

POOR DOCUMENT

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

VOL. I.—NO. 11.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

REQUIESCAT.

"Tread lightly, she is near. Under the snow. Speak gently, she can hear. The daisies grow. All her bright, golden hair. Tarnish'd with rust. She that was young and fair. Fallen to dust. Lily-like, while as snow. She softly knew. She was a woman, so sweetly she grew. Coffin board, heavy stone. Lie on her breast. I rest my head alone. She is at rest. Peace, peace, she cannot hear. Love or remorse. All my life's buried here. Heap earth upon it."

Sermon by Rev. G. G. Roberts, PREACHED AT CHRIST'S CHURCH.

"And if children then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."—Rom. viii. 17. Children, heirs, joint heirs, suffering glorified,—what deep thoughts do these impressive words suggest! Children of God! Do we realize at all the dignity thus indicated? Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ! Have we ever so seriously considered the magnitude of this inheritance? To suffer with Christ! Do we understand what this involves? To be "glorified together" with Him! Does the true meaning of this glory dawn upon us? Dear brethren, if these wondrous things were only real to us—real to our children—if we and they had grown up, or were growing up, under the full conviction of their belonging by covenant right to ourselves—how changed would be our whole lives! How could the world be all in all to us? How could its pleasures or its gains absorb us? How could its temptations overcome us, or its trials and troubles overwhelm us, if we indeed grasped the fullness of the privileges bestowed upon us and of the dignity in store for us? But this, unhappily, we fail to do. The present, the visible, the earthly is so near that it shuts out the view of the future, the invisible, the heavenly. The blessings of our baptism, the present help and future promise of our covenant; relation to the Eternal Father, are either forgotten or disbelieved. At best we only catch a faint and occasional glimpse of our true position. And so, though we have indeed received the spirit of adoption, we cry not from our hearts "Abba, Father." We attain not the joy and comfort, the help and protection, the blessed assurance which spring up in the heart, when "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Why is this? Because we think only of happiness, not of duty. It has been claimed, indeed, that the pursuit of happiness is one of the inalienable rights of man. And there is no doubt a sense in which this is not untrue. If happiness meant for us the highest and truest happiness, we might indeed well pursue it, though, even then, the deliberate pursuit of it, for its own sake, is far from being the noblest or wisest course. But in the vast majority of instances, it is not happiness that men pursue, but pleasure—not the pure pleasure which reigned in Eden before our first parents sinned, when the beneficent Creator had so constituted man's nature that true and constant pleasure resulted from the perfect and harmonious operation of all his faculties. Not this, but the poor transient pleasure of which the poet sings— "Pleasures are like poppies spread; We seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Or, like the snowflake in the river, A moment's white, then melts forever." O brethren, how many thousands of lives are year by year utterly wrecked and ruined by this false idea of the nature of happiness and of the right way to secure it! What multitudes of the young start out in life under this miserable delusion! They have been cared for and guarded through the first years of their life. Their duties have been prescribed for them, their responsibilities borne for them, everything provided without thought or care on their part. Life has been a long holiday, it may be, to them. But the time arrives when new thoughts and feelings stir within them—eager, restless, impatient feelings which they can scarce explain, but which urge them to cast off the old restraints, to go out into the world which looks so strange, so enticing to them—and there to seek what they call happiness. Each has his day-dream, his ideal, of what life should be for him, of what he desires and proposes to seek in it. But alas how often is that ideal nothing but a day-dream, which, even if attained, can bring no true and lasting satisfaction. They young man probably looks for happiness in connection with money, as the means of comfort and indulgence. Or if he be of a nobler sort, visions of ambition, success, intellectual mastery, the applause of men, mingle with his dream. The young girl too has her dreams of the gay world perhaps, and all its fascinations and enticements, or better, of domestic pleasures, of home affections and beautiful

