homes, that shall eclipse all their predecessors, a fact that will be acknowledged by all men except those who are struck through with moral decay from toe to cranium; and more inexcusable than the Samson of the text is that man who amid all this unparalleled munificence of womanhood marries a fool. But some of you are abroad suffering from such a disaster, and to halt others of you from going over the same precipice, I cry out in the words of my text: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethern, or among all my people; that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

There are thousands of American pulpits, among them this pulpit, guilty in the fact that on some of the subjects on which men and women need practical advice they have been silent or teaching them only in forceless circumlocution about the choice of a lifetime companion, a question in which so much of time and all of eternity are involved, what almost universal silence in the church, so that there are not ten people in this house who have ever heard a discourse upon this theme; and the first one I have ever heard is the one I am preaching. We leave to the flippant novel, or the spectacular play, or the jingle of a doggerel rhyme, that which ought to burden the most tremendous sermon a minister ever preaches, from the day when he takes ordination to the day when in judgment he meets his God. And so, in this course of sermons, I am going to hitch up my best team to the whiffletree, and put the coulter of the plough clear up to the beam, and go straight on from fence to fence, however many nests of moles and serpents may be ripped up by the furrow, and however many alarmed people may cry "Whoa!"

That marriage is the destination of the human race is a mistake that I want to correct before I go further. There are multitudes who never will marry, and still greater multitudes who are not fit to marry. In Great Britain to-day there are 948,000 more women than men, and that, I understand, is about the ratio in America. By mathematical and inexorable law, you see, millions of women will never marry. The supply for matrimony greater than the demand, the first lesson of which is that every woman ought to prepare to take care of herself if need be. Then there are thousands of men who have no right to marry, because they have become so corrupt of character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman. Society will have to be toned up and corrected on this subject, so that it shall realize that if a woman who has sacrificed herhonor is unfitted for marriage, so is any man who has ever sacrificed his purity. What right have you, O masculine beast! whose life has been loose, to take under your care the spotlessness of a virgin reared in the sanctity of a respectable home? Will a buzzard dare to court a dove?

But the majority of you will marry and have a right to marry, and as your religious teacher I wish to say to these men, in the choice of a wife first of all seek Divine direction. About 35 years ago, when Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, urged men to prayer before they decided upon matrimonial association, people laughed. And some of them have lived to laugh on the other side of their mouth. The need of Divine direction I argue from the fact that so many men, and some of them strong and wise, have wrecked their lives at this juncture, Witness Samson and this woman of Timnath. Witness Socrates pecked of the historical Xantippe. Witness Job, whose wife had nothing to prescribe for his carbuncles, but allopathic doses of profanity. Witness Ananias, a liar, who might perhaps have been cured by a truthful spoose, yet marrying as great a liar as himself—Sapphira. Witness John Wesley, one of the best men that ever lived, united to one of the most outrageous and scandalous of women, who sat in City Road chapel making mouths at him while he preached. Witness the once connubial wretchedness of John Ruskin, the great art essayist, and Fred. W. Robertson, the great preacher. Witness a thousand hells on earth kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March north-easter; female spendthrifts that put their husbands into fraudulent schemes to get money enough to meet the lavishment of domestic expenditure; opium-eating women—about 400,000 of them in the United States, who will have the drug though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household; heartless and overbearing, and namby-pamby and unreasonable women, yet married; married perhaps to good men. These are the women who build the low club-houses, where the husbands and sons go because they can't stand it at home. On this sea of matrimony, where so many have wrecked, am I not right in advising Divine pilotage?

Especially is devout supplication needed because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweller, and the hair-adjuster, and the dancing-master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics, and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart. That is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and they backed out. They mistook Jezebel for Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lucretia Borgia for Martha Washington.

Aye; as the Indian chief boasts of the scalps he has taken, so there are in society to-day many coquettes who boast of the masculine hearts they have captured. And these women, though they may live amid richest upholstery, are not so honorable as the cyprians of the street, for these advertise their infamy, while the former profess Heaven while they mean hell. There is so much counterfeit womenhood abroad it is no wonder that some cannot tell the genuine coin from the base. Do you not realize you need Divine guidance when I remind you that mistake is possible in this important affair, and, if made, is irrevocable?

