By Phillips Brooks.

me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am ciples.

That is the first thing, then. This liveth, and was dead; and behold. I Christ is He that liveth. But then go splendor of the light beyond. I am the keys of hell and of death."-Rev. i, next. "I am He that liveth and was

us must claim our thoughts. Instincforces that the eye and hand can mea- which that being underwent. not drink! The most inexorable of life, not an end of life. Life goes on natural laws, as we call them, broken through it and comes out unharmed. through! Life and divinity claiming Look at me. I am He that liveth, and their pre-eminence! These are stupendous thoughts. And yet our souls are

But this is not all. Still the descrip-

self after His resurrection and ascen- ches on and out forever. It is to know sion. It is evident to any thoughtful no ending. So long as there are men reader of the Gospels that, with all living and dying, so long above them their joy in their risen Lord, the dis- and around them shall be the Christ, ciples were in a strange bewilderment the God-man, who liveth, and was and puzzle all the time that they were dead, and is alive for evermore. with Him. They loved Him just as And now think what that great selfmuch as ever, but they could not seem description of the Saviour means, and to lay hold of Him as they used to what it is to us. What do we need, we when He walked with them and talked men? Ah, the happiest and most sawith them, and they were first learn- tisfied lives among us have had some ing of His nature and His love. After glimpses into the depths of their own His resurrection He eludes them. Their unsatisfactoriness; and the most eager hearts burned within them in His com- and earnest, and the sick and the sufpany, but He went and came in fering, live in the consciousness of their strange, mysterious ways. They pon- deep wants all the time. Here are we dered His mystical and subtle words, poor waifs upon the earth-here with and always seemed to be trying to find our fragments of existence-here with out fully what this Lord of theirs who the mystery of our beginning and the also. had arisen from the dead really was. half-understood purpose of our being Evidently He was something more than here at all; and dark, clear, inevitable they had thought Him when they fol- before all of us there is looming up the lowed Him in Galilee. And all the mighty wall of death. In through its broken down so that life stretches out knowledge of immortality. Duty is Christian world, since, has echoed narrow door every one of the millions beyond it, the same life as this, opentheir loving curiosity, and longed to who has lived has passed. Up to that know more of the conqueror of death same door every one of us is walking. and the Saviour of the world. It is Each throbbing second is a footfall good for us to have this passage in the that brings us up a little nearer. And evermore is the same after the death to believe that the life he lives is any Revelation, in which Christ speaks, and beyond? Not one of those we have declares Himself, "I am He that liveth, seen enter has come back to tell us trance of something—some new know-dogged stoical thing, but there is and was dead; and behold I am alive what there is beyond, to tell us that ledge, and the sympathy of a new ex- something that makes us love it with for evermore; and have the keys of hell there really is any such beyond as that perience—that was not there before? a love that is all the tenderer beand of death." Let us try to see some- at which our resolute, unreasonable vi- This is certainly what I want to tell cause it is so melancholy, in the thing of the meaning of that sublime tality guesses and hopes in spite of all on Easter Day to all these men and stout resolve that says, "I do not dare self-description of the risen Christ, the darkness. This is man's life. Just women who are thinking tenderly and to think that I shall live after this life See what Christ says of Himself then. think of it. And then, as you sit think- lovingly of their own dead; perhaps word, "liveth," is a word of continuous, ty of death, his doubt about a future, perpetual life. It describes the eternal let this voice come to you, a voice clear indeed that there is so much in the no end; which, considered in its purity with love: "I am He that liveth, and speak to you what I know I must fail and perfectness, has no present and was dead; and am alive for evermore." to speak. But let me try. no past, but one eternal and unbrok- "He that liveth!" And at once your | And first of all I think of the imen past—one eternal now. It is the "I fragment of life falls into its place in mense and noble freedom from many sad and dark it is. It is a resolution Am" of the Jehovah who spoke to Mo- the eternity of life that is bridged by of the most trying and vexatious of for rare souls. Who ever dreams that "He that liveth" is the Living His being. One; He whose life is The Life, com- at once death changes from the terri- to whom the curtain has been lifted an impulse of duty as frigid and ausplete in itself, and including all other ble end of life into a mest mysterious and the vail rent in twain. Let me knowledge for us to win than that the who speaks to us, who went there by short there at the grave. I am going life of one who loves us as Christ loves | the way that we must go, who sees us | to work along here, till when? ty. See how we alter; how we make career into another; how past, present ed before that voice, really heard, of must finish here and now. All my deon in our places to run through the change that we have run. How our the activities of men fall on their faces, and display myself,—all of them good leads ache and our hearts ache with occlaim. the touching of an insect on the surgage of a river that is hundreds of miles that the prisoner they though was coward I become! What a poor, His wing just brushes it at one point in its long course, and ruffles it and that is all he has to do with it. And that is all we have to do with life. liveth," he declares-continuous, eterthat is not transitory. When we know that, then, just as the children's lives ther which seems to them really eternal: just as the leaves coming and gochanging life of the tree on which they

