

# Sunday Reading.

## THE BEST MONUMENTS.

The Late George Peabody Will Ever be Remembered.

Notice how rapidly the prominent men of this land are taking their places in what William C. Bryant, in his "Thanatopsis," calls "the silent halls of death." Immediately after their departure, the question arises about building them a monument. The hardest money to raise is for such an eternal commemoration. However eminent a man's services may have been, the subscription for his monument generally comes as hard as drawing teeth. The whole difficulty arises from a wrong notion as to what monument is most appropriate. Instead of spending so much money on a statue, or a sarcophagus, or graveyard architecture, the monument were to be built in the shape of a free library, or an art gallery, or an orphan asylum, or a church, or a school, a thousand dollars would pour in where now it is hard to get a hundred. Though a marble pile should be reared in every graveyard in Christendom to the honor of George Peabody, it would not do so much to keep him in loving remembrance as the Peabody institutes, and the Peabody academies, and the Peabody museums, and the Peabody colleges, built by his bequests in all parts of this land and Great Britain.

Monuments are hard to raise money for, and will themselves in course of time perish. The obelisk in Central Park is only a big tombstone. It was built for all time to honor the Egyptian dead. But even that obelisk is now decaying. It is patched and plastered and mended, but it is a dying tombstone. The waves of eternity past strike against one side the cold column and the waves of eternity to come beat against the other side of the column. Time has a chisel with which he is obliterating every inscription and chipping away all symmetry, and the mandate which has left the Coliseum in ruins, and the Pantheon only a guess of what it was, is saying to the obelisk, "dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return."

But there are monuments that never perish. The longer they stand the grander their proportions and the mightier and brighter their inscriptions. I mean the monuments built out of hearts comforted, out of sorrow appeased, out of hunger fed, out of tyrannies demolished. When the white and holy shaft is uncovered it will be amid a chorus of nations saved and the eulogy of him who will say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to one of me, ye did it to me." Higher or lower we all have opportunity of building for ourselves such a monument. It will not save the coldness of granite, but the warmth of eternal sympathies. Ten thousand years, instead of erasing, will only augment its grandeur. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. But do not let us be discouraged because we cannot build our monuments of usefulness on a large scale. He, according to the divine announcement, who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall receive a disciple's reward; then every encouraging word uttered, every Gospel invitation given, every lit of the helpless over hard places, every prayer offered, every deed done, however insignificant to human sight, will be everlastingly honored and remembered by the Lord, long after the granite of the cemetery has fallen and the obelisks of antiquity shall have been followed up in the last earthquake of a foundering world. As far as I remember, God in the bible wrote only two epigraphs, the one over the man who had lived to himself. "Thou fool; the other over a plain woman, whose tribute of love to him offended his disciples: "She hath done what she could."

## A SATURDAY NIGHT'S TALK.

Concerning This Week's International Sunday School Lesson.

Saturday night! And here we are coiled encoiled in the sitting room, to hear what father has to say about the morning's lesson. My father is a decidedly practical man; and we always look forward to this occasion with a good deal of relish, because it means additional knowledge to heads that are sorely in need of it. I do not mean by this that Harry and Sue are stupid, or that my head is particularly thick; but I must confess that father's comments make the lesson much clearer.

"Sam, have you found the place?" said father, turning to me as I sat curled up in a sleepy hollow chair in front of the open fire.

"Yes, sir. John's gospel, chapter nine, and the first eleven verses."

"The episode is an interesting one," continued he. A man blind from his birth receives his sight in response to faith and obedience."

"It is a beautiful day in October A. D. 29. Jesus has come to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, which always lasted one week."

"He comes into direct contact with a blind beggar near the entrance to the temple; and His great heart is touched with sympathy,—not that sort of sympathy which expends itself in words; but in action."

"Blindness is quite common in the East is it not?" inquired mother, as she looked up from her sewing.

"Yes, quite so."

"Harry, go to the case and get Dr. Gai-kie's 'Life of Christ' and see what he has to say," said father.

"Here it is," replied Harry, as he found the place with the deftness of an expert.

"While in northern Europe there is one blind in a thousand, in Egypt there is one in every hundred; indeed, very few people have their eyes quite healthy."

"How sad to be blind," said Sue, as her big, brown eyes moistened with tears.

"It seems to me that such a condition

of things must narrow one's conception of life and foster low ideals at best."

"Do you not think so, papa?"

