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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1889. No, 72

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER'S
CASH RATES UNTIL THE 1st MAY, 1890.
A Full Upper OR Lower Set of Teeth, $8.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Set of Teeth, $15.00.
EXTRACTING 1 TOOTH 50C, EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
Any Desired Anesthetic Administered.
BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Office, Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel.
Fredericton August 24th, 1889.

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Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. M'CAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 280 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT AND CLERK OF THE PEACE, Sunbury County.
OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 6th, 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 BLAIR & BARRY'S 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.

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,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SEC'Y-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. G. 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

JUST RECEIVED.
1 CAR OF NICE CARLETON COUNTY
HAY
IN Small Bundles.
Also, in Stock and to Arrive:
Middlings, Bran, Oats, Bricks, Calcined Plaster, Cement and the only Genuine Green Head Lime.
This Lime is the best in the market. See that the words Green Head Lime are on every cask.
Be sure and call at The Phœnix Square Food and Lime Store.
G. R. PERKINS
Fredericton, Sept. 24

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD.
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS has for the last few seasons, been 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.

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct6th, 1887

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

HOTEL STANLEY,
(Late Continental.)
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.
FIRST CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
July 18—6m

LORNE HOTEL.
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 11—wtwly

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS STAPLES. & Co.
DRUGGISTS
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton Dec. 15, 1888.

FOR SALE.
20,000 DRAIN TILE,
2, 3, and 4 inch.
ALSO
200,000 BRICK.
Apply to
M. RYAN,
FREDERICTON N B.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

FREDERICTON
MARBLE WORKS.
ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Monuments, Tablets, and Gravestones furnished in Marble, Freestone or Granite.
All orders promptly attended to. Material and workmanship guaranteed.
Carleton Street, between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.
JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.
Fredericton, May 7,—1 y w tw

FOR SALE.
STEAM ENGINE & BOILER
OF about 75 horse power. Has been used some, but is practically as good as new. Will be sold very cheap, as the owner has no use for it. Inquire of
M'FARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON,
New Brunswick Foundry, Fredericton, N. B
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mwtw

TRAVELLING COLLECTOR, $12 and expenses; Office Manager, $10 and 10 per cent. on new business; Time-keeper, 134 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

LADY'S TRAVELLING NURSE, $25 and expenses; equal share in pleasure and amusements. 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

LADY BOOK-KEEPER, $9; Saleladies, $5; Stenographers, $8; Parlor Maid, Cooks, Chambermaids, at 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

A THOROUGHLY Practical book-keeper, Manufacturing house; Road Collector, Public Works Time-keeper, Travelling Confectionery Salesman, Office Superintendent, Tea and Coffee Salesmen, at the Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. Call at once.

LADY STENOGRAPHER, Cashier for Boot and Shoe Store, Lady to attend Laundry Office, a practical Lady Office Attendant. These orders must be filled at once Ladies' Exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

GRANDMA'S CANDY KITCHEN AND FAMILY SUPPLY STORE. Choice French Coffees; Richly Flavored Teas, (all brands; Home Made Bread; Boston Baked Beans; Jersey Buttermilk; Sweet Cream; Rich Milk from Grandpa's Farm; Goodies for the little folks; Cooling Summer Beverages at WILLIE SHEPARDS, corner Duke and Prince William streets St. John, N. B.

J. M. LEMONT,
Piano & Organ Tuner,
FREDERICTON N. B.
Orders may be left with Lemont & Sons.
Fredericton, Aug. 6—3mtw

New Advertisements.

1889.
Keeping abreast with the times we have, this year, placed on the market magnificent lines of Silks for Fine Art Needlework, consisting of
Rope Silk. Etching Silk and Filo Floss.
All made in extensive lines of colorings, comprising all the beautiful art shades now so popular.
These colors are dyed in the most approved methods known to ancient and modern science and are fast against light and washing. We invite the ladies of Canada to call for these Goods.
LADIES UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCE
Belding Spool Silks 'The Best in the World.'
Our name or that of Belding Bros. & Co., on Silks, will always be found a guarantee of first-class goods.
See that our name is on every Spool and TAKE NO OTHER.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
MONTREAL.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
40 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.