and lose the vexation of their own ever-

shifting pasts and futures in the per-

petual present of His being. It is the

"And He laid His right hand upon the broken temporary lives of His dis-

am alive for evermore, Amen; and have on. See what a wonderful thing comes tempted to step and think of this with wonderful that is. Remember the eter-There is only one subject for today. nally living, the life of all lives. And Upon this morning when the grave was yet into that life of lives death has broken and Jesus Christ arose, His recome—as an episode, an scident. I surrection with all that it means for do not speak now of the immense provocation, the immense love that tively the minds of all men turn that brought so strange a thing as the subway. I think that many men who could mission to death on the part of the not help hesitating if you asked them | Ever-living One. I speak only of this, whether they really believed in the his- that when death came to Him it was torical fact of Christ's arising from the seen to be not the end of life, but only dead, and men whose whole habit of an event in life. It did not close His thought is material, bound up with being, but is was only an experience That sure, still feel a certain sense of exalt- spiritual existence which had been goation, the leaping of some unknown ing on forever, on which the short exspiritual possibility when Easter morn- istences of men had been strung into ing opens on the earth. It is some- inconsistency, now came and submitted thing that mortal men have been able itself to that which men had always even to imagine an immortality, and been submitting to. And lo! instead to find pleasure in telling one another of being what men had feared it was, that one at least of all the billions who what men had hardly dared to hope have died and been buried has broken that it was not, the putting out of life, through the tomb and lived upon the it was seen to be only the changing of I am sure that many the circumstances of life, without any men, blindly believing, who could tell real power over the real principle of little of what the Resurrection really life; any more power than the cloud means, have yet got all the heart of has over the sun that it obscures; or its meaning this morning in a sense of than the ocean has over the bubble of freedom and openness, of the largeness air that it buries fathoms deep, but of life and the liveness of God,, which whose buoyant nature it cannot desthey have not felt, perhaps, since last troy, nor hinder it from struggling to-Easter Day. Easter is remarkable for wards and some time reaching to the this, that it seems to take the most surface of the watery mass that covstupendous thoughts and through the ers it. That was the wonder of Christ's familiar personality of Jesus bring death. As He drew near to it He himthem to men's apprehension and affec- self trembled. It was an experience of tion. "Christ is arisen!" "Christ is ari- all His creation, but He had never felt sen!" men say to one another. "Aris- it. To His humanity, His assumed en!" De we know what that means? flesh it seemed terrible. Gethsemane The one invincible power of the world bears witness how terrible it seemed. conquered! The one inevitable fate of But He passed into it for love of us man avoided! Death tasted and then And as He passed out of it He declarlaid aside like a cup that the lips would ed its nature. "It is an experience of

