THE POWER OF KINDNESS

LESSONS FROM PAUL'S RECEPTION ON THE ISLAND OF MELITA.

The Barbarous People of the Island Were as Yet Uncorrupted, and So the Promptings of Nature Rules Them—Kindness a Royal Flower of God s Goodness.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 12.—Brooklyn Tabernacle today contained many strangers on their way home from the watering places and foreign lands. Many of the members absent from the city during the summer were in their places. The church building and the organ, which have been almost continually under brush and hammer since the dedication last spring, are now about completed. The sermons today were full of congratulation and were attended by the usual throngs. Dr. Talmage's morning sermon was on "Kindness," from the text, Acts xxviii, 2: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

My text puts us on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial center, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck.

The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour when she struck at what is now called St. Paul's bay. Practical sailors have taken up the ship's log account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruit and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grew there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated with salt water and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates.

Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat nor shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them.

And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time—his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they staid on the island watching for a ship and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But they endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

BIBLE EXAMPLES OF KINDNESS.

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it, and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness: It is sunshine of the soul, it is affection perennial, it is a crowning grace, it is the combination of all graces, it is compassion, it is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hands stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever.

Kindness wishes everybody well, every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing, and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's association, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration.

Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" And they answer "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness or disposition its perfume will whelm everything.

THE EVILS OF REVENGEFUL FEELING.

But if you are waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed or disconfited, or in any way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me I have felt "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate! The traitor! The liar! The villain!"

But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting that I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not an abstraction. As I have tried a little of the retaliation, so I have tried a little of the forgiving.

I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded, but there are a few malignants whom I am yet pursuing, and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us all pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotton up for occasions, but perennial.

That is the reason I like petunias better than morning glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning glory; but the morning glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as widespread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature, all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence.

Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under the divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured, and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O God, implant kindess in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The king of Prussia had presented to him by the empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr Fintelmann, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower and put it in his buttonhole, and the gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds."

And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said, "No, my memory is very tenacious and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal flower, and blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature, but wear it in our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE."

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet any one do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First, it is chained to the back of the mouth by strong muscles. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips with the power of compression and arrest, and yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, sacrification and damnation.

There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words: "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves, without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy-six ragamuffins."

Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christlike thing! Say the kind thing! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say, "What weather today?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a waterproof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say, "What weather today?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of waterproof overcoat show it is an honest utterance.

On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill, and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!"

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off the track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances if there are any.

And then commit to memory so that you can quote for yourself and quote for others that exquisite thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians about charity that suffers long and is kind, and hopeth all things and endureth all things. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, say all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue, and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of teeth on the upper jaw locked and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up.

What a place Brooklyn would be to live in, and all the other cities and neighborhoods to live in, if charity dominated! What if all the young and old gossipers were dead! The Lord hasten their funerals! What if tittle-tattle and whispering were out of fashion! What if in ciphering out the value of other people's character, in our moral arithmetic, we stuck to addition instead of subtraction! Kindness! Let us morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one speak it. If you can conscientiously give letter of commendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead.

All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that the Rev. Dr. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick Theological seminary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. The letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than thirty years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I received a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his death. By way of the eternal world? Oh, no, by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why, if fifty men all aglow with it should walk through the lost world, methinks they would almost abolish perdition.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before, when having with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after awhile cried to his horses, "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped.

That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Honorable Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven), when at Washington. A senator's wife who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him, "Mr. Stephens, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying." That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appomattox he said to General Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or a mule take it along with him." That is the spirit which, last night, ten thousand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call.

Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding and all pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution—why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say:

"What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he has had so much sickness in his family he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy. Down at the bank I heard yesterday a note was due, and the young merchant could not meet it, and an old merchant went in and got for him three months' extension, which for the young merchant is the difference between bankruptcy and success in business. And in our street is an artist who had a fine picture of the 'Rapids of Niagara,' and he could not sell it, and his family were suffering, and they themselves were in the rapids; and a lady heard of it and said, 'I do not need the picture, but for the encouragement of art and helping you out of your distress I will take it,' and on the drawing room wall are the 'Rapids of Niagara.'

THE AGE OF HELPFULNESS.

"Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner? And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy; head it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.'

