

A PRACTICAL SERMON

"SAY SO" THE SUBJECT DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE

The Eminent Divine Believes in Outspoken Religion—Nothing Can Stand Before Prayer—Let the Redeemed Show Their Colors—Personal Testimony.

Washington, Jan. 19.—Rev. Dr. Talmage never produced a more practical and suggestive sermon than this of to-day. We believe it will stir Christendom. His subject was "Say so," and the text selected was Psalm cvii, 2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

An overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text David calls for an outspoken religion and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them and, as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics and are fluent and voluble on the Venezuelan question and bimetalism and the high and low and remedied, and female suffrage and you have to still fully watch your chance if you want to put into the active conversation a modest suggestion of your own, but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience and eternal blessing they are not only silent, but boastful of their reticence. Now, if you have been redeemed of the Lord why do you not say so? If you have in your heart the pearl of great price, worth more than the Kohinoor among Victorian jewels, why not let others see it? If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the crew and the stout lifeboat that safely landed you? If from the fourth story you are rescued in time of conflagration, why not tell of the fireman and the ladder down which he carried you? If you have a mansion in heaven awaiting you, why not show the deed to those who may by the same process get an emerald castle on the same boulevard? By the last two words of my text David calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop impersonating the assu- mers for the day of the presence of men, women, angels, devils and all worlds, "say so."

In these January days thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best ways of starting a revival of religion. How shall we start? Shall we start a revival, continental, hemispheric and world-wide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine, and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let the men and women get up next week in your prayer meeting, and, not in a conventional or canting or doleful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin. And there if the prayer meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there. There are so many different ways of being converted that we want to hear all kinds, so that our own case may be helped. It always puts me back to hear only one kind of experience, such as a man gives when he tells of his Pauline conversion—how he was knocked senseless and then had a vision and heard all kinds of voices and a number of days of horror got up and shouted for joy. All that discourages me, for I was never knocked senseless, and I never had such a sudden burst of religious rapture that I lost my equilibrium. After a while a Christian man got up in some meeting and told how he was brought up by a devout parentage and had always been thoughtful about religious things, and gradually the peace of the gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after awhile all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said that is exhilarating; that was my experience. And so I was strengthened.

In another prayer meeting a man got up and told us how he once hated God, and went through all the round of inquiry until we were all on needles then he should go to the much into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled flat, and then got up a Christian, and had ever since been going around with a Baxter Bible with large flaps under his arm, a leading evangelist, and he never before in his life knew they never hated God, and they were never dissolute. But after awhile some Christian woman arises and says: "I have nothing extraordinary to tell. Yet I think the cares of life, the anxieties about my children, and two graves opened in our family plot made me feel the need of God, and weak and helpless and heart-broken I flung myself upon his mercy, and I feel what the Bible calls, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much for me." I declare that before that woman got through we were all crying, not bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and three days in that neighborhood all the ice had gone out of the river in a springtime freshet of salvation. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

I have but little interest in what people say about politics and religion, but I have an ultimate interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great despondency about his soul and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn: "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! In heart and voice and every instrument I'd praise thee, and in all that dwell below, Thy praises should continually sound." Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! In heart and voice and every instrument I'd praise thee, and in all that dwell below, Thy praises should continually sound.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! In heart and voice and every instrument I'd praise thee, and in all that dwell below, Thy praises should continually sound. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! In heart and voice and every instrument I'd praise thee, and in all that dwell below, Thy praises should continually sound.

...in, square talk long ago you did not ask for forgiveness for infirmities, and a gleam, and by some and it uttered made me understand that you fully appreciated the fidelity and re-enforce-

...What a record for all time and immortality was made by Gellacious, the actor, in the theater at Heliopolis. In the burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In derision of the ordinance of baptism, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gellacious, pronouncing over him the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesque baptism he looked changed, and was changed, and he cried out to the audience: "I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian. Though he was dragged out and stood to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances. 'I am a Christian. I will die as a Christian.' 'Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.'"

