POOR COPY

Dept. Public Works

"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, MARCH 19, 1889. No. 126

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER,
Dentist,
IS HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
Office Queen Street, opp. Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, March 7.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS ... DR F. J. M'CAUSLAND'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.
rederiton, 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,
Barrister 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 oor 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

COLOSSUS
GUNTER'S BIG SLEIGH,
Seating nearly Half a Hundred, Drawn by Four or Six Horses,
ON HIRE AT REASONABLE RATES.
Parties of any number wishing to visit Marysville Rink will be called for at their residences.
Telephone your Orders.
GEO. I. GUNTER.
Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1888.

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.

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

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine,
Peptonized Beef.
DAVIS STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS.
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1888.

'Golden Fleece.'
FALL 1888
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, Nov. 3.

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

READY MADE BARGAINS.
The Subscribers will open on the First Day of May next, on the
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS,
At present occupied by Mr. Cropley, one of the best stocks of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
Ever offered in this City. They are now selling the balance of their Fall and Winter Stock at Prices which are nothing less than Ready Made Bargains. For CASH only.
LUCY & CO.
Fredericton, Feb. 23, 1889.

ORANGES.
Florida Oranges, (Onora Grove,) Messina Oranges, Valencia Oranges, Tangerin Oranges, Manderin Oranges, Catania Oranges, Messina Lemons, Catawba Grapes, Malaga Grapes, (Green,) Bananas.
ALL NEW STOCK.
G. T. WHELPLEY
310 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
1,000 Bushels Oats Selling Very Low. G. T. WHELPLEY.
Fredericton, March 9.

WE KNOW
A MAN ON THE ROAD TO RICHES,
Simply because he puts his money into Goods that give him satisfaction. Here is a few of those self same Goods.
PARLOR SUITES in Hair Cloth at $42.50.
We also have them at all prices, from $33.00 to $100.00.
BEDROOM SETTS in Hardwood at $25.50.
We also have Bedroom Setts as low as $16.00 as well as the more expensive Setts.
STAND LAMPS a Real Beauty at $1.00.
We still continue to sell SILVER PLATED WARE at remarkably Low Prices.
LEMONT & SONS.
Fredericton Feb 26

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

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc.
Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

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, Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel Watches, in Ladies' and Gent's 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; Gent's Tie Pins in Plate and Gold; Ladies' Neck Chains and Lockets; Gent's Watch Chains and Charms; Ladies' and Gent's 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 Setts in Silver Plate.
Iron Bronzes; 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.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

A Dead City—Nehemiah, A Captive, Longs to

Rebuild the Home of His Fathers—His Moonlight Ride.

Why and How the Heart of Man Must be Reconstructed.

BROOKLYN, March 17—At the tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes. He afterwards gave out the hymn beginning,

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,

which was sung by the vast congregation with magnificent effect. The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Moonlight Ride," and the text, Nehemiah ii, 15: "Then I went up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned." He said:

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

UPBUILDING OF ZION.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cup bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it today than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight, moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HEART.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit adultery, and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist once said to me, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new fashioned way. If he was converted in the old fashioned way he will stand. If he was converted in the new fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he say, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of the trowels.

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

Again. My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I knew it in this way.

GREED CURED BY CHRISTIAN WORK.

That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the pray. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat;
Praying, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.

WHERE COMFORT IS FOUND.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you today, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up today out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

We are not apt to look to South America for evidence of the greatest progress in science or art, and yet it is said that the sewerage system which is now being constructed in Buenos Ayres is the most perfect in the world. Measures have been taken which will result in putting every house in the city in perfect sanitary condition within three years. Sanitarians will watch the result of this stupendous undertaking with great interest, and will be able to deduce from it many valuable practical lessons.—Science.

Extraordinary Hair.

In Brazil there is a tribe called the Cafusos, which has sprung into existence by the marriage of the long, stiff haired natives and the imported negro slaves. As might naturally be expected from the admixture of these extremes, this people possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicularly from the head in thick, curly masses, and forms a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.—New York Telegram.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Too much help has ruined more men than too little.

In 1860, the ladies of the country wore $2,464,000 worth of wire in their hoop skirts.

A Georgia man has a hen which lays double eggs, each one having an egg within an egg, as it were.

The man who is drawn into a scheme to invest 1 cent and draw out $1 may not be a fool, but he is in no danger from brain fever.

In an exhibition at Dresden are collected a number of boots, shoes and slippers once worn by emperors, kings, queens and princes.

We are all of us more or less humbugs in this world, but most of us won't allow anybody but ourselves to say so.—Somerville Journal.

Dentists in Cedar Falls, Ia., are likely to have an opportunity to go fishing. An Indian "doctor" visited the town and during a few days' stay extracted nearly 1,000 teeth.

