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 are in need of anything in our line, like

Furnishings, Trunks, Bags, Hats, Whips, Etc.

Whitten, Burdett & Co.'s clothing we purchased in Boston, when that firm was obliged to shut up shop,
 a bigger thing for our customers. We have put the prices way down that they are
 a Down Sale ever held in this section. Let us quote a few prices.

Boys' All Wool 8c.
 Boys' All Wool 10c.
 Men's Sweaters 98c. do.
 Men's Knit Jackets 98c. \$1.
 Closed Job of White Shirts, Colored Bosoms at 48c worth 75c.
 White Shirts 48c, 75c and 98c.
 Oil Tan Knit top Gloves at 25c and 48c.
 Nice Dress Dog Skin Gloves 48c to \$1.25.
 Best makes Collars, 2 for 25c. Cuffs, 13c pair 2 for 25c.
 Great value in Quilted Burlap Stable Blankets at 75c.
 Street Blankets \$1.25, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$3.98 and \$4.98.

Men's All Wool Brown Suits at \$5.50 worth \$10.
 Men's All Wool Blue Suits, \$5.50 worth \$10.
 Men's Overcoats, \$5 worth \$7.50.
 Men's All Wool Overcoats, \$10, worth \$15.
 Men's All Wool Overcoats, \$8.50 worth \$12.
 Men's Overcoats worth \$18 and \$20, now \$15.
 Men's Overcoats worth \$22, now \$18.
 Men's Ulsters worth \$7.50, now \$6.
 Men's Ulsters worth \$15, now \$12.
 Boys' Reefers from 3 years up, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.
 Boys' Suits, \$1.98, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.

FOSTER, BESSE & CO., - - - - - 317 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT.

THE NEWTOWN BEE.

NEWTOWN, FRIDAY, JAN. 8

CIRCULATION:

JANUARY 1, 1892, 410
 LAST WEEK, 3100

The Home Circle.

UNMIXED EVILS.

Too many stones or too much clay
 Or too much "wet" or sand,
 Will make a sorry thing, they say,
 Of the best road in the land.
 And yet there's good in all of these
 If we just know how to fix them;
 They make a road that's sure to please
 When properly we mix them.
 —(L. A. W. Bulletin.

Prophet's Reward.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV ROBERT E. CARTER, AT WASHINGTON, CONN.

T. XI. "He that receiveth a Prophet in the name of a Prophet shall receive a Prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward."

This is most pithy teaching. To be hospitable to the prophets brings the same reward as to be a prophet. A new benediction! Blessed are those that receive prophets, for they become as prophets. That is more than one would expect, and yet it is not a bit more than the truth.

This is a universal truth; it is not confined to prophets and righteous men, though it is most important there. It is true all around, he that receiveth a poet shall receive a poet's reward; he that receiveth a musician shall receive a musician's reward. Generally, universally the blessing that rests upon generous recognition and reception, is the same as that which rests upon fruitful production. A man may not be a genius, but if he have the heart and willingness to understand and receive a genius, the reward of genius comes unto him.

It is not necessary that we have the greatest powers; it is only necessary that we be warm-hearted, broad-minded enough to give genuine appreciation and a hearty welcome to great powers; then shall we receive the reward. A man does not have to be a steam engine in order to have of its speed, all it needs is to have sense enough to appreciate and take of its strength; then its gifts are his. Many a house that I myself could never build, will take me in and give me shelter. Nothing but a most false and foolish pride, which is unwilling to recognize the gifts of others, and receive from them, can ever shut us out from the joy and blessing which the bounty of providence or nature gives to any man for himself, and for him to yield to us.

WE CAN MAKE ALL THE WORLD OUR MISTERS.

and every man in it to bring us of his best, if we are willing to step out of ourselves long enough to receive from others. We can know the fruits, the rewards of every great gift, if we lovingly, reverentially receive those who have such gifts.

Here is an illustration:
 You and I have not the ability to do

us? We are stirred with passion, and moved with the enthusiasm, and smitten with the sorrow, and we laugh with them that laugh, even as did the genius who had the power to make these things live and move amongst us. Very much the same divine afflatus, if you would so call it, comes to the one who reads appreciatingly as was his "whose eye, in a fine frenzy roving, did glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven again."

"Gave to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Very much the same, we say, is the pleasure of us who read, and the joy of him who wrote. Every man knows the burning of the fires of genius, and their glowing heat within, who can truly receive, really read the writings of the poets. Indeed, I am by no means sure that there is not the greater measure of the blessing upon him who receives what others have created. The genius has the enthusiasm, but he has also the toll. "Genius is protracted patience," said Buffon. "Genius is nothing but labor and diligence," said Hogarth.