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out; if all merchants in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the notes; if all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop, if all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch key of the front door.

Samuel Hitek, an English Methodist preacher, solicited aid for West India missions from a rich miser and failed. Then the minister dropped on his knees and the miser said, "I will give thee a guinea if thou wilt give over." The minister continued to pray, until the miser said, "I will give thee two guineas if thou wilt give over." Then the money was taken to the missionary meeting. Oh, the power of prayer! Melancthon, utterly discouraged, was passing along a place where children were heard praying, and he came back saying, "Brothers, take courage. The children are praying for us." Nothing can stand before a prayer. An infidel came into a Bible class to ask puzzling questions. Many of the neighbors came in to hear the discussion. The infidel arose and said to the leader of the Bible class, "I have a few questions asked." "Oh, yes," said the leader, "but at the start let us kneel down and ask God to guide us." "Oh, no," said the infidel. "I did not come to pray, I came to discuss." "You will of course submit to our rules, and that is always to begin with prayer," the leader knelt in prayer, and then arose and said to the infidel, "Now you pray." The infidel replied, "I cannot pray. I have no God to pray to. Let me go. Let me go." The spectators, who expected fun, found nothing but overpowering solemnity, and a revival started, and among the first who were brought in was the infidel. That prayer did it. In all our lives there have been times when we felt that prayer was answered. Then let us say so.

There lingers on this side of the river that divides earth and heaven, ready at any time to cross over, the apostle of prayer for this century, Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton street prayer meeting, and if he should put on his spectacles and read this I salute him as more qualified than any man since Bible times in demonstrating what prayer can do. Dear Brother Lanphier! The high heavens are full of his fame. Having announced a meeting for 12 o'clock S. P. 23, 1857, he sat in the upper room on Fulton street, New York, waiting for people to come. He waited for a half hour, and then a footfall was heard on the steps, and after awhile in all directions arrived, but the next day twenty, and the next day forty, and from that time to this, for over 33 years, every day, Sabbath excepted, that Fulton street prayer meeting has been a place where people find rest, and answers to prayer have been announced, and the throbs of that great heart of supplication has thrilled not only into the heavens, but clear around the world, more than any spot on earth. That has been the place where the redeemed of the Lord say so.

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes have nervous system used up by the cares, the losses, the disappointments, the worriments of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become oppressive as the years go by. Buy them a portrait before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been to them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never appreciate.

Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will pass and they will be gone out of your sight, and their ears will not hear, and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness, say it in any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is death and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

In conjugal life the honeymoon is soon past, and the twin take it for granted that each is thoroughly understood. How dependent on each other they become, and the years go by, and nothing is said to make the other fully understood that sense of dependence. Impatient words sometimes come forth, and motives are misinterpreted, and it is taken as a matter of course that the two will walk the path of life side by side until about the same time the journey shall be ended, but some sudden and appalling illness unclothes the right hands that were clasped years before at the altar of orange blossoms, the parting takes place, and among the wretches of all the sorrow is that you did not offer, if you ever did at all, tell her or tell him how indispensable she was, or how indispensable he was to your happiness, and that, in some

...great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." God will say so!

...We miss one of the chief ideas of a last judgment. We put into the picture the fire, and the smoke, and the earthquake, and the descending angels, and the uprising dead, but we omit to put into the picture that which makes the last judgment a magnificent opportunity. We omit the fact that it is to be a day of glorious explanation and commendation. The first justice that millions of unrepentant and unrepentant and unrepentant men and women get will be on that day when services that never called forth so much as a newspaper line of finest pen or diamond type, as the printers say, it shall be called up, and the connection. That will be the day of enthronement for those whom the world called "nobodies." Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, needs no last judgment to get justice done him, but those men do need a last judgment who at times, in all armies, in obedience to command, themselves stood still. Deborah, who encouraged Barak to bravery in battle against the oppressors of Israel, needs no last judgment to get justice done her for thousands of years have clapped her praises. But the widows who in all ages have encouraged their husbands to the battles of life, women whose names were hardly known beyond the next street or the next farmhouse, must have God say to them: "You did well! You did gloriously! I saw you in the old farmhouse mending those children's clothes. I heard what you said in the way of cheer when the breadwinner of the household was in despair. I remember all the sick cradles you have sung to. I remember the headaches, the aches, the heartaches; I know the story of your knitting needle as well as I know the story of a queen's scepter. Your castle on the heavenly hill is all ready for you. Go up and take it!" And turning to the surprised multitudes of heaven he will say: "He did what she could." God will say so.

