

Edward Innes Office

THE REVIEW

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NO. 14

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A household Comfort.

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The Fend of Land and Sea.

The Ocean and the Land made peace, And each one sent a token That their new friendship might increase, Their faith be kept unbroken.

The gentle Land sent meadowsweet Upon a hurrying brook, And laid it at the gray king's feet— His waves the gift uptook.

The sea a wreath of seaweed tossed Far inland on the tide, Its salty kiss was keen as frost— The grass-blade shrank and died!

The Land then sent a painted moth, Borne out upon the breeze; The Ocean sprites with chains of froth The lovely waif did tease.

The Sea sent back a scallop-shell, The shell an osprey bore. The Land received it where it fell, Upon a mossy floor.

The Land then sent a noble tree That crowned a river bank. The laden stream into the Sea With weary murmurs sank.

The Sea returned a broken spar ('Twas once the forest's pride!)— The Land reproached him from afar, And all her forests sighed:

"Such cruel gifts as thou dost send, As thou dost send to me— How can I longer be thy friend, Thou bitter, bitter Sea!"

A STRANGE BATTLE.

Dr. Talmage on Gideon's Army and God's Way.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject which is of special interest to Sunday school teachers and scholars at the present time, being Gideon's battle with Midianites near Mount Gilboa. The text chosen was Judges vii, 20, 21: "And the three companions blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp, and all the host ran and cried and fled."

That is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large, for the glory must be given to God and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly and want to go home way go, and 22,000 of them scampered away leaving only 10,000 men. But God says the army is too large yet, and so he orders these 10,000 remaining to march down through a stream and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink

of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all fours and drink, then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign, but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink and pass on, they are to be the men selected for the battle.

Well, the 10,000 men marched down into the stream, and the most of them come down on all fours and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink, but there are 300 men who, instead of stooping, just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, "lapping it as a dog lappeth." Those 300 brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign. They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets and throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his 300 picked men, and when everything is ready the signal is given, and they blow the trumpets, and they throw down the pitchers and hold up the lamps, and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming army foe, and they run and cut themselves to pieces and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dewdrop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn, in the first place, from this subject, the lawfulness of Christian stratagem. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when and in a way that were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes breaking out from ambush, sometimes crossing a river on unheard of rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the church when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force, when we expect to come, how many troops we have and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry or cavalry, and, of course, we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the army castle which is not armed and entrenched.

For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election, all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for 50 years, and you will not take it, but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed on the subject of perseverance of the saints. He does not believe in it. Attack him at that point, and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism. He believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember when I was a boy that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe, and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pelobaptists never results in anything but the blurring of the spiritual eyesight. In other words, you can never capture a man's soul at the point of which he is especially entrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch it, and it will spring back, and the door will spring open, and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God to-day enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful maneuvering. I would rather have the 300 lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than 100,000 drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting. Gideon's army was originally composed of 32,000 men, but they went off until there were only 10,000 left, and that was abstracted from until there were only 300. It is the same in all ages of the Christian church; a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of 1,000 and you generally find that 50 people do the work. Take a membership of 500, and you generally find that 10 people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

We mourn that there are so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I, think of the 10,000,000 membership of the Christian church to-day, if 5,000,000 of the names were off the books the church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the 300 picked men of Gideon than the 32,000 unsifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the church of God to ride over them, and the quicker it does it the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, O Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the 300 that fight than the 22,000 that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said: "We got rid of all that fighting, did we not? How lucky we have been. That battle costs us nothing at all!" But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the 300 men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites, and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed and Christ will say to his troops: "Well done, my brave men. Go up and take the spoils. Be more than conquerors forever!" And in that day all deserters will be shot.

Again, I learn from this subject that God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way. If we had the planning of the battle, we would have taken those 32,000 men that originally belonged to the army, and we would have drilled them and marched them up and down by the day and week and month, and we would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of armings in those times, and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way God depletes the army, and takes away all the weapons, and gives them a lamp, and a pitcher and a trumpet, and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wisecracks were there who said: "That is not military tactics. The idea of 300 men, unarmed, conquering such a great host of Midianites!"

