TABERNACLE SERMON.

"The Marriage Ring."

"Duties of Husbands to Wives." Dr. Talmage's Sermon Yesterday.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the fifth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Duties of Husbands to Wives." Before the sermon he explained the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, concerning Abraham's admiration for Sarah, her age the only woman's age mentioned in the Bible, implying that inquisitiveness on that subject is an impertinence. The hymn sung was:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

To-day was moving day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Once a year the pews are rented, and while many retain their old seats there are many changes seen to-day. At the annual rental Dr. Tucker paid $760 for first choice of a pew, making his rent come to about nine hundred dollars; Mr. Everett paid $525 for the second choice of a pew, making his rent about seven hundred dollars. The premiums and rentals were larger this year than ever before, and the income will be about thirty-one thousand dollars. All the pews in the galleries except the four front rows, are free, so that the church is conducted on the two plans, the free and the rented, and no man can say he may not attend because he has not the means.

THE TEXT OF THE SERMON

was from Genesis, xxiv., 63: "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming." Following is the sermon in full:

A bridal pageant on the back of dromedaries! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swinging motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travellers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay caparison of saddle and bridle and girth and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun; and the hilarity of the mounted passengers; and we cry out, "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah; and with her companions and maidens, she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the best wishes of all her friends. Isaac is in the field meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people, and after a while, he finds that the greatest earthly blessing that ever came to a man is coming with this gay caravan. The drivers cry "Kneel!" to the camels, and they kneel, and putting foot on the neck of the camel, the bride dismounts and greets the man who was as worthy of her as she was worthy of him. "And Isaac

WENT OUT TO MEDITATE

in the field at even-tide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming."

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of the choice of a life-long companion, I take it for granted, O man, that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction, and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort, a Rebekah and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse how you ought to treat your wife, and my ambition is to tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three-quarters of an hour in all your life.

First of all, I charge you realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody and care and homestead in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have, and what confidence in yourself to say to her practically: "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you ever had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life in safety. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed and the trundle-bed in which you slept, and in the sitting room are the father and mother, who have got wrinkle-faced and stoop-shouldered and dim-sighted in taking care of you, you will do better to come with me. I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and unbuilt. You would think me a very

DARING AND HAZARDOUS ADVENTURER

if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say, "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and passing out into the sea plunge through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of one, that would be the ship that would never be heard of. But that is the boldness of every man that proffers marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a lifetime. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for the voyage of a lifetime! I admit that there have been ten thousand shipwrecks on this very route, but don't hesitate! Tut! Tut! There now! Don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I entrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strengh of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity, in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honorable in my father, and all that was good in my mother, and all that was pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make, when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for

WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO,

and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. Side by side in life. Side by side in the burying ground. Side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than anyone in the universe except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin or Bach or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with scarlet fever, will be to you as beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead and under her eyes and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's Song: "Behold thou art fair, my love! Behold thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately, in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink or heart or brain to write:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

If any one

ASSAIL HER GOOD NAME

you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw, except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine, she has a first mortgage on your body, mind and soul, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and you do not more thoroughly own your two eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind and indulgent and worthy.

Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your work, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretences, and then you ought to be mulcted in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your troth. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism and romance and a joke," and that "they all talk that way!"

Well, let that plan be tried on yourself! Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with roseate speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to

PUT UP FINE RESIDENCES

close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gives no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars, and my speech glows with enthusiasm until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn and the money paid down and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep at night because of the El Dorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter. You give up your home at the East, you bid good bye to your old neighbors and take the train, and after many days' journey, you arrive at a quiet depot from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness, and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in a swamp and shaking with the fifteenth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask him where the nearest depot is. He tells you that it is not very much more than a good road will be if the company get their bill for the track through the next Legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this chill is off, I will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for everybody else you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than many men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have

SWINDLED ME OUT OF EVERYTHING.

What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right, that was sentimentalism and romance and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such a deception than you, O man, who by glow of words and personal magnetism, induced a womanly soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, floweless, shelterless, comfortless and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a lifetime.

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly compare the promises you made and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spend every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulation, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come into the house in the evening, when you were attempting the capture of her affections, and the way some of you come into the house in the evening now. Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week!