surroundings. But whatever may be the precise direction in which happiness is sought, too generally the horizon of it is bounded by the present life, by that which is earthly and temporal, and so the pursuit tends only to disappointment and failure, if not to actual shipwreck of the life. It is really pleasure they are seeking, not true happiness. They see before them a fair vision which beguiles them onward, but when they grasp it, it has turned to a leering phantom, and the happiness they sought has vanished utterly. The pursuit of these transient, unreal, unworthy pleasures leads only to disgust and shame—to brief moments of supreme elation, followed by remorse and almost despair—to a few hours of excitement followed by unspeakable weariness and depression. Even when pursued with prudence and moderation, it is a happiness which is utterly precarious, dependent on health, on outward circumstances, on a thousand things over which we have no control and so liable in a moment to be snatched away from us. But though happiness sought after directly and deliberately as the main object of life is thus certain to elude and mock us, there is a way appointed by which it may be attained without fear of failure, a way which seems at first dreary and unattractive, but which will grow more smooth and beautiful as every step. This is the way of duty. The word has been defined to mean the doing that which is due, and this meaning is a most comprehensive and suggestive one. It introduces at once to a higher, a nobler, a truer philosophy of life. We cease to ask how shall I best enjoy myself, how shall I get the most pleasure and comfort from my circumstances? And we ask instead, what is right? What is due? What do I owe to God, to myself, to the circumstances in which I am placed, to those with whom God's good Providence has brought me into connection? When we ask these questions, honestly and faithfully, and answer them in accordance with my text, answer them as children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven, then we learn what life means, and what is the true road to happiness, even the way of Christian duty—of duty to God. Duty! What a grand old English word it is! Our modern Christianity, I fear, does not take as much account of it as it deserves. Too often duty seems to us a hard and painful thing. We incline to dwell on its unpleasantness, its severe demands, its restrictions of our liberty. But, in reality, it is only duty undone that is hard. A debt owed is a haunting shadow, a grievous burden which bears down the stoutest heart. But a debt paid brings the feeling of pleasure, of relief, of freedom. So it is with duty done. That highest duty of which we are speaking now, our duty to God, embracing, of course, our duty to His Church and to its members, and to all our fellow men, is a debt of honor, of gratitude, of love, whose payment is all pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge. There is a prison in the conscience of every honest man to which this debt unpaid consigns him, whose walls are higher, whose bolts and bars are stouter, whose chains are more galling, whose dungeons are more gloomy than any to which human legislation could condemn us. O the joy which comes with the release from it, when striving honestly and faithfully to do all as God's children, as in our Father's sight, as in our Saviour's name, we labor in His service, which is perfect freedom. His spirit within us, the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father! makes this duty a pleasure in the highest sense. As an eloquent bishop says: "When the lark soars and sings, with wing and voice aimed and attuned at heaven, or settles (with the swift anxiety of love to brood over its home) back on its grassy nest, that is its duty, done with the delight that lifts both voice and body up into ecstasy, and rests then with silence and repose—duty done, not hardly, but with the instinct of glad and grateful service to the Lord who made it." If we, dear brethren, think of duty in this way, if we recognize it as the fulfillment of the purpose of our Creator, the payment of our due of love God who has given us all and done all for us, then it will become the natural instinct of our hearts to do it. The indwelling love of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, who daily leads us by His hands and comforts and supports us by His Spirit, will make long services a delight, and the power to do each duty faithfully and well, will grow by its exercise till the perfection of it is attained in heaven. Duty! What a power it has ever been in the world! What moves it has made! But the highest duty, duty to God, this is the supreme power which dwells in man redeemed to regenerate the world, and make it again what it was to man unfallen. Calm, even balanced, steadfast, unwearied, quiet, like all the forces of what we call Nature, it lacks the noise and showiness and sudden violence of self-will, of enthusiasm, of excitement. But it has in it all of what that is strong all