"I hardly know what to say, dear. Instance Milton, and the British postmaster-general, though entirely deprived of sight, we would hardly want to charge them with low ideals or narrow conceptions, would we?"

"What is the cause of so much blindness in Eastern lands?" I ventured to ask.

"The answer is simple," said father. "The glare of the sun, the force of the wind, which always carries with it a vast amount of dust particles in sandy countries, and the uncouth headgear which affords no protection to the eyes, are sufficient causes to impair anyone's sight, but the man in question was blind from his birth; and science has found no way to give sight in such cases. Hence no one but Jesus could have wrought so great a miracle."

"Another interesting point in this poor fellow's case," continued father, "is the manner in which Jesus dealt with him. He was poor, and blind and helpless; but what of it? Did Christ upbraid him with these things? Certainly not, for the simple reason that He knew the poor fellow had about all he could endure; nor did He wait for the beggar to beseech him, as in the case of Bartimeus, but anointed the man's eyes with plastic clay on the spot; then told him to go to the pool of Siloam and wash it off, and he would have sight."

"Well, I declare!" said Harry, as he arched his brows and looked full into his father's face. "Do you mean to say, that by simply putting clay on the man's eyes, then washing it off, would have power to give him sight?"

"No sir. The point is this: In all the miracles which Christ wrought while on earth for needy humanity, he always tested those whom he helped, by giving them something to do."

"What a feeling of expectancy must have filled the beggar's mind as he pushed out toward the pool in the southeastern section of the city, not far from the temple. Some laughed, and said, 'Poor fool! But he heeded them not; he was bound to use the means, in his arduous to obtain sight. The same thing is true today. As surely as cause and effect go together, just so surely do means and results go hand in hand. At this juncture, mother asked if it be true that all the ill of life are directly traceable to sin, as some people affirm. For instance, the bystanders wanted to know 'Who did sin, this man or his parent?'"

"Your question is well chosen," said father; "and although our Lord does not enlarge on this point as much as I wish he had, yet I feel sure that the exact condition of the soul in its relation to God, is not determined by either calamity or prosperity. Of course sin always has a downward tendency in its very nature, but it would be folly to always attribute reverses to sin, since this would impeach every good person to whose life adversity comes; indeed it would impeach Jesus himself."

"I firmly believe in a Providence that overrules; and though often subjected to reverses for which we are not responsible; yet out of them all we come forth the stronger and brighter for practical service in a world whose economy we but partly understand."

"The conclusion of the whole matter is this," continued father: "Sin darkens, blights, and stultifies, and he who uses the means by which sin is removed will become the possessor of new light, new aspirations, new hope such as he never knew before; as Miss Lloyd beautifully puts it,

"On my benighted knee,  
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;  
My vision thou has dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone."

A Singing Hindoo Convert.

At a recent meeting in England, Mr. Robert Spurgeon related the following of a Hindoo convert: Boden is one of the gentlest and happiest and best of our native brethren. He is greatly beloved everywhere. And to all classes he is ever ready to sing for Jesus. Two or three hymn-books, wrapped in a piece of cloth, are always with him. Hindoos and Mohammedans and Christians alike invite him to sing; and he has a hymn that suits almost every subject. This aged saint has gone through many trials. When a false lawsuit resulted in his imprisonment he said to the magistrate, 'You sentence me unjustly, but there is one who will judge you.' In prison he was allowed his hymn-book through Mr. Anderson's intervention, and the prisoners listened daily to his gentle voice as he sang of the Saviour. A short time ago a number of our people had taken up land where some heathen had desired to secure it, and in revenge the Hindoos came down upon them in a body one Sunday morning while they were at prayer. Boden was present, his left arm was broken, and he had to spend weeks in the hospital at Pimpore. While there he did more for Christ by his quiet, unassuming and gentle spirit, as well as by his perpetual singing, than much bawling preaching could accomplish."

The Little Tacks of Life.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to melt and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.

A Little Girl's Gift.

A little maid had a bed of strawberries. She watched them with great solicitude, until they ripened. At last they were ripe in every hundred; indeed, very few people have their eyes quite healthy."

"How sad to be blind," said Sue, as her big, brown eyes moistened with tears.

"It seems to me that such a condition

of things must narrow one's conception of life and foster low ideals at best."

"Do you not think so, papa?"

"I hardly know what to say, dear. Instance Milton, and the British postmaster-general, though entirely deprived of sight, we would hardly want to charge them with low ideals or narrow conceptions, would we?"