THE GREAT THOUGHT COMES ROLLING THROUGH THE MIND,

but there is the travail, the struggle against the unyielding narrowness of man's words, before that thought can come to birth in language. The poet wrestles in agonies of prayer and labor that God would give him words; his is the labor. His reader finds an easy path. The enthusiasm does not have to check itself to shape itself in language. That is already done. He goes on the way unchecked. The path which the master craftsman trod laboriously, word by word, he skims over light as wings, it is made so smooth and easy for him. He has his deep-moved feelings, and not the toll of voicing them. He has received a poet's reward, and that, too, with out the poet's labor.

And it is so with the man who receives the message which another man has given him through the melody of the throbbing brass, or of the marvelous violin. Who shall say that the heart of him who rightly hears is not stirred even the same as that of him who harmoniously creates? All the mystery, all the wonder, all the beauty which music has to reveal, or else to suggest, it has it for him who hears and receives as truly as for him who forms. Did Mendelssohn or Bach ever more truly know all that music had to give, and all that it seemed to withhold, than did Jean Paul Richter, listening to them and crying, "Away! away! oh music; for thou speakest to me of things which in all my life I have not found, and shall not find."

IN THE SAME WAY HE WHO OPENS HIS EYES

to the message of the artist's colors, he shall know the glow of the painter's soul when he would dip his brush in sunset shades, or in the blush upon a human cheek.

This is the truth; one which reigns in all the world, which Jesus pointed out in this highest place of all its mission, when he said that he, because he received a prophet in the name of a prophet, should receive a prophet's reward. It is especially true in these higher spheres. He whose ears are open to God's ministry of revelation, to his soul the same vision appears as the prophet's eyes looked upon when the heavens were opened, and before him God in glory had appeared.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON GREEN.

brain, of the Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain." As he received their varied message, he partook of their varied joys. I cannot write David's Psalms or Isaiah's prophecies, but I can read them, and as I do, and take their word home to myself, it becomes my word, and I can enter into the peace of heart, into the comfort of the Lord, into the joy and hope and faith with which David sang, and Isaiah prophesied. I read how one of the palmists of old said, "I will say of the Lord, he is my God," and the confidence of it teaches me, and I, too, am lifted up in confident hope and trust in God, and "I will say of the Lord, he is my God." In receiving the prophet's word, I have received the prophet's reward.

But there is a word additional, and that, too, somewhat conditional, slipped into this text. It is given unto us how we are to receive these prophets, and these righteous, that we

MAY RECEIVE ALSO THE REWARD.

"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." What does this mean? "In the name of a prophet?" How should we receive a prophet save in the name of a prophet? how indeed? Alas! the world has found ways enough. Fashion casts its sickly eye upon the prophet, and receives him because he is the lion of the hour. Vulgarly receives him because the great have done so. Politics receive him because he can be made a tool; his word can promote an ambition, or save a cause. Churches receive him because he can draw a crowd and bring in an income. Mothers receive him because they have marriageable daughters, and prophesy is a respectable trade; and fathers receive him in the hopes that, without paying for it, they can get a good deal of teaching out of him for their sons. It might seem ill-natured, indeed, to express all the suspicions which people have as to the various reasons which other people have for receiving the prophets of the age. Poor Robbie Burns in his day, the centennial of which we have just remembered, found many in whom there was no true love of poetry, nor any real appreciation of his genius, who yet opened their doors in his presence: he saw the signs

he, poor man, thought that he was petted and prized all because he had a true gift of prophecy, and he despaired when the coarse popularity was over as if that meant that there was no longer for him

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

Now, it were almost needless to say that people who receive the poet, not because they know and love true poetry, but for worldly reason, they can never receive the reward. That goes without saying, it wakes, for instance, no answering fire of poetic genius in our hearts to receive a poet because he happens to be honored or rich; we might as well have received a millionaire; there is for such reception no poet's reward.

We must receive the poet in the name of a poet. We must receive a prophet in the name of a prophet, because of the inspiring prophecy. He to whom Lord Tennyson's dignities and wealth and honor amongst men were all as nothing, but to whom the words of "Is Memerlam" came with their lofty message, and he dwells on them, and rejoices in them, and is exalted by them, he thus receiving the poet as a poet, he receives the poet's reward. And so he who received the prophet, finding Isaiah's noble birth, and David's kingly place, and Ezekiel's priestly dignity, finding these all as nothing, they do matter any more than the rough garb and coarse food and homely manners of Amos, the shepherd of the desert, or of Meab, the lowly-born dweller in the cave of Judah's cities. He to whom these are nothing; the word that burned with power that was everything, he who met them thus as prophets and received their word, he received the prophet's reward. We read how Simon the Pharisee received Christ, because he had achieved a certain prominence, and also lepers received him because he could put away their sickness; the multitude, because he gave them bread, and Herod was even willing to receive him, because he expected to have some marvelous work wrought before him; and Simon Magnus was willing to receive his Spirit because it looked as if there was money in it; and so it went, but these did not receive Christ's reward and blessing. He that received him as the Christ, as God's messenger, he received his reward.

