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"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN FREDERICTON AT
25 Cents a Month.

The Gleaner.

"THE GLEANER"
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ADDRESS IN GIBSON AND MARYSVILLE AT
25 Cents a Month.

VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1889. No. 103

Professional Cards

E. A. McKAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE: PHOENIX SQUARE, - FREDERICTON, N. B.
(Opposite Upper Side City Hall.)
Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1888—w tw 1yr.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. & A. McCAULAND'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, LATE LY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
redericton, 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,
Barristers 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. 1st, 1887.

Auctioneers

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.

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—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Girls Wanted.
THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR GOOD GIRLS AT THE BARKER HOUSE
Reference Required.
Fredericton Sept. 4th 1888.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
STANLEY'S ENGLISH SPECTACLES
THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
STANLEY OPTICIAN
GEO. C. HUNT,
Agent, - - - - - Fredericton.
See later Advertisement.
Aug.

New Advertisements.

BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Best in the Market.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is famous for its Strength and Quality.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Always Preferred by Dress Makers.
Belding's Spool Silk
Is Free from Knots and Imperfections.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Always Measures Number of Yards Marked on Spool.
BELDING'S SPOOL SILK
Is the Most Popular Silk in United States and Canada.
LADIES—Ask for this Popular Spool Silk and take no other. See that the name of Belding, Paul & Co. is on Every Spool. For Sale by all Dry Goods Houses.

WANTED
IMMEDIATELY
—AT—
GUNN'S
COAT AND VEST
MAKERS.
Steady Employment,
and Highest Wages Paid.
ALSO:
A Few Smart Girls, wishing to Learn Dressmaking can have a good chance.
MRS. J. G. GUNN.
Fredericton, Oct. 18th, 1888. tw. tf.

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 15th 1888
WEST END
SAW MILL 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 sawn 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

SEWING MACHINES
CLEANED
AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 13, 1888

The Subscribers are Constantly Receiving
NEW GOODS,
Comprising:
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Laragans, Moccasins, Over-Boots, Rubbers and Ready-Made Clothing, Etc.
Which they are Selling at their usual Low Prices.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Dec. 19, 1888.

OATS!
LANDING AND IN STORE, 3 CARS!
2 Cars Carleton County Oats,
1 Car P. E. I. Oats.
ALSO LANDING:
One Car Hay, Straw, Middlings, Shorts, Bran, Whole and Cracked Corn.
W. E. Miller & Co.
155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE
JUST RECEIVED:
Johnson's Liniment,
Wizard Oil,
White Liniment,
Allan's Lung Balsam,
Atwood Bitters.
JOHN M. WILEY,
196 QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton, Jan. 23.

WAKE UP WM. HENRY
AND GO TO
S-E-E-R-Y-'S
AND HAVE HIM
Make You an Overcoat with Cape.
Leaving all jokes aside he makes the best fitting and most stylish Suits, Overcoats and Reefers in the City. Try him and be convinced. Cutting attended to promptly.
W. E. SEERY, Wilmot Avenue
Fredericton, Jan. 19.

BOSTON PRICES. BOSTON PRICES.
AT
S. F. SHUTE'S.
OXIDIZED PINS AT 25 CENTS.
There you will find the largest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the City. Solid Gold and Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Watches, in Ladies' and Gents' Sizes, from the largest to the smallest.
Do not fail to see the novelties in Solid Gold and Gold Plated Bracelets; Ladies' Bar Pins and Brooches; Gents' Tie Pins in Plate and Gold; Ladies' Neck Chains and Lockets; Gents' Watch Chains and Charms; Ladies' and Gents' Sleeve and Collar Buttons.
Stone Set Rings, Band Rings and the Plain Wedding Ring, all can be found at Shute's.
25 Cents will buy you a nice Silver Plated Napkin Ring at Shute's; Silver Plated Glove Buttoners, 20 and 25 cents.
Rogers' Knives, Forks and Spoons at bottom prices.
Largest Line of Silver Plated Ware in the City; Cake Baskets; Castors; Butter Dishes; Ice Pitchers, &c. A Large variety of Tea Sets in Silver Plate.
Iron Bronze; Plush and Leather Goods; Ladies' and Gent's Writing Desks and A Thousand and One Things too numerous to mention.
Remember the Gold Headed Canes at
S. F. SHUTE'S, - - - - - - - Fredericton, N. B.

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.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Returned Prodigals — He Says They Should

Not be Received Coldly, But With Open Arms

And Cheering Men—Some New Combinations About Time.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 3.—A jubilee sermon was preached this morning by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., at an especial communion for the reception of 240 persons, making the present communicant membership of the Brooklyn Tabernacle 1,508. This is also moving day in this church. The annual rental of pews has just occurred, and today many of the congregation occupy new places. The pews brought higher premiums this year than ever before and the income of the church this year will be $33,804. But both plans are observed in this church. A vast space is kept free from all expense and only a part of the building is mapped off for rent. Dr. Talmage took his text from the fifteenth chapter of Luke, twenty-third verse: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it." Dr. Talmage said:

Joy! Joy! Joy! We banquet today over this accession of 240 persons to whom I have given the right hand of fellowship, making our present communicant membership four thousand five hundred and eight. Is it not appropriate that we spread the banquet?

