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An Easter Psalm.

(New York Evening Telegram.) Sing, sing aloud, hoanna. With joy awake the skies; Wave, wave aloft Christ's banner. Let sweetest anthems rise, For Jesus, King of Glory. Has triumphed o'er the grave; Go, repeat the story. What has he done for us, Repeat the glad hoanna. Till all the mountains ring; Raise high the shining banner Of Christ, our God, our King. Shout, shout aloud with gladness— Let golden harps resound; With victory Christ is crowned. Descend, descend from Heaven Our sinful souls to save; Salvation He has given, Torn from the gloom of the grave. Repeat the glad hoanna. Triumphant anthems sing, As so high the shining banner Of Christ, our Lord and King.

GOD'S FAMILY.

Sermon by Rev. A. J. Mowatt, PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FREDERICTON.

"For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren."—Rom. viii, 29.

Home! what a word! the sweetest on earth! God wanted to give men something that would be a perpetual reminder to them of Heaven—something that would help them to know what Heaven is, and so He gave them home. A well-regulated Christian home is the best realized idea we can have on earth of Heaven. Heaven is the ideal home—home made perfect, home purified from all its earthliness and sin, home glorified.

When Jesus would comfort His disciples, and reconcile them to His necessary leave-taking, He tells them of the blessed Heaven-home above. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there you may be also."

And all through the Word of God, when Heaven is referred to, there is often something more or less connected with the idea of home coming out into prominence. God is a Father; Jesus is a Son, the first-born, an elder brother. God's people are children, sons, brethren, a family, a household.

Thus, here, in the text, we have brought out one aspect of the blessed Heaven-home, and a most interesting aspect it is, namely that of a family, God's family. Here is the honored First-born; and here are the many brethren; and here is the family likeness, clearly marked in every face and character, all the way down the long row of sons, from the noble first-born at the head down to the little last-born away down at the foot. "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren."

First, God is the Father of this family. How dear to all of us, how precious, the name Father! Father is one of the home-words we learned to speak first. We could say Father almost before we could say anything else. And, as we nestled in the strong arms of his love, or crowded in an ecstasy of delight as we rode upon his massive shoulders, he was to us the ideal of all that was grand and good. And when we came to know more and know better, our Christian mothers taught us on our knees, with little hands clasped, to lip reverently, "Our Father which art in Heaven!" and led us slowly to wake up to the sublime idea that there was One up in Heaven who was still greater and better than our father—One who was our mother's Father, our father's Father, and our Father. Sublimest theology this, the all-in-all of religion, the perfection of knowledge, God our Father. Science cannot teach us to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven!" The best that modern science seems to be able to do for us, and the most advanced thought of the present day, is something like this: "I know not whether God is at all, and if He is, I know not what He is, whether a some one or a something." Even theology cannot teach us to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven!" Only a simple child-faith, a heart wakened up by the Divine Spirit to the wondrous life that is hid with Christ in God, can say, "Abba, Father!"

But oh! it can be said. I do not say that every child of God can say it to-day, for there is a period, longer or shorter, in every child's history when it cannot even say, Father! But if the spiritual adoption is there, a day will come, must come, when, with a rapture that will thrill every fibre of its being, it will cry, "O my Father! God my Father!"

God is our Father, and in no metaphorical sense either. We can come to Him, and call Him our Father. We can nestle in His great arms of love. We can bury our cares and anxieties in His bosom.

We can tell our troubles into His ear. We can feel that He is our Father as no one is, not even an earthly Father. And what a Father! so gentle, so mighty! so approachable, so all-sufficient! so human, so Divine!

Secondly, The First-born of the family.—"The first-born among many brethren." What joy at the birth of the first-born! What congratulations on the part of friends and neighbors! If there is anything to be heir to—any family titles or honors, any estates or possessions, any wealth or influence, he is the heir. According to the Mosaic code a double portion was his. In a patriarchal state of society he was the chief of the tribe or clan. It was his to keep up the honor of the family; to protect and care for and counsel the younger members; to be next to the father in authority, and in case of absence or death, to take his place.