Now some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say:

"LOST MONEY TO-DAY!"

and you sit down at the table and criticize the way the food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet, and with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has had enough annoyances in the nursery and parlor and kitchen to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer and the intelligent improvement and the moral entertainment of that home, which at the longest can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that soon these children will be grown up, or in their sepulchres, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectionate bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as so many cattle or sheep. In one country the man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her struggling and resisting on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle, she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his right. Endurance and bravery and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a

VOLUNTARY BARGAIN

in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love.

Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony, but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock, you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal Prayer Book, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies, when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

The fact is that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men, namely, husbands, the flirtation. The attention they ought to put upon their own wives, they bestow upon others. They smile on them coyly and askance and with a manner that seems to say, "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings!" And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home

WHISTLING AND HILARIOUS,

and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meanness immeasurable for a man by his behaviour to seem to say to his wife, "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O domestic Shylock? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife, that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections, that when, as time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face, and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obeisance to cheeks more rubicund and figure lither [illegible] last pound of patience and endurance part, you could [illegible] with the emphasis of Edwin Forrest or Macready, have tapped the eccentric marriage document and have said: "It's in the bond?" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting, she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward towards Padanaram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is either a fraud or a rake. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of either the masculine or feminine flirt.

The most worthy thing for the thousands of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects, and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics in the box inside the drawer, containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of

YELLOW COVERED-LETTERS

that were written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from heaven will fan it into a blaze

We who have broken marriage vows, speak out! Take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her everything. Walk arm in arm with her into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine, and when one trembles on the way, let the other be reinforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society try to look young-mannish. Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all Christian resources; and certainly, when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worldly husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness.

NOTHING ON EARTH

could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

Aye, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to heaven? You think you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if you both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your marital relation, and what a new light it would throw on the forehead of your children. In sickness, what a comforter! In reverses of fortune, what a wealth! In death, what a triumph! God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home to-day and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirits will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer, I will give you a prayer, namely: "Lord God, I surrender to thee myself and my beloved wife and these dear children. For Christ's sake forgive all the past and help us for all the future. We have lived together here, may we live together forever. Amen and amen!" Dear me! what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in heaven!

Joseph the second, the emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of hosts of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration, and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw

A WOMAN AT THE DOOR

of her cottage in dejection. The emperor dismounted and asked the cause of her grief. She said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the emperor, and had declined to take her with him, for as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness and goodness and greatness she had an unspeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable. The Emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clapped her hands in gladness before him. The emperor took the name of her husband and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in his beauty," and He has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God and without hope in the world," and imprisoned in worldliness and sin. Oh, that they might arm in arm go this day and see Him who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth and air and sky." His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

Rough on the Youths of Salisbury.

A correspondent at Salisbury, who signs himself "An Observer," says some hard things about the young men of Salisbury. He writes:

Salisbury is situated about 13 miles from the Town of Moncton, on the I. C. R. It is a town, or at least a village, which nature did something for in the way of beautiful natural scenery. Truly, few rural villages in this country excel it in the beauty of its woodland scenery. Of course, no person can form any adequate idea of its beautiful surroundings during the month of February. At this time of the year business is dull here, as well as in other parts of the country. But probably the reason why this fair village is so exceedingly dull at present, is because of the great number of rowdies that infest its streets. Both night and day one is apt to be insulted for no reason. Intelligent people always think that rowdyism is a hindrance to the intellectual, social and moral advancement of any part of the earth, and if this is so, there is no wonder that this place is in a retrogressive condition. If ever any kind of advancement comes into existence in this portion of the earth, called *Salisbury*, it will be when the present rising generation has passed off the stage of life! One would naturally think that the home culture of the youths of Salisbury was mightily neglected if he were to judge from their actions on the streets and in public meetings. Several gentlemen have come to Salisbury on different occasions to deliver public lectures, give readings, or conduct concerts, and the only one that were not insulted are said to have been the "Blind Singers," and the only reason why they escaped the foolish abuse of the Salisbury ignoramuses was because they had lost their organs of vision. Any one who comes to Salisbury goes away with the impression that there are not many men of genius in the place; and if he studies the natural laws, he will see many evidences of gross violation of those noble laws. And worse still, one would [illegible] they were transmitted [illegible] those not *inglorious* specimens of humanity [illegible] make up [illegible] the sickly, low cunning that exists among these *fair youths* may be quoted to substantiate this fact. Indeed it would be wise for the moralists, teachers and parents of Salisbury to take timely warning, and endeavor to make some kind of a reformation of society, or else the Provincial Government will have to be called upon to build an addition to that large building, with narrow, dark windows at the shiretown of the County of Westmorland, especially for the magnanimous youths of Salisbury to make baskets and tubs in.

