POOR COPY

Dept. Vital Works

"The policy of every man in business, and who must live by the public, should be to let the public hear of him. His best speaking-trumpet is the Newspaper advertisement. In a populous community, and a rapid age like this, every trader must make himself heard and known, otherwise he will fall behind the progress of his neighbours."

The Gleaner.

"In no department of business is there probably so much money wasted as in advertising, and in no department are good judgment and experience more requisite. Twenty-five years' experience has clearly demonstrated the superior advantages and economy of Newspaper advertising over all other mediums offered for that purpose."

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1888. No. 45

Professional Cards

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. McCAUSLAND'S JEWELRY STORE 250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE 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 POST 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

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 109 BRUNSWICK 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

G. E. DUFFY,
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov 1st, 1887

Livery Stables

BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch.
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. GUNTER,
HACK AND LIVERY STABLE,
Queen Street,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telephone Communication.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Auctioneers

E. H. ALLEN
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
REGENT STREET NEXT TO CAPITAL OFFICE
Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

H. C. C. WETMORE
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest. Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms moderate. Returns prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Gaurantee Capital, - - $3[illegible]
Full Government Deposit.
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN," embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine, and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and its progressive record and sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims, are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
C. E. DUFFY,
Agent, Fredericton
Oct. 29, 1887—w tw—1yr.

THE ATLAS FIRE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Of London, Eng.
Established in the Year 1808.
CAPITAL, - - $6,000,000.00
Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Unsurpassed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.
C. E. DUFFY, Agent.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Undertaking

JACKSON ADAMS,
Principal Undertaker,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE
(OPP. QUEEN HOTEL)
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Hotels

BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements constantly being made.
F. B. COLEMAN, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

New Advertisements

WEST END SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or saws to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,
PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

IMPORTANT.
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY,
MARKED DOWN TO SUIT ALL.
GOODS ALL NEW.
A FINE LINE OF
SILK CHAINS
AT
F. J. McCAUSLAND'S
Fredericton, Dec. 15th, 1887

In store and in transit:
3 CARLOADS OF
SUGAR!
Consisting of Granulated, Extra C. and Yellow Extra C.
Morton's Pickles, Colman's Starch, a full line of
BRUSHES,
Shoe, Stove and Scrubs.
Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, "Pure Gold" Essences and Blacking, Pure Spices.
A large and complete Stock of FLOUR. For Sale low by
A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.
Fredericton, June 14, 1888

New Advertisements

HORSE NAILS.
Having bought a large quantity before the advance in price, I am in a position to sell at less than the Manufacturers' Price.
Give me a call and be convinced.
Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, Aug. 2, 1888

MUSIC.
MISS A. BIRSA STANGER,
(GRADUATE OF NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC! BOSTON, MASS.,)
Having returned home is prepared to receive Pupils in
PIANO, VOICE AND THEORY,
At her residence, Charlotte Street. Class and Private Lessons given as preferred. Terms made known on application.
Fredericton, July 10.—1 mo.

Cristie, Brown & Co.
CELEBRATED
BISCUIT,
—IN—
Arrowroot, Assorted Jumbles, Iced Honey, Bar Ginger Bread, Suntamas, Oswego,
—IN—
2 LB. TINS.
MILK BISCUIT.
W. H. Vanwart.
Fredericton, Aug. 1.

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN
192 GEORGE STREET
All work guaranteed so far as possible.
All orders at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct 10th, 1887

WE WANT POTATOES.
WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.
And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF BOSTON, MASS
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

FOR SALE.
Hemlock and Spruce Boards,
ROUGH AND PLANED.
Ash Boards,
Spruce Scantling,
Clapboards,
Cedar Shingles.
Apply to
A. F. Randolph & Son.
Fredericton, March 13th, 1888.

G. W. DYKEMAN & CO.
AGENTS,
DOMINION ORGAN
—AND—
PIANOS,
Sewing Machines
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET,
Next Door Below Z. R. Everett.
Fredericton, April 26th, 1888.

NEW GOODS.
The Subscriber is constantly receiving New Goods, comprising
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, VALISES, &C.
These Goods are marked at least 10 per cent. lower than any similar goods in this city. Small expenses and close personal attention to business enables me to do this. Please call and examine.
Respectfully yours,
D. LUCY.
N. B.—Custom Shoemakers wanted.
Fredericton, Aug. 8th, 1888.

PARIS GREEN.
Just received a fresh supply of Pure Paris Green.
ALSO:
LAND PLASTER,
VERY FINE.
Suitable to mix with Paris Green.
W. E. Miller & Co.
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, June 30, 1888.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,
YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.
Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for
SLEIGHS & PUNGS.
We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at
PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.
Leave Your Orders Early.
EDGECOMBE & SONS.
Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887.

REMOVAL!
J. W. Tabor begs leave to notify his Customers and the Public generally, that he intends to enlarge his place of Business on the Corner of King and Westmorland Streets, and for the present will be found in the Corner Store of the
HOGG BUILDING,
Corner Queen and Westmorland Streets,
where he will continue Business until his former place is ready for occupancy.
J. W. TABOR.
Fredericton, May 31.

PARIS GREEN.
ONE BARREL
PURE WEST INDIA LIME JUICE
Enos' Fruit Salt,
Citrate of Magnesia.
JUST RECEIVED BY
JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen St
Fredericton, June 28th, 1888.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

"And he was Angry, and Would Not Go In."

The Self Congratulatory, Self Satisfied, Self Worshipful Man Is Full of Faults--Two Kinds of Higher Life Man.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 13.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauqua, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv, 28), "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the crunching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery or the chemicals were poor or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side face or a three quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm; goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist; is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how is soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he has to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands! I tell you plainly that a roaring, roystering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say: "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and strayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "bangs!" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt edged prayer book in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls! take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling and agonized and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip and his cracked tongue and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the Holy Communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand, and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beath, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast, or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink, and the invalid took his wine flask from his pocket, and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and then under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francis, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francis, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mahommedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians began to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahommedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride."

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their caster always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender all! Oh, go in today and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fattened calf, and afterwards, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

He Offended the Empress.

The Veritzins were boyars of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress.

As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and, with a smile, handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written: "The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg." On the last: "The mines, Siberia."

He read it, his face grew gray as that of a corpse, bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess of Novgorod, with him. He was heard to say as he left the ball room: 'My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one.'"

Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catharine on her victims was inexorable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First, he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars.

"On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."—"Life of Prince Paul Veritzin."

Mr. August Manns, the famous musical conductor of London, is a gray featured, kindly looking man, of middle height, with a broad forehead, long, wavy hair touched with white, and brushed smoothly back, mustache and imperial, and large, bright eyes covered with gold rimmed glasses. He is 63 years old.