

WHAT I SAW CONFIRMATORY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

[Continued from page 8.]

the putting up of that pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronomer or an architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who then planned the pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right when he said in my text, "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things—of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width; one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet, of the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years, and then put down the trowel, and the compass, and the square, and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries have their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more.

All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

MEN'S WORK SURVIVES THEM.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids not to last for a thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel, or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yard stick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain, and for a while the foot walks, and the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or marvelous deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or un-Christian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands.

The Twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the Thirtieth century, nor the One Hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks the world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil. You modestly say, "That is true in regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic geniuses, Miltonian or Tallyrandian, but not for me, for I live and work on a small scale." My hearer, remember that those who built the pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. It took a dozen of them to lift one stone, and others just wielded a trowel, clicking it on the hard edge or smoothing the mortar between the layers. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations.

If one of those granite blocks that I just touch with my feet on this December morning in 1889 as the two Arabs pull me and the two other Arabs push me, could speak out and tell its history it would say: "The place of my nativity was down in the great stone quarry of Mokattam or Asswan. Then they began to bore at my sides, and then to drive down great iron wedges, crushing against me till the whole quarry quaked and thundered. Then I was pried out with crowbars and levers, scores of men putting their weight on the leverage. Then chains were put around me and I was hoisted with wheels that groaned under my weight, and many workmen had their hands on the cranks and turned until the muscles on their arms stood out in ridges, and the sweat rolled from their dusky foreheads.

"Then I was drawn by long teams of oxen, yoke after yoke, yoke after yoke. Then I was put on an inclined plane and hauled upward and how many iron tools, and how many human hands, and how many beasts of burden were employed to get me to this place no one can tell. Then I had to be measured and squared and compassed and fitted in before I was left here to do my silent work of thousands of years. God only know how many hands were busied in getting me from my geological cradle in the quarry to this enthronement of innumerable ages." My hearers, this is the autobiography of one block of the pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it and perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men.

So with the pyramids now rising—pyramids of evil and pyramids of good. The pyramid of drunkenness, rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their layers of ale casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the pyramid overshadows the Great Sahara desert of desolated homes and broken hearts and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and other mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching into the heavens, hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid.

So with the pyramid of righteousness. Multitudes of hands are toiling on the steep, hands infantile, hands octogenarian, masculine hands, female hands, strong hands, weak hands. Some clanging a trowel some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of palm books on top of layers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning gilds the completed work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid, but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel or pull a rope or turn the crank of a derrick, or cry, "Yo, heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that will last forever. In the last day many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a special honor. The Ecumenical council, now in session at Washington, its delegates the honored representatives of fifty million Methodists in all parts of the earth, will at every session do honor to the memory of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of them will think to twist a garland for the memory of humble Peter Bohler, the Moravian, who brought John Wesley into the kingdom of God.

I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to a knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. Then the trowel will be more honored than the sceptre. As a great battle was going on the soldiers were ordered to the front and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and almost ready to die. The soldier answered: "Doctor, I am going to the front. I had rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God; if we cannot do much we can do a little.

While there seems to be no practical use for post mortem consideration later than the time of one's great-grandchildren, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This pyramid, which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness, demonstrates that neither limestone nor granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered; neither can bronze; neither can Parian marble; neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument and that will keep one freshly remembered for four thousand years—yea, for ever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning shops! Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save.

The Czar of Russia.

The Czar of Russia probably has his own troubles as well as we common mortals. Where we have the advantage in such troubles as dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood and the like is in being able to procure easily a perfect remedy in Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's grand restorative tonic and purifier.

GEORGIA'S FAT GIRL.

A Child of Five Years of Remarkable Size and Strength.

Age, five years; weight, one hundred pounds.

And a girl at that. She is bright of mind and rather pretty, too, but has attained the abnormal weight of one hundred pounds, and is gaining flesh at the rapid rate of six or eight pounds each month.

The child's name is Amber Glen Corley. She is the daughter of Charles and Maggie Corley, who reside at Twelfth avenue and Twenty-third street, Birmingham.