OATS. OATS.
Just Received 1 Car of Extra Ontario Oats, Clean and Sweet. Selling Low.
Also: 1 Car Feed, Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY
310 QUEEN STREET FREDERICTON.
Fredericton Aug. 24, 1889

PRANG'S MODELS
—FOR—
PRIMARY SCHOOLS!
No. 20 Clay for Modeling Objects.
THE USE OF MODELS FOR ASSISTANCE OF TEACHERS.
ALL SCHOOLS SHOULD HAVE THEM.
HALL'S BOOKSTORE.
Fredericton, Sept. 25

TEA. TEA. TEA.
A REALLY CHOICE LOT IN
1, 2, and 5lb. FANCY BASKETS.
This is the Popular Tea of the day; it gives satisfaction every time.
We are still running our 30 and 35 cent Teas.
THE OLD STAND
YERXA & YERXA.

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NEILL's and Mr. EVERETT's Hardware Stores, Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY, Gibson.
Gibson May7

GAINED THE DAY!
Our Parlor Suits take the Lead. Cannot Produce them fast enough to meet the wants of Our Customers. Leave your order early and get best Value in Canada.
J. G. McNALLY.
Fredericton, Sept. 4th

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle Destroyed by Fire on Sunday.

Dr. Talmage Furnishes the Press With

The Sermon He Had Intended to Preach.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 13. The Tabernacle was burned early Sunday morning. Dr. Talmage furnishes the press with the following sermon he had intended to preach: The subject of his sermon was "The Saving Look," and the text Hebrews xii, 2: "Looking unto Jesus."

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldier's uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Roman and Grecian games—those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain.

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words: "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can understand all.

CHRIST OUR PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily it is ransacked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous.

And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding: "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knocks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus?'" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too

"LOOKING TO JESUS."

I remark again, that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the dock in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of his virtues.

There never was but one Being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen, he showed how fisherman should act. Among taxgatherers, he showed how taxgathers should act. Among lawyers, he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers, he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched him, oh how they watched him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed, and when he came out, and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self denial, his life of ignominy, his sepulcher of humiliation. Oh what an example! His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet he carried the cross. Struck, he never struck back again. Condemned, yet he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands and wounds in his feet and wounds on his brow and wounds in his side, he ejaculated: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transformation and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not not ask you to go through any suffering, or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow me!"

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house today who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed, and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Eurocolydon.

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand today. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your soul today. There is one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man though I can't walk."

So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet, toward us, until he comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm and it is a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

CHRIST OUR FINAL RESCUE.

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches.

These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light interchat with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus.

Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little blind child: "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

The Blind Sculptor.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. We can quite easily understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plow, spade and hoe. How he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots, or how the blind Birmingham (Ala.) miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in a blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique, wonderful and incomparable. To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicuity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hands over an object he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise. A dog, horse, human face or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, are now on the shelves at the great exposition, where the blind wonder contends in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in all Paris.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

It is stated that the Cunard company will build two ocean racers next year. The success of the City of Paris, of the Inman line, in breaking the record previously held by the Cunarder Etruria has, in the minds of the managers of the Cunard line, made such a step necessary. The two new vessels will be twin screw ships, and constructed with a view of making a five day record.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Princeton college has this year the largest freshman class in its history—about 200.

The mummy market is now so overstocked that lovers of the antique can obtain specimens for less than $100.

Contentment is better than riches, and when a man has both, he has great reason to be thankful.

It is now thought that Colorado's wool clip this year will beat the best previous record by over a million pounds.

The range of the Mannlicker rifle was proved again in a startling manner the other day, when an Austrian soldier was killed by one at target practice at a reputed range of over two miles and a half.

A Mohammedan mosque has been built in Woking, England, and a Buddhist temple has been opened in Paris. There are about 300 Buddhists in Paris.

The will of the late Professor Elias Loomis bequeaths the bulk of his estate, which is valued at from $250,000 to $300,000, to Yale university, to be known as the "Loomis Fund."

The phylloxera has attacked the Grecian currant, Greece's great staple, threatening grave disaster to Greek finance, as the export duty on the currant is one of the most important elements in the revenue.