Now, Jesus is the first-born of God's family—the first-born by pre-eminence and priority. He was before any creature was—eternally was, the only begotten Son of God. Others are sons, but they are only so through adoption. It is through the love and adoration and blood-shedding of the Eternal First-born that they are sons at all. All the honors as sons they have, and are to have, in and through Him, who loved them, and gave Himself for them, that they might be one with Him, His brethren, in the family of God the Father.

What an elder brother! He stoops to take His place side by side with us in our prodigal state in order that He might win us back to the old home. How degraded we are as He finds us—our inheritance alienated, our money all squandered, the family likeness all but obliterated from our souls, the memory of home and our Heavenly Father's love so nearly blotted out, and not one redeeming feature about us. Yet He loves us. He bankrupts Himself to pay our sin-debts. He bears the world's reproach for us. Even the cross with its shame and woe He endures. He dies for us. O men! where will you find a brother like our Elder Brother, the First-born in the family? As the First-born He is the heir—heir to all things, all power, all glory. Yet he shares the inheritance with us. He becomes our joint-heir, and thus by His faithfulness secures us the rich inheritance of God here and glory hereafter.

Now, are we proud to say of some noble-souled, generous-hearted, self-denying man, "He is my elder brother?" And there are brothers who are brothers indeed—true men who sacrifice themselves for the sake of the unthankful younger members of the family; men who are growing old trying to do an elder brother's part in repairing the wrecked fortunes of the home, and are able to do it only by the utter sacrifice of themselves. But there is no Elder Brother like Jesus, none so noble, none so worthy to be called the First-born and Elder Brother, none so true-hearted and self-sacrificing, none so tender and loving and good and brave. Oh what an honor we should count it to have so great a brother!

Thirdly, The Family. It is a large family, a brotherhood: "Many brethren." It is a beautiful sight to me to go into a house when I am visiting, and find a long row of children stretching clear across one end of a pretty large room, beginning with the big brother at the head, and lessening all the way down till it ends with the little two-year old at the foot. I suppose the Apostle Paul in his visitations from house to house sometimes came across such a sight as that, and here he seems to seize upon the idea to show us what the household of faith is like, God's family. Here is the great First-born at the head. Then come the many brethren, the mighty heroes of faith, the noble Christian workers, the Pauls and Peters and Johns, the millions of true believers stretching down through the ages, a long row of bright and happy faces all the way down from the mighty First-born up at God's right hand, to the little last-born child of faith here at the foot.

of the capabilities and attainments of the Anglo-Saxon race, to own the blackman from Africa, or the oblique-eyed Chinaman, or the red-skinned Indian, or the degraded Malay, or even the colored Frenchman or solid German, as a brother. And, on the other hand, the thoroughbred gentlemen of color out in Africa, look with high disdain upon the colored creature that comes from far away to view his wondrous rivers and lakes and mountains, and that goes into a frenzy of rapture at sight of a new lake, or a new stream, or a new star, or a new flower. He cannot understand him at all, and has no wish whatever to claim relationship with one so incomprehensibly silly. So, too, with the inexorable Turk, and all the rest. They are just as much in love with their peculiarities and characteristics as we are with ours. And, I ask, why should they not be? There is as much arrant nonsense in many of our habits and customs as in theirs. I do not wonder that simple-minded people out in the interior of Africa, or elsewhere, with their simple, unsophisticated notions, open their eyes wide with astonishment at our barbarities and heathenisms, and scorn to call us brother-men.

But the great First-born Brother comes down from heaven into this family division, and He wants to heal up the family jar. He shows men of all tribes and nations that they are the many brethren of God's great family, and He teaches them love to him and love to one another. Around the cross He seeks to draw them nearer to Himself as to a common friend and brother, and thus also nearer to themselves. And they are coming together. In Him they are finding a bond of union, a common brotherhood. At the foot of the cross they are gathered—men of all tribes and tongues, nations and stations, habits and dress, caste and class, and, forgetting their differences, they recognize in Jesus a common Head, and learn love for one another as Christian brethren. This beautiful sight we see to-day. It is now no uncommon occurrence to find men of all nationalities together on matters of common interest and general importance to the race, and with a joy unexpressed and a love unbounded whispering together the one Lord of all. "One faith, one Lord, one baptism." And this will go on, until the family jar is all healed, and there is a happy, glorious brotherhood.

