

The Week's Doings.

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"How to the Yine, Let the Chips fall where they May."

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Rev. Mr. Talmage on Homes.
THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S BREVING
DISCOURSE—THE HOLLOWED
FAMILY ALTAR.

"Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," Mark v. 19, was the text selected by Rev. Dr. Talmage on Sunday morning last. "There are a great many people looking for a wide field of usefulness," said Mr. Talmage. "They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms and wish they could have some such occasion on which to display their prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble and they wish they could on some such occasion preach righteousness, all they want is an opportunity. Now, says Christ in my text and says Paul in other parts of the Bible, I will show you a sphere where you can illustrate all that is good and grand and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. If one is faithful in small sphere he would not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at his gate he will never be able at the Pentecost to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom. If I will not take the trouble to instruct in the way of salvation the Philippian jailer he will never make Felix tremble. He who is faithful in a small sphere will not be faithful in a great one. The fact is, you and I are placed in a sphere where we can gradually serve God, and instead of being bothered about some sphere that we may gain after a while, we had better be absorbed in the one question, Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do? Our thoughts are this morning revolving around one word of the text; and that word is 'home.'"

WHAT IS HOME?

"If you should ask ten different men what home is they would give you ten different answers. Home to one man is love at the hearth, to another man it is the heart, to another it is the intellect, to another it is the altar. Peace, honoring like wings, joy clapping its hands for laughter. Life's a tranquil lake; piloted on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of the window, cheerless fire grate, knesing hunger in an empty bread tray, the damp air shivering with curses, no Bible on the shelf, children, thieves and murderers in embryo, obscenest songs their lullaby. No wave of Sabbath influence rolling over the doorsill. Shadows of infernal walls, furnace for forging chains, fuel for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses; it is spelled with weeps; it is spelled with rum; it is spelled with the death agony of despair. The word 'home' in one case meaning everything that is bright, and in another case everything that is terrific. As God may help me this morning, I want to speak to you about 'Home' as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of Heaven. Yes, my friends,

HOME IS A TEST OF OUR CHARACTERS;

our disposition in public may indicate costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As an actor may be very different on the stage from what they are behind the curtain, so our private life may be very different from our public life. Private life is often public life turned wrong side out. You sometimes find a merchant who in business circles is kind and affable and suave and obliging all day long, damning

back his petulance and irritability, but at nightfall, when he comes home, pours forth with a flow and freshness. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a small house makes a long shadow. There are those who seem so kind and amiable and gentle in public, yet their private life is most detestable. The reason that men do not display their bad temper in public is for fear of being knocked down. They do not display their bad temper for the same reason they dare not let a note go to protest—it does not pay; for the same reason they do not want a man in their company to sell stock too cheap—it depreciates the stock.

STOCKS IN PUBLIC.

As at sundown sometimes the wind rises, so after a very staid day there may be a tempestuous night. Many a man in public has been a philanthropist, while in private life he has been a Nero with respect to his sinners and his piety at home. If we are plausible abroad and mean in the domestic circle we are making a fraudulent and one issue as a bank that is much to blame as a bank that is four or five hundred thousand bills in circulation but no specie in the vaults. If we have grand public and none of the Christian spirit at home, then our good name in the world is made up of springs from the sappy, stagnant selfishness. What we are in our home is our genuine character. That is the character we have everywhere; whether we demonstrate it or not. I speak to you of a stormy sea. With shattered masts and torn sails and bulk at sea we put into the harbor of home. That is the dry dock where we get repairs. The candle to the poor man is the light-house, by which he gets into the harbor. Children go out to meet their father, as outside the Narrows pilots take the hand of ships. The doorsill is the wharf that is the place where we can talk about what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. That is the place where we can express affection without being thought silly."

Ill-Mannered Guests.

In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform without hesitation or comment to those of the hospitable household. It is underbred and selfish to keep breakfast waiting, because you have overslept yourself, or dinner or tea, while you have prolonged a drive or walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if our hosts' time is worth anything you are dishonest when you waste it.

It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for others' feelings, to less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bed-chamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy or the library tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even-tempered hostess who does not flush unnecessarily at finding that you came down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home in the living room ever since. The inference is that your sleeping room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state. I have an anguished recollection of a long visit paid to my family

by an accomplished gentleman whose every intention was purely humane, yet who descended to the parlor each morning at an hour so barbarously early that he had to light the gas to see the piano-keys on which he strummed until breakfast was ready. There is a saving consolation in the knowledge that, if he is distinguishing himself in the heavenly mansions as a player upon instruments, there is another with a teething baby and a headache in the room overhead.

Mind Food.

Have something for the mind to feed upon—something to look forward to and live for besides the daily round of labor or the counting of profit and loss. If we have no other talent for writing splendid works on political economy, social science, or the general creating a good literary poem, the next best thing is to possess a good story.

every little while coming to Mrs. E. H. Leland.

Newspaper Beats.

We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper and then sponge on his neighbor to read it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers than he can read, and then go around and borrow his neighbors' or that until he gets all the news from it; this is patronizing home industry. We like to hear a man run down his home paper as not worth taking, and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in editorial life; this is personified cheek. We like to see business men neglect to advertise in their home paper, and then try to get a share of the trade the newspaper brings into the town, this encourages the newspaper man. We like to see all this; it looks economical, thrifty, progressive and—cheeky.

Be Honest.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is always able to get the "best of the bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point that his prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. Enduring prosperity is assured. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim sooner or later to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon sand and the foundation will be certain to give way. *Monetary Times.*

The London *Lancet* thinks that the animosity with which men of opposite political views regard each other is out of all proportion to their individual interest in the questions on which they differ; and that there are reasons for thinking that "the mental disturbance set up by political excitement may be a specified disease." "Election fever" and "politico-mania" are at present current terms in the English medical press. Beer and brandy in England, and whiskey in this country, are the causes of a good deal of this "election fever," though there is much truth in the views of the *Lancet*.

Spring, Spring!

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