of enthusiasm that is true, all of excitement that is good. What a grand meaning and purpose in life it opens out before us! We would know what we are, why we are here, what lies before us. Can we have a nobler and more blessed answer than St. Paul gives us in my text? "If children then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." Children of a loving Heavenly Father—heirs of an eternal kingdom, joint heirs with the Son of God Himself—what is due to so glorious a dignity and to such blessed hopes? That's our duty. And the following of that path is our sure way to ultimate happiness, to pleasure true and satisfying even in this life, and to pleasure unobscured at God's right-hand for evermore. The choice then lies before us, and we have the power to make it. We are not slaves, but free agents. Of ourselves indeed we can do nothing, but as children of God, as partakers of His covenant of love, the power is given us, not only to choose aright, but also to carry out our choice. With the help of the indwelling Spirit, who is indeed our very life, we are able to do what we wish when it is right, when it corresponds with the will of duty—and we are able to do what we wish when we know that we ought not to do it, to refuse to do what we know to be wrong, to utter an emphatic no when our evil inclination would entice us, and to abide by it through all temptations. O what shipwrecks men make of their honor, their peace, their happiness here and hereafter by the weakness which cannot say no when conscience declares they ought to say it. All sorts of paltry, weak excuses are brought up for yielding to what their hearts tell them to be wrong and dangerous. They try to cast the blame on others, or on their circumstances; but this can only alleviate for a little while their self-condemnation and remorse; and in the day of judgment, when the books are opened, when they are arraigned before the Bar of Eternal Justice, what will it avail? What an empty pretense will it appear! And not less fatal will be found the error of those who have said no when the call of duty to God, duty to their Church, duty to their own souls as children of God and heirs of heaven, required that they should answer yes. Such is the Church's call to come to confirmation. God says to you who by baptism have put on Christ, "If children then heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, shall children draw back from their Father's table when He is spread for them, and they are called to sit at His table of heaven, refuse the seals and pledges and foretaste of their great inheritance? Will it avail at the last day to plead the poor excuses which are offered now, or to offer before the eye of the All-seeing Judge the pretended humility which is content to say, 'I am not good enough!' without one determined effort to become so?" Dear brethren, take for your rule and guide the plain, simple law of Christian duty. The path of duty may be a long one, a rough or a narrow path, but it is hedged about with flowers, transplanted from paradise. Pleasure leads us along broad and sunny ways for a little while, but snares are in the road, and enemies lurk among the foliage, and her merry songs will turn at last into a great and exceeding bitter cry. But duty gives her precious compensations, even in the midst of the toil and heat. Duty has draughts of sweet refreshment for her votaries as they rest after the well-earned day. Duty leads us on in the steps of the Son of Man, who is the Son of God, and when the journey ends presents us to Him as He waits to welcome us with words of commendation and of cheer. Duty brings here to a quiet conscience, the peace of a trusting spirit, the proper natural fruits of graces gained and good works done in faith and love. Duty brings hereafter the blessed greeting, "Well done good and faithful servant," and the reward, which is not less sweet because it is a Father's and a Saviour's gift—that, having borne what was His will, and having given up what was our own will, and having done what was against our natural will, because we were His children, and duty to Him required it; and having thus suffered with Christ, we shall forever more be glorified together. TABLE TALK.—One of the ambassadors at Paris has a very indifferent cook. "That is a detestable dish," says one of the attaches of the legation, forgetting the respect due to his chief. "Sir," says the ambassador, sternly, "when a man is as particular as you are about his food, he usually winds up by marrying the cook." "That may be," replies the sub., "but you may depend upon it that it will be your cook I'll marry!"—France. Miss West, the daughter of the British Minister at Washington, speaks English with a decided French accent. She was educated at a French convent at Paris.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

FREDERICTON. CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The Bishop of Fredericton, Metropolitan of Canada, Rt. Rev. J. Medley, D. D.; Bishop Coadjutor, Rt. Rev. H. T. Kingston, D. D.; sub-dean, Rev. Finlay Alexander. Services on Sunday.—Celebration of the Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 6.30 p.m. CHRIST CHURCH (St. Ann's).—Rev. G. C. Roberts, rector. Morning service at 11 a.m., with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.15 a.m.; evening service 6.45 p.m. The sermon at both services will be by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery. Sabbath school at 2.15 p.m., at the Madras School Room. (The rector is in Chatham and will return on Tuesday next.) ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH.—Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Parish Priest; Rev. C. Preclilius, Curate. Sunday services—Low Mass at 9 a.m.; High Mass, at 11 a.m.; Vespers, at 3 p.m.; Sabbath school at 2 p.m. The Ladies Branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society meets in St. Dunstan's Hall immediately after Vespers. The male branch of the Society at 6.30 in the same place. Masses will be said every day during the week at 7.30 a.m. MARYBETH CHURCH.—Rev. E. Evans, Pastor; Rev. L. W. Wadman, Assistant. Morning service at 11, sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wadman; evening service at 6.30; sermon by the Rev. Mr. Evans. Sabbath school at 2.15 p.m. The pastor conducts a Bible Class at 2 p.m. During the week there will be prayer meetings on Monday and Friday evenings at 7.30. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. Morning service at 11; Evening service at 6.30; sermon by the pastor at both services. Subjects for the morning, "The Romance of a Christian Life," for the evening, "The survival of Saul's sin." Sabbath school at 2.30 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Bible Class Monday at 7.30 p.m. Subject of lesson, "Regeneration." BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. F. D. Crawley, pastor. Morning service at 11 a.m., evening service at 6.30. Sabbath school at 2.15 p.m. Week night school services on Monday and Friday evenings at 8.00. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 9.30. FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. McLeod, Pastor. Prayer meeting at 9.30. Morning service at 11 a.m., evening service at 6.30. Sabbath school at 2.15 p.m. The pastor and social meeting Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week at 7.30. MARYVILLE. METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. W. Brewer, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. The Rev. Mr. Wadman will preach in the Methodist church at 3 p.m. BRANDON BOOM BURSTING.—Just now the town of Brandon, the present terminus of the Pacific railway, west of Winnipeg, occupies a great deal of attention among the real estate men. It is what might be called the "boom town," that is as long as the Pacific railway is under construction the station for the time being being talked of and the scene of much speculation in lots. As soon as the rails reach the next station further west the latter in its turn becomes the "boom town." Already the glory of Brandon is departing. Lots that a week or a couple of months ago were selling for \$100 can now be had for \$100 with the prospect of still further reductions. Besides half the Brandon lots that are being offered are not in Brandon proper but out on the prairie within two or three miles of the town proper. Up till lately Brandon lots found a ready market in Winnipeg, and did not need to be brought to Toronto where their location was not definitely known. Within a short time a number of paper towns will be offered in Ontario. There are men from Winnipeg in the city today who have a dozen of these schemes in their pockets, only awaiting a favorable moment to expose them.—Toronto. THE DENIZENS OF THE JO BOATS.—Pittsburgh, Pa., has a curious little community who live in what are called "jo boats." A jo boat is an old barge or flat boat, no longer useful for carrying coal, which has built upon it a kind of house, like an enlarged freight car, that serves as a human habitation. In the old times jo boatmen were peddlers, and carried stocks of dry goods, tin-ware and notions up and down the river, stopping for a haul from either bank, and selling, buying and wrapping everything that came to hand; but railroads and steamboats took their occupation away, and jo boat men have fallen. Now they mostly toil not, but they steal odds and ends, pick up unconsidered clod from about the river, and lead the most shiftless, worthless and disreputable lives. The boats are knocking about in the water and mud, and sometimes half on dry land, and are dirty and uncomfortable; but they furnish work, such as they are, the dingy decks make play grounds for the children, and they are free from visits for rent and tax collectors. DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.—The members of Albion Lodge, I. O. G. T., hold a dramatic entertainment in Fisher's Building on Monday evening next, when the "Temperance Doctor," and a "Public Benefactor" will be played.

