

STANDS LIKE A ROCK.

REV. DR. TALMAGE OPPOSES BIBLE RECONSTRUCTION.

He Shows How False Are the Assaults Made Upon the Scriptures—The Bible as Compared to Other Books—Its Divine Protection.

New York, June 9.—In his sermon to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage deals with a subject that is agitating the entire Christian church at the present moment—viz. "Expurgation of the Scriptures." The text chosen was, "Let God be true, but every man a liar" (Romans 1:25).

It is not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of forgetful books into the sepulcher of forgetfulness have only brightened the fame of this. This is not only so, but it is a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of 2,000 that will live a century. Yet here is a book that has lived 1,600 years, and much of it 4,000 years.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and heaving fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are lying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What," say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains are being added by too long brooding over Darwin and Spencer, "you don't really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer.

was turned out of the second century and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now, just like the Bible, is assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in 30 languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue.

Four hundred millions of copies of it in existence. Does not that book as if it were God had guarded it all through the centuries? Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and ought to please us.

It is not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman that a book divinely protected and in this shape is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of forgetful books into the sepulcher of forgetfulness have only brightened the fame of this.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated they like the book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use 20, 40, 60, perhaps 100 years in the generations. To-day take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margin you can find the words, "This chapter not fit to read."

There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you? Besides that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures because the so-called innocencies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A cruel book will produce cruelty. An unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all ages fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty or whose life has been impure by the book, now me one. One of the best families I ever knew of for 30 or 40 years morning and evening had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates. Twice a day

without leaving out a chapter or a verse the read this holy book morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her, the father, the grinning and reading one, and the young men and members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, and all the cities have become Genesares with Christ walking them, and all the hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise, and the round earth a footstool to Emanuel's throne—all all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles, will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts is purposely and righteously a disgusting account instead of the Byronic and the attractive and the fascinating. When these old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness and gives up his own voice, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festive board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says, "The dog is turned to his own vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gliding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are a full of it as the wings and the tail of a scorpion, and the claw of a buzzard a full of the odors of a carcass, but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbolic acid.

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged by its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of presbytery or episcopacy does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sign-grace of God. Get your heart right, and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the word of God. Ah, my friends, expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which have been the source of great sanctity, passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of white child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding crescendo of condemnation against any man who will stand in a Christ's pulpit, and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well-beloved daughter of God.

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture gallery in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome, and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent From the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and remodel the forms and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse than that when a man goes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

thought leaped from the great brain to the skillful pencil, and from the skillful pencil to canvas immortals. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Dore's illustrious Bible. But the Bible will come to better illustration than that, my friends, when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become a mad miasma, and all the lakes have become Genesares with Christ walking them, and all the hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise, and the round earth a footstool to Emanuel's throne—all all lands, and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles, will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT.

One of the Feats That Nicola Tesla Hopes to Accomplish.

Tesla had two big undertakings on hand when his laboratory caught fire and was destroyed in New York. The first was to produce, from his point of view, the production of light by the vibration of the atmosphere. According to the inventor the light of the sun is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from the young sun from solar system of which we are a part. Tesla's plan is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause sunlight, and thus give us light as intense as that of the sun, with no danger of obscuring the stars.

"All I have to do," he said, discussing this topic with an interviewer, "is to duplicate the number of vibrations required to light up the sun, and the practicability of my theory will have been demonstrated. It is difficult for me to give you an idea that you will readily grasp, but the results they do deal with the figures that come up in such investigations. I have come to the conclusion that the sunlight is produced by five hundred trillion vibrations of the atmosphere per second. In order to manufacture the same kind of light it will be necessary to produce an equal number of vibrations by machinery. I have succeeded up to a certain point, but am still at work on the task." —St. Louis Republic.



He—Have you ever had your fortune told?

She—Oh, yes, indeed.

He—By a gypsy?

She—No, by Bradstreet. They have told it to every hearse-hunting team in Christendom.

Hyphenated Names. Hyphenated names in Europe may be divided into two categories—namely: those wherein the hyphen is a mere piece of snobbery and affectation, and those wherein it is consequent upon a legal obligation. The latter are in the minority and are borne almost invariably by legitimate heirs of property who have inherited property usually real estate, contingent upon their taking the name of the testator on their marriage. Or else they are men who have married heiresses had been accepted as husbands for the sake of the money and name that they should append the family name of their wives to their own patrimonial.

People in the other category who use the hyphen merely with the object of creating the impression that they are of more ancient lineage than is really the case invariably prefix, instead of appending, the additional name. And it is this that enables one to distinguish the "bona-fide" double-barrel, before the name of her little son, and took to the poor child delicacies and some of the little King's playthings, and ordered everything the mother and child needed. From that day the little King and the poor woman's boy grew better at the same time.

Not Laudatory. Mrs. Hiram Daly—"And have you any references?" Applicant—"No, mum! I fared 'em up. Mrs. Hiram Daly (in surprise)—Tore them up? How foolish!

Applicant—"Yes, mum! I think so, mum, if you had seen 'em!" Truth.

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. A. W. Chase, with a view to its being an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also for 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—One Fill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. 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 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 a good meal and a good night sleep which 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 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.