THE TIMES can scarcely believe the young men of Salisbury, as a class, are as bad as they are painted in this latter, but possibly there is room for improvement in some individual cases.

Basket Social at Allison.

A few of the friends of the Rev. James Crisp, met at the house of Oliver Jones, Esq., at Allison, Parish of Salisbury, for a basket social when Mr. R. B. C. Weldon was called to the chair, by request of the ladies, and Mr. Andrew Steeves was chosen to sell the baskets, which by his pleasant wit and good humor were disposed of at fair prices. Then it was amusing to see the lords peeking around to find the former owners of the baskets. This settled then commenced the "tug of war" against the good things provided, which were abundant and very nice, so much so one remarked that seven baskets full remained above what was eaten. Music on the organ was rendered by Miss Maggie Jones, assisted by a good choir.

About 10 o'clock the chairman called the meeting to order and presented the Rev. Mr. Crisp a well filled envelope with the proceeds, with some remarks respecting the different modes of raising money for the Gospel. Some forty years ago it was done by voluntary subscription supplemented by the good mothers. Then came the tea meetings, which were enjoyable. Next came the donation parties, which had not many redeeming traits and now comes the basket social, which certainly is very nice. Some good men condemned all but the first way of raising money, but he the chairman could see no great harm in this way as every man got real value for his money. In presenting the money the chairman expressed their sympathy, love and good will for the cause, and trusted the minister would be made a blessing and happy in his work. The only regret we had was the amount was not larger.

The rev. Mr. Crisp replied in a very happy way, saying, such love and sympathy was tangible, and as for the great harm in raising money in this way he thought much real good might result from such gatherings, apart from the money, as it brought the young people together and some day he might be called upon to make two hearts one which would be a double pleasure.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and in fact the whole family, not excepting their son, R. D. Jones of Moncton, for their trouble and kindness to make each one happy. The day and evening was very cold which prevented many from attending, but as it was the affair was a complete success and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves without limit.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.

WELL it is wonderful but nevertheless true that L. Higgins & Co., are selling women's French Oil Boots, Button Boots, chamois lined, and button holed worked, at $1.75 per pair; you would have to pay $2.75 to $3.00 for them in any other store in town. Remember the place, sign of the big boot. feb8tf

Meeting of the Faithful.

The Grits of Moncton had a caucus meeting Saturday night in the third story of the Palmer block. With one or two exceptions the full strength of the party here put in an appearance. Those present were: Robert McConnell, of Robert McConnell & Co., newspaper publishers, William J. Robinson, of the same firm, Daniel McLean, ditto, David Grant, a contributor, H. H. Ayer, James Flanagan, C. R. Palmer, Edward McSweeney, Peter McSweeney, Miles Sullivan, H. J. Macgowan, all more or less interested in the same concern, and John Sutton, Chief Clerk in the Mechanical Department of the Intercolonial Railway. The meeting if not large or influential was harmonious in the determination to do everything that was possible to redeem Westmorland and defeat Sir John Macdonald. The representative of THE TIMES was not given a seat next the chairman but is nevertheless able to give a fair resume of the speeches made and the business transacted.

The Deacon spoke first. He said: I do not see that the cause is making much progress. I have done all that I could and have even ventured to talk politics in the prayer meetings of my church, telling the people there that Sir John's protection policy was contrary to the teachings of the good book, but without avail. I also tried to write up Louis H. Davies of P. E. Island as a possible opponent of Mr. Wood at the next election, but the people do not seem to catch on.

W. J. R.—Any idiot would know that an outsider will not do for Westmorland. Are there not good enough men in ranks of the party here? That's what I would like to know. (Aside: myself for one.)