THERE IS NO PERMANENT ROOT OF HAPPINESS IN THESE;

that is all external, outside. We think: if only my genius was appreciated, if only my word was heeded by the multitude, if only I could be a Whittier in poetry, a Holmes in prose, a Jenny Lind in song, or a Lincoln in statesmanship, then I would be perfectly happy; but that is all we want, or can appreciate, and that is all we have, or can receive, and that is all we are.

life and power came. Surely it was needful that in the Saviour's word this clause was added; the prophet must be received in the name of a prophet if one would have a prophet's reward.

Such is the remarkable, the suggestive teaching of this text. There are two ways of getting the reward of genius, of power, or of inspiration. One is to be a genius and an inspired man, and the other is to love such men, and to receive their word and teaching.

Now, this lesson is the doorway to a new and noble dwelling for our lives, if we take it rightly. It shows us how we can go and live as those who are called of God. I suppose that the most common of all mortal complaints is discontent—people are not satisfied with their lot.

"We look before and after,
 We sigh for what is not,
 And our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught."

We moan, we brood, we envy others, and fall into that most weak and silly habit of pitying ourselves. Oh, how many lives are miserable, not for anything that they have of loss or burden, but just because of things that they do not have. We think if we only had this gift, or that power; if only such a success were granted unto us, then we would be happy. One man thinks: if only I had a poet's gift, so that the world must stop and listen while I sing; another says: if only I could hold entranced throngs by weighty words of eloquence; another longs after wealth, and another after honors. Of course there is a thrill of pleasure in success. The word we spoke was fruitful in what we intended, it makes us rejoice; the hymn was sung, others delight to listen to it; in that is a joy; the scheme we had to work out perfectly, that is delightful; and yet, after all,

that is all external, outside. We think: if only my genius was appreciated, if only my word was heeded by the multitude, if only I could be a Whittier in poetry, a Holmes in prose, a Jenny Lind in song, or a Lincoln in statesmanship, then I would be perfectly happy; but that is all we want, or can appreciate, and that is all we have, or can receive, and that is all we are.

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false love, to him all the praise of men and homage of the world would not bring one touch of sweet and true reward, such as that which came to his humblest reader, who knew in his own life the truth and blessing of the true love of which the poet sang.

Above all is this true of prophecy; we long for the prominence which sometimes is given to the prophet. God forgive us! that is not the blessing, but the spirit of righteousness and faith and confidence which dwells with the prophet; there is the blessing. It is not for us, by receiving the prophet, to have the world cheer us as it does the prophet, nor crowd around us as it crowds around the prophet; if in that were the reward, the Saviour's words would fall in truth; but the reward is that in receiving the prophet's message we gain the peace and trust which quiet the prophet's heart; we get the aspiration which exalts his mind; so doing, we receive what is the real and substantial reward, the best that the prophet himself will ever gain or know. Not the prophet's great honor, nor his great praise, but the prophet's great heart, that shall be our gift as we receive the prophet's word.

DOES NOT SUCH A TRUTH CIRCLE THE LIFE

with a girl of glory? Who shall be great, truly great, and we may not partake of his greatness? Who shall be true, and we may not learn from his truth? Who shall be wise, and we may not grow by his wisdom? "All things are ours, whether Paul, Apollous or Cephas." What any man has that is truly great and good, that we may have, as we learn to love and to receive that man, and to learn from him. Whatever there be of beauty or of wisdom or of inspiration that has made glorious a mortal life, we taking the word of that life, enter into an inheritance of its beauty and its wisdom and its revelation of the Lord.

"We see the good and great of every age pass before us on life's stage calmly and slowly in review."

Where, then, is the littleness of life? Where is its pettiness? Its sordidness? Who shall talk pessimism to me? Who shall dare to say that we are shut out from any privilege of power, be our condition what it may? There is no king or genius, no wise man or strong man that can be any happier than I ought to be, or than you ought to be in these our humble homes. There is not a really great thing in all the world, into which there does not a path lead up right out of my study, or out of your store or kitchen. Discontented? The one of us who has time to be discontented with love to cherish, and books to read, and God to serve, that one I suspect would not be satisfied in heaven, certainly could not be satisfied anywhere on earth. Our trouble is that we want the wrong things; we look for happiness where it is not to be found. We want the prophet's or the poet's reward, and we sigh for it; and then we look for it in things which after all have nothing at all to do with prophecy or poetry; we look at the esteem of men, and the praise of the world; at the fortune acquired; we forget to look to that prophetic and poetic sense which the good God has put within the soul, and that, too, a gift to every life; through that we can receive the reward