The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked together. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite sides of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring of the finger, might rend the wedding veil asunder, might tear out the marriage leaf from the family Bible record; but all that would fail to unmarry you. It is better not to make the mistake than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder? There is only one Being in the Universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, but is fortunate, judging from some mistakes which she afterwards made, that it was Eve or nothing.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his 24 ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are 23 possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and wilfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;" by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the one dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when someone called her a rose the poet said: "I am no judge of colors, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;" by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave, that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.

By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretence of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book-cases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louisa's time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband, while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counsellor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God, morning, noon and night, that at the right time and in the right way. He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

At this point let me warn you not to let a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers, in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment Divinely illumined. These brokers in matrimony are ever planning how they can unite impecunious innocence to an heiress, or celibate woman to millionaire or marquis, and that in many cases makes life an unhappiness. How can any human being, who knows neither of the two parties as God knows them, and who is ignorant of the future, give such direction as you require at such a crisis. Take the advice of the earthly matchmaker instead of the Divine guidance, and you may some day be led to use the words of Solomon, whose experience in home life was as melancholy as it was multitudinous.

One day his palace with its great rooms and great wide doors and great wide hall, was too small for him and the loud tongue of a woman belaboring him about some of his neglects, and he retreated to the housetop to get relief from lingual bombardment. And while there he saw a poor man on one corner of the roof with a mattress for his only furniture, and the open sky his only covering. And Solomon envies him and cries out: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

And one day during the rainy season, the water leaked through the roof of the palace and began to drop in a pail or pan set there to catch it. And at one side of him all day long the water went Drop! Drop! Drop! while on the other side a female companion quarrelling about this and quarrelling about that, the acrimonious and petulant words falling on his ear in ceaseless pelting—Drop! Drop! Drop! and he seized his pen and wrote: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."

If Solomon had been so prayerful at the beginning of his life as he was at the close, how much domestic infelicity he would have avoided. But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough. Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite presence, and then you will answer your own prayer, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God.

If you have this prayerful spirit you will surely avoid all female scoffers at the Christian religion; and there are quite a number of them in all communities. It must be told that, though the only influence that keeps woman from being estimated and treated as a slave—aye, as a brute and a beast of burden—is Christianity, since where it is not dominant she is so treated, yet there are women who will so far forget themselves and forget their God, that they will go and hear lecturers malign Christianity and scoff at the most sacred things of the soul. A good woman, over-persuaded by her husband, may go once to hear such a tirade against the Christian religion, not fully knowing what she is going to hear; but she will not go twice. A woman, not a Christian but a respector of religion, said to me: "I was persuaded by my husband to go and hear an infidel lecturer once, but going home, I said to him, 'My dear husband I would not go again though my declinature should result in our divorcement forever.'" And the woman was right. If after all that Christ and Christianity have done for a woman she can go again and again to hear such assaults, she is an awful creature and you had better not come near such a reeking lepress. She needs to be washed and for three weeks to be soaked in carbolic acid, and for a whole year fumigated, before she is fit for decent society. While it is not demanded that a woman be a christian before marriage, she must have regard for the Christian religion or she is a bad woman and unworthy of being your companion in a life charged with such stupendous solemnity and vicissitudes.

What you want, O man! in a wife, is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a glittling nonentity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gad about, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humbug ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul, one that can not only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steadying when you come to the verge of them, I tell you! When your fortune fails you will want someone to talk of treasures in Heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter, "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it, sincerity and earnestness are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that and you get all. Fail to get that and you get nothing but what you will wish you never had got.

Don't make the mistake that the man of the text made in letting his eye settle the question in which the coolest judgment directed by Divine Wisdom, are all important. He who has no reason for his wifely choice except a pretty face, is like a man who should buy a farm because of the dahlias in the front dooryard. Beauty is a talent, and when God gives it He intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. When the good Princess of Wales dismounted from the railtrain last summer, and I saw her radiant face, I could understand what they told me the day before that, when at the great military hospital where are now the wounded and the sick from the Egyptian and other wars, the Princess passed through, all the sick were cheered at her coming, and those who could not be roused neither by doctor or nurse from their stupor, would get up on their elbows to look at her, and wan and wasted lips prayed an audible prayer: "God bless the Princess of Wales! Doesn't she look beautiful?"

