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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1889. No, 86

Professional Cards

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Dentist.
ATTENDS TO ALL OPERATIONS IN HIS PROFESSION. ALL CHARGES MODERATE.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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Fredericton, Oct. 2nd, 1889.

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A Full Upper OR Lower Sett of Teeth, $6.00. A Full Upper AND Lower Sett of Teeth, $15.00.
XTRACTING 1 TOOTH FREE, EACH SUBSEQUENT TOOTH 25C.
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BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
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Barrister, Notary, Etc.
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OFFICE: QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE 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. 6th, 1888.

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LeForest, 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

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, in thanking his friends for their liberal patronage in the past, would respectfully beg to inform the public generally that he has on hand a large and well assorted stock of PINE, SPRUCE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on the yard or sawn to order, which he 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 Shaved, and kept Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite Mill
BROOD ESTEY.

MEAL AND FISH!
JUST RECEIVED.
1,500 lbs. Buckwheat Meal, FRESH GROUND.
PRICE LOW.
Herring,
Bay Herring,
Barrington Herring,
Haddock,
Smoked Herring,
Pickerel Haddies,
W. H. VANWART'S.
October 19, 1889

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.

Coughs, Colds, Croup.

Allen's Lung Balsam was introduced to the public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases had been fully tested. It excites expectoration and causes the Lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus; changes the secretions and purifies the blood; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive organs; brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It contains no opium in any form and is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by consumption when Allen's Lung Balsam will prevent it if only taken in time. For Consumption, and all diseases that lead to it, such as Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Lungs, ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is the Great Modern Remedy. For Croup and Whooping Cough it is almost a specific. It is an old standard remedy, and sold universally at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. The 25-cent bottles are put out to answer the constant call for a Good and Low-Priced COUGH CURE. If you have not tried the Balsam, call for a 25-cent bottle to test it.

Allen's Lung Balsam

WE HAVE AN IMMENSE LINE OF
FEATHER DUSTERS,
Ranging in Price From
25 CENTS TO $5.00.
ALSO:
Parlor Suites, Decorated Linen Blinds, Hanging Lamps and Silverware.
LEMONT & SONS.
Fredericton Oct. 22

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY:
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

OVERCOATS,
ULSTERS, REEFERS.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
C. H. THOMAS & CO.,
224 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 12

HALL'S BOOKSTORE.
Pran's Shorter Course in Form, Study and Drawin.
It comprises a series of DRAWING BOOKS for Pupils, and MANUALS for Teachers. The Instructions are based on Models and Objects.
CONSTRUCTIVE DRAWING,
REPRESENTATIVE DRAWING,
DECORATIVE DRAWING.
DRAWING BOOKS, NOS. 1 TO 5, 20 CENTS EACH. TEACHERS MANUAL, 60 CENTS EACH. MODELS, EACH PUPIL SHOULD HAVE SET NO. 20 1ST YEAR, PRICE 20 CENTS.
The Set comprises the following Solids:
Sphere, Hemisphere, Cube, Cylinder, Square, Prism, Right-Angled Triangular Prism, and Six of the following plain figures: Circle, Semi-Circle, Square, Oblong, Right-Angled Triangle, and Two Dozen Sticks, different colors, assorted lengths.
Set No. 21, 2nd Year, Price 20 Cents, with Different Contents.
Teachers should have Set No. 25, 1st Year, 40 Cents.
Fredericton, Oct. 30

CAN YOU AFFORD
To Pay Two Profits on your Tea these hard times, when you can save one by buying from THE LONDON TEA CO., 13 York St., Fredericton.
W. H. TIPPET, Manager.
Fredericton, Nov. 6

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

HAWARDEN HOTEL
Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.
BEST $1 00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 30—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 15—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.
HIS 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—w1w1y

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, lifted, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All smashing 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, May.

AT HOME WITH DYNAMITE.

A Blasting Superintendent Throws a Bag Full of It Fifteen Feet.

When men were engaged in blasting away the mass of wreckage at the stone bridge in Johnstown, Pa., after the destructive flood there last spring, people who had the time to watch the work had an opportunity to see how much confidence a man can have in dynamite. Those who took no part in the work had a wholesome respect for the explosive and were content to watch the blasting operation from a safe distance. Indeed, the workmen themselves lost no time in scurring away and seeking places of shelter when a blast was to be set off. But there was one man who never hurried, who never seemed to be alarmed, and who never took the trouble to get far from the blast.

