

### SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Messianic Sacrifices for the Saving of All Nations.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows the Messianic sacrifices for the saving of all nations and speaks of Gethsemane as it appeared to him: text, I Corinthians vi. 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer and you stroll within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room or you see a high metled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage, adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansions in heaven, about the furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through today I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to the Tower of London to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them and, being in the procession, were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the 1st of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that you have been bought with a price, and that the price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Through we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even if a rougher of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bad man of upstart when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many, many people were crowded, and amid hostlers and muleteers, and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eagle in the eyrie, hath the white eagle, than the stable of heaven. Bethlehem, the first night out of the palace of heaven spent in an out-house. One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have been a noisy grandee descending from heaven first to a half way world of great magnificence, then to Caesar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

BRINGING GLAD TIDINGS.  
Let us open the door of the caravanary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Pass on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary, no roof? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Upon ever your face. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day! Monarch of eternity. In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that Babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory to God that Jesus came from thence, to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bells of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for today is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where are today panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more evil, more terrible than anything that provided in that country—satan himself, met Christ. The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Epulus Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that nose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long absence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno. For 23 days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before the broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like lycerity.

they hustled Him into the courtroom at 10 o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for counsel. They gave Him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Him. I lift the lantern until I can look into His face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, Him self now utterly friendless, an officer of the courtroom comes up and smites Him in the mouth, and I see the blood steaming from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence: Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends. Let Him die," says the judge, and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha, aha, that's what we want! Let Him die! Away with Him! Away with Him! Away with Him!"

THE DIVINE SYMPATHIZER.  
Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands today in every courtroom, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! In all my hours of maltreatment and abuse I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that 3 o'clock morning scene and the howling of the unwashed crowd then He will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were seen in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming of a night that soothes and refreshes. It was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so was appropriate the gloom that shrouded the world on that day. The hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hands on your lips, and you would have a soothing ray, the light could shine on your face, the making faces and sobbing. But Christ in His last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing Him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears. Do you want to drink His blood? They come up closely, so that they could scarcely see their eyes. They glut their revenge with the contemplation of His countenance. They examine His feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there weeping but can go no good. It is no place for the tender hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture close over them. His holy heart, His heart, He has not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits and reared and snuffed at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clasp of spears, and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers, there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overpowering, terrible. It is the groaning of the dying Son of God! Look, what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.  
I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand, and through Christ's left hand, that bought your hands, with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray. When the Atlantic cable was lost in 1865, do you remember that the Great Eastern and the Medway and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in water. After awhile they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable, and they brought it up in silence. They fastened by this time their great experiment, they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew and the guns sounded

until all the vessels on the expedition knew, and the continents were lashed together. Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption, but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. Today we come with the gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and, oh, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith we would want to shout that would be based on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been shaken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the gospel.

### Children Cry for CASTORIA.

#### BIRTHS.

FINGH—On Campbell Island, N. B., April 1st, to the wife of Willard Fingh, a son. GROSS—At Moncton, N. B., March 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gross, a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

CAMPBELL-IRVINE—At the residence of bride's father, Milford, April 4th, by Rev. Arthur Morton, Robert Campbell of Fairville to Ella, second daughter of John Irvine.

HAMILTON-MCGRIDE—On March 28th, at St. John's Church, Richmond, by Rev. A. W. Ford, M. A., Ella Louise, daughter of Henry and Isabel Hamilton, to Albert Lindsay McGride, both of the parish of Woodstock, N. B.

JOHNSON-PIKE—At the residence of Hon. John G. Murche, Calais, April 2nd, by Rev. G. McCall, John M. Johnson and Mrs. Nellie B. Pike, both of Calais.

MCCARTY-CLARK—At St. Stephen, N. B., March 27th, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, James McCarty of St. Andrew's and Emily Clark of St. Stephen.

SHELDON-SWEENEY—At the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, March 20th, Hartley Sheldon to Miss Ida Sweeney, all of South Kentville, Caledon Co., N. B.

UROHART-FARHING—At St. Stephen, N. B., March 27th, by Rev. W. G. Douglas, Ira P. Urohart of Calais to Etta Darling of St. Stephen.

#### DEATHS.

DAVIS—Suddenly, at White Earth, Minnesota, U. S., on March 20th, 1901, Miles J. Davis, in the 53rd year of his age, leaving a widow and five children, here, besides numerous relatives and friends here, to mourn their loss. (Boston papers please copy.)

MCKENZIE—At St. George, N. B., March 27th, Barbara, wife of Captain Henry McKenzie, aged 63 years.

MCKENZIE—Entered into rest, at East Brunswick, March 25th, Gordon, son of Alexander McKenzie, aged 27 years.

