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FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Mr. Tenney's English and Colonial National Song. (From the Times, March 15.) This song to be sung by Mr. Santley, at St. James' Hall, and throughout the colonies on the Queen's birthday...

A SERMON By Rev. Jno. W. Wadman.

PREACHED IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, FREDERICTON, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1882.

Nay, but as Captain of the host of the Lord I now come.—Josh. v., 14.

When Moses, the lawgiver, died, he was succeeded by Joshua, the military chief, on whom devolved the great and important work of leading the Israelites into their inheritance, and giving them the long-promised "rest."

Every of fanaticism? Courage or foolhardiness? Many confidence or childish enthusiasm? A hand-full of men with as many women and the proportionate number of children—raw, rough, undisciplined, unequipped, unaccustomed, marching up against a city of warlike inhabitants—finely built upon a rocky height with lofty battlements, towering heavenward, strong, massive, broad and impenetrable. Nowhere, and at no other time does all history present such a madly intended onslaught. They cannot mean it. They cannot be sincere. They dare not expect to pierce those gigantic ramparts with rams' horns instead of battering-rams. Yet so is the engine presented to you.

But we pass to the circumstance of the text—Joshua had called out to reconnoitre. Before this he had sent spies whose report had been much more encouraging than he or the people had expected. But now he sees for himself, and perhaps for the first time anticipates the difficulty of the work he had undertaken to accomplish. Having sauntered forth, he had not proceeded far before he emerged from a forest of palm trees by which Jericho was flanked on its river side, and right before him towered the city's mighty fortification. See him! He stands aghast. No doubt his heart troubles. It was indeed a sight to appall any heart and weaken any arm. To his mind comes suddenly the question, in what way are these walls to be scaled and razed? How shall we approach this city? In what way are my men, destitute of almost all kinds of warfare, to lay siege to the city and slay its inhabitants. How shall we act? What shall we do? Still standing, and doubting, and enquiring, and trembling, he lifted up his eyes and looked and behold there suddenly appeared before him an unknown person in military dress standing over against the wall of the city, grasping a drawn sword. Joshua's face gives way to bewilderment. The apparition or a moment confuses his mind. In another instant, however, he summons up his reduced military bravery, and bracing himself up like a true general ready for any emergency with his hand no doubt on the hilt of his sword he puts the question: "Are thou for us or for our adversaries?" The answer comes, and he said: "Nay; but as Captain of the host of the Lord I now come."

aliter, the all-conquering sword flashed to the question—"Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" falls upon our ears the encouraging answer—"Nay; but as Captain of the host of the Lord I now come."

