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The Gleaner.

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VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1889. No. 105

Professional Cards

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

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. J. McCAUSLAND'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.
Fredericton, 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.

G. 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.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second Door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887.

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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.

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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

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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

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

New Advertisements.

XMAS IS COMING.
We want every Boy and Girl in Fredericton that wishes to improve their time during the long winter months, to ask their Dry Goods Merchant for one of our
DRAWING BOOKS,
Which will be furnished free of charge.
LADIES, USE BELDING'S
Unequalled Spool Silk,
And find a Treasure in that one name.
BELDING, PAUL & CO., Is on the End of every Spool.
Fredericton, Nov. 13.

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

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

WEST END
SAW MILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING
PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
☞ Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th. 1887

SEWING MACHINES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.
Furniture Repaired.
Jobbing in Carpentry
Attended to by
W. S. HIMELMAN,
192 GEORGE STREET
SEWING MACHINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
Fredericton, Oct. 15, 1888

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

WAKE UP WM. HENRY
AND GO TO
S-E-E-R-Y-'S
AND HAVE HIM
Make You an Overcoat with Cape.
Leaving all jokes aside he makes the best fitting and most stylish Suits, Overcoats and Reefers in the City. Try him and be convinced. Cutting attended to promptly.
Fredericton, Jan. 15. W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AVENUE

JANUARY 1889.
REDUCED PRICES.
Several Lines of
WINTER DRY GOODS.
Furs, Wool Goods, Remnants, &c, &c., at Reduced Prices to Clear.
TENNANT, DAVIES & Co
202 Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 5.

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 Buttons, 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 Beauties; Fish 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.

ALL THE LEADING NOVELTIES.
The Subscriber's Stock is now Complete in every Department, and is replete with all the Latest Novelties. Having adopted the principle of
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS,
the Subscriber most respectfully solicits a call from his friends and the public generally. Full Lines of the following departments are in Stock, which intending purchasers would do well to examine:

Silks,	Tweeds,
Velvets,	Flannels,
Velveteens,	Cotton Flannels,
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Ribbons,	Unbleached Cottons,
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Cloths,	Prints, Ducks,
Hosiery,	Haberdashery,
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Cotton Warps,	Oilcloths.

JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, Dec. 18, 1888.

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.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The False Doctrines of Anti-Christians Refuted.

A Few Words for the Benefit of the Enemies of Evangelism.

The Plague of Unbelief that is now Rampant in the World.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 27.—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon this morning was on "Slanders Against Religion Answered." His text was: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings." Rev. x, 10, 11. The reverend gentleman said:

Dessitian, the Roman emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hill side, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has a supernatural dream, and before him pass, as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him and told him to eat it up. As in a dream, things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

THE REASONS WHY CREEDS ARE NECESSARY.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well jointed, roseate, bounding life, and the scalpel and the dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scarecrow which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian church believes that God is a savage sovereign, and that he made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian church believes that God is a loving and just sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomachs. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign, we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The governor of New York; he is my state sovereign. The president of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there, I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and he has conservatories and he has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap in the furnaces you may.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS THAT FILL MEN'S MINDS.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Tombs Street jail and the New York Ton. and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a [illegible] would this be [illegible] suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the New Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock up. If all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory—I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common sense demands two destinies! And then as to the Presbyterian church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to the house I live in and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopalian church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion. This again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist church has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the Baptist church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist church. They say the Methodist church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

IT IS THE IGNORANT MAN WHO DISBELIEVES.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons! Impossible! If it is one God he can't be three, and if there are three they can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make up—body, mind, soul. Body, with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach—"justification by faith; you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: When a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one; he has injured you; he apologizes, or he makes reparation; you say, "Now, that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this: A man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man: "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation man-of-war lay down here at the Brooklyn navy yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

AN ILLUSTRATION WITH A MORAL.

A man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone: "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the "[illegible]ness. He resigned the business he sent back the [illegible] been sent him. [illegible] which he hated. [illegible]nmersion in the [illegible] salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion said: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus would save her. "Oh," said she, "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and strange and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that is there!" "Yes, [illegible] it is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "Oh, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise: 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'" In a few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it, and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there are any dry husks of technicality in that, where are they? All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

A few years ago a ship captain came in here and sat yonder under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship owners and the ship commanders what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

A little while after his conversion he was on ship off Cape Hatteras in a thick and prolonged fog, and they were at their wits' ends and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about hither and thither, and they lost their bearings; and the converted sea captain went to his room and asked God for the salvation of the ship, and God revealed it to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea captain came out on the deck and told how God heard his prayers. He said: "It is all right, boys; very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at just the hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety.