"What is the cause of so much blindness in Eastern lands?" I ventured to ask.

"The answer is simple," said father. "The glare of the sun, the force of the wind, which always carries with it a vast amount of dust particles in sandy countries, and the uncouth headgear which affords no protection to the eyes, are sufficient causes to impair anyone's sight, but the man in question was blind from his birth; and science has found no way to give sight in such cases. Hence no one but Jesus could have wrought so great a miracle."

"Another interesting point in this poor fellow's case," continued father, "is the manner in which Jesus dealt with him. He was poor, and blind and helpless; but what of it? Did Christ upbraid him with these things? Certainly not, for the simple reason that He knew the poor fellow had about all he could endure; nor did He wait for the beggar to beseech him, as in the case of Bartimeus, but anointed the man's eyes with plastic clay on the spot; then told him to go to the pool of Siloam and wash it off, and he would have sight."

"Well, I declare!" said Harry, as he arched his brows and looked full into his father's face. "Do you mean to say, that by simply putting clay on the man's eyes, then washing it off, would have power to give him sight?"

"No sir. The point is this: In all the miracles which Christ wrought while on earth for needy humanity, he always tested those whom he helped, by giving them something to do."

"What a feeling of expectancy must have filled the beggar's mind as he pushed out toward the pool in the southeastern section of the city, not far from the temple. Some laughed, and said, 'Poor fool! But he heeded them not; he was bound to use the means, in his arduous to obtain sight. The same thing is true today. As surely as cause and effect go together, just so surely do means and results go hand in hand. At this juncture, mother asked if it be true that all the ill of life are directly traceable to sin, as some people affirm. For instance, the bystanders wanted to know 'Who did sin, this man or his parent?'"

"Your question is well chosen," said father; "and although our Lord does not enlarge on this point as much as I wish he had, yet I feel sure that the exact condition of the soul in its relation to God, is not determined by either calamity or prosperity. Of course sin always has a downward tendency in its very nature, but it would be folly to always attribute reverses to sin, since this would impeach every good person to whose life adversity comes; indeed it would impeach Jesus himself."

"I firmly believe in a Providence that overrules; and though often subjected to reverses for which we are not responsible; yet out of them all we come forth the stronger and brighter for practical service in a world whose economy we but partly understand."

"The conclusion of the whole matter is this," continued father: "Sin darkens, blights, and stultifies, and he who uses the means by which sin is removed will become the possessor of new light, new aspirations, new hope such as he never knew before; as Miss Lloyd beautifully puts it,

"On my benighted knee,  
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;  
My vision thou has dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself, Thyself alone."

A Singing Hindoo Convert.

At a recent meeting in England, Mr. Robert Spurgeon related the following of a Hindoo convert: Boden is one of the gentlest and happiest and best of our native brethren. He is greatly beloved everywhere. And to all classes he is ever ready to sing for Jesus. Two or three hymn-books, wrapped in a piece of cloth, are always with him. Hindoos and Mohammedans and Christians alike invite him to sing; and he has a hymn that suits almost every subject. This aged saint has gone through many trials. When a false lawsuit resulted in his imprisonment he said to the magistrate, 'You sentence me unjustly, but there is one who will judge you.' In prison he was allowed his hymn-book through Mr. Anderson's intervention, and the prisoners listened daily to his gentle voice as he sang of the Saviour. A short time ago a number of our people had taken up land where some heathen had desired to secure it, and in revenge the Hindoos came down upon them in a body one Sunday morning while they were at prayer. Boden was present, his left arm was broken, and he had to spend weeks in the hospital at Pimpore. While there he did more for Christ by his quiet, unassuming and gentle spirit, as well as by his perpetual singing, than much bawling preaching could accomplish."

The Little Tacks of Life.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to melt and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor. We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.

A Little Girl's Gift.

of the money he made, and that he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too." "But," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could he would not care for them." "Oh, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'In as much as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor." Away went the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw her put out her thin arms to take the ripe, round fruit in her little, shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten and her lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering.

## SHE GAVE UP HER JEWELS.

A Chinese Woman Sets an Example to her More Favored Sisters.

Pastor Hsi, a native Chinese christian, was a most devoted servant of Christ. The city of Hoh-chau (writes Mr. Hudson Taylor, the well-known missionary, on the main road to the capital, was much on the mind of Pastor Hsi. Day by day, at family prayers, he pleaded for that place and neighborhood, deeply feeling its spiritual destitution. At last his wife said to him: "You are always praying for Hoh-chau. Why do you not go and commence an Opium Refuge there, as you have done in so many other places?"

