THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION SUITABLE FOR ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE.

A Homely Text Upon Which Rev. Dr. Talmage Based a Fervid Invitation to All to Accept the Refuge of the Gospel

BROOKLYN, N.Y., March 6, 1892.-The congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning sang with fervor this hymn:

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine : Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, Aliving fire!

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray

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When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and distrust remove: O, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

Dr. Talmage's subject was the refuge offered by the Christian religion to people of all ages and every variety of character. His text was Ezekiel 17:23: "A goodly think that you were in the way? Are you cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing.

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles, and found one tree thirtyfive hundred years old-long rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon, rock to-day over the head of the American traveller. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years, and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of Heaven had been planted upon Lebanon, and it were rising up with all its long-armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came. Oh! what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thitherthe eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow, and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than Heaven-ever viciliating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, lead you to a place where you can put with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests, in search of new speci- Only a little while longer, and your sight mens. Geologists have spent years in will come again, and your hearing will finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars, tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves; and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow-birds. The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert: I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-"Yea, the stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle. and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know

Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekiel's time, so now-Christ is a goodly cedar, and to him are flying all kinds of people-young and old, rich and poor; men high-soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every

not the judgment of the Lord." So says

Jeremiah.

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First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came, there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spent all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement, and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible. It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to Heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by the way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me to-day? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise.

I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it; but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love; his voice is music; his smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrists, no hopples on your feet, no brand

I went through the heaviest snowstorm cek on the pillow was white as the snow

not lost any of its lustie. Loved ones stood all around the bea trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her

THEUNIVERSAL REFUGE she said, "happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy !" As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side the viver." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded chuech but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh : 1 wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience, and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on his brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly; they fly! "All fowl of every

Again: I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind, suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer, come with crutches; come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the Cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. Their taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Their friends have all gone, and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them, and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervously, and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick, and they sat all night rocking you, singing to to you, administering to you, did they tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and

Oh, it is hard to be old without religion -to feel this world going away, and nothing better coming. If there be any here who have gone far on without Christ, I address you deferentially. You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them. I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Christ will not think that you are in the way. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think Christ has them. They are safe in his keeping. Very soon he will take you where they are. I take hold of your arm and try to down all your burden. Go with me. come again, and with the strength of an immortal athlete, you will step on the pavement of heaven. No crutches in heaven; no sleepless nights in heaven; no that's 'the Spider.' That's who 'e is." cross looks for old people. Dwelling there for ages no one will say, "Father, you know nothing about this ; step back ; you are in the way !" Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly he has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How he has put his hand on their silent hearts and said, "Rest now tired, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush!" So he gives his beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian-the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like an eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing.

There are hospitals for "incurables." When men are hopelessly sick, they are sent there. Thank God! there is no hospital for spiritual incurables. Though you had the worst leprosy that ever struck a soul, your flesh shall come again like the flesh of a little child. O, this mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift sailing craft, with compass, and charts, and choice rigging. and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north: this craft to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvass, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbor of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach. "Have you found the store?" and they answer. "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dispatched from the throne, attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, but then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne. and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's

Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I sing it. I preach it. I pray it. Here I find a man bound hand and foot to the devil, but with one stroke of the hammer of God's truth the chain fell and he is free for ever. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth it cannot fathom, there is no height it cannot scale, there is no infinity it cannot compass. I take my stand under this goodly cedar, and see the flocks flying thither. They are torn with the shot of temptation, and wounded, and sick and scarred. Some fought with iron back, some once feasted on carcasses, some were fierce of eye and cruel of talon, but they came flock after flock-"all fowl of every

wing." Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hot hands inte the nest, and the I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh! to have those soft, warm, cternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat, and the branches of the cedar up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar. How Our Roads May Be Improved.

