

He leads I can follow, for He succeeds that I may succeed, He leads so that I may follow. He has put success within my reach.

You see yonder men following Him, men whose lot was a hard one, men who had not much of a chance; and yet, what a success was theirs! I do not say they succeeded in what you would call success. They did not come to be land-owners, rich men, millionaires, and such like. But looking at the good they did, the churches they founded, the service they rendered the world, the true greatness they achieved, theirs indeed was a brilliant success.

And in every age, and in every land, you find men, who accept their lot, and sometimes it looks to us a hard one indeed, and full of faith and energy they go to work where they are, and with such as they have, and they succeed.

Let us not despise what we have, however little in itself it may seem. Yonder in Boston, many years ago now, was put to school at the Perkins institution for the blind, then in charge of Dr. S. G. Howe, a little girl from New Hampshire, eight years old, called Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf-mute. "A poor chance to come to be anything had that little girl," you and I would say; "no eyes to see with, no ears to hear with, no mouth to speak with! Not much of a lot! hard lines!" And yet after years of patient toil, there was worked out for her a brilliant and happy and holy career, and she has grown to be famous. Her one commonplace talent, the sense of touch, has come to be doubled, quadrupled, glorified. It has opened up to her a world of usefulness and benevolence, and a future of blessedness.

My hearer, are you despising your one talent? Are you burying it, neglecting it, letting it go to waste? "I cannot do anything," you say, "and you do not try." You one talent may be a mine of wealth out of which diligent hands may dig a fortune. Within you is a mind, a soul, where thoughts unthought as yet dwell, raptures and joys unspeakable slumber, and so much that is more to you and the world than undug gold. Oh, then, dig out the gold that is within you, the gems of thought, the wealth of genius, the riches of truth and grace.

You say, "I will go yonder to the great city to seek my fortune, to work out my destiny," whereas, at your own door, within yourself, so close to you and within easy reach of you, is to be had a fortune, and such a fortune as you cannot always get at the great centers of business and money-making. In a word, I want to teach here, that your lot and mine is to be made, not to be picked up, to be wrought out with weary effort from day to day, not to drop out of the heavens like a meteorite some lucky moment.

IV. OUR HAPPY LOT.

The happiness of our lot does not consist in this, that our home is in one of the freest, and most salubrious, and most productive, and most prosperous countries in the world. I think much might be said in praise of our own province—its resources, its institutions, its salubrious climate, its opportunities for the laboring classes, and so on. New Brunswick is not to be despised. Men can do well here, and are doing well, as well perhaps as yonder in the land of brilliant sunsets, the boundless prairies and golden mountains of the great West. It may take longer, and require more of an effort, to get at the milk and honey of this land of promise than in some other land, but to the patient toiler there opens up a success that is real and worthy of all his efforts.

Still, do we not make too much of a mere worldly success? The milk and honey of Canaan were rather its spiritual privileges, not its natural resources. After all Canaan was only a second-rate country as a country. Egypt was ahead of it, and many another country was ahead of it. But it was blessed as no country was blessed in the good that blesses souls, in the opportunities and privileges that make men. It stands at the head of all lands for men, who, by the wisdom of their words, the might of their faith, the grandeur of their character, the holiness of their lives, and their eminent works, have done so much for the world. The only country that can compete with it is Greece, and yet putting the great men of Greece, with their achievements in science and literature and religion, alongside of the Abrahams, and Moses, and Davids, and Pauls, and especially the one Jesus Christ, how poor a show they make. David's psalms are sung as Homer's poems have never been sung. Solomon's proverbs are read and his wisdom studied, as Aesop's fables have never been read, and the wisdom of Socrates and the sages of Greece have never been studied. In eloquence, in learning, in philosophy, in literature, how brilliant was ancient Greece; but in religion, in holiness, in faith, in heart and life, how mean, despicable, dirty. Not to Greece we go for milk and honey, but to old Canaan.

Now, in privileges and opportunities of a religious and spiritual character we are not ill off here in New Brunswick. Few countries of its size and age have the educational and religious advantages that we have, and in these things the lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant

places, we have a happy lot. Here we have the gospel in its rich fulness. The land is full of churches, and Sabbath schools, and Bibles, and christians. Let us, therefore, appreciate our lot, and make the most of it. New Brunswick is not the country perhaps where fortunes are to be made, but it ought to be a country where souls are saved, the Divine life is nourished and developed, and the heavenly inheritance is possessed. And better the heavenly inheritance than acres and wealth. The most of us will soon be done with the world, and its acres, its money-making, its success, and how poor the man who has only these! He cannot take them with him into the other life; he has to leave them behind him for others to curse themselves with perhaps rather than bless themselves with. All he can take with him is himself, his character, his trust in God, his mind with its high thoughts, his heart renewed by the Spirit of God, his soul saved.