holding them today. The very children tion goes on and unfolds itself. "He have taken these stupendous thoughts that liveth, and was dead," Christ says, into their simple minds. They have "and behold I am alive for evermore." been made real to us through the per- This existence after death is special sonal experience of Christ whom we and different. It is not a mere reaslove, and they have been translated by sertion of yhat had been already inour own instincts and the prophecies cluded in His great word, "I am He of our own needs. It is to those who that liveth." It is something added. have gone up the path to the empty It is an assurance that in the continutomb full of love for Jesus that the ed life which has once passed through great truth of His resurrection has the experience of death there is somebeen shown and their own truest long- ting new, another sympathy, the only ings have been made beautiful and one which before could have been lackclear. Just as these flowers have tak- ing with his brethren whose lot it is to en the infinite and mysterious forces die, and so a helpfulness to them which of nature, and put them into these could not otherwise have been, even clear shapes of visible beauty, so Eas- in His perfect love. This new life-the ter, the flower of the year, takes the life that has conquered death by tastimmeasurable truths of life and im- ing it, which has enriched itself with mortality, and holds them to us in a before unknown sympathy with men beauty that we all can see and love. I have taken for my Easter text the and at last all going down into the ount which Christ has given of Him- darkness of the grave-this life stret-

First, "I am He that liveth." That ing of his fragmentariness, his certain- thinking fearfully of their own death next breath I draw, but nevertheless, existence which has no beginning and with personality, and sweet and strong everlasting associations of the day to a wrong thing, and I will do what my and future are forever confusing our the risen and everlasting Christ. He sires, those deep, deep wishes that are existence; how we die and other come stands before the door of His tomb in my soul because I am a man, the all sometimes. "Is this living?" we grey dawn of the morning saw Him anity,—they must all be satisfied be-"This is merely touching come forth from the tomb of the Ari- fore the curtain falls or they can never gron life. Is it living? Is it not like mathean, and trembled with fright, find satisfaction, for that falling of

for a second, and then is gone again, hear that voice on this Easter morn-And yet we have not finished all our Is this living?" And then there comes Lord's description of Himself, though this voice from Christ: "I am He that we have ben led on to anticipate in part what He has still to say. We have nal life. There is a large, long life talked thus far only of Christ's resurrection. We have not spoken of the But see how He goes en: "I am He that this long, unchanging life of Christ, our creed expresses its belief. Christ thought of an eternal God that really gives consistency to the fragmentary because He died that He holds the the difference between him and men ives of men, the fragmentary history keys of death. Can we not under- is this, that he believes in immortalof the world. A Christ that liveth restand that? Do we not know hew any ity. Somehow he has got hold of the Alems and rescues into His eternity soul who has passed through a great truth of resurrection. To him, death side. To speak about immortality is ment at all.

to this new-comer and open the door through the dark passages of it where he could not easily find his way alone, and at last bring him out into the you for a moment, by the way, for dead." We do not begin to know how this is what binds men's lives most closely and most vitally together. Suppose you have had a life of great sorrow. Or, suppose you have had some one great sorrow in your life. It is not a mere supposition. I look into your faces and I know how true it is of many and many of you, my peo-

ple. Well, you have suffered, and come through your suffering into the light. And as you stand there looking back who is it that comes up the road where you remember to have walked years back, when you were a boy, the road that led you to your suf-You look, and lo! another fering? light and careless heart is coming singing, up the road by which you Yon know where the road came. leads to, but he has not yet caught sight of the trial. He sees it He stands starts back. and He trembles. frighth. He is ready to run. "Father, save me from it." you hear him cry. What can you do for him? If you are wise

and willing, you go down and meet him, and you hold out before him, in some sympathetic act or word, the key of your experience. "Let me show you," you say, "not because I am any greater or better than you, but only because the Father led me there first Let me show you the way into, the way through, and the way out of this sorrow which you cannot escape. Into it by the perfect submission; through t with implicit obedience; out of it into purified passion and entire love.' He sees the key in your hand. He

sees the experience in your face, and so he trusts you. How useless it is to go to any brother without the keywithout the experience of that which he has got to meet. He thanks us and turns away. Who are we that we should guide him? It is so with temptation. It is so with repentence. They who have undergone and overcome stand with their keys to open the portals of life, great emergencies to their brethren. The wondrous power of experience! And see how beautiful and ennobling this makes our sor-