It was the best way. What sword, spear or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher and trumpet? God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said: "Let one man write it. If you have 20 or 30 men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says "Let not one man do it, but 40 men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament. So that the matter of fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible the child can carry to Sunday school instead of the Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left for men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is the best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life, we would have said: "Let him have 80 years of sunshine, a fine house to live in. Let his surroundings all be agreeable. Let him have sound health. Let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much I would let every man have as much money as he wants and roses for his children's cheeks and fountains of gladness in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way.

It seems as if man must be cut and hit and pounded just in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third story window and has his life dashed out. His most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy. His friends, on whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down. His life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of 32,000 advantages, he has only 1,000. Aye, only 300—aye, none at all. How many good people there are at their wits' end about their livelihood, about their reputation. But they will find out it is the best way often after awhile. God will show them that he depletes their advantages just for the same reason he depleted the army of Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grapevine says in the early spring: "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now! Summer weather will come, and the garden will be very beautiful!" But the gardener comes and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall, and the grapevine cries out: "Murder! What are you cutting me for?" "Ah!" says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do that, you would be the laughing stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on and one day the gardener comes under the trellis, where great clusters of grapes hang, and the grapevine says: "Thank you sir. You could not have done anything so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loves he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes, no grinding mill, no flour, no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

So God's way in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way, we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand when God could easily demolish them? It is his way in order that all generations may co-operate, and that all men may know they cannot do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in gashlines of ruin. O thou father of all iniquity! If thou canst hear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples and forge thy chains, but know that thy fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy fiery den, and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shall have an additional hell of fury pour into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God, and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies: "Hallelujah for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

God's way is the composition of the Bible. God's way in the Christian's life, God's way in the redemption of the world God's way in everything—different from man's may be, but the best.

I learn from this subject that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spear and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight and glance on the eyes of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles ready to swoop from the cliff Sleep on, O army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them, and the mountain to guard them, and strong arms to defend them, let no slumbering foe man dream of disaster! Peace to the captains and the spearmen!

Crash! the pitchers! Up flare the lamps! To the mountains! Fly! Fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset, how wild the consternation, how utter the defeat! I do not fear so much what is against me if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord Omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God as he stood amid the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed, and in the snow satin the pallor of the white cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the

deep crimson of the imperted chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The day and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silk door-bell. No beggar dared sit on the marble steps. No voice of prayer floated amid that tap-stry. No shadow of a judgment day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, and dissipation filled her cup, and seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unatched. Crash went all the porcelain pitchers! Rain, rout, dismay and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the 300 that are going to win the day or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin. Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken and the trumpet blown that will star leaure soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and as the God armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which has never blown shall speak the roll call of the dead, and the earth dashing against a lost meteor, has its mountains scattered to the stars and oceans emptied in the air. Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If these Midianites had only given up their swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well, and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God, you will be safe. Oh make peace with him now, through Jesus Christ the Lord! With the clutch of a drowning man seize the cross. Oh, surrender! Surrender! Christ, with his hand on his pierced side asks you to

THE DEAD RAISED UP.

A Former Resident Thought to be Dead of Bright's Disease—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

LISTOWEL, (Special) Nov. 25.—A despatch reaching here relating to the recovery in Neepawa, Man., of Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly living here was a surprise to her friends and acquaintances. It was met by doubt, however, until confirmed by a reply from Neepawa. Her case was well known here as this lady was treated by several of the local doctors for Bright's disease and her friends thought, as did her physicians, that her case was hopeless, and it was as a last resort that she left here to try climatic change. That Mrs. McKee was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills in a few weeks, speaks volumes in their favor.

The Parents Were Drinkers.

A distinguished specialist has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate persons during twelve years, with the result that he found the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers, twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. The later deaths were from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or oedema of the brain and membranes. To this record is added five who were idiots; five were so stunted in growth as really to be dwarfs; five when older became epileptics; another boy ended in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed; and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-seven showed during life normal position and development of body and mind. Fifty of the children of the temperate families were normal in every way.—American Practitioner.