In Halifax died last week one of the successful business-men, leaving behind him, I suppose, considerable wealth. But it is not for his successful business-career that John S. MacLean is honored and will be remembered, but because he loved Jesus, and did the good he could. For christian benevolence, and church work, and right living, he occupied a first place, and that is his inheritance, and we feel that he is not poor today, but rich—richer than ever, yonder amid the shining ones.

And among ourselves died a young man whose life promised so much, and before whom was opening up a brilliant future of success in business. But we remember him today for his good qualities of head and heart. He loved his mother. He was dear at home. He had a generous heart and a kindly disposition. We never heard anything evil said of him. He feared God, and tried to do his duty. And we feel he is with those who love Jesus, and we are comforted.

Let us, therefore, feel that the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and that through Christ we may stand in our lot in the end of days crowned and honored, happy and saved.

AMEN.

GIRLS—THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

Mother's cross! said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:

Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake, a good deal in the night with the poor baby.

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough, thought she, that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will.

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? she asked. It's such a nice morning.

I should be glad if you would, said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

I'll keep him as long as he is good, said Maggie; and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired.

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.—Southern Churchman.

FAITH IN GOD.

Faith needs to be carefully analyzed. It is impossible to have as much faith in our own wisdom as we have in God's goodness. When we believe God will do whatever we ask, we show that we are satisfied with our own judgment as to what is desirable and right. True faith believes that God will do what is best for us, that He has plans for our lives, and that in humble submission to His guidance we shall not only find security but peace. With such faith we shall be assured that, though our own desires be thwarted, we shall be led in a right way. We shall be dismayed by no difficulties in the bringing to pass of what is really best for us if we listen to the voice of God's promises and rest ourselves on his faithfulness.—Christian Inquirer.

HUNTING THE COON.

Exhilarating Sport Which Flourished in the Days Preceding the War.

Among the animals which may be said to have become extinct is the coon dog of our fathers, says the Bangor Industrial Journal. He was of no particular strain of blood, but he united the keen scent of the deer-hound with the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the tenacity of the bulldog with the stealth of the panther. With less accomplishments than these he might have been good on a fox or deer trail; the lowing herd would have probably been safe in his keeping; he might have been able to hold his own in a fight, or have stood a chance of succeeding as a sheep stealer, but he couldn't have been a coon dog.

For your coon is a cute and tricky customer, and crammed with patience. Moreover, he leaves behind him the coldest, most scentless trail of any animal that runs. He leads you through the tangled swamps and deep, stony hollows. He crosses and recrosses swift running streams. He frisks along the top of rough stone walls as silent and swift as a shadow. He stops within a dozen feet of some convenient wall, clears the intervening space at a bound, strikes a tree and glides up the longest limb, runs to its extremity, and leaps a dozen feet beyond it to the ground again, breaking his trail abruptly on one side and beginning it as confusingly on the other. He invents tactics for emergencies, and brings to every consideration of his welfare and that of his family a large and level head. He plays his cards well and the dog that would beat him must needs hold both bowers and ace, with strong cards to back them. These the coon dogs of our fathers always had.

There were, twenty-five years ago, the still-hunting coon dog and the coon dog who let you know at every step that he was getting there. There was mixed up with the methods of the still-hunter an element of greater certainty that you would get your coon than there was with the more melodious system of the dog that mouthed his presence in the shadowy chase; but the style of the latter put more tingle into your blood and buoyed you up with sweeter expectancy. There was something weird and uncanny in all the turnings and windings of the former through the gloomy woods at night.

It was different with the dog that gave tongue as he hunted. He made music in the night—not the silvery treble of the fox-hound, floating down from the hills on the frosty air and drawn out in sweet cadenza by every willing echo, nor yet the mellow bass of the deer-hound, swelling over the ridges, clear and far-sounding as a bugle-note, but pleasant though staccato song of his own, half bark, half bay, a cheerful mingling of melody with business.

Once in the rare old days of coon hunting a new preacher was settled in the backwoods district of Pike County, Ill. He was not wise in the way of the woods. Early in his first autumn on his charge he began the usual protracted meeting season. By and by he noticed that on moonlight and starlit nights his congregation was made up of women only. Finally he asked the reason of this. A sister arose and said:

"It's 'cause the coonin's bet'n 'tis in the dark 'o the moon, Dominie. Soon ez the moon darks the men'll jine ye."