Friends, we stand to-day on a great battlefield, stretching out towards the farthest points of the compass—a field upon which our fathers fought, whose value and heroism we must never cease to perpetuate and exemplify. To us they have bequeathed "banners" fanned by conquests crimson with "victory," as they foak victorious over enemies prostrate and foes subdued. Do we half appreciate these victories? Do we fully appreciate the blood-purchased gift of Freedom—freedom of religious thought and action? This we now possess and enjoy; while for this same right many others are to-day contending in different parts of our battlefield here heretofore it has been unknown. Mark their fidelity and heroism. Up against the Jerichos and Gulgals, of superstition and darkness and barbarism Joshua-like they march and we stoop and see the sword of truth raised against the battle-axe of error and it is but the clash of two different sets of opinions—the right with the wrong, the god-like with the earth-like. And still the battle goes on; this battle of different opinions and beliefs. It is true that, in one sense, we are prosperous and peaceful. Into plowshares we have beaten our swords and into pruning-hooks our spears. Into our harbours come white-winged ships of commerce instead of men-of-war, of booming guns and thundering cannon. Our cities are centres of industry, and our country full of homes, where by the benign influence of good government, reign happiness and contentment, surrounded also by beautiful churches and temples, in which each man may worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. We pray that the stars may ever look down upon us thus. But, while governments have ceased to lay their hands upon their sword-hilts, and nations will soon disown everywhere to marshal themselves in battle array, yet there are two gigantic forces at work in the world, under whose unassured tread this very earth trembles. One is the "strange," another is the "strange." Opinions are stronger than some. The right clashes with the wrong. Truth contends with error. I wish you for a moment to look into these things. We are soldiers. Our battle is continuous. Our enemies are strong. Sin has ever been a fixed and unyielding power. Not like a tender plant which a word may gnaw away in a night or a child's hand tear up. Its roots are deep and firm. Attack it and you'll know. The lion behind the bars may not slay you, but unfetter him and you are helpless. Attack any of the great ethnic faiths—Buddhism, with its 300,000,000, or Islamism, with its 180,000,000, and you are at once convinced of the magnitude of the power of superstition, by which so large a part of the earth is enslaved. All honor then, to those souls who, in self-denial and oblation and suffering, are heroically waging a conflict with error. How numerous are the forms this enemy, sin, assumes, and how strong its antagonistic force. We believe in a personal devil. If he is not, you have no personal Christ; because the same language is applied to both. Evaporate the word Satan into a mere evil influence and you, by the same dangerous process, empty the bible and the life of an actual personal Christ. We are told whenever Napoleon entered a territory he spread a map upon the ground, and upon his knees he pondered it until he made himself familiar with all its features. He knew the rivers, with their bridges and fords; the hills, with their ravines; the villages, with their position and relation to adjacent towns. He then planned his mode of attack. And so, friends, we meet a foe upon life's great battle field, whose acquaintance with our constitutional weakness and temper, appetites and propensities, is as vast as his wiles and stratagems are delusive and enticing. How often he meets us! How often he tempts! How often he conquers! Fresh from this day, in and day-out contest, with the smell of the battle still upon us. Fresh from an other week of noble warfare and heroic struggle. Fresh from a battle-field where each one has had to wage a personal conflict. One contending with a powerful passion, another with the besetting sin—unbelief, another with temptations from without, another with internal doubts and abominable suggestions of the adversary!

Some New Geography. Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, rail-road tracks, base-ball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks. What portion of the Globe is water? About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it. What is a town? A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money at fifteen per cent. interest. What is a city? A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor, who thinks that the whole earth shakes when he happens to fall fat on a crosswalk. What is commerce? Borrowing \$5 for a day or two, and dodging the lender for a year or two. Name the different races. How many classes is mankind divided? Six; being enlightened, civilized, half-savage, too utter, not-worth-a-cent and Indian agents. What nations are called enlightened? Those which have had the most wars, the worst laws and produced the worst criminals. How many nations has the earth? That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home. What is the earth's axis? The lines passing between New York and Chicago. What causes day and night? Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper. What is a mariner's compass? A jug holding four gallons.

A PICNIC SPOILED. Up over the cloud-kissed hills came the lazily drifting clouds of white smoke from the little village that nestled so cozily in the valley below. In every tree the birds were singing their maddest, merriest lays, in every nook and corner of the moss-covered bank that stretched away from the rippling brook that glided through Pectonica Hollow the rads were beginning to gather. A gay party of youths and maidens—rosy-cheeked daughters of the country—were assembled near the foot of a huge oak whose sturdy branches and gigantic trunk had braved the storms of a century. Fairest among all the joyous party was Lurline Leary—bright-eyed Lurline, with hair of sunny gold and cheek of dusk. But she is a widow. With solemn mien and averted gaze she calls from the laughing throng her schoolmate, Jennie Junebug, and whispers a few words in her left ear. Jennie turns deadly pale. "Great Heavens! Lurline," she said, in a voice choked with fear, "can it be so?" "It is," replies the girl. "Why, what is the matter with you two?" inquires Cleopatra Corcoran. Lurline bends over her and says in low, solemn tones: "The red ants have got into the sandwiches." Thus endeth the first picnic.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MURDERER CAPTURED. Lee, the murderer of Maggie Howie, was caught about two and a half miles from here. He was making his way towards Kingston along the railroad track through the wood. He offered very little resistance when he was captured, but tried to commit suicide by falling on the ground and striking his head against large stones, but was prevented from carrying out his intentions. His forehead is badly cut and bleeding. He is now lodged in the police station.