TELEPHONE MUSIC.

Since the Paris Exhibition the notion of telephonic music has become familiar to the public; but a development of such music has recently taken place which is exciting great interest amongst scientific men. In order to enable the Edison-Gower Bell Telephone Company of Europe to know exactly what they could accomplish in this respect, Colonel Gorman, the chairman, connected his own house with the house of Major Flood-Page, which is 2 1/2 miles distant. The connecting telephonic wire passes through the organ of the Crystal Palace; not only is the organ heard with remarkable distinctness at each house simultaneously, but Colonel Gorman and Major Flood-Page have been able to converse by means of the same wire, at the same moment as the music from the organ was travelling to their respective houses, without either the music or the voice being affected. This multiple use of the telephone seems to open out an extended view of the uses to which it may be put. As soon as this discovery was known Mrs. Gorman and Mrs. Flood-Page invited their friends and many scientific men to their houses, and these interesting facts have been verified in the past week by nearly 200 persons. The public will now have an opportunity of hearing these musical telephonic performances at the Crystal Palace, where it is intended they should form part of the permanent attractions.—English Paper. WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN SWITZERLAND.—An important instalment of "women's rights" has been concluded in Switzerland, where the law making both sexes of full legal age of twenty-one came into force with the new year. In many cantons the age of majority for men has hitherto been as high as twenty-six; and, as women were altogether denied majority, no matter how old they were, the number of "wards" was very great. The duty of guardianship in most cases devolved on the communes, which have now been relieved of much thankless labor; and for the future Swiss women, at home and abroad, whether married, married, or widows, will be civilly emancipated on their twenty-first birthday. In the town of Saint Gall alone fortunes to the amount of upwards of ten millions of francs were transferred to women, formerly in wardship, under the new law, on new year's day. Women's rights are getting recognized everywhere. The Kentucky Senate has just passed a bill permitting a wife to enjoy and full control of all property she may acquire from descent, purchase or the labor of her own hands. CLERICAL GARMENTS.—The Rev. Dean Stanley used to say that the dress of the clergy had no real origin, but was merely a relic of the fashions common to the Roman Empire in the first three centuries. The peasant's shirt of that period was of two kinds, the alb, meaning white, and the dalmatic, from Dalmatia, where it had its origin, just as ulsters have theirs in the Irish county of that name. This shirt was often worn over sheepskins and other skins, and called superpellicium. The bishop's rocket was a little coat worn out hunting; the pall is the pallium, or Roman toga; the cassock is traced to the word kas, skin or hide; the chasuble to cousta, "a little house" on one's head, even as "tile" is used in speaking of a hat; cope is another form of otercoat; the surplice an ordinary head-dress worn by women, its division into two points being only the mark of the creases made by folding it and carrying it under one's arm. The stole was a simple handkerchief. WASHINGTON ETIQUETTE.—The absurdity of Washington etiquette is displayed by the relative visiting relations of Mrs. James G. Blaine and Mrs. John Sherman. When Mr. Blaine first came here as a Representative Mrs. Blaine made the first call each year on Mrs. Sherman. Mr. Blaine was elected Speaker, and it was then the duty of Mrs. Sherman to pay the first call on Mrs. Blaine. Mr. Blaine ceased to be Speaker and Representative, when the old order was restored. Then Mr. Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Blaine a Senator, so Mrs. Sherman had to make the first call upon Mrs. Blaine. Last spring Mr. Blaine went into the Cabinet and Mr. Sherman became Senator, so Mrs. Blaine had to make the first call on Mrs. Sherman, and now Mrs. Blaine, as the wife of a citizen, the person to pay the first call, as Mrs. Sherman is the wife of a Senator. It reminds one of the old dancing figure: Ladies change. Chassez all around. FIREWOOD AND POWDER.—They still keep up, in Maine, the pleasant practice of loading sticks of firewood with gunpowder. In this way a great deal of excitement can be created in dull neighborhoods. The tedium of a long winter is effectually broken, also some ribs, and occasionally a skull; but anything is better than absolute stagnation. It is always an interesting question whether the person blown up stole the billet of wood, or whether he charged one of his own billets and forgot to toss it over into his neighbors' pile.