Nothing Like It.

Rev. Charles F. Y. Bourque, P. P., St. Alexandre de Kamouraska, Prov. Quebec, Canada: "As to the merits of your medicine K. D. C., I can assure you that it has been a great benefit both to myself and to one of my parishioners, for whom I had requested several packages. If I am ever troubled again with dyspepsia I shall never hesitate to make use of your remedy."

We shall be glad to forward to any address free samples of this wonder working Remedy. K. D. C., Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Sea-Weed—Fucus Vesiculosus

The following is extracted from a report of the chemist of Dominion Experimental Farm.

A sample of sea-weed was received from Mr. George R. Weir, of Smith's Cove, N. S., with a request for a report as to its value as a fertilizer. As large amounts of this material are easily obtainable by the farmers on both the eastern and western coasts of Canada, it was thought desirable to make an analysis. The chief constituents, including those particularly those which make sea-weed valuable as a manure, are stated in the following table:

ANALYSIS OF FRESH SEA-WEED.

Water.....	83.49
Organic matter.....	27.92
Ash or mineral matter.....	9.51
.....	101.92
Nitrogen.....	4.69
Phosphoric acid.....	1.96
Potash.....	2.92

POUNDS OF FERTILIZING CONSTITUENTS OF ONE TON OF FRESH MATERIAL.

Nitrogen.....	lbs. 9.38
Phosphoric acid.....	3.92
Potash.....	47.59

This must be considered a valuable manure on account of the potash and nitrogen it contains. The ease with which it decomposes in the soil, thereby liberating these constituents in a condition available for plant use, greatly enhances its value. It is essentially a potassic manure, though to a certain degree it may be called a complete fertilizer. For general crops, however, it might be supplemented with benefit by bone meal, which would supply phosphoric acid. It makes an excellent material for composting purposes but, if preferred, may be applied at once to the land. As a green manure, it would add largely to the humus in the soil and undoubtedly improve the tilth or mechanical condition of the latter.

Its best results will be given on open, porous and warm soils. It may be applied at the rate of 20 to 30 tons per acre.

To save the expense of carrying much useless water, it is advisable to allow the sea-weed to partially dry out on the shore before hauling to the farm.

When sea-weed is burnt, the organic matter, containing the nitrogen, is lost, but the ash, or mineral matter, retains the phosphoric acid and potash. The percentage of important constituents, as obtained in our laboratory, are as follows:

ANALYSIS OF ASH OF SEA-WEED.

Oxide of iron and alumina.....	69
Lime.....	7.04
Magnesia.....	6.93
Potash.....	23.61
Soda.....	44.07
Phosphoric acid.....	1.27
Sulphuric acid.....	36.94
Soluble silica.....	67

C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Alliston Ont., was troubled for years with Itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, and was cured, has had no return of them, and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

A Very Notable Event.

When anything Canadian beats the world it becomes every-day talk everywhere. A very notable event in this way is now being recorded. The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, always a great paper, has shot away ahead of even all the great American and English Weeklies and has become perhaps one of the most striking successes of the age. The Family Herald and Weekly Star has been increased to one hundred and twenty-eight columns, which will equal a hundred good sized volumes in a year. And such magnificent contents. First of all the Family Herald and Weekly Star is a great newspaper; it is a great authority in all farm and dairy matters and is now preferred by great cheese and butter makers and stock-breeders the continent over. In matters of family reading, science, stories, sketches the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, simply towers over everything of its kind. One thing certain, every person should see the Family Herald and Weekly Star even if it is to see what can be produced every week for a dollar a year, to say nothing of the great premium picture which we hear is coming with the Family Herald this season. We understand the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, will make no charge for sending sample papers to those who do not know it. Those who know say tens of thousands of people are subscribing for it. It looks as if the demand was going to be greater than the presses can turn out. Canadians and Americans, too, know a good thing. Certainly, the Family Herald and Weekly Star is the leader.