of sorrow that issues into light and bind them; free from their temptations joy is God putting into your hand the key of that sorrow to unlock it for all of death, beyond which they never the poor souls whom you may see ap- look, is to him only a mountain that proaching it, through all your future life. It is a noble thing to take that see eternity, where he belongs. This key and use it. There are no nobler is the freedom of the best childhood lives on earth than those of men and and the best old age, these two ends women who have passed through of life in which the sense of immormany experiences of many sorts and tality is realest and most true. who now go about with calm and happy and seber faces, holding their bright Easter Day could show us imkeys, some golden and some iron, and mortality and so set some of us free. finding their foy in opening the gates There are some things that you are of these experiences to younger souls, afraid to do, some right word you are list, and it was indeed a long one. The and sending them into them full of in- afraid to speak, some wasteful or telligence and hope and trust. Such wicked habit you are afraid to give lives, I think, we may all pray to up, some self-culture that you are grow into as we grow older, and pass afraid to undertake, some attempt to

nces of life. And now this is just exactly what Jesus does for us by His resurrection. about it, out of a fear of the little Having the keys of death and hell, He comes to us as we are drawing near ooth sides of it, and lets us look great world of your eternal life, as the through it, and shows us immortalitv. over from death to life. Not merely He lives forever, but so shall we: for us, too, death shall be not an end, but an experience; and beyond it for us, day it is born, that can injure, howjust as for Him, stretches immortal-Because He lives, we shall live

And now shall we try to tell to one another what it is to be immortal, and to know it; what it is to have death ing, expanding, but forever the same essentially; just as to Him that al- bid! I love to watch the power of ways liveth the life that He liveth duty working in a man who is unable today. But, as I try, I am rejoiced all blind and useless as it seems, I

"He that was dead!" And our temptations which comes to a man lives within itself. My dear friends, if but no longer terrible experience of life. fancy myself a man who has no vision anything has come to us to make us "He that is alive for evermore!" And beyond this world. Let me bow myus is an eternal life, with the continu- and can help us as we make our way haps till tomorrow morning, perhaps ance and unchangeableness of eterni- along, and will receive us when we till fifty years hence: what matters come there. Is not all changed? The it? Certainly for a very minute of plans and finish them, or give them up; devils of discontent, despair, selfish- time, and then it will be all over; how we slip on from one stage of our ness, sensuality, how they are scatter- what I do I must not only begin, I

like the Roman soldiers, who in the desires, all of them parts of my humdead was indeed too strong for them timid, limited, temporary thing cannot finish it before the sun goes

these cramped and crippled and half- glory. judging men about me, to whom I such life in it that it can lie as long ed for by his Scotch relative. must degrade myself to win their as God will in the mummy hand of honor. If I want to make myself set themselves into the life of heir fa- makes clear and certain by His own. which I am now, and hold it up and liveth and was dead; and behold I am or never," since the end may come at ing, growing and dropping, find their alive for evermore. And I have the once. How superficial, restless, imreason and consistency in the long, unkeys of hell and of death." Hell, of patient! what a slave I come to be! course means Hades, that unseen place, Where is my independence? How the grow; so our lives find their place in that place of departed spirits in which world has me down and treads on me! -treads me into the dust and mire of then, having experienced death, has the present, since I know no future the keys of death to open its meaning, world into which I can lift myself up and to guide the way through it for and run away. And now beside me those who are to die like Him. It is all the time there is another man, and