"I have spent all," he replied, "that I can use in this way: unless the Lord supply the means, no more can be attempted."

"Why," she responded, "what do you think it would cost?" "Twenty to thirty thousand cash," he answered gravely. (About \$25.)

When the wife heard that she went away and said no more. But she could not forget it. There was a city needing the Gospel. Here were ready, willing workers, longing to enter it. But means were lacking. What could she do?

Next morning the good pastor pleaded, as usual, the need and darkness of Hoh-chau. What was his surprise, as he rose from his knees, to see his wife standing beside him with all her jewelry, including many much prized possessions, which she handed to him, saying, "I can do without these. Sell them, and let Hoh-chau have the gospel."

Here, surely, is a striking lesson for christian sisters at home! The city soon had its opium refuge and a good work commenced.

Noble Young Manhood.

There are many things very attractive to a young man in themselves, many things to which companionship or fashion urges, but about which conscience asks, "Are you sure it is right?" Then is the time for decision. To be right for far more important than to be rich, or to be admired, or to be pleased. Such a principle of action will preserve from many a deadly precipice, to which a doubtless path alluringly leads. Young men should not only save themselves from harm, but others. Especially, they should be helpers of those younger and weaker. Ancient chivalry was proud of giving such protection. Let all young men be knights-errant in the best sense. Let them be protectors of all children, and maidens, and women; guarding them when in danger, and denouncing their trayers, frowning on every action or word which might dishonor or lead to injuring them.

Of course, young men will abhor the thought of themselves leading others astray. Young men, hoping one day for a wife who shall be like an "angel in the house," will feel that the purity they expect in her will in all fairness and honor preserve for her in themselves. A noble, virtuous, industrious young manhood is likely to be followed by a successful maturity and a happy and honored age. For this the absolute requisite is faith in God; a full surrender of body, soul and spirit to His service, through Jesus Christ, the perfect example and all-constraining motive.

Mexican Homes.

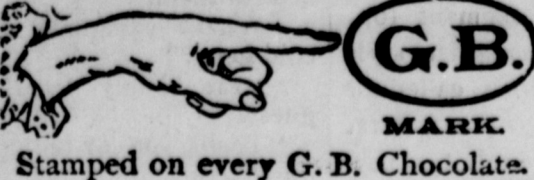
Home life in Mexico is widely different from that in our own land. "There is no more delightful place to visit than a Mexican 'hacienda,'" writes Rev. Geo. B. Winton. "Imagine a square of an acre or two inclosed by a strong wall of stone some twenty feet high. Inside are the houses, barns, corrals, stores, workshops, etc., to all of which one great portal gives entrance. This is the usual of building that sections that were formerly much exposed to robbery. In other sections the various more important buildings are grouped around an open square, which serves as market place and general playground. Flanking the 'big house' and the church and barns are the huts of from one hundred to several thousand laborers. Some of these are the house servants, cooks, coachmen, porters and others, of which there are usually a large number. From the roof of the house, perhaps from the front door itself, there is a view of field and pasture, forest and hill, that stretch away and away till the fair boundary is often lost beyond the blue horizon. Such is the Mexican 'hacienda.' Like its counterpart in our own country, it is the abode of cheerful hospitality. If you are a friend of the owner, you can come and go with perfect confidence, staying a day, a week, or a month, as you may please, and having the whole place at your command. And in the little plaza, night by night, glitter the campfires of multitudes of other humble travellers, who camp thus under the shadow and protection of the house."

Nature Gospelized.

It is a good sign when a christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small dooryard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden on a memorable occasion. No doubt Christ selected the garden of that country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling christian. A man has sorrows, temptations, sins and deliverances that are no

## BUY

See that



Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

# CHOCOLATES

## EDISON'S LATEST PATENT.

A NEW INVENTION BY THE GREAT T. A. EDISON.

Having been appointed General Agent for the

NEW EDISON

# Mimeograph Typewriter,

ALSO THE

# New Automatic Mimeograph,

For Reduplication, I shall have much pleasure in showing users of duplicating apparatus these new machines. Users of HAND MIMEOGRAPHS, NEOSTYLES, &c., should be among the first to investigate. Others not using any duplicating apparatus need it more. If it is desirable to save money and lessee labor, it will pay you to call and examine these machines.

.....

# Ira Cornwall Gen'l. Agent,

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

one else's business. He is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find.

