the catastrophe to the comet except what the astronomer tells us. At any rate, we have no fear of the consequences.

The Astors pay taxes in New York on \$11,500,000 worth of property; W. H. Vanderbilt on \$3,250,000; A. T. Stewart's widow on \$5,250,000; Amos R. Eno, on \$4,000,000; J. G. Bennett on \$1,200,000, and so on. The bulk of their wealth, however, consists of securities, which are not included in the personal estate taxable in New York.

A large gathering took place in the Cooper Institute, New York, on the 3rd inst., to protest against the detention of United States citizens in British goals. Resolutions were passed demanding the recall of Lowell, and the prompt release of the Americans. Among those present were "Yankee" Robinson, S. S. Cox, O'Donovan Rossa and Stephen J. Meany.

The difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: in his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second childhood his teeth cut him.

The Meanest Man in Chicago.

A reporter of the Chicago Herald was recently shown "the meanest man in Chicago." He is a grain operator, but he ought to be in a museum or in a side tent at the circus. His wife was sick a long time and wanted another doctor called. "No," said he, gently, "it's no use changing doctors. I don't believe any doctor could cure you." About 11 o'clock one morning, while he was in his office, he turned to his clerk, and said: "My wife died this morning at 5 o'clock. I felt so bad I couldn't stay at home, so came down to the office. I'll have to buy a coffin, I suppose." "Yes," said the clerk sarcastically. "I suppose you go over to the undertaker's," said he, "and see what a coffin will cost; you'd better bring a price list." The price list book was brought, and the old gentleman, looking over it, said, pointing to the cheapest, "I guess this'll do. Here's her length," handing the clerk a piece of twine. "How wide?" asked the clerk. "I didn't think about that," said he, "but I guess about so wide," and he held his hands apart. When the undertaker got the order he said he never had one in that shape before, and he thought it must be a murder or a suicide. When he learned there was nobody in the house he hired the girl, the un-entertainer said he would send along a man to carry out the corpse and put it in the coffin. Then he told his man to take the bill right around, as he wouldn't trust a man who would order his coffin in that way. A hearse and carriage were also ordered, and the old man proposed that he and the clerk would act as bearers. The clerk objected, and after a long delay another carriage was ordered, and the clerk went out and hunted up some pale-bearers. This took up so much time that they almost missed the train. The clerk said he was never so ashamed of anything in his life, except what happened at the bank, when one day the old man, step up to his desk and said: "I wish you would run out and see how much you can get for these," laying a set of false teeth on the desk. "They belonged to my wife, but she doesn't want them now." The clerk took the teeth, and going to a jeweler's, asked him: "How much are you paying for second-hand teeth?" He spoke savagely, for he didn't like the business. The jeweler said the teeth were of no use to him, knocked them off and paid for the gold plate. The story got abroad, and now it's the regular thing to ask the old man for quotations on second-hand teeth.

Society sympathizes with the misfortunes which keep Prince Leopold and Princess Helena a sunder. Their marriage is now believed to be further postponed, the immediate cause being a tree root and a piece of orange peel. When in Waldeck His Royal Highness accidentally kicked against a root while walking and sprained his right knee. Then again at Mentone, before the royal joint was quite in working order, Prince Leopold slipped on a piece of orange peel and gave it another twist.

LOST MANUSCRIPT.—A woman walked in to a St. Louis newspaper office with a manuscript entitled "The Birth, Mission and Destiny of the Great American Republic, as foreshadowed in the Sacred Scriptures and the White Horse of Israel, so vividly foretold in the Gorgeous Symbolic Language of St. John." While she was talking to one of the clerks, somebody stole the production and no amount of advertising was sufficient to bring it back.—[Chicago Morning News.

William H. Diebert of Lewisburg, Pa., is wonderfully deliberate and imperturbable. After eating a dinner in his usual slow manner, he pushed his chair back from the table and remarked: "Uncle Abe is hanging in the barn." The family rushed out and found that Abraham Diebert had indeed committed suicide. William said that he had not thought it best to spoil the meal for them, considering that the man was already past help when discovered.

The young sons of the Prince of Wales, whose extensive travels ought to make them enlightened and be of service to their future career, spent the Passover at Jerusalem, and witnessed the ceremony from the house of the Rev. Raphael Pangi. A hymn was specially composed in their honour.

A book upon which Guitaen has been for some time engaged has just been printed, and in it he says, if all other remedies fail, he will boldly appeal to the President for relief. He says he would sooner go to glory in June than to Auburn Prison for life.

A writer makes his living by his marks, a pedlarian by his steps, a soldier by his arms, a singer by his notes, a gambler by his chips, a prize-fighter by his blows, while a fiddler scrapes for his living.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.