ORAL INSTRUCTION A FAILURE.—A teacher in one of the public schools was giving an oral lesson to her class one day this week, and having minutely detailed the characteristics and appearance of a bear, she asked the children if they knew the name of the animal she had been describing. Many hands were raised, and a little girl with animated tone called out "a duck." That teacher thinks oral instruction a failure.

Lucy Hamilton Hooper, in a recent Paris letter, tells the following anecdote of Jenny Lind: "A baron told me of a scene that he witnessed at the opera long years ago, the trial-hearing of a pale, plain girl, with abundant fair tresses and great blue eyes. He brought, by his description, the scene vividly before me; the dimly-lighted house, the fair-haired child upon the stage, and in the proscenium box, superb and haughty, the splendid prima donna of the day, Rosina Stoltz, whose empire over the opera and the heart of its manager was so supreme that none of the operas composed for the Grand Opera in those days contain more than one female role of any importance, as witness 'La Favorita,' 'La Reine de Chypre,' etc. The song ended, Mmes. Stoltz leaned over and said something to the manager, who advanced to the young singer, expressing in polite and empty phrases his regret that her talents and her voice were unsuited to the requirements of the Grand Opera. She heard him in silence, and folding her modest shawl about her she glided from the stage. Arrived at the exit door, I bid you adieu, Monsieur," she said quickly, "One day you will inform me to return, but I never will return. I shall nevering again in Paris." A few years later, when every opera director in Paris was at that young girl's feet praying her to accept any possible terms, the memory of that night stood between her and the Parisian public, and deprived Paris of the delight of ever listening to the greatest singer of the century, for the pale, blue-eyed maiden was Jenny Lind."

ROBERT TENNEY.—A German musical contemporary publishes an anecdote, the humor of which will be specially appreciated by foreign tenors on the lookout for American engagements. Five singers engaged by a well-known opera impresario for a tour through South America met on board the ocean steamer in which their berths had been taken and made the discovery, greatly to their surprise, that they were all tenors and members of the same company. Unable to conjecture what the impresario could have in view in providing five tenors, they went to his cabin and demanded an explanation. "Don't trouble yourselves, gentlemen, about my arrangements; I know what I am about. I shall want you all five. Soon after you get across, three, if not four of you, will die of fever, and I shall be dependent upon the survivor for all my first tenor parts. Experience in tropical and sub-tropical tours has taught me the necessity of providing against accidents. Consider what a splendid professional prospect I am opening out to at least one of your number. Good morning, gentlemen."

A strange discovery has been made in the Berg or Castle at Vienna. There is a certain lofty gallery leading from the chambers of the Crown Prince to the chapel, and the walls of this passage are lined with historical pictures of an immense value. This gallery is neither very light nor much used, and the pictures have only been placed there because of their great size. Workmen have lately been employed in repairing the telegraphic communication between the different parts of the vast building, and in the course of their labors a skylight overlooking this corridor has been opened, whereby prying sunrays have been enabled to stream upon the dark canvases. To the horror of the Captain of the palace, who is the responsible personage, the eyes of all the figures of these pictures have been found to be cut out, so that staring holes are left. The perpetrator of this piece of vandalism is as unknown as the motive which induced the act.

NOT MANY WEEKS ago the world was startled by the announcement that in the report of a speech in the Times of Sir William Harcourt, M. P., in the House of Commons, a most filthy interpolation had been inserted by some compositor or person in the Times office. A rigid search failed to find the offender, and a wholesale dismissal of employees was the consequence. Since then every precaution has been taken in every department of the Times, but it has been caught again notwithstanding. This time the proof reader must bear the blame. In the Times of February 21, the following notice appears: "On the 20th inst., at 27 Park Lane W., the wife of Albert Edward of a son." The house belongs to General Macdonald, but was recently let to a well known fashionable beauty. There is but one Albert Edward in England.

THERE IS BUT LITTLE poaching on the Sandringham estates. If a man needs a dinner there and wants a rabbit, he has only to ask for one and his request is granted. The Prince of Wales has forbidden his labourers to trespass and shoot for themselves, but has ordered his keepers always to supply a rabbit to any labourer on the estate, and if none are at hand, the keepers are to go out and shoot one.