What a family it will be when the Father gets all his children home around Him! They were all home once—all there were of them, around the tree of life. That was a happy day. How the flowers bloomed and the birds sang in the sacred groves of Eden, when the Lord God walked in among his children. But that first home was broken up, and the children wandered away to the far country—away from home and heaven. And the famine wasted them, and the pestilence preyed upon them, and cruel war devoured them by the ten thousand, and disease ravaged, and death and the grave and hell consummated their misery. But let the birds of Eden sing again, and all the flowers bloom, and all the angel choirs strike up a jubilant song, for the prodigal son is coming home again. How the Father's house—the house of many mansions—will ring again when all the children are gathered there; gathered from north, south, east, and west; gathered from two hemispheres; gathered from all the ages; and when the rags of their wretchedness are stripped off from them and the best robe put on, their hunger satisfied, their tears wiped away, their diseases all healed, their eyes renewed into eternal youth and beauty, their sins forgiven and forgotten, and all so blessed, they shall take their places in the glorious family circle, side by side with the First-born and with one another, and shall go forward and upward to their destiny as the sons of God!

Fourthly, the ideal of this family. The idea of God's family as a whole, and of every individual member of it, is to be like the First-born. That is to be the Christian's destiny. "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren." And the loving John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Thus, to be like Jesus, to be conformed to His image—that is the ideal of every member of this family, the destiny that the sons of God shall yet attain.

Every true family has an ideal towards which the members aim. It is more marked in some families than in others, but it is to be found more or less marked in every family. Take the Rothschild family as a striking example of how the family ideal works. The founder of that family was Mayer Anselon Rothschild, born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in 1743, and died there in 1812. He became a successful banker, and the ideal man of the family. He had ten children, five of them sons. Anselon, the eldest, succeeded

his father at Frankfurt; Solomon, the second son, established himself in Vienna; Nathan Mayer settled in London; Charles in Naples; and James ultimately in Paris. The five brothers constituted but one firm, in which all had an equal interest, but conducted their business under five branches, each under the charge of one of the brothers. All the brothers, I think, are now dead, but their children and children's children are carrying on the one grand idea of the family, and are following in the footsteps of the ideal head and founder. The ideal of the family seems to be to do the banking for the nations and the world, to pile up the millions. And a wondrous success has hitherto crowned their efforts to work out their family ideal. And the Buonapartes, too, had their family ideal. Their ideal head was Napoleon the First, and the high destiny they aimed at was that of empire, dominion, world-power. But they overtook the mark, and to-day the influence of that once mighty name is all but nil so far as the politics of Continental Europe and the world are concerned. But leaving the great families with their grand ideals, we may find, I think, the same principle at work everywhere in our homes. The father is usually, or ought to be, the ideal in the family. Sometimes it is the mother. Sometimes it is the father with the boys, and the mother with the girls. Every child, from the big boy of sixteen or eighteen, down to the little fellow just able to talk, wants to be like the father. That is a child's highest ambition. Every appeal is to him. Father does it this way. Father says so. That's father's idea. The boy wants to be big like his father. He imitates the tones of his voice. He walks like him, and swings his arms about like him. If he preaches, he wants to preach, too, some day. If he is a lawyer, he wants to be a lawyer like his father. If he has a store, he wants to be a merchant, and do business and make money just like him. In a word, the child's ideal is to be like his father.

And how good for the family if the father is what he ought to be; a man of high moral character and high Christian principle; a man whose influence is always for good; his conversation chaste; his habits pure; his life rigid; for his children will be almost sure to take after him, and children's children will bless his memory. How the Reebachs revered the memory, and perpetuated the principles of the temperate Jonathan, general after general! And there are families to-day, families in this city, perhaps, who owe all they are as families, their high social position, their wealth and honor, their respectability and influence—to this, that years ago there was an ancestor who was a man of strong and earnest convictions as to what was his duty, and who to the best of his ability did what he believed to be right.