He was the superintendent of the blasting force and was an odd little old man, with gray hair, bent shoulders and a hobbling gait. He himself always took the charge, fastened it to the end of a long pole, and sank it at the point where he wished the blast to be discharged. He would pull it up again, examine it carefully and then replace it with an air of great fondness for his work. This done he connected the wires running to the battery, and, after a final glance all around to see that everything was right, hobbled away. As he raised his hand as a signal to the man at the battery, the last one of his assistants could be seen disappearing in a mad scramble to get to secure territory. But hardly did the great mass of shattered logs, twisted iron and muddy water come rushing down from the height to which it was hurled by the terrific force of the dynamite, when the little man hobbled back again to see the result of the blast.

Long after the operation of blasting had become common and monotonous people stopped to watch the superintendent's deliberation, calmness and apparent indifference to danger. One of his assistants found time one noon to tell a group of interested spectators a story illustrating the gray haired man's faith in his dangerous and destructive weapon.

"The 'old man' and I," said he, "were working down a mountain one day, trying to get to a point where we were to do some blasting for a road. He was carrying the charge of dynamite, while the battery was strapped to my back. It was hard work to get along. The descent was steep and very rugged. My business is with electricity, not dynamite, and I felt nervous enough for fear the old man would drop that bag and blow us to pieces. You can know how I felt when I tell you that I kept as far away from him as possible, although I knew perfectly well that, if that dynamite did go off, I might just as well be ten feet as 100 feet away from him, for all the good it would do me.

"The further we went the harder we worked, and the 'old man' got more disgusted at every foot we gained. After struggling and slipping along for about an hour we came to a steep drop of about fifteen feet and that stopped us for a while. But we finally found a place down which we thought we could slide. He was to go first, and I was to let down my battery to him by the straps. But he said he could get his bag down easier than that, and before I had time to yell he had dropped it directly at our feet below. If ever my heart stopped beating it was when I saw him throw that wicked black bag. I could not catch my breath, and I stood there, my limbs rigid with terror, waiting to be torn to pieces, long after the dynamite had fallen. The 'old man' was too surly to laugh at me. He slid down after his bag, growling out his disgust, and when I recovered my senses I followed him. But that experience did not give me a whit more confidence in dynamite. I am as afraid of it as ever."—New York Tribune.

A Vienna millionaire has just died leaving a request for his only heir to keep the family vault lighted with several Jablochoff electric lamps for one year. But the authorities having refused the necessary permission, the heir has ordered a candle and a box of parlor matches to be placed near the man in his coffin, in case he should wake up from his long sleep.

TALMAGE ON THE WING.

The Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle in Italy.

Sermon Preached Sunday, Nov. 17, 1889, at Brindisi.

The Subject, "A Mediterranean Journey."

BRINDISI, Nov. 17.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in this Italian port today. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii. 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must tomorrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

FRIGHT AT THE STORM.

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The plankspring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

LESSONS TO BE DRAWN.

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Atlantic shaken beneath you can give a medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is oversuspicious, and mother is getting old." But these parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

CHRISTIANS ALWAYS SAFE.

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your own life, of how God delivers his people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to the care of him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong hand disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within the circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

A NIGHT TO TURN ONE'S HAIR WHITE.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and out in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mad into of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling power. If that stopped for an instant, the vessel would fall on its beam ends, and we should be all in the sea. And it seemed as if the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff, and when he puts his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wavecrests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
Home at last!
Home at last!

A Big British War Ship.

The new British war ship, Royal Sovereign, work upon which has begun at Portsmouth dockyard, will, it is said, be the largest war ship in the world. The vessel is to be completed for sea, with all guns and stores on board, by 1893. The Royal Sovereign is one of the four armored battle ships of 14,000 tons burden which are to be built under the special programme. She is to carry four sixty-seven ton guns of thirteen and one-half inch caliber, arranged in two barbettes and supported by a powerful battery of six inch and quick firing guns.