And now I close with giving my own personal testimony, for I must not enjoin upon others that which I decline myself to do. Born at Bound Brook, N.J., of a parentage as pious as the world ever saw, I attest before earth and heaven that I have always felt the elevating and restraining influences of having had a good father and a good mother, and if I am able to do half as well for my children as the old folks did for me I will be thankful forever. The years of my life passed on in the pressure of eternal realities, and after prayer and religious counsel I passed into what I took to be a saved state, and joined the church, and I attest before earth and heaven that I have found it a most helpful and elevating association. Like the companionship so well that I cannot be satisfied if I have a day less of it than all eternity. After graduating at collegiate and theological institutions I had the hands of ten or twelve good men put upon my head in solemn ordination at Bellville, N.J., and I attest before earth and heaven that the work of the gospel ministry has been delightful, and I expect to preach until my last hour. Many times I have passed through deep water and bereavement, and have seen the divine promises, but my advantage and enlarged my work, and I attest before earth and heaven that the comfort of the gospel is high, deep, glorious, eternal. Many times have I been maligned, and my work misrepresented, but all such falsehood and persecution have turned out for my advantage and enlarged my work, and I attest before earth and heaven that God has fulfilled to me the promises, "Lo, I am with you always! and the gates of hell shall not prevail against you!"

For the cheer of my fellow men in all departments let me say you will come out all right if you mind your own business and are patient. The assault of the world is only being rubbed down by a rough Turkish towel, and it improves the circulation and makes the future victorious. While the future holds for me many mysteries which I do not pretend to solve, I am living in expectation and when my poor work is done, I shall go through the gates and meet my Lord and all my kindred and who have preceded me, a precious group whom I miss more and more as the years go by; and I attest before earth and heaven that the glories of the heavenly world illumine my pathway. In courts of law the witness may kiss the Bible or lift his right hand in oath, but I have often kissed the dear old book. I will never right to take oath by Him that liveth forever and ever that God is good, and that the gospel is a mighty consolation in days of trouble, and that the best friend a man ever had is Jesus, and that heaven is absolutely sure to those who trust and serve the blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion and victory and song, and clouds of white-robed immortals standing on seas of glass mingled with fire. Amen and amen!

Turnpike on His Hands. Isaac W. Raven of Millheim, became the owner of a turnpike the other day that he didn't know what to do with. Three years ago he was thrown from a carriage on the pile and sustained a broken leg. This led to a suit for damages and he got a verdict for \$5000, which was sustained by the Supreme Court. But the turnpike people refused to pay, and the sheriff, in attempting to satisfy the claim, only had one bidder, and the bidder was Raven, and he got the pile. Raven compromised with the company by giving back the turnpike and accepting \$3000 cash, they to pay all costs.—Boston Herald.

To Prevent Tool Rust. A good recipe for a preparation to keep tools from rusting is as follows: Dissolve one-half ounce of camphor in one pound of melted lard, take off the scum, and mix in as much black lead or graphite as will give it an iron-gray color. Smear the tools with this mixture and after 24 hours, rub clean with a soft linen cloth.

Thrashing by Electricity. Thrashing grain by electrical transmission of power is at present being carried on with very successful results at Mjolby in Sweden. The system is situated at a long distance from the motor which is near the thrashing machine.

IN AN EMERGENCY.

SOME HINTS TO OBSERVE WHILE WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

Antidotes For Various Kinds of Poison—Something About the Complexion and Wrinkles—Loss of the Voice and Its Cause.