H. J. MacG.—I had hopes at one time that the cause of Gritism would grow and flourish as the green bay tree. But there have been mistakes, gentlemen; mistakes, I say. I had built some hopes of my friend Amasa, but he is an uncertain cuss and he treated me in so shabby a manner over that Board of Health Secretaryship that—

W. J. R.—What is this I hear about Amasa? I thought it was understood that as soon as the party grew strong enough he must either come out squarely on our side or be dropped altogether. He is now standing in my way for the Local nomination next summer, and H. R. says that I should not run for the mayoralty again because it would injure my chances. I would like to have an understanding.

H. H. A.—That was the understanding gentlemen, in reference to Amasa; but the party has not grown as expected. J. E. B. was a failure; he came here to sit down on Thad, but he found the seat so uncomfortable that he vacated it at the first opportunity (he told me it reminded him of his school boy days when he used to sit down on the point of a pin arranged by some other boy): he ran down the Nova Scotians in the railway service and we made a mistake of getting a Nova Scotian to fill his place. There were young men in the party in Moncton quite capable of running our little organ.

The Deacon—Do I hear aright? This, then, explains the apathy of some former contributors to our journal. Out upon such meanness. Remember, gentlemen, our motto, to say no good of any follower of the accursed old wizard, Sir John Macdonald, and to do everything possible to injure our opponents, socially, financially and otherwise, and to sacrifice everything, time, money, even truth and honor to advance the cause of Gritism.

JOHN S.—Have I not been faithful? And have I not done all I could to damage the Government through the railway department?

VOICES: All honor to the faithful servant of Gritism.

E. McS.—Gentlemen, this discussion seems to be taking a wide range. The object of the meeting involved more weighty questions than have so far been discussed. Our pockets have been pretty well drained already, but something—

Dan McL.—Yes, something must be done. I am the finance minister, but like any illustrious predecessor, Sir Richard Cartwright—

Voices: Sir Richard Cartwright!

Dan. McL.—I always have a deficit.

Voices: Another?

D. McL.—Yes, another. But that is not the worst, gentlemen. Our revenue is growing smaller and beautifully less, and our circulation is going down, down.

J. McS.—But, gentlemen, there is some mistake.

H. J. Macg.—There is some mistake, I say. Our Meeting has no connection with the Publishing Co. That must take care of itself, and if there are deficits we are not responsible. The new franchise, gentlemen, will give thousands of votes.

The Deacon—But we said it was a fraud, and would deprive hundreds of their votes.

H. J. Macg.—Mistakes, again, gentlemen.

E. McS.—Yes, and these mistakes are, I fear, doing us irreparable harm, but we have the assurance that the county will be redeemed for the cause of purity—

The deacon—and righteousness.

E. McS.—If there is enough money at Dorchester Corner to do it.

The deacon—H. R. says that the money will be forthcoming.

E. McS.—And, gentlemen, we must get the names of all probable grit voters on the lists.

Miles—Sir John passed the law.

The Deacon—I suppose we can tell the new voters that the Grits forced Sir John to give us the law in its present state.

H. J. MacG—And what about the increased sessional indemnity? Mr. Blake voted for that.

The Deacon—That was Sir John's fault, of course. If it had not been proposed by Sir John, Mr. Blake would never have voted for it.

H. J. MacG.—Gentlemen, I fear for the future. I am an honest man—so far as is consistent with Gritism—and I confess I do not like this. I sometimes think we had better drop this business.

Geo. McS.—One thing is certain, this crowd will never carry Westmorland. Let us retire.

Several retired, and the half dozen remaining, after renewing their vows and executing a war dance around an effigy of Sir John Macdonald, followed suit. PETER.

Moncton's Sewerage.

The following abstract of sewerage in the Town of Moncton, to 31st Dec., 1885, has been prepared by Mr. McCready, Town Engineer:

	Brick.	Wood.	Fireclay.
Main street	*4,424	....	....
Outlet at Public Wharf	175	....	....
Harper street	†450	....	....
King street	830	....	....
Pleasant street (outlet)	470	....	....
Steadman street	1,430	....	....
Duke street (outlet)	560	....	....
Telegraph street	1,530	....	....
Vulcan street	1,280	....	....
Wesley street	1,620	....	....
Botsford street	1,820	....	....
Alma street	1,730	....	....
Main outlet at Market	....	....	....
Church street	1,270	....	....
Westmorland street	....	....	238
Robinson street	1,350	....	340
Lutz street	1,850	....	306
Along branch railway	....	1,350	....
Foundry street	....	450	....
Bonaccord street	1,600	....	390
Fleet street	....	....	300
Highfield street	1,500	....	....
High street	370	....	....
Outlet at old Tannery	....	22	....
Total in feet	24,759	2,295	1,574

Equal to 5.42 (or nearly 5½) miles.

