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VOL. IV. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1888. No. 129

Professional Cards

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR,)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DR. CROCKET,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 109 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th 1887

GREGORY & GREGORY,
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY,
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887 Registrar of Probates.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister, and Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Etc.
SEC'Y-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Office: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov 1 t, 1887

Livery Stables

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

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

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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

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FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
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—ALSO,—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or 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

Undertaking

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

Insurance

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

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Guaranteed Capital, - - $300,000.00
Full Government Deposit,
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN" embrace Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi Tontine, and Guarantee Policies, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day represent a steadily increasing business by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and is now received on a sound financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all, as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
C. E. DUFFY,
Oct. 29, 1887—w 1m—1yr. Agent, Fredericton

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

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

ANTHRACITE COAL.
CHESTNUT AND STOVE
ANTHRACITE COAL.
A small quantity of the above Coal on hand, which I will sell at Lowest possible Prices.
DAILY EXPECTED:
A quantity of Good
HOUSE COAL,
FRESH MINED AND DOUBLE SCREENED.
E. H. ALLEN,
18 REGENT STREET.
COAL SHED: CAMPBELL ST.
Fredericton Feb. 18th, 1888.

New Advertisements

FEED STORE.
I beg to inform my numerous customers and patrons that I have opened a FEED STORE in the Barker House Alley, where I hope to keep constantly on hand, all kinds of feed.
JUST RECEIVED:
12 Tons Bran, Shorts & Middlings.
LANDING THIS DAY: 1 CAR LOAD
OATS,
All of which will be sold as Low as any in the Market.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN ST., - - FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Feb. 28th, 1888.

FEBRUARY 1888.
HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES, &C.
TENNANT, DAVIES & Co
We have just received our usual Large Assortment of
FINE EMBROIDERIES,
WHITE AND COLORS. ALL WIDTHS.
ORIENTAL LACES. LACE FLOUNCINGS,
In White, Cream, and Coffee. We are also Showing full Lines of
TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, SHEETINGS, GREY AND WHITE COTTONS, &C., &C.
☞ Inspection respectfully invited.
TANNANT, DAVIES & Co., 202 Queen Street
Fredericton, Feb. 11th, 1888.

FEBRUARY 1.
NEW GOODS
—AT—
JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.
Prints, White Cottons, White Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Grey Cottons, Grey Sheetings, Feather Tickings, New Embroideries, Morse & Kaley Manufacturing Co.'s
Knitting Cotton, 16 oz. to the lb.
JOHN J. WEDDALL,
204 QUEEN STREET.

A GRAND DISPLAY FOR CHRISTMAS, OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
IN THE NEWEST STYLES, AT
LOTTMER'S SHOE STORE.
An Immense Stock of Boots, Shoes, Overboots, Slippers, Moccasins, &c., now ready for inspection. The latest thing out is Overstockings with Rubbers attached, for Ladies, Misses and Children. Also Felt Leggings for Misses and Children, ask to See them. Gents' Velvet and Carpet Slippers in beautiful patterns, suitable for Xmas Present. Toboggan Overcoats for Gentlemen. Snowshoes in Ladies', Gents' and Children's sizes.
A. LOTTIMER, 201 Queen Street.
Fredericton, Dec. 17th, 1887.

1887. 1888.
HOLIDAY SEASON
OPENING DAILY:
FULL LINE OF
Fancy Goods and Novelties, &c.
SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR AND WEDDING PRESENTS.
Our Stock this Season is one of the largest and best selected to be found in the city. An inspection of our goods and prices solicited.
W. T. H. FENETY,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
286 QUEEN STREET, - FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton Dec 6th, 1887.

Money. Money.
If you want a Gold Mine, we can't give it to you, but if you want HOLIDAY GOODS, we have the Largest Line in the city at the lowest rates. See large advertisement for Prices
NEW BRASS AND OXIDIZED SILVER GOODS.
PLUSH GOODS in great variety. Gents' and Ladies' Pocket Books, and Shopping Bags.
An immense stock of SILVER PLATED WARE just opened.
Late Novelties in JEWELRY—Solid Gold Sets, Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons, &c. &c.
☞ Remember the place
SHUTE'S, 302 Officers' Square.