I would have each State by a legislative enactment do at once two or three things A NIGHT TOBOGGAN PARTY AT RIDin the direction of this movement, viz.: Procure and disseminate information by establishing a bureau where the facts relating to the expense, mechanical construction, care, durability, use and extent of the different kinds of roads shall be known and ascertained; then I would have some kind of State supervision and advisory assistance by a competent engineer or engineers appointed by the State in aid of road and bridge building and repairing upon scientific principles and upon a comprehensive and economical plan for the whole State; thirdly, I would have the State either own or control and maintain some through hig ways connecting the principal towns in the State, and connecting these with the principal towns of neighboring States, where they are most needed, either for great public exigencies or for the greatest general use. The States would thus promote the equilization and the general reduction of expense of construction and maintenance of adjacent towns to construct better contributory roads as feeders to the main ones. I would have the State divide the expense of this scheme of road betterment in the also wear moccasins. A large number of the tax levy, so thatpart of it should be apportioned to the whole State, part to the counties through which the roads ran, and part gather, to the number of 700 or 800, in the to the towns. And, further, I would have this tax levy kept small and the investment adequate and quickly made by the business man's method of borrowing the money on long loans. It would thus be easily paid out of the profits by those sharing them .-Col. A. A. Pope, in the March Forum.

Willard's London career which was given burning pile and watch the rest. There up to the playing of villain parts, he was may not be a breath of air moving, but the much pointed out by 'bus men, cab drivers glass often shows the mercury twenty deand others as a very cold-blooded person grees below zero; so that those standing indeed. These fellows felt that a man who near the fire are obliged to turn rapidly was such a villain on the stage must be "a each portion of the body toward the heat bad 'un' " at heart, and they hinted dark to keep from freezing. Torches are stuck things about it and pretended to feel rather here and there among the rees, and when a unsafe when he appeared near. The role puff of wind moves the flame the shadows that brought him the most fame in this of the pines and spruces dance upon the line was that of the Spider in "The Silver snow like huge fantastic goblins. King," and before that piece was half through its run Mr. Willard was known by everybody as "The Spider."

One night he had taken the 'bus from his home to the theatre, and, as usual, sat and chatted with the driver. When the conductor came after his fare Mr. Willard handed a coin over his shoulder. The change was put into his hand, and simply by feeling it Mr. Willard detected a short-

"Sixpence more," he said, without look-

"I think that's right, sir," said the con-"Sixpence more, please," said Mr. Wil-

lard, sweetly. The conductor counted the change, apolo gized and added the required sixpence. When Mr. Willard got down at the end of the line he heard the driver say to the conductor, with infinite disgust: "Wot a blooming mug you must be to try that on 'im! Don't you know who that is? Why,

Woman's Status in China.

coming demeanor, decent bearing and experience. with her own hand.

ing. This applies especially to the north; attendants in livery. in the south, particularly in the Quang-Tong province, in which Canton lies, a better report was obtained; although there education among women did not begin to through college, Hiram, but I don't regret be so common as among men, there were a it. A good education, my boy, is the right few schools for girls under women's directfoundation for success in life.

Immortality in the Danish Army. In Copenhagen the report of the Royal Commission, appointed to investigate the life of the students at the Naval Academy, has caused the resignation of Commander Carstensen. The remainder of the faculty will probably be removed. The commission found that drunkenness was prevalent among the cadets while they were in their quarters, that officers often joined in their carousals, and that a frightful state of immorality had been allowed to develop without check. As an illustration of the reckless spirit of the students the commission cites the case of a young cadet who shot himself dead at a class dinner last fall, and whose dead body was buried out of sight that the carousal might not be interrupted. Commander Carstensen himself presided at this dinner, and, as soon as the cadet's body had been removed, gave the order that more wine be brought and the drinking be

Dresses Made Fire-Proof. Dresses may be rendered incombustible by dipping them in a solution of tungstate of soda, one pound in two gallons of water. The most delicate color will not be affected

Arrows for Conductors. Passengers on the lines of the Albany Railway to-day were surprised to observe that the conductors' breasts were decorated with a new device to insure their honesty. Lately they were provided with small punches with which to punch every ticket received. These have been discarded, it tiently. seems, for the new instrument, which serves practically the same purpose as the punch. It is an arrow, with a loop at the ished until he's travelled and seen the end of the wire shaft. The loop is thrust | world." through the button-hole of the conductor's coat in such a way that the arrow head points outward. The conductor is required as fast as he collects tickets to impale them on the arrow, and remove them over the loop at the end of the trip.—Albany Jour-

A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

EAU HALL GROUNDS.