"And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo and rheumatism and poor spells and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them.

"And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other, and when one is a little short of a certain kind of goods his neighbor says, 'I will help you until you can replenish your shelves.' It seems to me that those words of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says, 'The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith and he that smooths with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying it is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own vestments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into excellence or reformation or godliness.

FABLE OF THE WINDS.

The east wind and the west wind were one day talking with each other, and the east wind said to the west wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I start they hail me by storm signals all along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland to Key West with parted ship timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my power?" said the east wind.

The west wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an anthem for the earth, and the warmth and the sparkle, and the gladness, and the foliage, and the flowers, and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the west wind made to the insolence of the east wind's interrogation.

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind, and the cataleptic, and the leprous, and the dropsical, and the demoniacal characterized him all the way, and on the cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies.

All the stories of the John Howards and the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises pale before this transcendant example of him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms.

And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text, "He showed us no little kindness."

But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!

The Value of Birds.

The correspondent of an exchange thinks bird music is worth all its costs, and he gives the birds a hearty welcome. He says: "I have not less than a half a dozen pairs of catbirds nested about my house each year, and oh, how they sing! They almost articulate. One of them has learned all I whistle to him and whistles it back to me. Most people never hear a catbird sing. It never will sing until it has a true home where it feels at home. But apart from music, my native birds are so abundant that they drive off and keep off English sparrows and blackbirds, besides eating a vast amount of worms and larvæ." It is a question as to how long we could have fruit at all without birds. They are the natural devourers of the insects that spoil our fruits, and it costs only a small portion of the fruit to keep the birds, while it costs about all of it if we let the swarms of insects have their way; and the birds are much the more companionable things to have around.

It costs a good deal to grow the best cabbage seed, as not only the root, but the entire head, is planted by those who aim to produce the choicest quality. Besides the sprout, from the stump without the head will bear a larger quantity of seed, looking just as good as the other, but lacking the important qualification of uniform tendency to head.

Africa is slowly but surely passing from the control of the native rulers. It comprises about 11,000,000 square miles, of which only 3,500,000 are governed by the Africans. France has 2,309,217 square miles; England, 1,900,445; Germany, 1,035,720; Congo Free State, 1,000,000; Portugal, 774,993; Italy, 360,000, and Spain, 210,000. While the share of France is largest England's is most valuable.

An Austell, Ga., man boasts of the most wonderful squash of the day. He has been planting the same variety for the past five years with the same unvarying result. From any one seed comes up an ordinary looking squash vine, of the bunch variety. Now upon this vine, when in full bearing, can be counted seven distinct varieties. Easily can be distinguished the Patly Pan, Hubbard, Gregory, etc.

In New York one day a newsboy, running at full speed, with a big bundle of papers under his arm, stopped short to pick up an umbrella that he had seen drop on the sidewalk. "Thank you, sonny," said, in a big bass voice, a man behind him. "Hello!" said Mike, with surprise. "I thought it was a lady's." And deliberately, as if it was a matter of course, Mike replaced the umbrella on the sidewalk.

Some one writing on types of American women consumes several hundreds words in saying that in Boston women are anxious to appear well informed on everything; in New York they are notable for their daring decollete gowns, while in Philadelphia they are quiet and unobtrusive in manner. Why didn't he state the matter epigramatically? thus: In Boston women pose, in New York, they expose, while in Philadelphia they repose.

Among the hills of Delaware County, New York, is a sunken lake of about three acres, the whole surface of which is covered with a thick growth of moss, whose stems extend to an unknown depth. Each tuft of the moss is of a different color from its neighbor, so that the surface looks like that of a beautiful colored carpet. In walking over the velvety surface the foot sinks down a few inches without encountering the water, which is at least two feet below the surface. The water appears in spots near the shore.

Darwin used to say that the most powerful worker we know is the earthworm. Without the earthworm we could not live. Earthworms make the soil fertile. According to Darwin's calculations, each particle of the earth to a depth of two feet is brought up to the surface at least once every hundred years. But this estimate is too low. It has been recently calculated that this renovation of the soil takes place every twenty-seven years. There are from 150 to 200 worms in each square yard of earth ten inches in depth.