NEW GOODS!
Unbleached Cotton, White Cotton, Sheeting, Ducks, Cottonades, Prints and Satins, Linen Damasks, Napkins.
JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, Jan. 31st 1888.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Songs of the Night---Sermon at the Tabernacle.

Jubilant Exercises at Morning Service.

The Right Hand of Fellowship Extended to Many New Members.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership one thousand four hundred and fifty. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before the sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:

When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaih v, 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart proper attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. When I see in the field a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. An so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolations and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm look and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school girl asks for a schottische or a glee, but her grandmother asks for "Bakerna" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the Psalm book open before him and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune: nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song today that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailors' bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voices with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his stone bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him; the sorrow of his disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me:
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are; I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was so sea overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, oh Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

A Queer Sort of Watch.

While traveling through New York state I came across what I consider a curiosity. The clerk of the Dibble house, in Matteawan, N. Y., Mr. Charles Sweet, has a watch he purchased from a German many years ago, who bought it in a pawnshop in Germany at a cost of not quite $1, American money. The curious part is, it never has been wound for eight or nine years since he has had it, for two reasons: First, it does not wind with a key, nor is it a stem winder, nor is there any other mechanical means to wind it. It winds itself simply by the motion of the body while walking or natural motion of the body during the day. It has an hour and minute hand, also a second hand, is solid silver, and has an independent second hand that registers the number of hours it is wound. It also has a peculiar centerpiece that, when touched, places the hands backward or forward at will. No manufacturer's name can be found on the works or in the case; the only letters are on the works: "Perpetual manometer."—Dr. Charles L. Howard in New York World.

Scientific tests in Hungary show that corn will produce the largest yield of milk, while sorghum will produce milk of the richest quality.

TAMING SAVAGE ANIMALS

How Cruelty, Skill and Science Are Combined to Subdue Wild Beasts.

The king of beasts when conquered is like a lamb, and the young lions are trained one at a time. For several days the animal is well fed. He is tempted to thrust his forepaws out in front of the den. Over them is slipped a noose, and the feet are then firmly tied down. The lion at once begins to roar and thrash his tail and hind legs about the cage. After a time he quiets down and the keeper enters the den. With a dexterous movement the bag is drawn over the lion's head. The keeper sometimes bestrides his back and holds his seat by tightening his legs around the body and grasping the mane of the animal. In the head covering is usually a sponge, saturated with about eight ounces of chloroform.

The lion will try to shake off the keeper, but is powerless when his fore paws are tied down. In a moment or two the beast becomes unconscious. Other trainers then enter the den. Great attention and care are exercised over the pulsations of the lion's heart. The pulse is felt under the lower jaw the same as in a horse. It is dangerous to etherize or chloroform an animal of the cat species too severely, and the instant the pulsations become at all feeble the dose has to be lightened.

When the keeper becomes satisfied that the animal is unconscious, they begin operations on his teeth. The canines, bicuspids and incisors are cut off. It requires great dexterity to know how far in the crown to cut without laying the nerve bare. After the operations on the teeth are finished, the keeper clips the claws, and in a few moments the lion is bereft of his teeth and claws. A heavy collar and chain are fastened around his neck, and when he comes to consciousness he is a very different beast than before.

The keepers will enter the cage at short intervals after this, and, should the lion attempt to spring, the chain retards him, and the keeper at once administers a sharp rap with a rawhide whip. The lion deprived of his teeth and claws soon becomes cowardly. He is kept well fed, and, if too ferocious, is drugged until he becomes used to his keeper's presence in the cage.

Tigers are more difficult to conquer. Their teeth and claws are cut off in a similar manner to those of the lion. Tigers are more treacherous, and will spring at a keeper unexpectedly and without any warning whatever. They are drugged and kept chained for a long time and often flogged into submission.