The Unique Costume and Paraphernalia of the Participants-On the Slide-What It Feels Like to Be as if Shot from

There is nothing more picturesque than a toboggan party at night on the Rideau Hall grounds. About 9 o'clock the guests begin to arrive, dragging their toboggans every one, man and woman, clad in blanket Some of the costumes are made of white blanketing with the blue stripes near the edges, others are navy blue or myrtle green, piped with scarlet, crimson, or maroon, and some are a light blue or tawny brown. Around the waist is tied a long, heavy knitted scarfof blue, crimson, scarlet, or whatever color the wearer prefers; on the head is a toque also of knitted wool, and these main roads, and would give a profit- somewhat like a Turkish cap, but there is able example and a strong incentive to the a tassel attached to the top which hangs down to the ear. The men wear black stockings, knicker-

bockers, and buff moccasins; the women guests take along their "sleds," dragging them through the grounds. The guests hollow below the Hall where the slides are situated. Near at hand is the rink, lighted with torches, where those who did not want to take the plunge down the sides can enjoy themselves. Near the slides a huge fire is built, from three to eight cords of wood being piled in the form of a pyramid. Those who want to attend the "at home," but who are afraid to go down the slides or During that portion of Edward S. not able to skate keep close to the huge

Each toboggan slide is a sort of Jacob's ladder, where people are constantly ascending and decending. The climb is tiresome and tedious, and while one long row of people are going up, the "swis," "swis," of the decending toboggans can be heard with a few seconds between each sound. The head of the slide is small and there is not even standing room for all who are waiting for their turn to go down. The track is simply a narrow, icy trough, with snow walls on either side, and there are two rows of Chinese lanterns to light the steersman through his swift voyage.

An expert tobogganer will take two or three ladies upon his vehicle, putting them in front, while he throws himself down. extending one foot behind to steer with. The faintest touch of his moccasined toe, properly made, steers the toboggan with

The truth is, when one first plunges almost sheer down as if shot from a cannon, the sensation is that your heart and entire inner economy are coming up your throat, During her first ten years the girl enjoys your eyes swim and your brain reels. The as much freedom as a boy. Like a boy, she first experience is not "divine," it is hidewears her hair in a long "pigtail," and fre- ous. But the mad exhilaration of it soon quently goes about in boy's attire, especial- enters your veins, and presently there is for ly where there are no sons in the family, you in all the world no outdoor sport like for in that case the Chinese wish to main- the toboggan. There are some accidents' tain the illusion that the house is not with- in these ice troughs. A very pretty girl out male descendants. During this time has had her cheek torn open because the also, no matter what her station, she is clumsy steersman ran into a returning totrained in all household duties and woman's bogganer. Two Senators from the lumber handicrafts, writes Professor Arendt in the districts, who had been threatening for Chantauquan. A high value is put on be years to take "a plunge down," had this

clothing, and in many houses it is consider. They both sat upright on the toboggan, ed a point of honor for the daughter to be and one of them said, "Let her go!" Then able to prepare a large part of her dcwry there was a puff of powdered ice down the track, and two black objects rolling down While the Chinese girl may be no less for- after an empty sled. They were cut and tunate than a European child, during these bruised and left the grounds by the back years of impressionable childhood, the gate. Tobogganing begins to slacken at 11; Chinese parents, with few exceptions, com- then the guests go to the refectory, where mit the first wrong to their daughters by they get supper with claret-cup, champagne, letting them grow up without any school- or some other wine, which is served by

> The Hope of His Old Age. "It has cost me \$7,500 to carry you

tion, while many received instruction from The well-preserveed old man leaned back private teachers at the homes of their in his chair and looked with pride on the youth who stood before him.

"No matter what calling or profession you may adopt," he continued, "the knowledge you have acquired and the menta discipline you have passed through will be found indispensable. In the race for supremacy you can now start on an equal footing with the best of them."

"Yes-that's so," assented the young "I have not been able to keep track of your progress as I should have liked, but your standing in your class was fully up to the average, wasn't it ?"

"Ya-as. "And you took your part in the regular college athletics, I presume?" "I didn't waste any time on baseball or

rowing, but I was no slouch with the "I have never had any complaints from the faculty, and I infer that your behavior was generally satisfactory. Absorbed in business as I have been I could not exercise that personal supervision over you that a watchful father should have done, perhaps, but I have trusted to the good effects of

money ?" "O, yes." "And now, my boy, what are your plans for the future? Have you formed any?" "Well, I have thought I should like to travel in Europe a year or two."

early training. And I have been generous

with you, have I not, as regards spending

"H'm! That's pretty expensive, Hiram." The young man put his hands in his pockets and strode back and forth impa-"They all do it," he said, with a cloud on

his brow. "A fellow's education isn't fin-"Hew much will it cost to give you the trip you want ?"