HOW TO GROW THIN.

Information for Those Who are Burdened with Flesh.

It is all very well to laugh at the absurdity of sighing over growing old, but there are very few women who are sufficiently philosophical to be a little chagrined at the advance of years showing itself plainly in face or figure. There would seem to be two distinct types of American woman—those who grow stout as they grow older and those who grow thin. It is all very well to say that the face looks better when it is plump than when it is thin, but every pound of additional adipose tissue certainly adds to woman's age, in appearance at least, while the woman who does not grow stout rarely changes much in appearance from thirty-five to fifty. There are many physical reasons which induce certain fatness, which are added to the figure settles as one grows older; but it is this very settling that all women are anxious to avoid, and there is really no necessity for it whatever.

Steady bathing always has the desired result in so far as the reducing of flesh is concerned, but there are other results far from satisfactory which are apt to accompany it, and very often all health and brittle nerves are the outcome of trying to grow thin. The avoiding of starchy food is a simple matter, and by not eating potatoes and bread very often an astonishing difference in weight is soon perceived. Certain salts, which, however, should never be taken except under the orders of one's physician, will sometimes start a disposition to lose flesh, which, if followed with giving up potatoes and bread, will work marvelous results.

Indolence is one of the greatest factors in the increasing weight, and the power of every woman to correct. It is so much the fashion now to take exercise that there is no excuse for being lazy. It is impossible for some women to walk a great deal, but a certain amount of regular exercise will benefit even the most delicate. Sitting invariably produces fat, and fat just where one does not want flesh—about the stomach and hips. When one begins to lose flesh—and this can be ascertained by being weighed every week—a little massage will be found a great help. The massage, if she understands her business, will soon be able to tell where the surplus flesh is, and direct her energies to the particular place or places. Of course massage is an expensive luxury, but it is not a thing that needs to be continued, and a few hours will often work a wonderful change. For instance, one hour three times a week for a fortnight has been known to reduce the size of the waist half an inch. Standing erect with the hands pressed well down on the hips and then, with the hands still on the hips, bending the body forward, backward and sideways several times, twice a day, will also work off accumulated fat about the hips and stomach. But this exercise must be conscientiously persevered in.—Harper's Bazar.

The Spanish King. The little King has an English nurse, and his sisters an English governess. The Queen herself speaks English very well. When in the afternoon the royal family go to benediction, the little King will beg to stay and "play with the nuns." There is no state ceremony and holding of the breath. He is a simple, lovable and natural little boy. One of the nuns, an English lady, a member of St. Sebastian from the London branch of the Assumption Convent, gave him a little soap dog, which she had bought for him in London, and told him how to use it.

A few days after, when he says, "I ran and caught at her habit, and said: 'I took my little dog and bathed him with me, and he gets smaller and smaller every morning. Why is that?' "He is delicate, so that his frailty, added to the quickness of his mind, is a cause of anxiety at all times, but the system that his mother pursues is full of educated common-sense. When the little King was so ill two years ago, an attendant told the Queen that a poor woman's child near the estate was similarly ill, and the mother was in agony of fear of losing her little son. In the midst of her own great anxiety, the Queen went, then and there, from the bedside of her little son, and took to the poor child delicacies and some of the little King's playthings, and ordered everything the mother and child needed. From that day the little King and the poor woman's boy grew better at the same time.

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Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Includes text: "WOMAN'S NEED. Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidneyacid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nervous system, the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prostration, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and stay well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferment 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 Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Advertisement for Featherbone Skirt Bone. Includes text: "Featherbone Skirt Bone. For giving STYLE & SHAPE to LADIES' DRESSES. A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to form, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress. The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury. The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material. For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

Advertisement for Nervine. Includes text: "NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE. To those who use South American Nervine. A Lady of 80 Years Permanently Cured by this Wonderful Medicine. Three Doctors said 'Old Age was Her Complaint' and Gave Her Up—Three Bottles of Nervine Gave Relief—Twelve Bottles Cured Absolutely.

Advertisement for Nervine featuring a portrait of Mrs. John Dinwoody. Includes text: "MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Fleisher, Ont. Wedsworth speaks of 'An old age bright and lovely as a Lapland eagle, and lovely as a Lapland eagle.' And elsewhere this same woman talks of 'An old age, beautiful and free.' These are conditions that some of the men or women, though their years may border close on to a century, when in the enjoyment of health, in fact it is difficult to think of some of the old men and women on the stage of life to-day as old people, there seems to be such a perennial youthfulness about their every movement and look. There is nothing wonderful in the fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim to the thousands of old people throughout this broad land, that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decrepitude and disease. Why should we not live into the eighties and nineties, and cross the border of the century? South American Nervine, whether the person be young or old, gets at the nerve centers, and when they are kept in proper condition the system is as well able to withstand disease at eighty as at thirty. With this prospect in view who would not live to an old age and enjoy the pleasures of family, friends and society, and take a part in watching the marvelous progress and developments of these closing days of a wonderful century, which marks as not the least of its wonderful discoveries, the discovery of South American Nervine.

Advertisement for P. Morgan, Druggist. Includes text: "P. MORGAN, DRUGGIST. Agent for Lindsay.