Bishop F. D. Huntington, of Syracuse, N. Y., refuses to occupy the town residence provided for him by his diocese, preferring an unpretentious house in the country.

The secretary of war has decided to accept the offer of the Indian Rights association to purchase a tract of land in North Carolina for Geronimo's band of Indians, now confined at Mount Vernon barracks, and to establish them in a more civilized mode of life.

The fires used in blowing Venetian glass are made of wood, coal being useless on account of its generating too much smoke and gas, which prevent the delicate ornaments used in decorating the various objects from adhering.

Professor Lexis, of the university of Gottingen, has published a work in which he proves by statistics that the German universities have twice as many students as can possibly hope to make a living by the respective professions for which they are preparing. The consequence is, he argues, a large annual increase of the learned and most dangerous proletarian class.

The six breeds of turkeys in the United States are known as the bronze, the Narragansett, white, black, buff, slate. The largest of the bronze turkeys, raised principally in Rhode Island and North Stonington, in Connecticut, attain forty-five pounds in weight when two years old. The yearlings, more tender, usually weigh about twenty-five pounds. The Narragansetts are nearly as large.

From the British board of trade returns it appears that every few days throughout the year a vessel carrying the British flag leaves port never more to be heard of. In the year ending June, 1889, the number of vessels under the British flag to which accidents happened of various kinds, was 7,724, involving the loss of 2,534 lives. This is a melancholy record, but is less than the average for ten years of about fifty lives. There were 906 total losses, of which nearly one-third are reported as missing.

Advantages of "the Forty Winks."

Sleep is closely connected with the question of diet; "good sleeping" was a noticeable feature in the large majority of Dr. Humphrey's cases. Sound, refreshing sleep is of the utmost consequence to the health of the body, and no substitute can be found for it as a restorer of vital energy. Sleeplessness is, however, often a source of great trouble to elderly people, and one that is not easily relieved. Narcotic remedies are generally mischievous; their first effects may be pleasant, but the habit of depending upon them rapidly grows until they become indispensable. When this stage has been reached the sufferer is in a far worse plight than before.

In all cases the endeavor should be made to discover whether the sleeplessness be due to any removable cause, such as indigestion, cold, want of exercise, and the like. As regard to sleeping in the daytime, there is something to be said both for and against that practice. A nap of "forty winks" in the afternoon enables many aged people to get through the rest of the day in comfort, whereas they feel tired and weak when deprived of this refreshment. If they rest well at night there can be go objection to the afternoon nap, but if sleeplessness be complained of, the latter should be discontinued for a time. Most old people find that a reclining posture, with the feet and legs raised, is better than the horizontal position for the afternoon nap. Digestion proceeds with more ease than when the body is incumbent.—Dr. Robson Roose.

What Makes Wrinkles.

The general impression about wrinkles is that they are caused by worry, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks. A gambler, who is accustomed to suppressing his feelings, generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person is usually marked with two wrinkles, one on the jaw and the other under the eye, meeting at right angles at the cheek bones. The scholar's wrinkle forms on his brow, while a schemer's wrinkles come around his eyes, and look like spokes of a wheel.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

We Are All Poseur.

The last issue of The Medical Review promises a future article on "What to Do When Stung by a Hornet." We don't believe any one will wait with bated breath for that article. We have all been there. The thing to do is to jump two feet high and yell for the police.—Detroit Free Press.

Identity Discovered.

Railroad Spotter—You will have to take me off the main line and put me on a branch. The conductors have found out who I am.

Superintendent—That's strange. Are you sure they know you?

"Dead sure. They have begun to treat me politely."—New York Weekly.

A Sure Sign.

Two blind men are on a train.

Suddenly loud smacks are heard all over the car.

"There," said one to the other, "that's the fourth tunnel we have passed through today."—Judge.

Everything Lovely.

Boston Mother (while the ball is at its full height) — Is everything going smoothly, Jane?

Daughter—Yes, mother; the caterer has just opened the seventh barrel of beans.—Judge.

Something Lacking.

Mrs. Bang (at the piano)—This piano lacks something. Don't you think so, Mr. Flawel?

Mr. Flawel (aloud)—Is seems so. (Sotto voce)—A player, I guess.—Yankee Blade.