

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

IT IS THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF OUR TIME.

So Old That It is New—There is no Philosophy about the Gospel—A Plain Matter of Bible Statement and Child-like Faith.

New York, Feb. 24.—Several thousand persons were turned away from the doors of the Academy of Music, after the huge building had been filled to overflowing, the crowds having begun to assemble fully two hours before the time fixed for opening the services.

The greatest novelty of our time is the Gospel. It is so old that it is new. As not a nail is now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups, and curious ware like those of nineteen hundred years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups, and pitchers, and curious ware are universally admitted, so anyone who can uphold the real Gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will be able to present something that will attract the gaze, and admiration, and adoption of all the people.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that God gets full swing it will have a mountain and a pyramid higher than the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Navasink. The meaning of the word "Gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is "glorious good news," and we will tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our threshing machines, and behind our ploughs, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries, and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice, and a dismal look on our faces, as though rheumatism were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration.

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on Inspiration, and Exegesis, and Apologetics for the Almighty, and writing out his own elaborate work on the Philosophy of Religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a kiss, he need not mutely knock off the biggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious Gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth, or ascended the heavens, to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a Royal Case for overhauling residence, the angels of God our superiors. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an Agony sweat, with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for anyone of the million sins of our life, but pointing to the cliff of limestone, we can say: "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pens in extolling the matchless One of the Gospel. Isaac Watts, when he wrote "I am not ashamed to own my Lord," Newton, what do you think of the Gospel? And the writer of "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound," Cowper, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes: "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Here also come, covering up the old Gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worried reform, by all means; but unless it be also Gospel reform it will be a dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses, and now it is to be a Republican boss; but the quarrel is, who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that Satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who in pulp and outside of it cover up the Gospel with the theory that it means our restoration and spiritual healing, things work together for good, "Glorious Gospel!" And then the Royal Castle is before us, and we stop, out of this life, without so much as saying our farewells to the upturned earth of the grave: "They shall reign ever for ever and ever." Does not that mean that you are it saved to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one who years ago abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. Though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up, and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens, and the immortal walk linked in eternal friendship; and the banquet hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table; and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb; and there are no more wars, and no more wars with no grief, and the light that falls upon the scene is never clouded, and there is the kiss of those re-united after long separation. More nerve will we have there than in the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the boom of that hallicuh, we would be deafened. Glorious Gospel! You thought religion was a straitjacket, that it put you on the limits, that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, our way is to be castled. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest stay is short—if we are only to wait to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet; and John among the evangelists; and Paul among the apostles, and Wyatt among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havoclock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, my one thought, and my one desire, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old Castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our redemption. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be His glorious name forever! Surging to His ear be all the anthems! Facing Him be all the throngs!

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What are heathens? "What are heathens, uncle?" "Heathens? Oh—ah—heathens are people who don't quarrel over religion."

How a Fish Comes to the Surface. A curious physiological discovery has been made in the past year by Prof. Bohr, of Copenhagen, in regard to the mode of storage by which a fish accumulates so much oxygen in the air bladder. The air contained therein has a percentage of oxygen that may rise to as much as eighty-five, an amount much in excess of the percentage in atmosphere. Prof. Bohr tapped the air bladders of codfish and drew off the gas by means of a trocar and airtight syringe. The gas had 52 per cent of oxygen. In a few hours the air bladder was refilled, apparently by a process of secretion from the wall of the bladder. In one experiment the gas thus secreted had 80 per cent of oxygen. When the nerves connected with the organ were severed the secretion ceased and the organ was not refilled.

Sterilized Water Wanted. The invention most needed now is some cheap and practical process of sterilizing drinking water without rendering it less palatable. The growth of population is steadily toward the cities, and in the cities good health depends more on good water than on any other one thing. Indeed, it is believed that all the germs of disease can be kept out of food and water there will be little or no danger of the spread of the germ diseases. It is thought that pure water would reduce the death rate of any large city from 10 to 25 per cent, at least.—New York World.

Napoleon's Marksmanship. Apropos of the great Napoleon, it may be remarked that he was as poor a marksman as the average woman. It is related that on a certain occasion he was hunting, when the dogs brought a fine stag to bay. It was the Emperor to kill, but at that moment he could not be found, so the master of the stagpounds put the animal out of its misery with a knife. Just then the Emperor came in sight, and the dead stag was propped up on its legs. The great Napoleon fired and the stag fell over, at the same time there was a piteous whine from one of the hounds, which was heard through the bushes, and the Emperor, who was on horseback, whistled around and said to the hounds: "Apres tout, je ne suis pas sans mauvais tirer qu'on le pretend!" (After all, I am not so bad a shot as they make me out to be.)—Truth.

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NO LACK OF PERSEVERANCE.

Modern Woman Has Pleasure in Steady Push About Her.

Sorosis declared with much emphasis the other night that the modern woman is not persistent enough. This view of the case, it is safe to say, has not yet impressed itself upon the modern man. Not so very many years ago the modern woman became convinced that she wanted a higher education, an education on the same terms with her brothers. Conservatives shook their heads, and sedate professors declared that the thing was preposterous. But the lady in the case persisted, and today she has not merely invaded, but has conquered a large portion of the realm of the higher education. Then she declared that she proposed to enter the pursuits which have been the exclusive possession of masculinity for unnumbered ages. Again obtuse men, lawyers, journalists and merchants are now so common that they do not even excite comment.