*Of this 77 feet was built by the Government, under the Railway at the Crossing, near P. S. Archibald's.

†Constructed by Cotton Company.

In connection with the above named sewers there have been built 57 catch basins, viz., 49 of brick and 8 of wood, the last being in connection with the wooden sewer along the branch railway and Foundry Street.

If a well be poisoned, woe be to those who drink thereat. It is worse to poison the fountain of life for one's self, and the posterity. Often by carelessness, or misfortune, or inheritance, this has been done. Ayer's Sarsaparilla frees the blood, the vital stream, and restores appetite, strength, and health.

The Ladies of the White House.

Miss McCready has obtained the agency for Westmorland and Kings, for a new work entitled "The Ladies of the White House," and will in a few days offer the same to our townspeople, who it is hoped will subscribe freely. The work, which is from the pen of Laura C. Hollaway, is a complete history of the social and domestic lives of the Presidents from Washington to the present time, with numerous illustrations on steel and wood. The ladies of the White House have had no biographers. They have exerted an influence in their semi-official position second only to that of the Presidents, yet their careers have been unhonored in history; unsung in poetry. They have performed onerous duties for the country which have been appreciated by the public, but ignored by the political historian. Yet they have been the powers beside the throne without which no administration could have been complete. There has been a reason for this neglect. It has not been the result of indifference, but the difficulty of obtaining reliable data from which to compile biographies of the women who have filled the highest social position in the land has deterred chroniclers from essaying a task so herculean. The present volume, which is now submitted to the American people, is the result of a most fortunate combination of circumstances which enabled the author through her relations with a recent administration, to gather with the powerful aid and co-operation of the President of the United States, which could not have been obtained otherwise. The undertaking under such auspices was crowned with entire success, and the publishers are enabled to offer a history of the social careers and personal biographies of every President's wife and hostess of the Executive Mansion from the first administration down to the present time. The information contained in the volume has never been compiled in any other form, and there are many historical facts of a most interesting nature for the first time presented to the public. The book contains the portraits of the wives of the Presidents, and of the ladies who presided over the mansion during the administrations of unmarried Presidents. At a time when the women of this country are commanding the attention of the civilized world by reason of their higher education, superior mental attributes and exalted social status, such a book is of exceptional value, and no doubt many Monctonians will avail themselves of the opportunity Miss McCready will give them in a few days of securing copies of the work.

King's Co. S. S. Association.

The second convention of the Kings Co. S. S. Convention is to be held in the Methodist Church, Hampton Station, Feb. 15th and 16th, 1886. The programme is as follows:

FIRST SESSION, MONDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00 Meeting of Executive Committee.

2.30 Devotional meeting led by President.

3.00 Called to order by President, Gideon McLeod, Esq.—Appointing of Credential, Nominating, Devotional, Finance and Questions Committees Treasurers Report—Report of Statistics and work done during the year. Adoption of Constitution and Bye-Laws—Reports from Parishes by Vice Presidents and others.

5.00 Meetings of Committees.

SECOND SESSION.

7.30 Devotional meeting led by Rev. G. E. Good.

8.00 Report of Credential committee. Call of roll, Address of retiring President, Report of nominating committee and election of Officers — Discussion, "Winter Sunday Schools, necessary and possible, how best organized and conducted.

THIRD SESSION, TUESDAY MORNING.

9.30 Devotional meeting.

10.00 Miscellaneous and unfinished business. Discussion, "Parish organization."

FOURTH SESSION, AFTERNOON.

2.00 Devotional meeting.

2.30 Model Teachers meeting—Lesson for Sunday Feb. 21st. "The second Temple," Ezra 1:1-4; 3: 8-13, conducted by Rev. Geo. Bruce, Pastor of St. David's Church, St. John Discussion, "Need of Teachers meetings and how they may be best promoted and sustained."

FIFTH SESSION.

[illegible] meeting conducted by Rev. S. Howard.