But there is another side to this great family principle, and it is as dark as this side, as it is bright on that. How sad for the home! What a curse to the children! What a woe for generations to come, that the father is bad, immoral, profane, godless! How many families to-day have bad morals, diseased bodies, poisoned blood, weakness, imbecility, insanity, because, somewhere back in their history, there was a father who was a living curse to all who had anything to do with him! O fathers, every profane word you utter, every wickedness you do, everything wrong about you, will go down to the generations to come, and will curse your memory. It is bad enough to be bad yourselves, but to be bringing up around you families whose principles are destroyed, whose hopes forever are wrecked, by your examples, how much worse, if possible!

Another important element in the family ideal is the family likeness. Every child in a family, from the oldest to the youngest, and for generations down sometimes, bears the family likeness. You may not know a person by name; you may never have seen him before; but there is about him what tells you at once the family he belongs to. You can see the family likeness in him from the top of the head down to the sole of his feet. You can see it in his eyes, ears, nose, mouth, chin, cheeks, forehead, hair, head, all over him in fact. You know he is one of the Blacks, or a Brown, or a White, or a Gray, and you are not mistaken. And how pleased a true child is to hear the old people say, "He is the very image of his father." You cannot pay him a higher compliment than to say, "He has his father's eyes, or his nose, or his forehead," for his father is his ideal of what a man ought to be.

Now, so in God's family. The family likeness is strongly marked all the way down from the God-like First-born at the head, to the little last-born Christian child at the foot. The First-born is the ideal, and every one wants to be like Him—to be conformed to His image. It was in His image that man was created. Jesus is the ideal man, and the aim of the redemption scheme is to bring men up to the glor-

ious ideal. The image of Jesus, or the Divine image, consists in knowledge, righteousness and holiness. It consists in spiritual attainments—love, faith, joy, peace, meekness, patience, gentleness, purity of heart, and holiness of life. And that is what every true child of God wants to be, and is slowly coming to be. "Oh, to be like Jesus!" he says. What is the ideal of the Christian family, the household of faith? "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We shall bear His image. We shall shine with His glory. We are not much like what we would expect God's children to be to-day. We do not look like them. We do not act like them. And the world despises us. But when the spiritual conforming process is complete in us, how we will shine! All I can say about it is just what John says, "We shall be like Him," and we shall be with Him. And that is all we can ask or wish. That is to be our destiny—and a high destiny it is. "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren."

A word or two by way of application.—And let me ask you all this, "Are you a member of this family? One of the many brethren among whom Jesus is the First-born? Are you a child in the household of faith?"

Some of you can say, "I am. I am not much of a Christian, I must say, as yet, but I want to be more of one. I am just a thoughtless child, away down at the foot of the holy brotherhood, but I am growing day by day, and I shall yet see Him face to face in the home above. How blessed to be a child in God's family!"

But many are not yet in the family of God in any true sense. They care not for the Father or the First-born. They are prodigal sons, wandering away into the far country.

O ye hearers, the day will come when you would like to be home. When sickness comes, and sorrow; when it grows dark, and when the lions come out around your poor souls; and when the famine wastes, and death stands before you, and the grave and Hell gape wide open to receive you; then you will wish you were home—then you will wish you were with the rest of them around the family board, enjoying the smile of the Father, and the joy of the First-born, and the bliss and rapture of the Heaven-home.

Why not come home then? Your Father waits and weeps for your return. The First-born is here to take you by the hand, and say, "Welcome! This morning, make a start for Home and Heaven. It is good to be even the little one in such a family. Are you not saying now deep down in your heart, 'I want to be one—anyone, in God's family?'"

The Notorious Jesse James Killed.

St. Joseph, Mo. April 3.—Charles and Robert Ford, who once belonged to the James gang, and were engaged in the Winston and Blue Cut train robberies, have been in St. Joseph the past week for the purpose of arresting Jesse James, but being afraid to make the attempt they shot him down in the street to-day, and surrendered to the authorities.