"About \$2,500." "H'm! That would make \$10,000." The old man pondered in silence a few

"It's a pratty large sum to spend on a boy's education, Hiram," he said, "yet it 12.00 p.m. Hixed from Toronto to Lindsay. 1.65 p.m. Local direct from Port Hope via Bethany.

may be that you are right. I had to do without a European tour until I had made the money myself, and I got along comfortably on \$600, but the world isn't exactly what it was in my young days. You shall have the money.'

The young man was touched. A glow of gratitude lit up his somewhat pallid face. He thrust his hand in a breast pocket, pulled out a small paper box, opened it, and extended it to his father. "Guv'ner," he said, impulsively, "have a

cigarette !"

Lovage for the Grip. "That's a bad cold you've got," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman to a young fellow he had met casually. "Worst I ever had," answered the young

"Try a pinch of this," urged the other, fishing in his vest pocket for a little box. There was a fine powder in it, and he offered it invitingly. "It is no 'kill-or-cure' thing. See how it goes."

The young man snuffed a tiny pinch up his nose. In five minutes he felt relieved. "That's wonderful," he said. "If you've got a monopoly it's the same as a fortune to

The old man smiled indulgently. "This is one of the commonest of herbs," said he. "It is so cheap that it can be bought by the ton if you want that much. It cured me of the grip, and I believe it is the best thing

"What do you call it?" "German lovage. All the druggists have it. For a dime you can get a box of it nowdered, large enough to cure a whole family of the grip. It is so common that its value has been overlooked. You try it and you tell all your friends. German lovage is a sure cure for the grip."-New York

Sir Edwin Arnold's Way.

Although a newspaper man by profession, Sir Edwin Arnold has declined to be interviewed by newspaper men since his arrival in New York. He is uniformly courteous to the fraternity and gracefully excuses himself from talking about himself on the plea of modesty or lack of time. A young literary man who was doing his best to earn a livelihood by that uncertain means known to the newspaper business as "free-lancing" his circumstances just then were not as prosperous as they might be.

"I cannot break through my inflexible rule about interviews," replied Sir Edwin, "but I cannot send you away empty-handed. Here are a few verses I have just written. Make whatever use of them you please.

Thereupon the author of "The Light of Asia" handed his visitor a short manuscript poem on a religious subject, which the "free-lance" promptly sold to a religious weekly for \$50 .- New York Herald.

Crossing the Feet. The way people cross their feet is often

while disorderly people generally but the left foot over the right. Everybody knows how much character is expressed in the wearing of the hat, and why should it be thought surprising if a man should tell what he is by the way he places his fact?



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'6 Peterboro... 5.52 p.m. 5.11 a.m. 8.39 a.m.

Pass Pontypool... 6.36 p.m. 7.48 a.m.

Reach N. Toronto... 8.20 p.m. 7.28 a.m. 11.16 a.m.

'6 U Station... 8.55 p.m. 8.00 a.m. 11.45a.m.

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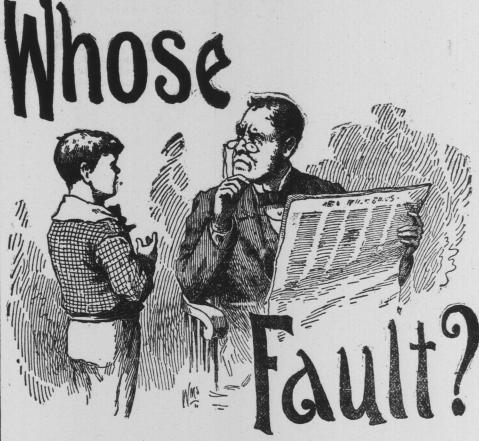
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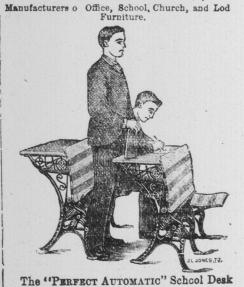
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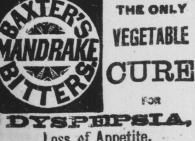
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