But how uncertain is the tarrying of beauty in a human countenance. Explosion of a kerosene lamp turns it into scarification, and a scoundrel with one dash of vitrol may dispel it, or Time will drive his chariot wheels across that bright face cutting it up in deep ruts and gullies. But there is an external beauty on the face of some women whom a rough and ungallant world may criticize as homely, and though their features may contradict all the laws of Lavater on physiognomy, yet they have graces of soul that will keep them attractive for time, and glorious through all eternity.

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband, whatever her stature or profile. By financial panic or betrayal of business partner; the man goes down, and returning to his home that evening he says: "I am ruined; I am in disgrace forever; I care not whether I live or die." It is an agitated story he is telling in the household that winter night. He says: "The furniture must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depend on these trappings you do not know me though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the National Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment, and if you don't mind I dont care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning needle. And, John, light one of the other gas burners. And, Jimmy, open the register for a little more heat. Fanny, fetch your father's slippers. I declare! I have forgotten to set the rising for those cakes! And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-Morrow."

"It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lillies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

"Though vine nor fig-tree either
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice."

The husband looks up in amazement and says: "Well, well, you are the greatest woman I ever saw. I thought you would faint dead away when I told you." And as he looks at her, all the glories of physiognomy in the court of Louis XV on the modern fashion plates, are tame as compared with the superhuman splendors of that woman's face. Joan of Arc, Mary Antoinette and La Belle Hamilton, the enchantment of the court of Charles II, are nowhere.

There is another time when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband. She has done the work of life. She has reared her children for God and heaven, and though some of them may be a little wild they will yet come back, for God has promised. She is dying and her husband stands by. They think over all the years of their companionship, the weddings and the burials, the ups and downs, the successes and the failures. They talk over the goodness of God and his faithfulness to children's children. She has no fear about going. The Lord has sustained her so many years she would not dare to distrust him now. The lips of both of them tremble as they say bood bye and encourage each other about an early meeting in a better world. The breath is feebler and feebler, and stops. Are you sure of it? Just hold that mirror at the mouth, and see if there is any vapor gathering on the surface. Gone! As one of the neighbors takes the old man by the arm gently and says: "Come, you had better go into the next room and rest;" he says: "Wait a moment; I must take one more look at that face and at those hands!" Beautiful! Beautiful!

My friends, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumnal sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the solo of human life overpowered by hallelujah chorus. That is a Queen's coronation. That is Heaven. That is the way my father stood at eighty-two, seeing my mother depart at seventy-nine. Perhaps so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well.

### News Summary.

LONDON Jan. 12.—The powers have summoned Servia, Bulgaria and Greece to disarm, promising them that Turkey will follow their example.

A fight has taken place between a body of Russian troops and 600 Shohsovals, who were crossing the Russian frontier to winter in Russian Moyhan. Eighty Shohsovals and seventeen Cosacks were killed in the battle and a large number wounded.

BELGRADE, Jan. 12.—Servia has resolved not to make peace with Bulgaria until the question regarding the disposition of Eastern Roumelia by the powers has been solved in a manner which will satisfy the wishes of the Servian government.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—A delegation of landowners will wait upon Gladstone next week.

Parnell is expected to meet his followers in London on Thursday.

The *Standard* says that Gladstone is vehemently urging his colleagues to unite in order to eject the government.

The Nationalists will run a Protestant in Armagh in order to catch the votes of Presbyterian farmers.

KINGSTON, Ont., Jan. 13.—There is great excitement at the barracks, an order having been received to parade all the men to morrow for medical inspection. It is rumored a contingent will be sent to the North West immediately.

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Jan. 13.—Two girls named Derosia and Young were this afternoon smothered to death in a house on Perth street by gas escaping from a stove.