experience holds the keys of that ex- is a jar, a break, a deep mysterious perience, so that as he sees another com-ing up to it just as ignorantly and know that men may claim to believe fearfully as he came, he can run up that, and yet live on like dogs. Men may claim to believe that, and yet be for him, show him on what side this slaves and cowards. But this man experience is best entered, lead him really believes it; and see what it does for him. See how free it makes How it breaks his tyrannies! He can undertake works of self-culture, or the development of truth, far, far too vast for the earthly life of any Methuselah to finish, and yet smile calmly and work on when men tell him that he will die before his work is done. Die! Shall not the sculptor sleep a hundred times before the statue he begins today is finished, and wake a hundred hended, it was impossible for them to times more, ready for his work, bringing with a hundred new mornings to his work the strength and the visions that have come to him in his slumber? He can desire to please, and yet be perfectly patient as he waits for a 'well done" that will fall on his ears out of divine lips when this world and its shows are over. He can desire to show himself, and yet live in obscurity content, sure that some day - what does it matter when to him who has eternity to live in ?-God will call him. and bid men see in him the work of to that word because they wanted to love and grace. Can you picture the independence of a man like that? What are my temptations to him? How he walks over them with feet that follow his far-seeing sight like a man that strides with his firm steps and far-off sight and never sees the pebble in the path behind which a crawling insect is blocked and hin- are always learning more and more, dered. Sometimes when one is travelling through a foreign country it happens that he steps a day or two, a life really hangs on His life as its saweek or two, in some small village, where everything is local, which has little communication with the outside world; where the people are born and grow up, and grow old and die without thinking of leaving their little nest among the mountains. The traveller shares for a little while their local life, shuts himself in to their limitations. But all the while he is freer than they are; he is not tyrannized over by the small prescriptions and petty standards that are despots to them. He knows of, and belongs to, a larger world. He is kept free by the sense of the world beyond the mountains, from which he came and to which he

is going back again. And so when a man, strong in the conviction of immortality, really counts himself a stranger and a pilgrim among the multitudes who know no home, no world but this, then he is free among them; rows and temptations. Every stroke free from the worldly tyrannies that to be cowardly and mean. The wall can be crossed, from whose top he shall How good it would be for us if this

through more and more of the experi- be useful in some little enterprising way from which you shrink out of a feeble fear of what people will say world. You would get rid of that fear instantly if you realized your immordeath, and He opens the door on tality and stood in the midst of the mists that have hung thick and damp Now you see we have passed in the valleys scatter and are lost as soon as they struggle up into the free air above the hill-tops. What is there in scorn or criticism, that dies the ever it may pain, the man who is to live forever? He is free. He has entered into the glorious liberty of the

children of God And so, again, the whole position of duty is elevated by the thought, the a vast power and needs a vast world to work in. I do not deny, God foris over, and it may be over with the will not do what my conscience calls

conscience says is right, while I am here upon the earth." There is s thing beautiful about that, but how Up. the whole race could begin to live on tere as that? But now let Christ Glasgow, Scotland, making enquiries be considered as only being a step recome to that brave man, holding the concerning Captain John McAlpine and moved from the barbaric age. It is keys of death and hell. Oh, grave his descendants. The last word receiv- a form of restraint or treatment, so feel what a fragmentary thing our hu- not merely there is a future beyond self down, and shut myself in, until all man, do not be so in love with your ed of him by his relatives in the old called, which should not be tolerated. that the death was from natural man life is, I think there is no greater the grave but it is inhabited by One the thought of my life stops sharp and own bravery as to insist upon the hard country was in 1820. He arrived in stoical duty that knows no future, when He opens before you the spiritual future that really belongs to in Prince Edward's Valley, near Halievery dutiful deed, and shows you a fax. This probably refers to Prince to see it in use to be able to compreworld in which these hard seeds that Edward Island, where so many Scotch hend its inhumanity or its improbable deaths were caused by operations peryou are sowing now will bear their families settled. This particular remedial value. To the uneducated it fruit. It seems to me that this day Scotchman joined the army in the new is a day for strong and cheerful reso- country as a private, rose to be cap- proper method to adopt, but, alas for employ of the syndicate of baby murlutions, because it is a day when, with tain, was taken a prisoner of war, and the spiritual world open before us, we after escaping had an audience with and speaks, and these dark forms that desire to accomplish something, the can all catch sight of the destiny of King George III., in which he related many methods of restraint in the St. same mystery and bewilderment of have enchained the souls and fettered desire to please, the desire to discover duty,—of how, some time or other, his experience. The writer says:

Thange that we have run. How our the activities of men fall on their faces, and display myself,—all of them good every good habit is to conquer and "But it is just possible that in Prince every good deed wear its crown. Edward's Valley there may be some I was pleased to find the Rev. Mr. each week, thus netting at the rate of Come, take that task of yours which old people who have heard their par- Phillips quoting such an eminent authyou have been hesitating before, and ents speak of him. It may be of in- ority on mental diseases as Dr. Ryder of \$800 to \$900. shirking and walking around and terest to the present generation to in re the use of restraint, stating that and knew that their day was over and the curtain is the end of all. What a around, and on this Easter Day lift know that there are many descendants mechanical and chemical methods were it up and do it. It is your duty. That of their ancestors' family alive in useless and that a skilled, alert, conwhich sounds hard and cold on other Scotland now, and of whom the writer scientious attendant was the best form were thrown." to keep. Would God I could make you must attempt nothing so large that I days ought to sound warm and inspirits one. I may mention that on leaving of restraint—a statement which is acing today. For today we can see that these shores Mr. McAlpine changed his cepted by all experienced in the care down. I must desire nothing that this duty is worth while. Duty is the one name from McGregor. life cannot bestow. If I want to thing on earth that is so vital that it There are a number of McAlpines in please, whom shall I please? Only can go through death and come to southwestern Nova Scotia and some of Duty is the one seed that has them may know of the captain enquiral affairs I saw, or if he did he was undump."

the cross, despising the

shame, and is set down at God's right

endured

hand.

death, and yet be ready any moment that his ancestors were from Glasgow, accorded those unfortunates was all Mrs. Ashmead is accused of being resurrection of His disciples which He known, I must take this crude self to start into new growth in the new Scotland, but that he did not know that could be desired or he would not responsible for at least the deaths of soil where He shall set it. So let us that he was connected with the Mcmake that self known, for it is "now all consecrate our Easter Day by re- Alpines of Prince Edward Island and was well at the St. John Asylum. solutely taking up some new duty Nova Scotia. At any rate he had not which we know we ought to do. We met any of them, and did not know bind ourselves so by a new chain to anything of the gentleman referred to eternity, to the eternity of Him who, in the above paragraphs. for the joy that was set before Him,

QUITE THE THING (From the Philadelphia Press.)

I had wanted to speak again of the new life that is given to friendship, his going to Europe. to all our best relations to one another Reporter-Well, you see, he wants to give by the power of immortality. But I the impression that he's so swell now that

thing that it does not touch. that the two things above all others that have made men in all ages be lieve in immortality, apart, so far as we know, from any revelation save that which is written in the human heart, have been the broken lives and the broken friendships of the world. Men could not believe that this young life, broken off so suddenly, was done forever. It suggested its own continuance. And then they had been growing into sympathy with some rich and true soul for years, and were just catching sight of new immense regions in him that were still to be comprestand by his comin and think that it was all over. Instinctively friendship triumphed over the grave. Love was too strong for death! And yet, what terrible misgivings! Perhaps there is no more! Perhaps it is all over! Until, to the soul standing with all its questionings before the door of the tomb. He who Wyeth and was dead came as He came to Martha, and holding out the key of death, said the great final conclusive words, "Thy brother shall rise again." Men's souls leaped believe it, and had not dared wholly to believe it till He showed them that it was true. And now if we believe in Him, we do believe it, and death is really changed to us, and the dead are really living by the assurance of the living Christ. It is a beautiful connection, one whose mysterious beauty we that the deeper our spiritual experience of Christ becomes, the more our soul's vior and continual friend, the more real becomes to us the unquenched life of those who have gone from us to be with Him. In those moments when Christ is most real to me, when He lives in the centre of my desires and I am resting most heavily upon His help, in those moments I am the surest that the dead are not lost, that those whom this Christ in whom I trust has taken He is keeping. The more He lives to me the more they live. I want to make you feel this power of the living Christ today. Another year has gone from us since last Easter and taken its dead with it. Out of your families and out of this parish family of ours they have gone. Your hearts are telling them ov er as I speak. The little child and the tired old man. The brave and hopeful boys and girls carrying their hope and courage and aspirations into other worlds, and leaving behind them memories in which the beauty and the dearness and the pride, struggle with the sadness till we cannot separate them or tell which is the greatest. The young mother has left her children. The husband has left the wife. The wife has gone down the dark way he fore the husband. The bright and sun ny friend whom many knew, and whom all who knew him loved for his kind heart and ready charity and cheerful emper and patient spirit and constant unselfishness and simple faith. All these have some from us to the world of God. As I wrote this I turned to old and the young, their deaths stood written there together like the mingle graves in a gravevard. There were more old than young, and yet the young were not few. But as I read and thought of Easter Day, I could not think that they were gone. On the first Easter Day the graves were opened, and the dead came forth and went into the holy city, and were seen by many. If the city of our heart is holy with the presence of a living Christ then the dear dead will come to us and we shall know they are not dead but iving, and bless Him who has been r Redeemer, and rejoice in the work that they are doing for Him in His