of course not, except in the most secondary and subsidiary way, and yet it is the diamond and the truffles that the world looks at. Thank God! the "Angelus" has its word for us, and the picture of the "Reapers" has its message of beauty, even if we have no reapers, and must live on baked beans and codfish. Let me say to you, my dear friends, if there is any real reward of genius, any real pleasure or fruit of power or of learning, which you do not have, it is because you will not take it. Here in these common ways of ours, here in these common days of ours, all beautiful things, all true things, all that is great and good, may surely enter, and will with us abide.

Yes, and here is the best word: even the blessing of the righteous man? the blessing of him who has done good and not evil all the days of his life, even the blessing of that one comes into our hearts, and is our blessing, as we learn to love the righteous, and to receive them and to long after their accomplishments of good. This is what we mean by receiving Christ, and this being blessed with the blessing of Christ. We are weak and have failed. We have done wrongly. We have touched evil, and been defiled thereby. Christ comes before us, the all pure and the all beautiful. We see in Him the real beauty of holiness which we have missed. We love it. We welcome the word of such character into our hearts and into our homes. We see and know that such is none other than the revelation of God.

WE WOULD BE CHRIST LIKE OURSELVES. We in our unworthiness receive thus the righteous one, and God breathes the peace and the joy of those who are righteous into our souls. We have been unable to express our dearest after goodness, just as we have been unable to express our thoughts of beauty; here is the poet of goodness, here the artist of righteousness who expresses our thoughts of the best, the holiest and the purest for us. As we receive his life and word, we receive his blessing; just as when we receive the word which Michael Angelo has to tell us of beauty we receive his blessing. Jesus Christ was the prophet, the poet, the artist of our higher life. That better life then we receive as we make ourselves hospitable unto Him. Down here along the shore of the Sound there are a great number of clear, beautiful springs. Sailing as a boy over its waters we knew where, at this place and at that one, we could go ashore, and find plenty of fresh, delightful water, but sometimes the water broke forth at too low a level below the line of the tides, then all its sweetness was pulled and spoiled; the spring was salt and blackish, all unfit to drink; then if you went up the bank a little ways, and hollowed out a basin above the level of the salt water, there you were sure to find again the clear fresh water. Something like that is Christ's message to our lives. We break out so often at too low a level in our lives. Our life is distasteful, unpleasant, perhaps even bad and unhealthy; we are down too low. Christ caused the fountains of life to break forth higher up, above the line of worldliness, and so above the line of bitterness and discontent. He has led us up to where life is sweet and clean. He has given us

cause it is good he shall in no wise lose his reward.

Such is that of Christ's good life partake. He loves as his own self, dear as His eye. They are to Him: He'll never them forsake. When they shall die, then God Himself shall die.

They live, they live in best eternity. There is a most striking incident in the life of Dr A. J. Gordon of Boston, which has just been issued. Dr Gordon, after an evening service, was told that there was somebody in the lobby of the church who insisted upon seeing him at once. He went out, and there was a coarse, debased man, bloated of form, blotched of face, who demanded roughly money for a lodging over night. Dr Gordon said he would help him, and took out a book to give him an order on the mission connected with the church for a night's lodging. This seemed to embitter the man, and he broke out in the most profane and violent abuse of society, of the church, and of God Himself; among other things he revealed that he had just that day been discharged from state's prison. Meanwhile another man, whom Dr Gordon did not know, stepped into the vestibule, having heard evidently what was said, walked up to the time-expired man, laid his hands on his shoulder, and looking him straight in the eye, commenced to tell in detail, the story of the crucifixion of Christ, the betrayal, the trial, the mocking, then of the two thieves, how one of them abused Christ, cursed Him, how the other repented and was forgiven. He then said, do you know who that man was, the one who was forgiven? "No," retorted the other, "I never heard." "Well," said the man, "it was I, it was I. I was a thief, I was in prison. I had cursed you and God and man, yet Christ came to me; His love followed me, even to a state's prison cell; He constrained me and I yielded. I cried out, 'Remember me, Lord Jesus, when thou comest into Thy kingdom;' I was that malefactor." "There was a moment of perfect silence, and then the stranger said, 'Yes and I was the other.'" In the quietest, most subdued manner, he turned and went away. Such things are strange, impressive facts. The purifying, softening power of Christ when His story is truly told; he that receiveth that message, even if it only be for a minute, or if it be for a lifetime here, and an eternity to come, he is changed by it, takes not only of the message, but of the Christ who brings it, and that is the reward.

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