If you have a home which is maintained by your skill and energies, will your family continue to enjoy their present comforts should your powers suddenly cease in death? If not, is it not your duty to protect them by a policy in the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, St. John, N. B.

SCROFULA is known by swelling of the glands of the neck, abscesses, sores, a pale countenance, low vitality, and general signs of bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the scrofulous condition by making pure healthy blood.

QUINSY.—At this season of the year Quinsy and various forms of Throat Complaints prevail. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is an excellent throat and lung medicine, that cures Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

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## TELEGRAPHIC TIDINGS.

**Church News—Political Rumors.**

**Germany and the Vatican—Smuggling.**

**A Historian on the Irish Difficulty.**

Special to Gleaner

DUBLIN, Jan. 14.—Prince Edward, of Saxe Wilmar, Commander of the forces, and Judges Chatterton and Ball, have been sworn in as Lords Justices to govern Ireland during the absence of a Viceroy.

O'Connor will set in the House of Commons for Queen's County thus leaving a vacancy in Donegal.

**M. Malon Dying.**

Special to Gleaner

BRUSSELS, Jan. 14.—M. Malon, Prime Minister, who had a stroke of peralysis on Tuesday, is dying.

**Church News.**

Special to GLEANER

ROME, Jan. 14.—The Pope will create no British or American cardinals at the coming consistory.

**Arrested.**

Special to GLEANER.

MADRID, Jan. 14.—A number of persons have been arrested at Saragossa, Barcelona and Cordova in connection with Carthagena rising.

**Political Rumors.**

Special to Gleaner.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—It is reported that Earl Spencer has notified Gladstone that his views on Irish question coincide with those of ex-Premier. There is a rumor that Sir William Hart Dyke, Chief Secretary for Ireland intends to resign that office.

**To Build a Railway.**

Special to GLEANER.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Siecle says that Henry M Stanley goes to Congo State to direct preliminary arrangements for building of a railway.

**Protection Rejected.**

Special to Gleaner.

The North Dublin Board of Guardians, by a vote of 17 to 6, has rejected a motion in favor of protection on the ground that protection would only benefit landlords.

**Germany and the Vatican.**

Special to GLEANER.

BERLIN, Jan. 14.—The Vossische Zeitung says "that secret negotiations are being carried on between Germany and the Vatican, looking to appointment of Papal Nuncio to Germany and the transfer of the residence of Archbishop of Posen to Berlin.

**A Smuggler Frozen to Death.**

Special to GLEANER.

MADRID, Jan. 14.—Custom authorities have seized a number of muskets and a quantity of ammunition at a villiage on the French frontier. The smuggler, who is alleged to have been a Carlist Chief, was found buried in snow and frozen to death.

**A Solid French Party.**

Special to Gleaner.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—At a meeting of Radicals yesterday, it was resolved to join with extreme left and form a solid party. Opportunists and moderates will probably follow this example and combine their forces.

**A French Painter Dying.**

Special to Gleaner.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Saul Saudry, French painter, has had a stroke of paralysis, and is believed to be dying.

**The Irish Question.**

Special to GLEANER.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The Irish Local Government bill will be delayed until the English bil is settled. Although promised in the Queen's Speech the Irish measure may not appear during this session of parliament. Parnellites are not eager to force Government to declare its Irish policy.

Gladstone and Lord Hartington, it is said, disagree as to a home rule platform and the Duke of Devonshire is urging Lord Hartington to an open rupture with ex-premier.

**An Historian on the Irish Difficulty.**

Special to GLEANER.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—Mr. E. Lecky, historian, has written a letter on the Irish Question in which he declares that any English statesman who advocates handing over property of the Government in Ireland to the Parnellites is either a traitor or a fool; to set up an Irish Parliament he thinks would be an act of fatuity and wickedness unparalleled even in Irish history. What Ireland needs, he says, is restoration of the liberty of the people to pursue their their lawful business and fulfil their lawful contracts. Unless the law of the empire be restored in Ireland industrial ruin is inevitable and will be followed by anarchy, which can only be quelled by the sword.

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