PURDY—In this city, on April 2nd, Carey P. Purdy, in the 24th year of his age, leaving a loving wife and one son to mourn their sad loss.

ROBERTS—At Leppaux, N. B., March 14th, David U. Roberts, aged 23 years, 10 months, most of which was spent in looking after the company's interests in Cuba. Sir William states that although this company is proceeding with the construction of a railway, it is doing so without a franchise, but as it has bought all the land over which the road will run, it does not need to worry on that score. The company now have six hundred men at work, and expect to have twenty-five hundred at work soon.

STACKHOUSE—In this city, on April 2nd, Murray Whitefield, eldest son of W. J. and the late Mary A. Stackhouse, aged 29 years.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Children Cry for CASTORIA. BIRTHS. MARRIAGES. DEATHS.

NEWFOUNDLAND MATTERS. LONDON, April 4.—Robert Bond (the premier and colonial secretary of Newfoundland) confirms the statement that an understanding has been reached on the French shore question satisfactory to Newfoundland and Great Britain, and which, it is hoped, will prove satisfactory to France.

SOUTH AFRICA. BERLIN, April 4.—H. Von Schierstaedt, a former combatant on the Boer side, has sent to the Lokai Anzeiger the wrapper of a package of cartridges such as the Boers have used in thousands, the imprint of which shows that the package came from the Kynoch Company of Birmingham, England, for German Mausers.

CAPE TOWN, April 4.—Two deaths from bubonic plague and one suspected case were officially reported today.

PARIS, April 5.—The Mail's correspondent at Utrecht says: "Mr. Kruger, in the course of an interview, said nothing had been decided on the subject of a visit to the United States, but he would undertake it if his strength permitted and if he could hope for some advantage to the cause."

CORNER IN PEANUTS. NEW YORK, April 4.—It was announced today that a firm in Hoboken, N. J., had cornered the peanut market, having purchased all the nuts in the Chicago, Boston and New York markets, as well as having secured this week 125 carloads from Norfolk, Va. There has been an advance in price from 70 to 80 cents a bushel lately.

VAN HORNE AND CUBA. MONTREAL, April 4.—Sir Wm. Van Horne, president of the Cuban Development Company, returned home this morning after an absence of a month, most of which was spent in looking after the company's interests in Cuba. Sir William states that although this company is proceeding with the construction of a railway, it is doing so without a franchise, but as it has bought all the land over which the road will run, it does not need to worry on that score. The company now have six hundred men at work, and expect to have twenty-five hundred at work soon.

THE CHARM OF HEALTH OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY, health and happiness, are inseparably linked together. Life's grandest prize and beauty's greatest charm is health—robust, vigorous health. It is health that makes life worth living and gives one the ambition and energy to accomplish great things. Sad it is to think of the many who fall by the way—the nervous and physical wrecks. Overcome by mental strain, overwork or wasting disease, men and women get nervous, irritable and depressed, the duties of home or business worry them, they get weak, wrinkled or debilitated. Life has no charm, no hope when health has taken flight. When you begin to fail is the time to take action—the time to replenish the nerve force by the use of the great nerve-building medicine Dr. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It is not like any remedy you ever tried. It does not stimulate nor deaden the nerves. It simply increases the vitality of the body by creating new nerve force and forming new red corpuscles in the blood. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Fills the nerve centres with health, vigour and strength. Gradually and certainly the headaches and neuralgic pains disappear, the irritability and sleeplessness become a thing of the past, and joyous, robust health is felt pulsating through the nerve fibres, carrying new energy to every organ.

ST. JOHN, VOL. 2. FLO. Reports of River, C. P. R. Rail a Bridge Co. The sudden cold of a winter unaccustomed cold and depth of the ground, has affairs that fall meteorological his Up to the beginning there had been little and the ice in the and hard and near been during the the woods around the various straits slightly, but had Last-week opened weather, followed five days of pelting which has pract the present. As a water in the river preceded rate, in large cakes, swollen currents as where a sufficient their passage, a backing up of the dangerous depths safety of all bridge buildings situated banks. Owing to such western New Br along the course of is witnessing such pained by such of heavy ice as is the memory of the Many important been swept away a vast extent has John river is still rate, and when break will rise the water bridge at those six hundred condition, and the hours will without of disasters still yet reported. The phen, reported great, and worse it. The ice in the of Maine are even Brunswick. The water at In one foot yesterday at the rate of about tide. It is now low water level yesterday was above public wharf, ice large quantities of and it was consid the water must be serious damage on the Narrows from romed off King's w ly crashed away a and crashed over side, breaking t schooner Ida May, serious damage on the lecting boom. The just above the fa centre of a small ed until nearly 1 rush of water was IN THE There was a ve in the harbor yesterday piled up around larger than be years. All the we suffered severely, and in many cas as well. The ferry time of it through early in the eve kept very well to

W. H.