This immense young miss first saw the light of day June 20, 1886. At her birth she drew the scales to eight pounds. From the beginning of her life she was a very sickly child, and all during her first year she was expected to die. She not only did not grow but on the contrary shrivelled up, until, at twelve months of age, her weight was only six pounds. For a long time the infant barely existed, at many times hardly discernible whether dead or living. But after a while a slight improvement began, which gradually continued until, at three years old, the sickly baby weighed fifteen pounds. But still she was delicate.

A rapid growth next set in which increased the child's weight to fifty-four pounds by the end of the fourth year. Ever since her weight has been increasing in a geometrical progression. At the present time the child is five years old, weighing over one hundred pounds and is gaining flesh at a marvellous increase.

The child nursed until three years old. Up to that time she could neither walk nor talk, except to prattle such nursery monody as the word "mamma." Her mind was also wanting, apparently, and only within the past two years has it been maturing. Now she is unusually smart and observant. She talks well to both children and adults, and may possibly be entitled to the name pert, as applied to precocious youths.

Here are some measurements: Height, 43 inches; breast measurement, 36 inches; waist measurement, 43 inches; measure of thigh, 24 inches; calf measurement, 10 inches; at the biceps, 16 inches; instep, 10½ inches; size of shoe, child's No. 7.

Amber has brown eyes and pretty, dark tresses that hang 22½ inches down her

back. She has her milk teeth yet, which are an indisputable proof of her baby age, even if she did not show it by every utterance and wish, look and movement.

One of the most marvellous endowments of this strange young Miss is her Amazonian strength. She can lift a twenty-five pound sack of meal on her shoulder and run around unimpeded; she can toss all the other children about as toys, and it seems to be no strain whatever for her to lift her father, who weighs 146 pounds, from the floor. However, this feat is seldom permitted, as it might do her injury without immediate detection. Compared to children generally, this prodigy has marvellous strength.

Her appetite is worth mentioning. This, as might be supposed, is quite strong. The child, on an average, eats about the same quantity as a hearty laboring man three times a day. But at times it is much larger, and between meals Amber, like most children, eats all the candies and cookies she can get her hands on.

The child is perfectly healthy. The doctors account for the excessive flesh by an abnormal energy of the adipose tissue, growing out of previous sickness and the unnatural stimulation of vital functions.

A Thrilling Adventure.

The story from the sea, of the attempt of Capt. David F. Douglas of Maitland, N. S., in command of the St. John barque Stormy Petrel, to save his drowning boy is a thrilling one. Shortly after dinner while at sea, the captain coming on deck was horror stricken to find that his little boy Eddie was overboard, thrown over by a sudden lurch of the ship. He caught sight of the child's hand reaching up above the water away astern. Throwing a buoy into the sea he jumped after it and swam off in the direction he had seen the hand. He succeeded in reaching the boy. The little fellow was still feebly struggling. The captain got him on his shoulder. But again and again in spite of all he could do the sea would wash the boy off. Again and again the captain caught him and replaced him on his shoulder. On ship board the concern was all for the captain. The sea was running high and it was a full hour before a successfully launched boat could reach him. He was well nigh done out before he was reached but still clinging to what was now the lifeless body of his little son. Young Eddie was five years and four months old. His body will be brought to Maitland for burial.—Ex.

THE WORLD OVER.

K. D. C. restores the stomach to a healthy action, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

The institution for the treatment of drunkenness and the opium and tobacco habit, with bi-chloride of gold, will be opened at Farmington, Maine, between now and the first of January. This is the first institution of the kind to be established in New England.

K. D. C. Its merits prove its greatness, send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

A dispatch from Tiflis says: The procurator of the Russian synod has caused the arrest of the chief leaders in the Protestant movement. The prisoners have been sent secretly for a term of five years to the mountain district on the Russian frontier. Hundreds of Protestants have been cruelly banished and reduced to a condition of paupers.

