

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

AN ANODYNE THAT WILL SOOTHE ALL UNREST.

And Put the Pain into an Eternal Calm—God Bless and Inspire all Reporters—Dr. Talmage in the Metropolitan Pulpit.

New York, January 27.—The hearty welcome accorded to Dr. Talmage at the Academy of Music, New York, Sunday before last, on the occasion of his return to the Metropolitan pulpit was additionally emphasized by the immense throng that greeted him this afternoon, and which filled every seat from orchestra to top gallery.

The man who wrote this was at one time a practicing physician; at another time a painter; at another time a reporter; at another time an inspired reporter. God bless, and h, p, and inspire all reporters! From their pen drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus; for short he was called Luke; and in my text, although the stenographer had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ, which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium.

But already the huts of the Arctic bear the songs of Divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies, and minds, and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla; down from Spitzbergen Seas; down from the Land of the Midnight Sun; down from the palaces of crystal; down over realms of ice, and over dominions of snow, and through hurricanes of sheet Christ's disciples are coming from the north.

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The south has through high temperature temptations to lechery and indulgence and hot blood, which tend toward multifarious evil. We have through my text got the north in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the south, notwithstanding its torridity. The thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The south! That means Mexico and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature. Mexico in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernani Cortes; to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico with its capital more than a seven thousand feet above the sea level, looking down upon the extremities of lake and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ.

The south! That means Africa which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa, the south! That means all the islands strewn by Omnipotent hand through tropical seas—Malayan Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The south! That means Java

for God; Sumatra for God; Borneo for God; Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands and two lifeboats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks, they saw a church, and cried out: "We are saved! A church! A church!"

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries, divinely blessed, are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will not be the last wall of opposition that is in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We held up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forgot Fort Maudslowi, and the fact that during our war both North and South rejected when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result has come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. Those regions which were so open to civilization and Christianity than ever before.

The work is not difficult as many suppose. You say, "There are the foreign populations! Yes; but many of them are Hindus, and they were brought up to love and worship God and it will take but little to lead them to adopt the religion of their forefathers. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the Scotch. They or their ancestors heard Thomas Chalmers thunder, and Robert McCheyne pray: "They shall come from the Highlands, and the voice of God has so often sounded through the Trossachs, and they all know how to sing Deudee, so that the will be glad to be invited to accept the God of John Knox and Bethwell Bridge."

In all these regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student: "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, these words: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

There is another point of the compass that my text touches. "They shall come from the West." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to be bought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform, or evangelism? Will it be done by the power of the Holy Spirit? The reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advantage of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is expiated. About fifty years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper, said to me in his editorial room, "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes!" I said, "I will." And in company with a Commissioner of Police, and a Captain of Police, and two elders of my church, I explored the dens and hiding-places of all styles of crime in New York, and preached a series of serious warning young men, and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whom I had lifted one out of the crowd, and who had been putting all the more anxious care on those who were left; so weary of arm, and foot, and back, and head, so often crying out: "I am so tired! I am so tired! I am so tired! I am so tired!"

eternity and radiant as any morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down, and you only send out occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly for a more holy, they shall sit down in New York to-day is the transforming power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and life, and uplift the tone of moral sentiment, and make men afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of anything except the Gospel that purposed to regenerate the heart, rest the life. Execute the law, most certainly; but preach the Gospel, by all means—in churches, in theatres, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The Gospel is the only power that can regenerate society, and save the world. All else is half and half work and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands, and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, to go free; while some who were guilty of the same crime were arrested and imprisoned in the penitentiaries. Other law-breakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grog-shops were open on the Lord's Day and the law with its hands behind its back walked up and down the streets declining to molest any of the offenders, but we all rose up on our righteous indignation and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell we would not allow to sell ourselves into slavery for a few dollars. A few weeks ago, after I had preached in one of the churches in this city, a man staggered up on the pulpit stairs maddened drunk, saying, "I am one of the reformers that was elected to the office of the last year. I got rid of that 'great reformer' as soon as I could, but I did not get rid of the impression that a man like that would cure the abominations of New York about as soon as a sparrow would cure a typical fever, or a buzz saw would murder Haydn's 'Creation.' Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democrat parties is that each thing else in the universe can do the Gospel can and will accomplish. 'They shall come from the West,' and for that purpose the evangelist batteries are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies; all the mountains; all the valleys; all the woods; and under more or less Gospel influence, and when we get enough with and consecration for the work, this whole American continent will cry out for God. 'They shall come from the West.'"

For several years experiments have been made in the German army in the training of dogs for service in the hospital department. Not long ago the well known animal painter, Jean Buntartz, was commissioned to take up the high praise from the emperor and the army. The first important step was the selection of a breed of dogs possessing all the qualities necessary for the purpose: viz: Obedience, watchfulness, intelligence, fidelity and perseverance. These qualities were found in the Scotch collie in the highest degree, and this breed was, therefore, selected by Buntartz.

RELIEF DOGS. The equipment of the dog consists of a strong collar with a small leather pocket for leakers, a small waterproof blanket for his rest at night and two pockets containing a small surgeon's outfit, linen, medicines and a few articles of dry biscuit. The entire load is less than ten pounds and can be easily carried by the dog for days.