Sure enough, when the "moon darked" the brethren were all in their places in the meeting-house, joining heartily in the proceedings. The pastor remonstrated with them publicly.

"While you have been idling after coons," said he, "there may have been those in this district who do not hunt coons, and whom you might have led here and saved their souls."

Deacon Brown rose up in the meeting and said:

"Dominie, if thez any one in this deestric ez don't hunt coons his soul hain't wuth savin'."

Coon hunting as a pastime went out of fashion with the war, and the old race of trained coon dogs gradually became extinct. Why the coon has come to be despised by the sportsmen in these days is one of those things about which the remark has once or twice been made that no fellow can find out. He is as cunning as the fox and more difficult to trail. He is, moreover, the leanest of animals, and eats only the most wholesome food. He should not be despised, surely, because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following dogs that you can not see and whose baying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment.

Even when coons are most abundant, nine out of ten of the present generation never see one, and few people know any thing about them or their habits. Although the coon prefers the vicinity of civilization as his habitat, he plans to keep aloof from the eyes of men, and his habits render this an easy task. By day he lies close in out-of-the-way retreats, in the depths of hollow trees or isolated crevices and holes in the rocks. He wanders forth only at night, and although his foraging expeditions may bring him to the very doors of the farmers, and even within the boundary lines of villages, he never betrays his presence. If more than one coon is brought to bay in a tree they will invariably be females or a mother coon with her offspring. The female brings forth her litter only once in two years, and from the coming of the litter to the arrival of another she and her young are never separated. She keeps her little family together until they are two years old, and in protecting them will fight the attacking dog or hunter until she dies.

While the female coon is social and domestic, the male is the reverse. He is solitary, ranges entirely alone and gives no care or attention to family matters. If two males meet in the woods or fields they fight furiously and not infrequently to the death. The male makes his range for forage much wider than the female does, and having no one to look after but himself more frequently escapes the hunter. In spring and summer the margin of brooks and ponds and the soft mud in swamps and bays are thickly indented with the graceful footprints of the coon, for in these months he spends his nights in catching frogs, fish, lizards, grubs and mussels, which are then his chief subsistence. Later on he ranges among the huckleberry and blackberry patches and feasts on the fruit.

When the milk comes in the corn is the coon's gala time, for he loves the tender succulent grains, as a farmer knows to his sorrow, and great are the risks he will take to forage in the fields. It is not until the berries are gone and the corn grown tough in the ear that the coon begins to look about for his winter stores. Then he lays up plentifully from the beech-nut, chestnut and acorn crops, and on these crops depends the hunting of the coon when he is at his best. During the nutting season he is fat, solid and wide awake, providing there are

plenty of nuts. One peculiarity of the coon, which, like most of his peculiarities, has escaped the attention of the naturalists who write books, is that he never touches food until he has quaffed at some spring or brook, even if he is compelled to go far to find it. Old coon hunters say that the coon dips every mouthful of his food into water before eating it, but, like all old hunters, old coon hunters say a great many things that it would bother them to prove.

THE RESTAURANT BEAT.

How He Sometimes Manages to Get a Good Meal for a Dime.

"There are many ways of beating a restaurant," remarked a Pittsburgh man who has had much experience as a caterer, to a Dispatch reporter. "I've learned a good many things in this business, at no slight cost to myself."

"What is the modus operandi of the sharper?"

"Well, it is simple, yet it works well—for him. The larger the restaurant the easier it is to get a meal for almost nothing. Suppose you have only a dime and your appetite demands a 75-cent dinner. You enter a place which is already crowded and seat yourself at the further end of the lunch counter. You then order a sandwich or something else that will cost you but a dime. When you have devoured the provision the waiter hands you a check calling for 10 cents. You take it and saunter towards the door. The cashier is busy making change, and doesn't see you. You seat yourself at the counter near him, another waiter hands you a bill of fare and you order a substantial dinner. When you have finished you receive a second check, marked 75 cents. Put that in your pocket, take the other one and hand it to the cashier with your dime. See? It's an old game, but it is often worked by men who live by their wits.

"Then there is another scheme, which requires the aid of a confederate. One of the beats comes into the dining-room, seats himself at a table and orders a good square meal. A few minutes later his companion enters and takes a seat at the same table. They do not speak and the waiter thinks them perfect strangers. Number 2 orders a light lunch, costing 15 cents, and is given a check for that amount. The other gets his dollar dinner and departs, taking (by mistake apparently) the 15 cent check, which he cashes at the desk. When the second man has finished he picks up the remaining check, looks surprised, calls the waiter, and says:

"Here, what do you mean by this? I got but 15 cents worth, yet this check calls for a dollar, and he raises a kick."