like speaking about life. There is no

perfect world, and press on joyously towards our own redemption, not fearing even the grave, since by its side stands He whom we know and love, who has the keys of death and hell. A living Christ, dear friends! the old., ever new, ever blessed Easter He liveth; He was dead; He is alive for evermore. Oh that everything dead and fermal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our heart today. He is alive! Do you be-lieve it? What are you dreary for, O mourner? what are you hesitating for, O worker? what are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion.

for our Easter Day. THE MCALPINES.

The chief of police in Halifax has

E. H. McAlpine, K. C., said Sunday



Conditions Observed by a Medical Man.

He Denounces the Use of the Crib teaching them the principles of nurs **Bed and Suggests Trained** Attendants.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 31.

To the Editor of the Daily Sun: Sir-In copies of recent date of your valued paper I read with much inter- leaving that to the intelligence of your est a paper recently delivered before the readers to decide, which should be an New Brunswick Historical Society by easy matter. the Rev. C. T. Phillips, in re the care and treatment accorded the insane, in the St. John Asylum. The Rev. Mr. Phillips has certainly done a large amount of careful enquiry and investigation into the care accorded the in sane. Throughout the whole contribution one can plainly see that he is deeply interested in the subject

When a professional man other than a medical man, as far as is in his power, bestirs himself to investigate and enquire into the most modern and scientific methods for the care and treatment of the insane, is it not high time members of the medical profession should look to their laurels and determine if all that can possibly be done is being done by them to alleviate or prevent the suffering which those unfortunates endure, if not re store them to their proper mental health?

The Rev. Mr. Phillips recognizes the generally accepted epochs in the treatshould be nothing but the breaking ment of the insane, namely, the barbaric, the humane and the remedial. The barbaric method has fortunately May God give us some such blessing passed away; the humane in some instances is still, I fear, in vogue only in a modified form—the tendency being in the direction of the barbaric rather than the remedial epoch. The reme-A Glasgow Gentleman Hunting Them dial is certainly the most modern and humane; the goal to be attained being a speedy and permanent recovery.

Any institution in this age which received a letter from a gentleman in adopts or uses the "crib bed" should During a recent visit to the St. John this country in 1800 from the Highlands | Asylum I saw one or more of those and according to the enquirer, settled beds in requisition. To form an idea of what the "crib bed" is, one requires may seem as the only rational and declared that this doctor was in the the poor victim.

I mention the foregoing as one of the down for months. John Asylum, some of the others being a little more humane.

and treatment of the mentally diseas- babies up in newspapers and laid them ed. It is evident to me that Rev. Mr. aside until they died, when we either Phillips did not see the condition of threw them into a heater or out on the able from his own personal knowledge Mrs. Ashmead listened to these stateto determine whether the treatment ments with a face white and drawn. have led the public to suppose that all one-third of the 2,500 to 3,000 children It is quite natural to expect that one births are never recorded.

tion to take his eyes along and note Hughes. Editor-I'm surprised that Nuritch didn't the cleanliness or lack of cleanliness Later Grace Ashmead, a beautiful want any notice in our seciety column about and appearance of many of the rooms girl, was taken to the central station and beds. To think of comparing the conditions Mrs. Ashmead has been twice indict-

That all or many of the unfortunate insane will shrink away from the doc-

the insane, and practically sounds ridi

culous. tor, matron or nurse, illtreating them, is granting a degree of intelligence or memory far beyond the capacity of the majority of those confined in insane institutions. All institutions today recognize the wisdom of employing trained attendants, male and female, and where such can be secured, the medical staff invariably organize a training school for nurses-not only instructing their nurses and attendants in cor and nursing of the insane, but also ing in surgical and medical cases neither of which is carried on in the St. John Asylum.