The famous "Parson" Brownlow, of eastern Tennessee, who was a vigorous unionist during the civil war, hesitated at the very outset, it is said, as to which cause he should espouse. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat prints a story to the effect that he actually wrote an article for his paper, the Knoxville Whig, defending secession. By chance it was left out; and in the meantime his chief journalistic rival took the same attitude. Therefore, according to this narrative, Brownlow "killed" his own editorial, and wrote another taking the northern view. This incident had a great influence on public opinion in that part of the state.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Ontario and Quebec Division.

GOING WEST.

	Express.	Express.	Ex. from Vanco'v'r
Leave Montreal	9.10 a.m.	8.30 p.m.	
" Ottawa	11.30 a.m.	11.00 p.m.	
" Carleton jc.	2.45	12.01 a.m	3.50 a.m
" Peterboro	5.52 p.m.	5.11 a.m.	8.39 a.m.
Pass Pontypool	6.38 p.m.		7.43 a.m.
Reach N. Toronto	8.20 p.m.	7.28 a.m.	11.16 a.m.
" U Station	8.55 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	11.45a.m.

GOING EAST.

	Express.	Express.	Pacific Express.
Leave U Station	3.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
" N. Toronto	9.03 a.m.	9.18 p.m.	5.31 p.m.
Pass Pontypool	10.46 a.m.		7.09 p.m.
" Peterboro	11.31 a.m.	11.41 p.m.	7.53 p.m.
Arr Carleton je.	4.37 p.m.	4.25 a.m.	12.41 a.m.
" Ottawa	5.45 p.m.	5.25 a.m.	
" Montreal	8.15 p.m.	8.15 a.m.	

NOTE.—Pontypool is only 17 miles due south from Lindsay.

THOS. C. MATCHETT,

Petty' Jewelry Store, Lindsay Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

LINDSAY STATION.

GOING SOUTH-EAST,

Hrs. of dep.

6.00 a.m Mixed direct to Port Hope via Bethany, from Lindsay.

11.00 a.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Whitby, Port Perry and Toronto.

7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto.

GOING SOUTH-WEST.

9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.

2.00 p.m. Mixed to Toronto, from Lindsay.

6.05 p.m. Express to Toronto from Port Hope via Peterboro.

Passengers for Port Perry and Whitby via Manilla Jc. connect on either 9.15 a. m, or 6.05 p.m. trains.

GOING NORTH-WEST.

6.20 p.m Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lorneville with Express for Orillia and Midland City.

GOING NORTH.

3.00 p.m. Mail for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Haliburton.

ARRIVALS NOT INDICATED ABOVE.

10.30 a.m. Mail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fenelon Falls, etc.

9.55 a.m. Local from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and Lorneville.

12.45 p.m Mixed from Toronto to Lindsay.

3.15 p.m. Local direct from Port Hope via Bethany.

THE VICTORIA WARDER,

LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

A Weekly Journal published every Friday morning by Sam. Hughes, Office, Warder Printing House, Cambridge Street, south of the market. Book and Job Printing done in modern styles at moderate prices.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Inside Pages.	Outside Pages.
Full column, by the year	$100	$120
" " half-year	65	80
" " quarter	45	58
" " month	25	30
" " week	15	18
Half column, by the year	65	75
" " half-year	40	50
" " quarter	26	32
" " month	14	16
" " week	9	10

COMMERCIAL AND LEGAL NOTICES.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, nonpareil measure, and two cents for each insertion after.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Six lines and under, per year $5 00

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

Six lines and under, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	25
From six to ten lines, first insertion	75
Each subsequent insertion	25
Over ten lines, first insertion, per line	10
Each subsequent insertion	05

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil. (12 lines make one inch).

LOCAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, five cents for each additional insertion.

Black line locals 50c. to $1 per line. No local to be less than $1 to business firms who are not regular advertisers unless by special arrangement.

Advertisements without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be delivered at the office the morning previous to publication.

All advertisements from non-resident persons or strangers, must be paid for in advance, or a sufficient deposit made to secure the office against loss.

Sam. Hughes.

City Harness Shop, Lindsay

JAMES LITTLE, - PROPRIETOR;

Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOVELL his entire stock and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my old customers, and many new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I may be entrusted.

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises

is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being now light therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888.—1619.

THE 'VICTORIA WARDER'

WILL BE SENT TO

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR

FOR 30 CENTS.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY, (LIMITED.)