Leopards and panthers are easily tamed. With the wolf and the hyena the keepers fear only the teeth. They are "dog footed," and do not strike like a cat animal. Their teeth are cut and a good club will do the rest.

The operation upon the long tusks of the baboon is so painful and apparently so inhuman as to call for a humane society's interference. The keepers will secure a baboon's paws and legs and draw the creature close up to the bars of his cage. The head will be tied also. After he is made fast his long tusks are sawed off. The baboon is subject to toothache and his teeth extremely sensitive. When the saw cuts through the nerve the poor beast will utter the most piercing shrieks and howls. To allay the pain, toothache drops of oil of cloves, oil of cajaput and chloroform are poured in the teeth and tar rubbed on to keep out the air.

After the operation is over, the keeper retreats, the fastenings are removed and the baboon allowed to recover. After such an operation the baboon seldom shows a disposition to attack a man. It is, therefore, not so wonderful, after all, that the man eaters and all sorts of carnivorous animals are paraded through the streets with keepers among them. Timid people should take heart and remember that animals clipped, drugged and chained in cages are not possessed of such ferocious instincts as those of their native wilds.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Counter Jumpers of Havana.

Many salesmen here are clad only in patent leather gaiters, silk hose and pure linen trousers and shirts; but these are spotless. Indeed, the Cubans are the cleanest people regarding their dress I ever knew. A stevedore will load molasses on a vessel a whole week and you can hardly find a spot upon his white suit when Saturday night comes. Somehow your sense of propriety is not offended when you see cash boys, errand boys and helpers of all sorts in skin tight, lightly woven cotton shirts, and as airy breeches and slippers. Often, too, for a change, here will stand three or four negroes, packers or boxers or something of the sort, with bare feet, spotless white trousers held by a gay sash, and with naked, gleaming waists, arms and shoulders. But they all fit marvelously into these shop scenes, and nobody faints away but an occasional visitor out of those few wonderful American women who are naturally horrified.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

How to Clean Off Ice.

"This slow process of cleaning the ice off the sidewalks by chipping at it with a shovel or a hatchet makes me tired," said a country bred citizen as he struggled over a mass of fragments of ice, some stuck fast and some loose. "It could be done ten times more quickly by the use of an old fashioned wooden maul, made by taking a log several feet long and trimming it down to a diameter of two or three inches for most of its length. It should be of the original thickness for about one foot or eighteen inches from one end, and that should be the business end. A few vigorous blows, delivered without moving the maul from the perpendicular, would smash the icy covering of any sidewalk in New York into loose fragments that could be moved in a few minutes."—New York Sun.

The Professor's Blissful Ignorance.

A Buffalo professor the other day was enlightening his class on the subject of geology, when one of the pupils came forward, handed a piece of rock candy to the professor, and asked what it was. The professor suggested that it was probably a quantity of crystalline quartz, whereupon the boy wondered at its being so crumbly. The scientist then ventured the opinion that the substance was carbonate of lime. Some of the boys could not refrain from giggling outright, but the professor remained in blissful ignorance of the joke.—Chicago News.

Baptist Missions in Russia.

Baptists are the only Protestant body which has the privilege of carrying on missions in Russia with the sanction of the government, but they are not allowed to baptize members of the Greek church. There are in Russia 34 Baptist churches, 41 pastors and evangelists, 82 Sunday schools and 12,371 church members; 850 were baptized last year.—Pueblo Opinion.

Good Judge of Portraits.

A famous art connoisseur of Baltimore can, at a glance, tell whether a portrait of any merit has been painted from life or from imagination aided by photography. In the latter case the soul of things is not manifest. Only a discerner of spirits could detect the difference.—Baltimore American.

Velocity of Electricity.

Electricity has no assignable velocity. This varies with the current and the conductor. Wheatstone, in 1833, seemed to show a transmission velocity of 288,000 miles a second through copper wire, but in late experiments signals were sent over ordinary telegraph wires on poles, and had a rate of only 14,000 to 16,000 miles. With wires near the earth the velocity was 12,000 miles, but reached 24,000 on very high wires.