It makes one shudder to think of the grim signs on the rugged's phials, but the shudder is worse when one of the family, perhaps a favorite child, has swallowed some deadly dose. What is done then must be done quickly. The following plain directions ought to be kept handy. They may save a life while the doctor is coming.

When the poison is unknown this is the treatment: Provoke vomiting, give bland liquids, stimulate if necessary. For acids (sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, oxalic)—Give an alkali, provoke vomiting, give bland fluids, secure rest, stimulate if necessary. For arsenic, Paris green, Scheele's green—Provoke vomiting, give diluted iron and salt (repeat several times), give dose of castor oil, secure rest, stimulate if necessary.

For sugar of lead—Give Epsom salts, provoke vomiting (repeat several times), give bland liquids, give dose of castor oil. For corrosive sublimate, tartar emetic—Provoke vomiting, give strong tea without milk (repeat several times) give raw eggs and milk, give dose of castor oil, stimulate if necessary.

For phosphorus—Provoke vomiting, give five grain doses sulphate of copper, give dose of magnesia, but no oil. Lunar caustic (nitrate of silver)—Give strong salt and water, provoke vomiting (repeat many times). Opium (morphi e, laudanum, paregoric, etc., chloral)—Provoke vomiting, repeatedly, give strong coffee without milk, keep up the breathing.

Strychnine—Provoke vomiting once or twice, give a purgative, secure absolute quiet. Aconite—Provoke vomiting, stimulate well. Decayed meat or vegetable—Provoke vomiting, give a purgative, give powdered charcoal.

SYMMETRICAL FACES.

Artists Find Few That Are the Same on Both Sides.

Mr. Phil Morris' experiences have led him to the conclusion that symmetrical faces are very few and far between. The sides of the average face, he declares, are unequal, and one eye frequently goes up while the other half is closed. Often the nose is not straight, and many people have a habit of looking as if they were asleep. The distinguished Royal Academy associate has been giving some account of the troubles and vexations which come of portrait painting. There is a touch of disappointment, he says, when folks see their own portraits or those of their friends on canvas for the first time. Once he was engaged in painting a lady who had just become a grandmother, and he had treated very delicately the features which time had made. The lady's husband brought him another portrait, which had been painted twenty-five years before, and having expressed some slight surprise at the new picture, pointed to the old one and said: "That was how he saw his wife." "Nearly," the artist declares, they don't want to be flattered, but the artist who takes them at their word does so at his peril.

According to Mr. Morris, artists who devote themselves to portrait painting are influenced not by mere vision, but by a certain preconceived idea as to how they may treat a face. The late Mr. Frank Hall, he says, had a book—"Lavater's Physiognomy"—containing pictures of human types like hawks, foxes and other creatures and when he was about to paint a portrait he used to try to find out which one of these animals or birds the sitter most resembled. For instance, he would enlarge the ears of a fox hunter, and, by accentuating the features, paint a most remarkable likeness. It is advisable in Mr. Morris' opinion to let the sitter watch the progress of his portrait. If this is done the artist can tell by the look of disappointment on the sitter's face when in his estimation there is anything wrong. Moreover, by this means, more interest is lent to the work. It appears that one of the reasons the Queen allows herself to be painted so often by Herr Angeli is that she can see the work in progress. Some artists, unlike the Austrian painter, are martyrs to nervousness, and decline to allow the sitters to see the portraits before it is completed.—London News.

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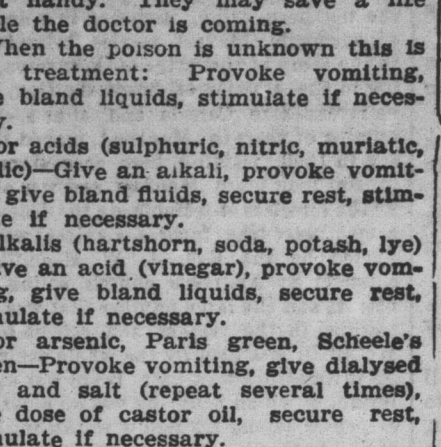
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