RAILROAD SOCIABILITY.

"Speaking of the sociability of railroad travellers," said the man with the crutches and a watch pocket over his eye, "I never got so well acquainted with the passengers as I did the other day on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. We were going at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and another train from the other direction each other's society, and brought into immediate social contact, so to speak. "I went over and sat in the lap of a corpulent lady from Manitoba, and a girl from Chicago jumped over nine seats and sat down on the plug hat of a preacher from La Crosse, with so much timid, girlish enthusiasm, that it shoved him, right clear down over his shoulders. "Everybody seemed to lay aside the usual cool reserve of strangers, and we made ourselves entirely at home. "A shy young man with an emaciated oil-cloth valise, left his own seat, and went over and sat down in a lunch basket where a bridal couple seemed to be wrestling with their first picnic. Do you suppose that reticent young man would have done such a thing on ordinary occasions? Do you think if he had been at a celebration at home that he would have risen impetuously, and gone where those people were eating by themselves, and sat down in the cranberry jelly of a total stranger? "I should rather think not. "Why, one old man who probably at home led the class meeting, and who was dignified as Roscoe Conkling's father, was eating a piece of custard pie, when we met the other train, and he left his own seat and went over to the front end of the car and shot that piece of custard pie into the ear of a beautiful widow from Iowa. "People travelling somehow forget the austerity of their home lives, and form acquaintances that sometimes last through life."—Laramie Boomerang. DEGREES OF CONSIDERATION.—"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer. "No, sah, not at all." "What! are you not a member of the African church?" "Not dis year, sah!" "Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?" "Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stopping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was like dis—I dined de church in good faith; I gave ten dollars toward de stated gospel de naz yash, and de church people call me 'Budder Dickson'; second year, my business being not so good, and I gib only five dollars. That year the people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?" "No, de razor goes tolerably well." "Well, sah, de third year I fell berry poor; had sickness in my family; I did't give noffin' for preachin'." Well, sah, arret dat dey call me 'dat old nigger, Dickson,' and I left 'em!" A LONG WAY AROUND THE WORLD.—The telegraphic message which Courtney, the Auburn, N. Y., oarsman, sent to Trickett in Australia, in 1878, accepting the latter's challenge for a 21,000 race, cost \$342 per word. After leaving the Auburn office of the W. U. Telegraph Co., the message went to New York, thence to Heart's Content, N. F., the cable end, thence to Valencia, Ireland, thence to London, then through Germany, Russia, Siberia, thence to Vladivostok, a point on the coast of Manchuria thence through Japan Sea to Nagasaki on one of the Japan Islands, through the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, China, through China Sea to Taigon, Siam, to Singapore, Malacca, thence to Batavia on the coast of Java, thence to St. Darwin, on the northern coast to Australia, and lastly to Sydney. Here are the fashionable colors in spring goods: Grey blue or greyhound, garnet shades, mustard shades, pearl and dark grey, olives, browns, and bronzes, shrimp and shell pinks, sapphire shades, greens and dark blues. It is said that the railroad officers of Australia employ upwards of three thousand women. They receive a salary of from \$5 to \$30 per month. They are invariably the near relatives of dead or active male employees of the road.