What ver the modern woman has really set her heart upon she has generally succeeded in obtaining. In most of the western states she has the franchise in one form or another; in Colorado she has exactly the same political privileges as men and has elected three representatives of her own sex to the legislature. If she does not vote in the east as yet, it is simply because she hasn't quite made up her mind whether or the whole the ballot would be becoming to her. When the bicycle, most unruly and diabolic of vehicles, made its appearance, the world remarked: "Lo! here is something that must forever belong to man alone." The modern woman heard this mandate, smiled a knowing little smile and forthwith set about mastering this novel epistle of mechanical depravity. At first she not only rid the wheel with calmness and determination; she rides it in Turkish trousers, and hints ominously of knickerbockers in the near future.

Decidedly, if it be such familiarity has faults, lack of persistence is not among them. Sorosis does not need to worry over the up-to-date woman. She has triumphed over everything she has undertaken to subdue. Greek roots, business difficulties, political methods and the bicycle. And the end is not yet.—New York Press.

Advice From a Money Lender. "Here's your money," said a city hall officer, handing \$1 to a lawyer's assistant. Smiling, he added: "You're a robber, a usurer, to exact compound interest on such a loan."

Yes, but I wanted to give you a lesson on the evils of "banking," said the lawyer. "It's a pernicious practice, because it is a habit easily acquired and leads to very bad results. The money-lender usually gets the big end of the horn, unless the loan is unsecured, in which case, nine times out of ten, the loan is wasted. Take my advice, don't borrow at any price."

Learn to Say No. Mrs. Nuborder—That's a very pretty motto you are working, Mrs. Brownie-Haash—"Learn to say no." Is it for your own good? Mrs. Brownie-Haash—No; it's for the dining-room.—Pack.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Analyst, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles. This is a fact which is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble, that will never 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 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 a good meal and good nights sleep, they cured me."

Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined 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.

So far as we can go back into the world's history, we find the rage for making wags prevalent. The Roman had a conventional form of "satirizing" their contracts, which consisted in taking from their finger the "dot" which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it to the keeping of some third party. In the old days some very extraordinary bets were made. Thus, Holsten and Samuel Whitehead wagered in the Castle yard, York, as to which should assume the most original character. Unpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two gentlemen appeared. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the unpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5-guinea notes and a long netted purs of gold around his neck, while a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one-half of his face, his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blackened to resemble that of a negro; on the corresponding side of the body he wore a gaily long-tailed coat, and his legs were clad with leather breeches, with a boot and spur. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, the stakes were awarded to "John Bull."

The Duke of Queensbury laid a singular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The former was to produce a man who was to walk from his grace's house in Piccadilly (London) to the 10-mile stone, beyond Housley in the space of three hours, advancing four steps and at every fourth step retracing one step backward. The bet was for \$1,000. Most probably the Duke of Queensbury had borrowed the hint from a circumstance recorded in the history of Catharine Medicis. This celebrated and beautiful queen made a vow that if an enterprise of consequence in which she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner described, she had succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with vigor and patience enough to undertake the journey. A citizen of Veberis, Picardy, presented himself and promised most scrupulously to accomplish the vow. He fulfilled his engagement with great precision, of which the queen was well assured; by those whom she had appointed to travel by his side and watch his motions.

There was a notorious gambler at the end of the last century who ruined himself finally by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorne; their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card table, and, seizing a large punch bowl, said, "For once I'll have a bet when I've got a chance of winning! Odd or even for 15,000 guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer, and the odds were accordingly being counted. The rash gambler paid his 15,000 guineas, but if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Another curious wager was that of two gentlemen who were settling their account at a hotel. One of them drew out of his pocket a lot of bank notes, which induced a gentleman standing by to exclaim that he wished he had as many as he could carry in 210 notes—"as many as the national debt amounts to." Upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of £50 that he and nine more of the strongest men that he could get could not carry the amount of the national debt a distance of one mile without pitching. The wager was immediately accepted, and a calculation took place, when it was found that 512 bank notes weighed one pound. This divided among 100 people, each would have to carry 512 pounds 8 ounces. The money was paid without recourse to a trial.

WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidneyacid poison, unselected, weakens the nerves and poisons the blood. By aid by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death dealer. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their 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 effectually 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 any Sarsaparilla or Bitter known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDWARDS' BATES & CO., 45 Leabard Street, Toronto.

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Advertise in The Warder

Modern! Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white. BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.

AN EMINENT MINISTER REV. W. S. BARKER OF PETERBORO.

Mr. W. S. Barker is a young minister of Peterboro who has by his great earnestness and able exposition of the doctrines of the Bible earned for himself a place amongst the foremost ministers of Canada. He, with his most estimable wife, believe in looking after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, hence the following statement for publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nervine Tonic to all who are afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from South American Nervine and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow-sufferers."

It is now a scientific fact that certain nerve centres located near the base of the brain have entire control over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and indeed all internal organs; and it is, they furnish these organs with the necessary nerve force to enable them to perform their respective work. When the nerve centres are weakened or deranged the nerve force is diminished, and as a result the stomach will not digest the food, the liver becomes torpid, the kidneys will not act properly, the heart and lungs suffer, and in fact the whole system becomes weakened and sinks on account of the lack of nerve force. South American Nervine is based on the foregoing scientific discovery and is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerve centres. It immediately increases the nervous energy of the whole system, thereby enabling the different organs of the body to perform their work perfectly, when disease at once disappears. It greatly benefits in one day.

Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles of South American Nervine and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach, and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

P. MORGAN, DRUGGIST, Agent for Lindsay.