## A TALE OF HEROISM.

A Sailor Found he had Saved the Life of his Own Brother.

The account of how a German sailor rescued another in peril, and found the man he had saved to be his own brother, whom he had thought drowned years before, comes from Schleswig-Holstein. A cable dispatch to a New York Sun tells the story.

One stormy morning during that stormy first week in February, a fishing-village was awakened by a gun-shot off the coast. Hastening to the beach, the people saw a ship wrecked on a reef a mile away. The crew were in the rigging. A life boat was run out, but Harro, the leader of the crew, was absent.

Eight men, however, rowed out to the wreck. The crew got into the life-boat, with the exception of one who was lashed high up on a mast. He was half frozen, and as the storm was increasing and the life boat overloaded it was decided that he could not be taken off. When the life boat returned to the shore Harro had arrived. He asked whether every one had been saved, and was told that one remained. "I will fetch him," said Harro; "will you go with me?"

The men refused, saying it was impossible.

"Then I will go alone," cried Harro, and sprang into the lifeboat. Just at this moment his mother came running down and begged him not to venture out, reminding him that both his father and his brother Uwe had been drowned. Uwe was his youngest brother, and as he had not been heard from for years he was supposed to be dead.

"For love of me," Harro's mother begged, "don't go!"

"But the man on the mast!" exclaimed Harro. "Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?"

Harro's mother said no more, and her son and four other men set out for the wreck, which was now quite under water. The waves were so furious that it was difficult to approach. At last the lifeboat reached it, and Harro climbed the mast and fetched the half-frozen man down. He was laid in the bottom of the lifeboat, and Harro bent over him and remained so until the boat was so near the shore that his voice could be heard. Then he waved his cap and shouted:

"Tell my mother we have saved Uwe!"

## Messages of Help for the Week

"Today if ye will hear his voice. . . . Hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."—Heb. 47, Rev. 2: 7.

"The God of heaven, he will prosper us, his servants will arise and build."—Nehemiah 2: 20.

"Read in the book of God, and understand the reading."—Nehemiah 8.

"My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever more."—Psalm 73: 26.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in truth."—Psalm 86: 11.

"And he asked his father, how long since this came to him? and he said, of a child, but it thou canst do anything, have compassion, and help us. Jesus said, if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And the father cried out, Lord I believe: help thou my unbelief. Jesus rebuked the foul spirit and took him by the hand and lifted him up."—Mark 9: 21-27.

"If Jesus had given them rest, then he would not afterwards have spoken of another day. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 8-11.

## PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County: Greeting.—Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Clothier, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William Duncan, aged 38 years, Carpenter, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, residing in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Duncan, aged 35 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Hunt-er Duncan, aged 38 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walford Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergyman, resident in the said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 54 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Sophia McManus, aged 48 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 65 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. Lillie Maud Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of Saint John. John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunt, aged 21 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 24 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lalley, aged 48 years, wife of George Lalley, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 64 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of St. John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, Widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 48 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the City of Boston. William Burke, aged 38 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Martha McKenz-ie, aged 38 years, wife of Archibald McKenz-ie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 34 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Mary Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island. Martha Davidson, aged 39 years, wife of John Davidson, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York. Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Mary Jane Gigg, aged 55 years, wife of William Gigg, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. Ship Carpenter. James Rodgers, aged 54 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Margaret Spearin, aged 52 years, wife of Freeman Spearin, Millman, resident at Cambridgeport, in the Province of New Brunswick. Sarah Ann Sallinger, aged 50 years, wife of John Sallinger, aforesaid. Builder, resident in the City of New Brunswick. Isabelle Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Bed-gers, aged 45 years, Farmer, resident at Ebbes Landing, Belisle, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 30 years, farmer, resident at Cranford's Landing, Belisle, aforesaid. Clara Halse, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass-founder, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Hannah LeCain, aged 38 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, laborer, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Stoumville, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Edwin Hunter, aged 36 years, freeman, resident at 150-101, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. L. D. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. D. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the county of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick. George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, resident at St. Martins, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner, of said province of New Brunswick. Anna da Hunter, aged 20 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 38 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Herman G. Hunter, aged 29 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 25 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Maggie M. Hunter, aged 28 years, Spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Louisa Hunter, aged 27 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Annie F. Worden, aged 31 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Dalsell, aged 83 years, Spinster, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 56 years, Clothier, residing in the City of Saint John, aforesaid, legatee, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested, and all others whom it may concern, to appear