MAKING UP LOST TIME. It is a Difficult Feat for Railroad Engineers. In regard to the difficulty of making up lost time on railways, a writer in a foreign paper says: "Suppose a train on an average line, suppose the engineer is a couple of minutes late when he comes to this length of 10 miles, which he generally runs in 10 minutes. If he runs it in 60 miles an hour, he is only making up one minute in every 10 miles, and if he runs at 70 miles an hour, he makes up one minute in every seven miles. He is probably timed to make it necessary to do the 10 miles as fast as he can every day, so that trying to make up a couple of minutes at this length is out of the question. Again: if he relaxes the speed 10 miles, say, to 59, he is losing time at the rate of one minute in every five miles. Thus, from a speed of 60 miles an hour, he loses one minute in every five miles, and a decrease of 10 miles loses one minute in every five miles.—Power.

NOW GIRLS, DON'T WORRY. Your Best Defense is Your Voice and Your Hairpins. The Woman's Cycle Association of New York held a meeting to discuss the question whether women cyclists ought to carry policemen's whistles, knives or revolvers. If they will take John Smith's advice, they will carry neither. A woman's pistol is far more protection than a policeman's whistle would be, for it attracts more attention, can be heard farther, and she is not apt to forget to use it in emergencies. There is not such a thing as a woman's revolver, and a woman could deal an effective blow with a knife against an enemy who was watching and prepared to resist, so that weapon would be useless. As to revolvers, ordinarily the person, woman or man, who carries one, runs the risk of some friend with it then she would incur from highway men; if similar villain, if she went with it alone. There are some people who are justified in carrying revolvers, but the everyday bicyclist is not.

No, girls, don't worry about weapons. When you ride wheels take along a plentiful supply of hairpins and an iron comb, and a tin of hair oil. If you run late any day, just comb your hair.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. W. Chase, with 150 years of only an unerring remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—on Bill does, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day: Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy good meal and a good night sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

MYRIAD QUACKS. Wild Geese by the Thousand Out in California. Near Santa Monica, Cal., one day last week, in a little bay about six square miles in area, there were fully a quarter of a million of wild geese. The noise of their quacking and calling to one another was at times heard two miles away. At San Pedro and at the little lake in Kern county there are said to be even greater numbers of the game, because of the proximity of the wheat fields.

Large numbers of the geese are slain annually during their migrations. It is no trick for a boy sportsman to get 50 or 60 of the birds in a few hours, and the older hunters in this region have often got over 200 geese in a day. A party of four Los Angeles sportsmen who went out for a two days' hunt over in the Orange county marshes last week, came home with over 90 dead geese for the city market. Two Bakerfield men had a three days' hunt lately and came home with a farm wagon loaded down with geese and ducks. In all the little towns along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad in this section there are a score or two of men and boys who regularly, spring and fall, turn out for a day's shoot at wild geese and ducks, and the person who does not show that he has tumbled over at least 25 birds is accounted in poor luck, or a decided novice in hunting. Many persons will ride to the outskirts of the town and, standing in a buggy or wagon, will satisfy themselves with a shot at the armies of flying birds at long range. Occasionally they will bring down a goose with such random shooting. All the markets and the country grocery stores now have wild geese and ducks exhibited for sale at nominal sums.—New York Sun.

Photographing by Electricity. The importance of artificial light in photography has kept pace with the improvement of the standard demanded in the work of the best photographers. In the early days of the use electric light in photographic studios, the darkness of the shadows was a source of dismay to the operator. You can der Wyde devised a refractor of alabaster, on which the light was thrown. The refractor rays were collected in a reflector and by it thrown onto the sitter. The shadows were thus softened and a brilliant and artistic picture was secured.

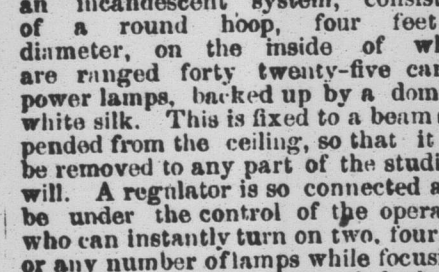
WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, which weakens the nervous system, poisons the blood. By and by if the Kidneys do not properly purify the Blood, then comes prostrated, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 cents. Pure is not a nostrum—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and stay well. If the blood is free from the poisonous elements of the Kidneys and Liver, it will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health; it cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free and natural action of these organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectively neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes. For purifying the Blood and renovating the system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Advertisement in The Warder. Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.

EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT REUBEN E. TRUAX



Hon. Reuben E. Truax, one of Canada's ablest thinkers and statesmen, a man so highly esteemed by the people of his district that he was honored with a seat in Parliament, kindly furnishes us for publication the following statement, which will be most welcome to the public, inasmuch as it is one in which all will place implicit confidence. Mr. Truax says:

"I have been for about ten years very much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try the Great South American Nerve Tonic. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from Indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nerve an immediate trial. It will cure you. "REUBEN E. TRUAX, "Walkerton, Ont."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. BACKACHE. PURIFY YOUR BLOOD. BACKACHE. CURE 25 KIDNEY DISEASE. A BOX BACKACHE. BACKACHE. BACKACHE.

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P. MORGAN, DRUGGIST, Agent for Lindsay.