LATER—James was preparing to start on another raiding expedition to-night. He and the two Fords were in the front room of the shanty in which they were stopping about nine this morning. James took off his belt and laid his pistol on the bed preparing to wash himself when Robert Ford sprang up behind him and sent a bullet through his brain. The ball entered the back of the head, coming out over the eye. The body was subsequently photographed at an undertaker's. James was a fine-looking man, apparently forty years old, with broad forehead, and his physiognomy was that of an intelligent as well as resolute and daring man. The house where James lived has the appearance of an armory. A number of guns and pistols, including a repeating rifle, needle gun, navy revolvers, with a store of ammunition, were found there. In a small stable nearby were several horses, the property of James. The Ford Brothers claim that they are detectives, but it is believed they were with James in the Blue Cut robbery, and were influenced in killing him by the hope of getting big rewards. There is tremendous excitement over the affair, several thousand people being on the streets. The wife of the desperado was on the spot in a few minutes after the shooting and wept copiously over the remains. The body was taken in charge by the police.

It is said that Charles and Robert Ford have secretly had an understanding to kill James ever since last fall. They had no idea of taking him alive, considering the undertaking suicidal. Mrs. James was in the kitchen when the shooting was done.

In the Lion's Jaw.

While Wilson's circus and menagerie was encamped on the Wharf Reservoir at Albury, near Melbourne, Australia, as there was considerable delay, and the weather was very hot, the outer shutters of the lions' cage were removed, in order to give the animals as much air as possible. The lions being thus exposed, a large crowd assembled to enjoy a cheap view of them, but as a precautionary measure two men attached to the circus were told off to watch the cage; but in spite of the warnings given John McPherson, a laborer, aged 40 years, residing at Albury, incautiously approached the cage, and before the men could pull him back coolly put his right hand through the bars, apparently with the intention of patting one of the lions. A circus attendant, named Barrow, who instantly saw the danger, called out to McPherson, and sprang forward to seize him and pull him back. Barrow, however, was too late, for the lion had with the quickness of lightning pounced upon McPherson's arm, and with such force that it was pulled off at the elbow, a large portion of the muscle above the elbow adhering to the lower arm, which was at once recovered and thrown out of the cage. Djerling's conduct was considered most courageous, for both the lion and lioness were in a state of great excitement when he entered the cage. In the meantime McPherson had without a moment's delay been removed to the Albury Hospital, where the stump of the arm was promptly amputated at the shoulder, but the shock was of such a terrible nature that at first the recovery of the patient was regarded as almost impossible. The next day, however, he had to a considerable extent recovered from the shock to the system, and was doing as well as could be expected. Being a man of fair constitution, hopes of his recovery were entertained.

A Puzzle to the Doctors.

In the operating theatre of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary Charles H. Warren, an American acrobat, exhibited in presence of a large number of doctors and medical students various acts of voluntary dislocation by muscular action of nearly every joint in the body. Warren, who was introduced by Dr. Dunlop, is a man of 34 years of age, above the average height, and of remarkable muscular development—there not being an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his body. But apart from his fine physique, he is in every sense a natural phenomenon. It was noticed in his infancy, states the Glasgow Mail, that soon after he began to run about he would suddenly fall, and it was ascertained that he had been tripped up by the sudden displacement of the hip joint. But the fall would restore it to its place, and he would get up and move about as before. This tendency to accidental and involuntary dislocation lasted two or three years, after which it occurred by an act of volition, and under the powerful contraction of the muscles. Warren to the astonishment of the medical men, dislocated in turn his hip joint, one shoulder blade and then another, the jaw, the knee joints, the ankle joints, the wrist joints, and indeed every joint of his body, each dislocation being accompanied by a snap, which to the unmedical ear was painful. But in every case the bone returned quietly to its position without any sound or sensation like that which accompanied its displacement. Warren next drew in his abdomen so far as to expose the beating of one of the blood vessels, and showed other contortions absolutely appalling to look upon. One of the medical gentlemen asked him if he could move his ears. This also Warren did. Next he laid down a carpet upon the floor, carefully washing it under the corners to keep it in position, and, taking two rings of 14 inches diameter, he passed his body through them in the most wonderful and yet easy manner. One passage may be thus described. He balanced a glass of water upon his chin, and then, bending his head and feet backwards till they met, he passed them through one of the rings, and gradually his whole body. Finally, he twisted himself through the rings as if he had not a bone in his body, but was made of gutta-percha. He is a professional acrobat in America, and it is probable he will perform in the circuses in this country. But, meanwhile, he is astonishing the members of the faculty in the large cities in this country.—London Globe.

The speech fell on the thrown—don't hit a fellow when he is down.

The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—a pretty face.