The London Times will be compelled to pass its dividends this year owing to the great expense incurred in the Parnell investigation. A circular to that effect has been sent to the shareholders.

It is not interesting to have a man tell how rich he might have been if he had good luck. It is better to know what he has been able to do against bad luck.—New Orleans Picayune.

An inhabitant of Portland, Oregon, not long ago offered to sell twelve acres of land for $880 per acre. His wife refused to sign the deed, and though he was angry at the time, he is more than pacified now, as the property will bring $20,000 readily.

Some negroes of Carrollton, Ga., entered into a compact to rob the town. They succeeded finely until they consulted a Tallapoosa fortune teller, who said they were thieves. This terrified them, and led to their arrest. There seems to be a place in society even for the fortune teller.

A writer in an English paper claims for Woodbridge the credit of possessing the meanest man in the person of a miserly yeoman who refused to allow his daughter to receive a sealskin jacket as a present because he could not afford to pay for the camphor which would be needed to keep the moths out of it during the summer.

There is no country of the world where the science of long life, accompanied with good health, unimpaired mental faculties, good digestion, and great activity, is better understood than in France, and there, of 1,000 persons born, 120 reach the age of 70, and the percentage continues to be high until 85 is past.

Paper doors are said to be great improvements over wooden ones. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and molded into panels and glazed together with glue and potash and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating and one that is fireproof, they are painted, varnished and hung in the usual way.

Dr. J. M. Edmunds, in a paper in a dental monthly, advocates the implanting of metallic roots in the jaw and the building of artificial teeth upon them. He believes that this method opens new possibilities for dentistry. By planting two metallic capsules in the rear of the jaw and two in the forward portion, he thinks it practical to lay a foundation for a complete set of permanent teeth.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 19,000 babies. It began to rock nineteen years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelth street, New York, with $3 in the treasury. Sister Irene was at the head of it, as she is still, a wonderful, frail little woman, whose genius and devotion will always be remembered by those who have once beheld her among the babies whom she has saved and succored.

George Herbert.

The annals of English poetry present but few names of greater distinction than that of George Herbert, who died on the 3d of March, 1633. He was born on April 3, 1593, and educated at the University of Oxford. Herbert's fame rests on a posthumous publication. At his death he left a manuscript of poems to be given to his brother, with the direction that they be published or burned, as the latter saw fit. They were published at Cambridge in 1633, and in 1670 20,000 copies of the poems had been sold, an extraordinary number for the Seventeenth century. The present enjoyment of his verses is marred by his quaint conceits and fantastic imagery, by which his pious and often profound thoughts are obscured rather than illustrated. Herbert had a passion for music and wrote many of his hymns that he might sing them to his flute and viol. —Philadelphia Times.

Men Who Don't Rest.

A man who never takes any rest from business may possibly pull through to the seventieth mile post, but the chances are against him. I was recently shocked to hear that an old friend, a veteran journalist, of fine mental ability, in some respects extraordinary, had been taken to the insane asylum, his mind a complete wreck. Thinking over the matter I remembered that when I last saw him he boasted that in the past eighteen years of hard newspaper work he had only taken a vacation of ten or twelve days. This furnished a hint as to the collapse of his brain. He had worked in a groove too incessantly, and the result was the breaking down of his brain when as yet he was in the prime and flower of life.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Lotta Crabtree's Age.

A prominent Federal office holder was walking up Broadway some days ago when he passed Miss Lotta Crabtree. "Isn't it a pity," said he, "that that chipper young woman, in whose cheeks you see no wrinkles, whose brown eyes, fresh with the light of genuine youth, and whose step is as agile as a fawn's, should be saddled with the stigma of old age—for it is a stigma to professional women—only because she was an infant prodigy and went on the stage in her early years? The statements recently printed about Lotta's owning up to 40, and being in reality 46, are amusing to people who have known her nearly all her life, as I have. I knew her father for a quarter of a century and was familiar with the estate he left Mrs. Crabtree, in government bonds, for Lotta. In 1872 I was present at the transfer of these bonds from Mrs. Crabtree to Lotta, the former stating to me then, as the reason for the assignment: 'My daughter is now of lawful age.' Lotta's exact words on that occasion were: 'I have now become of age, and I agree with mamma that it is best I should take control of my estate.' That makes Lotta exactly 38 years old now, and to that age I am willing to make an affidavit."—New York World.

Corbet's Legs.

One of the Corbets of Sundorne castle, near Shrewsbury, made a bet that his leg was the handsomest in the county or kingdom, and staked on his part his magnificent estates. He won. There is a picture in Sundorne castle representing the measuring of sundry legs.—Chambers' Journal.