7.30 Discussion, "What do our Sunday Schools most need?"

Answering Questions.

BORN.

WALSH.—At Moncton on Sunday, Jan. 31st to the wife of Mr. Thos. Walsh, Fleet street, twins—boys.

At Little River, Buctouche, Jan. 27th, to the wife of John P. Legere, a son.

MARRIED.

RITCHIE-TAIT—At Penobsquis, Feb. 3rd; by the Rev J. M. Parker, Mr. George W. Ritchie of Salisbury and Miss Lizzie Tait of Penobsquis.

CONSTANTINE-BARNES—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 6th of Jan'y, by the Rev. W. W. Brewer, Mr. Theodore R. Constantine, of Elgin, Albert County, to Miss May Barnes, of Sussex, Kings County.

MILBURN-SIMPSON — At Demoiselle Creek, Albert County, Jan. 30, by the Rev. C.H Paisley, M. A., Asa Milburn to Miss Sarah, daughter of the late Robert Simpson.

CAMPBELL-KAY—At the Methodist parsonage, Richibucto, Feb. 1st, by the Rev. W. J. Kirby, John F. Campbell to Lena Kay, all of Buctouche. (Other papers please copy.)

MACLAREN-SNIDER.—At St Stephen's church St. John, on Thursday, Feb. 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Macrae, John S. Maclaren, Inspector of Customs for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to Frances Dolbo, eldest daughter of George F. Snider, Esq.

HASTINGS-ROBB. — At the residence of the officiating clergyman, Salisbury, Jan. 18th, the Rev. J. M. Parker, Mr. Wm. T. Hastings, Salisbury and Miss Annie Robb, of Coverdale, Albert Co., N. B.

DIED.

MCNICHOL.—At Moncton, on the 4th of February, of consumption, Bessie C. McNichol, second daughter of R. P. and D. A. McNichol, aged 15 years and 5 months.

STEEVES—At Elgin Corner, Albert County, Jan 22 Catherine Steeves, aged 50

STEWART—At Elgin Corner, Albert County, Jan. 8 John Stewart, aged 85, formerly of P. E. I.

MILLS—At Westville, N. S., Jan. 5th, of cancer James Mills, engineer, aged 47 years, formerly of Richibucto, New Brunswick, leaving a widow and 5 children to mourn his loss.

DONAGHEY — At St. John, on the 4th inst., Henry Donaghey, aged 88 years, a native of the County Tyrone, Ireland.

STEEVES.—At Lower Coverdale, Albert Co., Feb. 8th, Deacon Frederick Steeves, aged 76 years and 8 months, leaving a wife, two sons and three daughters to mourn their loss.

GAUDET—At Memramcook, the 1st February, Anne Beatrice Louisa, aged two months and eleven days, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Marcelin Gaudet, of the firm of LeBlanc and Gaudet.

GELDART.—At New Canaan, Parish of Salisbury, County of Westmorland, Jan. 25th, of inflammation of the lungs, Elsie J., beloved wife of Christopher Geldart. Our dear sister professed faith in Christ and was baptized by Rev. J. C. Steadman, Oct., 1873, and united with the Second Elgin Baptist church. She died strong in the faith, leaving a loving husband and four sons and six daughters, the youngest son two weeks old, and many relatives and friends to mourn their loss. Age 42 years.

SHIP NEWS.

British Ports.

Calcutta—Ard previous to 2nd, ship San Stefano, Sproul, from Cardiff, has been reported arrived at Manila 20th ult.

Falmouth—Sld 2nd, bqe Frank Stafford, Smith, (from Iquique) for London.

London—Sld 2nd, str Rowena, Young, for Halifax and St. John.

Foreign Ports.

Antigua—Sld 1st, brig Arcadia, Woodward, for New York.

In port at Hong Konk, Dec 28th, bqe J B Newcomb, Newcomb for London.

In port at Manila, Dec 24th, ship Nyl-Ghau, Butler, for New York; bqes Alabama, Brown, and Arklow, Pye, unchartered.

In port at Yokohama, 5th ult, ship Hectanooga, Robbins, from New York.

Bucksville, S C—Cld 30th ult, sch Sarah Godfrey, Pinkham, for the west Indies.

Ard, at Tybee, 2nd inst., barque Emma Mar Brewster, from La Rochelle.