K. D. C. The greatest cure of the age send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

Despatch from Valparaiso says the Libertad Electoral, the semi-official organ of the Junta, says that the rumors that a rupture of the amicable relations between Chili and the United States is imminent are absolutely unfounded. The same paper declares that there is no occasion for any feeling of uneasiness regarding the Baltimore episode.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of indigestion, send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

At a meeting in Halifax of the temperance delegates from various parts of the province it was decided then to organize a vigilance committee for enforcing the liquor law in Halifax. At present the liquor law is a dead letter and free rum practically prevails in the city.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

St. Pierre is no longer to be a convict settlement. The convicts, or disciplinaries as they are called in St. Pierre, to the number of about fifty are to be sent to Gaudaloupe, one of the French West Indies. It seems they frequently effect their escape to the Newfoundland shore, and the new governor recommended their removal which has been assented to.

K. D. C. relieves distress after eating send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. *

James E. Graves, a Haligonian, met with a terrible fate in Boston a few days ago. He was employed in a cooperage, and had occasion to go into the steam room where the staves are seasoned. Someone closed the door from the outside and Graves was doomed to a horrible death. He was literally par boiled and cannot recover. His father was at one time sexton of St. Paul's church.—Halifax Herald.

FOR SALE OR TO LET!

That desirable property at the south end of Queen street, Richibucto, known as the Bliss Cottage. The house is in good repair and occupies one of the most pleasant situations in the town. For further particulars apply to

J. M. UP. BLISS,
Richibucto.
Nov. 5, 1891.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentle.—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in ten days.

Hantsport. Mrs. N. SILVER.

K. D. C. A positive cure for dyspepsia, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company N. S. *

In the Charlottetown market last Friday hay sold at 45 to 55 cents per cwt. with the supply and the demand good. Oats were steady at 31 cents per bushel. Straw in small supply at about \$2 per load. Potatoes were scarce at 17 to 20 cents per bushel to wholesale buyers, and 23 to 25 cents per bushel retail. Turnips sold to wholesale buyers at from 12 to 15 cents per bushel. Inside eggs were scarce and were quickly bought up at from 15 to 16 cents per dozen. Butter (fresh) sold at 21 and 22 cents per lb., and tub at 19 to 20 cents per lb. Geese were quickly sold at from 55 to 65 cents each.

How is your cold? Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment or it may last all winter; certain fact!

King among Liniments is Johnson's Anodyne, because it can be taken internally by everyone.

Scotland contains thirty towns of more than 10,000 inhabitants. Seven of these number more than 30,000 inhabitants, nine are between 20,000 and 30,000, and the remaining fourteen have from 10,000 to 20,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Shelburne Budget tells of a cat that recently captured a 24 inch eel. And now all Shelburne is agitated over the question whether the cat went into the water fishing for the eel or the eel went ashore gunning for the cat.

DIED.

GRAHAM.—At Bass River, on the 26th ult., Martha, wife of Wm. Graham, Kingston, aged 30 years. Deeply lamented.

MARTHUR.—At Kingston, on the 29th ult., Donald McArthur, aged 78 years.

MARSH.—At Kingston, on the 30th ult., Janet, relict of the late George Marsh, aged 73 years. Deeply regretted.



1891 - - - - - 1891

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

Has in stock and is offering at specially low prices to cash purchasers a valuable selection of Lockets, Chains, Necklets, Bracelets, Brooches, Bapins, Eardrops, Finger Rings, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Charms, Etc.

Together with a splendid assortment of Solid Sterling and Fine Plated

SILVERWARE,
of the latest styles. Out of town orders will receive the best personal attention of the subscriber.

W. TREMAINE GARD,
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Trustee Sale.

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including:

Parlor and Bedroom Sets,

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Tables, Child's Carriages,

Opaque Window Shades,

Curtain Poles, etc., etc.

NOW BEING SOLD

LESS THAN COST!

G. F. FAIR, TRUSTEE.

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CEYLON AND PURE INDIAN TEA

IN 1½ AND 1½. LEAD PACKAGES.

PURE JAVA COFFEE,

CHOCOLATE, BROMA AND COCOA

FOR SALE BY

K. B. FORBES.

MONCTON, N. B.

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