1891. TIME TABLE 1891.

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 4TH

THE STEAMER

ESTURION

PLYING BETWEEN

Lindsay, Sturgeon Point and Bobcaygeon

Leave BOBCAYGEON	at 6.30 a.m.	and	3.10 p.m.
Arrive Lindsay	" 9.00	"	" 5.30 "
Leave Lindsay	" 11.30	"	" 5.45 "
Arrive Bobcaygeon	" 1.45	"	" 8.00 "

Excepting on Saturdays when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 8.20 p.m., (instead of 5.45 p.m.) upon arrival of Toronto train.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon 75 cents, return tickets $1.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Single Tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

☞ Family Tickets and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the POST OFFICE, BOBCAYGEON, and on the boat.

Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for Excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobcaygeon

1785-tf M. LANE, Captain.

NORLAND.

House of All Nations for Blood.

Have been through the fire, but now for blood. The greatest

BARGAINS!

That were ever offered in the City of Norland. Seeing is believing, come and see. It affords me much pleasure in showing goods, if only to show and compare prices. No doubt you will wonder why I sell cheap? Simply because I do my own business, buy right, buy for cash, sell for cash, have small profits and quick returns, which keeps the expense down, and my customers reap the benefit. Use economy and have blood by coming to

CARL'S.

And see, if you don't be better off, especially in hard times. Ask for a pair of ORR HARVEY'S boots or shoes, which are the cheapest and best value that are manufactured. Don't go home with the headache on account of not buying a pound of my 25c. TEA. Extra No. 1 Flour, $2.60; coal oil, 20c.; 16 lbs. sugar, $1.00; new all wool suits, $5.00.

You will always find me smiling with a full range of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
CROCKERY, TINWARE, GLASSWARE,
HATS AND CAPS.

MILLINERY A SPECIALTY.

HATS and BONNETS trimmed on short notice, cheaper than the cheapest.

Flour, Pork and Feed of all kinds, at lowest cash prices. Terms Cash. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Trust is dead, strictly no credit.

A. B. H. CARL,

—59-tf. orian

G. J. HOYLE,

CANNINGTON.

Always keeps a full assortment of Books of every description, all kinds of school requisites, Berlin Wools, Fingering Wools, Zephyr and Ice Wools, Filoselle Embroidery silk, Tinsel and Flower leaves, etc.,

☞ Musical Instruments, Music, Silverware, Albums, Bibles and Fancy Goods of every description.

G. J. HOYLE,

ost Office, Cannington.

—1496

Advertise in The Warder

S. CAVERLY,

VICTORIA ROAD,

Is prepared to supply

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

in all its branches. A full supply on hand at all times. Having now completed my HEARSE I am prepared to supply undertaking in all its branches. A full supply of Furniture always on hand. Picture frameing done as usual.

—1771-ly S. CAVERLY.

LINDSAY

MARBLE WORKS.

R. CHAMBERS

is prepared to furnish the people of Lindsay and surrounding country with MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, both Marble and Granite.

Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery work.

Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc., a specialty.

Being a practical workman all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WORKS—In rear of the market on Cambridge St., opposite Matthews' packing house.

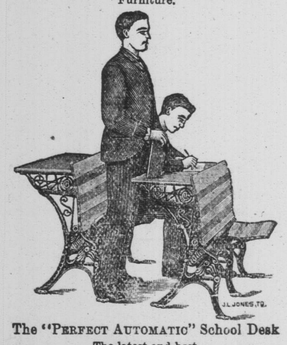
ROBT. CHAMBERS.

The Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.

PRESTON, - ONTARIO

Successors to W. Stahlschmidt & Co.,

Manufacturers o Office, School, Church, and Lodge Furniture.



The "PERFECT AUTOMATIC" School Desk

The latest and best.

Awarded the Gold Medal at the Jamaica Exhibition.

The School Desks of this Company cannot be excelled for Strength, Beauty of Design, Adaptability and Comfort to the Scholar. Send for circulars. 1625

YOUR FACE

Tan Freckles, Sunburn Pimples, Black Specks, Blotches, &c., can be removed instantly by applying

BELL'S

Tan & Freckle Lotion

Safe, Sure and Effectual.

PRICE 25C. PER BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA,

Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.