"The proprietor is called and matters explained to him. The fellow puts on a bold front and maintains that he doesn't know the other man from Adam. Because you let him swindle you is no reason why I should pay for his dinner. I owe you only 15 cents, and that is all I will pay."

"He gets off, of course, and the two meet at the next corner and then proceed to work the same racket in some other eating house. Only this time No. 2 takes the \$1 dinner, while his companion plays the role of injured innocent. In some of the big restaurants in the large cities men are employed solely to keep an eye on all customers, and prevent this species of fraud."

BILL BRAZELTON'S END.

He Was the First and Greatest Highwayman of Tucson, A. T.

A gentleman from Tucson, A. T., in the lobby of the National Hotel, spoke of one of the desperadoes of his town, says the Washington Post:

"I see," said he, "that some fellow out in California has been 'holding up' stage loads of people by himself. The dispatches speak of him as the 'Lonely Highwayman.' I want to tell you that the first and greatest lone highwayman in this country lived in Tucson, and his name was Bill Brazelton. It has now been seven or eight years since he was killed. While he lived he was the terror of Southern Arizona, and he did all of his work single-handed. He used to work in a livery-stable in Tucson. He was a young fellow who did not say much, but was all the time practicing with his revolver when he was not at his work. He was the most active, powerful young man I ever saw.

"He got so he could turn a somersault with his pistol in his hand and as he came up hit a fifty-cent piece every time twenty-five yards away. He could shoot in every position, whether standing, running or riding, and every time he 'plumped' the bullet in the eye. Suddenly he left town, and it was not long till we heard of his robbing stages all alone. He had nerves of steel, and did not seem to be afraid of any body or any thing. The greatest efforts were made to capture him, but he eluded all of his pursuers. He seemed to be here, there and everywhere at the same time. Finally it was suspected that a hostler working in the stable where Brazelton had been employed knew something of him. He was taken out to the edge of town and hanged up till he was almost dead, when he agreed to confess on condition that Brazelton should be shot on sight, as he would kill any man who betrayed his secret at the first opportunity.

"The hostler said he was to go out to meet Brazelton that very night and take him something to eat. He was to wait behind a log in a certain piece of woods. A party of six well-armed men took the hostler and went with him to the place of rendezvous. They all lay down behind the log and waited for Brazelton. By and by he rode out of a thicket into an open space and came slowly toward the unsuspected ambush. He carried his pistol in his hand as if suspecting that things were not all right. When within thirty yards of the log the whole party rose and fired, killing the horse and rider in an instant. It was one of the most dramatic incidents that ever occurred about Tucson in those troublesome days. Brazelton's body was riddled with balls. He was brought to town and the next morning he was propped up against the adobe wall and his photograph taken, and the local photographer has to-day in his showcase a ghastly illustration of the triumph of his art."

Frailty, Thy Name Is Woman.

A middle-aged woman went to a prominent physician in San Diego not long ago, and asked him to amputate her two great toes. He examined them, assured her that there was nothing wrong with them, and said that he wouldn't cut them off. She begged him to, saying that if they were off she could wear No. 2 shoes instead of 4's, as then. Her toes were her own, she said, to do what she pleased with, and she would give \$300 to have them off. The doctor refused and the woman went in quest of some one with less conscience. A San Diego newspaper says that she found someone to do the job successfully, for two weeks later she went to San Francisco wearing the best pair of No. 2s that could be bought in San Diego.

HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES.

How to Act in Cases of Accident and Sudden Illness.