The Royal Sovereign will be 380 feet in length, 75 feet in beam, and 27½ feet in draught, with a displacement of 14,150 tons. She will far exceed in weight any ship hitherto built for the British navy. At the water line she will be protected by an armor belt eight and one-half feet broad, extending over two-thirds of her length, and having a maximum thickness of eighteen inches. The armor on the barbettes will be seventeen inches thick, while the protection of the guns and their crews in the auxiliary armament as well as the ammunition supply has been devised to meet the development in high explosives and quick firing guns. The ship's engines will have a maximum power of 13,000 horses under forced draught and 9,000 under natural draught. The speed with closed stokeholes is estimated at seventeen knots an hour, with open stokeholes at sixteen knots an hour. The coal supply of the Royal Sovereign will be 900 tons, enabling her to cruise 5,000 miles at the rate of ten knots an hour.—Detroit Free Press.

PRINTING THE BIBLE.

How and When the First Copies Were Issued in the United States.

The sacred history of American printing, the introduction into the New World of the Bible will interest. The earliest publication on this continent of any portion of the Scriptures was the translation of the New Testament into the Natick dialect, the ordinary speech of the Indians at the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed in 1620. This translation was made by John Eliot, a native of England and a graduate of the university of Cambridge. The work of translation, with the aid of an Indian, was the labor of eight years; and it is now conceded to be one of the most notable contributions to philology made in this country.

To meet the demands of emigrants who had largely settled in Pennsylvania, the first edition of the Holy Scriptures in the German language, and the first in a European tongue, was printed by Christopher Saur, at Germantown in 1743. It is a notable fact that neither the Old nor the New Testament was ever printed here in the English language till after this country had declared independence. So oppressive was the monopoly that the British government maintained over the exclusive printing of the Bible that it never transferred its authority to reprint it, even in her own colonies; and every copy had to be imported across the Atlantic. Robert Aitken, a native of Scotland, who had settled as a printer in Philadelphia, issued in 1777 an edition of the New Testament, the first in the English language, with an American imprint.

For this breach of privilege, Aitken was imprisoned. After his release this zealous Scotchman announced to the members of congress then in session his intention to print an edition of The Entire Bible, and asked for their imprimatur, which was readily granted, together with the certificates of the chaplains, the venerable William White, the future Episcopal bishop, and Rev. Dr. Duffield. Here the action of congress properly terminated, and the circulation of the Bible was, ever after, left to the people and to their pastors.

Aitken's promised edition, copied from the authorized English version, appeared in 1782, printed in brevier type, having on the title page the significant motto of Virtue, Liberty and Independence. This will always be prized as the first Bible in the English language ever sold in America. A perfect copy is preserved among the treasures in the Lenox library. In 1790 a neat edition of the New Testament was printed at New York by Hugh Gaine; and another in New Haven by A. Morse, the latter replete with errors on every page. In 1791 the first folio edition of a Bible, with fifty copper plates, was printed at Worcester, Mass., by Isaiah Thomas, the text revised by Dr. Bancroft, father of the historian and the biographer of Washington.

In the same year an edition of the Sacred Scriptures was carefully and correctly printed for the use of Quakers by one of the Friends of Trenton, in New Jersey. In 1794 the New Testament, without the Old, was issued at Boston; and in 1798 the first hot pressed edition of a Bible appeared in handsome form at Philadelphia. In colonial days, under British rule, rigid penal laws were enforced against the printing of Roman Catholic works; even their devotional books appeared by stealth. One of the results of the Revolution was the absolute freedom of the printing press.—Current Literature.

The Rabbit Got Rid of Fleas.

One of The Progress force has just returned from a trip to the country, and relates the following little incident, witnessed by him while fishing: He was half reclining on the bank, watching his cork for the evidence of a bite, when a rustling of leaves and cracking of dead sticks to the right attracted his attention. Turning his head in that direction, he discovered a rabbit cautiously making his way to the water. Becoming absorbed in the capers of the nimble quadruped, he relinquished all thought of the breams he expected to snatch from their beds, and became interested in what the rabbit was doing.

The little fellow at length reached the water, where he turned round and began gently and gradually to back into it. In a few minutes his entire body was submerged, except the head and face, upon which black spots began to appear, increasing as the moments did, until the entire part became as black as a dark thunder cloud.

At this juncture the rabbit made a plunge under the water, as suddenly arose and skipped off as happy a little creature as you would care to see. Impelled by curiosity, the scribe approached the spot from which the rabbit had bounded. [illegible] the water, and [illegible] less collection [illegible] surface. [illegible] "flea" the [illegible] scribe [illegible] ville (P[illegible]