The Rev. Mr. Phillips relates his impressions. I as a medical man relate some of my impressions and exper ences which I subject to criticism from any observer, medical or otherwise with any knowledge of the modern care and treatment of Who is to blame for ha condition of affairs ? I am not prepared to state

I remain, yours truly,

AN OBSERVER.

BURNED LIVING BABIES IN FURNACE.

A Murder Syndicate Said to Exist in Philadelphia-It is Believed That Probably Hundreds of Babies Have

PHILADELPHIA, April 1 - "Living bies have been thrown into red-hot furnaces to destroy them," said Coro

Been Murdered.

ner Dugan yesterday. "I have evidence to prove this." continued, "and also evidence of the existence of the murder syndicate which does away with these children, and by destroying them destroys evidence of murders."

Coroner Dugan made this declaration after the arrest of Mrs. Elizabeth Ash mead, of 256 South Twelfth street, and her son, of the same address. They belong to one of the most prominent families in the city. The arrest was made in connection with the deaths of

It is charged that Mary B. Sloan and Sarah Hughes died in Mrs. Ashmead's house. Mrs. Ashmead admits that the Hughes woman died there, but declare causes. The bodies were exhumed. Coroner Dugan announced that he would lay bare horrible details of the case at the inquest over the deaths of the two women. Examination shows formed by a physician, and the coroner derers that he has been trying to run

At the inquest evidence was given to show that the syndicate slew from sixteen to eighteen newly-born infants

Dr. David Mosier testified: "I saw live babies wrapped in an apron and

Dr. Joseph H. King testified: "Mrs. Ashmead said to me: "We wrapped

born in Philadelphia each year wnose should not see patients illtreated when . The result of the hearing before the merely passing through the wards, coroner was that Mrs. Ashmead, her

However, I would like to impress on son Howland, and Dr. Matthew Mcany person when going through the Vikar have been held as accessories to wards to accept Mr. Phillips' sugges- the deaths of Mary B. Sloan and Sarah

and held as a witness. existing at the St. John Asylum with ed before on charges of being implicatmust not dwell on this or much be- his going to Europe shouldn't excite com- those at the McLean Hospital, Boston, ed in deaths of young women, but Mass., is almost comparing the two neither indictment was pressed.

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Run And Are Now App

ation With Cap FREDERICTON poration committe

ber of bills during some progress. John appeared and explained th the Maritime Co was decided to re bill without amen The bill to it Road Co. had for Armstrong. Th whose names ap are Ald. Macrae, D. McVey, Henr Murray. Mr. Armstrong of the company, tain a line of

less trolleys from along the Ken from St. John west bank of the also asks for The capital stock with headquarte Macrae was also Armstrong. The further considers

morning.
The bill to ame ating the Tobiqu pany was considered appearing for Fre pose the bill, and promoters. The changes as

ments seek remo ing from Andove the tolls may be as by auction, tractor of the d \$5,000, and that sibility for the apon the direc to year. There much antagonism and it was agree ory and Hartley upon satsfactory

The public acc sdered and discr expenditures, and up the expenses bridge accounts. Before the mu King explained poration for the committee consis Grimmer and C go over the bi the committee.

SAC SACKVILLE

expecting to gra son Conservator plano-Ivan Spir S.; Miss Jennie S.: Miss Sadie N. B. In plane Miss Haliburte B., and Miss Ha Prof. and Mrs. summer vacatio A former Ladi

Miss May Dicks foundland, was Colorado, March Martin of McCoo Mr. and Mrs. ed a number of evening. The last regula council chamber with Ald. Ander

communication v Wisely of St. Jo St. John fire der nish the town wi alarm boxes at of the fire comm

Belting,