Sir W. Moore, late Surgeon-General with the Government of Bombay, has a paper in the Hospital on "The Immediate Treatment of Accident and Sudden Illness," in which he states that only the other day he was passing Kensington Gardens, when he observed an old man being supported by two other persons, and encouraged to cling to the railings, so as to maintain an upright posture. A glance showed what was the matter with the old man. He had been struck by cardiac failure, or serious apoplexy, or that variety of the malady in which the face is pale, and the circulation of the blood failing. His pulse was feeble and intermittent, and there was evident paralysis on one side of the body. Now, what ought to have been done in such a case? The poor old man should have been laid on right side full length, his collar should have been opened, he should have been allowed plenty of fresh air, and his legs, feet and hands should have been well rubbed. Then, when the first shock of the malady had passed away, he ought to have been carried, still in the recumbent posture, to the nearest hospital. Again, another instance. Only a few days back, in the Hammersmith road, two boys were knocked down by a cab. One escaped with little injury, the other got concussion of the brain. He was almost senseless, speechless, cold and pallid. The same plan ought to have been pursued as in the case of the old man; but instead of this, the boy was surrounded by a dense crowd of inquisitive people, and one good but mistaken Samaritan was supporting the injured youth in an upright position on his knee. After a time the poor boy was dragged away on his legs, being well shaken and jostled in the process. Yet a third instance. In Hyde Park, one recent Sunday, a person was taken in an epileptic fit. One bystander wisely ran for water; others carried the epileptic to a bench, on which he was seated. Now, in epilepsy there is a great struggling, the limbs are convulsed, and the tongue is very liable to be protruded between the teeth and severely bitten. This accident should be guarded against by placing something, as a small piece of soft wood, too large to slip into the mouth, between the teeth; and the person should be simply prevented injuring himself in his struggles until the fit passes away. But nothing of the kind was attempted; the consequence being that the tongue was bitten, and the limbs of the epileptic were bruised against the hard wood of the bench on which he was seated and held. Had he been placed on the soft grass and left alone he would have injured himself less.

The following are rules which may be safely adopted in cases of accident and sudden illness. Place the person on the ground or floor lying toward the right side, and with the head raised to the level of the body by a pillow, folded coat or other soft substance. Then unbutton or split open any clothing pressing upon the neck or chest. The face and chest should be sprinkled with cold water, and some cold water may be given to drink if the power of swallowing remains. Wine, brandy or other liquor should not be hastily given without evidence of their being needed. Examine the head and limbs separately. The prominent parts of the limbs may be examined with very little movement of the body. If it is necessary to move a person after any injury, especially of the head, the person should be carried while lying down. He should not be allowed to sit upright in a vehicle or to walk. See that the person is allowed plenty of fresh air. The history of the accident should be obtained, and when sending for a surgeon the message should be as clear as possible, and, if practicable, a written one.

The most common maladies which occur suddenly to people in the streets of large towns are apoplectic and epileptic attacks, maladies depending on heart affections, and drunken fits, although, perhaps, the latter should not be classed under the head maladies. But it is necessary to distinguish apoplexy and epilepsy from "dead drunk," as it is called, and also poisoning by opium. Apoplexy is known from epilepsy by the puffing or snoring breathing which occurs in the former malady. In epilepsy there is no struggling of the limbs, the eyes are turned up under the lids, so that the whites only are visible, and the person generally falls down with a loud cry, none of which are the symptoms of apoplexy. Apoplexy is to be distinguished from affections due to the heart, because in the latter maladies the symptoms are very similar to fainting. The person is pale, unconscious, with feeble pulse, scarcely perceptible breathing, white lips and a death-like expression of countenance; while in apoplexy, though the person is unconscious, there is snoring or puffing breathing, and the face is often drawn to one side. Apoplexy is best distinguished from the effects of spirituous liquors by the history of the case, which may probably be one of drinking. Secondly, by the smell of liquor in the person's breath; although this is not a certain sign, for some one may, in mistaken kindness, have given the person struck with apoplexy some kind of liquor. Thirdly, in the "drunken fit," the size of the pupils of the eyes is equal, while in apoplexy one is often larger than the other. By the pupils of the eyes is meant the round space in the center of the dark part of the eye. Fourthly, the person "dead drunk" may generally be roused, when he babbles incoherently, while from apoplexy the person can not be roused. Lastly, if any movements occur in drunkenness they will be of the limbs, whereas movement is usually restricted to one side of the body in apoplexy. From poisoning by opium apoplexy is best distinguished by the history of the case; by the smell of opium in the breath; by both pupils of the eyes being very small and contracted; by the fact that the patient may be roused, although he does not then babble as in the drunken fit, but immediately goes to sleep again.

If all that has been advanced can not be held in recollection the condensed rules may certainly be remembered, viz.: First, in all cases of accident or sudden illness let the person lie down, and do not assist him to maintain the upright posture; secondly, let him have plenty of fresh air; thirdly, unloose all clothing round the neck and chest; fourthly, convey the patient, still in the recumbent position, to the nearest hospital. Stretchers for this purpose ought to be available at known points, or at least at every police station.

People are wrong who think that women generally object to telling their age. Most women are always willing to tell their age whenever they are asked. The trouble is that they sometimes do not tell the truth about it.