When in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has long been decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside beside one who had not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it, it is a fact. The scoffing sea captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration; that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sanctimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale college on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid his poverty for our riches, his self abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over his lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

THESE DOCTRINES WERE NOT MADE TO BE SCOFFED AT.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is his wisdom, and his ways are past finding out! Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the [illegible] immensity [illegible] earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging, in the year 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry: "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the vagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits, in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief struck who went by to the burial place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here today or through the printing press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spreads its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

BOILED DOWN.

King Ja-Ja, of West Africa, is 52 years of age, and has only 200 wives.

The will of the late William Carr, of Pittsburg, leaves over $1,000,000 to kinsfolk in Ireland.

The statistics of New England prove that seven out of every ten women left widows under the age of 35 marry again within two years.

A Turkish bath for horses is the latest wrinkle in New York. They are put through the same sweating and cooling processes as human beings.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers one, three, five, seven, nine belong to heaven, while the even digits are of the earth earthy.

Up in the topmost branches of a large tree that was felled near Winchester, O., recently a petrified fish was found, supposed to have been dropped by an eagle or some bird of prey.

A bullet fired into a Tennessee negro who was stealing a pig struck him in the right arm, ran up to the shoulder, passed down to the left side, twisted around two ribs and dropped at his feet.

The happiness of mankind is the end of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the means, which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not habitually interested himself in the welfare of others.—Coleridge.

It is estimated that there are five American citizens who are worth $50,000,000 each, fifty worth $10,000,000 each, 100 worth $5,000,000 each, 200 worth $3,000,000 each, 500 worth $1,000,000 each and 1,000 worth $500,000 each.

Remember that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition that he may improve these opportunities.—Doddridge.

Cremation is still illegal in France, and bodies have to be taken to Italy for the purpose. A Parsian was carried to Milan for incineration, according to the direction of his will, when the Italian customs authorities levied $70 import duty on the body when it entered the country, and charged the same export duty when the ashes were taken back to France.

There is a great increase in the consumption of African teak wood in the east. Wherever a surface of iron or steel comes in direct contact with one of this wood this material is invaluable. It contains an oil which prevents iron from rusting. It is easily worked, but wears tools away rapidly on account of the quantity of silex in it.

At a meeting of the American Ornithologists' union, Ernest E. Thompson, of Canada, said that some birds, especially sparrows, have ventriloquial powers. Birds when surprised in the act of singing will be silent for a moment, and then give forth a faint song that seems to come from a distance, though the singer be not farther than ten feet away. Thrushes and robins, the lecturer said, also have this power.

The chief object of the New York Working Women's Protective union is to see that working women are paid for their work. Most of the officers connected with the union give their services gratuitously, and through their efforts many friendless working girls have been enabled to secure the salaries out of which dishonest employers and "confidence" business men would have cheated them.

Brough's Tears.

Lionel Brough, who, though best known as a comic actor, has every claim to be heard on the question of pathos, writes as follows: "In moving situations I always cry. I can't help it. My voice goes of its own accord. In a certain pathetic scene of a melodrama which I played in Liverpool with Miss Phillis Hill, we used every night to agree 'not to make fools of ourselves,' as we called it; and every night there would be mutual recriminations at the end of the scene, as 'I thought you promised me you wouldn't cry!' Answer (in the same tearful voice, with the all make up washed off): 'So you did, stupid.' But neither of us ever regretted the tears, or the way in which the scene went off with the audience.

"If ever I play a pathetic scene with a child (and in most cases a woman) I am sure to cry. With men, not so; as in any domestic trouble of my own I should endeavor to restrain my tears in telling my sorrows to a man, but should give them free vent in the presence of the other sex. I don't think an actor ever can be said to play pathos properly unless he feels it." Those who have seen Mr. Brough's admirable performance of the old cab owner in "Retiring" will realize the value of his observations.