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

WHEN A LOST SOUL COMES HOME TO GOD.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he has seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry making when a soul comes home to God.

I. First of all there is the new convert's joy. It is no fane thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, but Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver in this city some years ago, after having had a struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say: "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!"

Oh, is it not a fine thing to become a Christian. It is a merry making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flashing water; to the morning, rosate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said: "Now, this is my experience: Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house this morning knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those lame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world, Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street: "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, on Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight,

and when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land of ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress with dishonded hand stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day by the grace of God to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said: "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL IS NEVER COLDLY GREETED.

II. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah! no. When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a sultan, not a czar, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodical comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, and sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, he cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again."

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night there again; watching the coming, watching the going for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

MINISTERS OF RIGHT REJOICE WHEN THE PRODIGAL COMES HOME.

III. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When today in our communion services such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attest their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth."

Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls paint as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying: "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is more exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dullness of their sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their father's house.

Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty soug, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen eighteen of them. Thank God, thank God!

CHRISTIANS RECEIVE A CONVERTED SOUL WITH OPEN ARMS.

IV. I notice, also, when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and, with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God today, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.

FOR THE RETURN OF PRODIGALS LET EVERY ONE PRAY.

V. Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for." "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the saints below
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festal sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

The empress of Austria is attended by a woman physician.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Ben Butler chews up twenty cigars a day. They are called "Widow Butler's weeds."

It takes $20,000 a year to dine the officers of Queen Victoria's guard, on duty at St. James' palace.

Professor Graham Bell says that the congenital deaf mutes of the country are increasing at a greater rate than the general population.

European manufactories of electric lights are being visited for the purpose of finding a light to be used by the pearl fishers when at work under water.

The New York Prison association, after long investigation, decided that the women convicts should be cared for in a separate institution, with rules and regulations of its own.

During our civil war city bred men stood long marches better, were subject to less disorders, and recovered from gunshot wounds more readily than country bred men.

F. C. Phillips, the author of the novel "As in a Looking Glass," has been a soldier, a journalist, and a theatrical manager, and he is now a successful barrister. He has been more than once asked to stand for parliament.

A German scientific journal informs us that electricity is used in India to prevent snakes from going into dwellings. Shouldn't wonder now if it wouldn't prove effectual with boots under peculiar circumstances.

Moses Jacobs is probably the richest newsboy in the world. He is 18 years old and has sold newspapers for the last fourteen years on the streets of Des Moines, Ia., during which time he has acquired $4,000 worth of real estate from his savings.

The courts of California have decided that a Chinaman's queue must not be cut off when he is sent to prison; but they are cut off just the same. No warden will allow that a heathen pig tail is more sacred than American unplaited hair.

The emperor of Germany receives a salary of $700,000, and wants it increased to a million. For a man who has not been in the business not much more than six months the young emperor has remarkable confidence in his ability and a good estimate of his own personal worth.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe is said to have played on the piano with both hands at the tender age of 3. She heard some one playing "Il Bacio," and, seating herself at the instrument, rattled off that brilliant waltz in a manner that made every one who heard her stand agape with wonder.

Students before being admitted to the university of Mississippi are required to appear before a board of professors and answer whether they have any firearms about them or whether some person or persons had any in keeping for them. If so, they must be delivered up before the applicants are declared full students.

Some of the leading citizens of Washington have determined to found a national park in the Rock Creek valley, one of the most picturesque localities in the environs of the capital. The site has been selected, and legislation will be asked by congress while the land can be had at a reasonable price.

The northern limits of the culture of the silk worm are being steadily extended. Experiments made last summer at Astrakhan showed that it could easily be carried on at the mouth of the Volga. Notwithstanding the age of the mulberry trees which were planted at Astrakhan thirty-five years since, the results of the experiments proved satisfactory, and 20,000 cocoons were received this year.

Old Silver.

A great deal of fossil history is sealed up in genuine old silver. Here is an example of it, dating back to the first third of the Eighteenth century, guaranteed by the only test which indisputably proves the quality and date of sterling silver, the English "hall mark." This is a two handled "loving cup," which at feasts was grasped by its two handles and was so passed literally, from hand to hand and mouth to mouth around the circle of the "goodlie companie." This cup is of the year 1727. Here is a tankard dating 1733, another fine old English piece. In marked contrast to the plainness of the rest, here is a highly ornamented tankard—a modern work in reproduction. Its body is a solid piece of ivory covered with intricate carvings of war scenes; the top and base are silver, and the cover is crowned with an ivory warrior.—New York Times.

Improvements in Chicago.

Englishman (to American young lady visiting abroad)—Aw—Miss Breezy—I understand that the society young ladies in America always carry jeweled revolvers when at evening entertainments.

Miss Breezy—Well, yes, I believe that is the custom in the wild untutored west, but back east in Chicago, where I reside, we have long since discarded such usage.—The Epoch