MAN DECADENCE.

the King Who Ate Grass a Conspicuous Warning Against the Abrogation of the Higher Principles - A Telling Tal-

33. The same hour was the thing 101-23. The same hour was the thing 101-33. The same hour was the thing 101-34. The same hour was the sam

which hang from the house tops and he shows you the vastness of his realm, as the sun kindles the domes with glistis almost insufferable, and the ening is almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires. Nebuchadperzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is this not great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" But in an instant all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from heaven, saying: "O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whom-soever He will." One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on way to the fields, a maniac, and rushing into the forests he of the beasts, covered with engles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots

climb the trees for nuts. You see, there is a great variety in the ed Daniel and Paul and Deborah as iland weary, they dare not halt, for round

about are armed men urging them on with hoot and shout and blasphemy.

Aged men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their house in the decire when they their bones in the sleeping place of their fathers, and children wondered at the length of the way and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly springs upon the view of the captives, with its gardens and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzzah is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor there for it was not home. The Euphrates did not have the water gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their antuned harps, were not as graceful as the trees which at the foot of Mount Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great city was not so sweet as one breath of the acacia and frankinscense that the high priest kindi-

away before we can fasten them. their wrathful king issues an earny as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the prophet comes in with the interpretation just in time to save the wise men and the Jewish

mighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger

our humility as of anything else, Anthis-thenes walked the streets of Athens with a ragged cloak to demonstrate his humility, but Socrates declared he could see the hypocrisy through the holes in its cloak. We would all see ourselves

Do you not also learn from the mis-fortune of this king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason?

horrible sights the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds, the most horrible is the maniac's idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds, the most horrible is the maniac's laugh. A vessel driven on the rocks, when a hundred go down never to rise and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies upon the winter's beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out toward those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs, cutting themselves among the tombs.

We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will

apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine of such tremendous power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by divine hand. No human hand could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps

palling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately tuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on, though fear shakes it, and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or toss from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation of Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason. Lord for the preservation of your reason.

See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar the use that God makes of bad men. zar the use that God makes of bad men. The actions of the wicked are used as instruments for the punishment of wickedness in others or as the illustration of some principle in the divine government. Nebuchadnezzar subserved both purposes. Even so I will go back with you to the history of every reprobate that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great extent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power and how God glorified Himself in the overthrow and disgrace of His enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and wicked Cyrus destroys it. Persia fills the cup of its iniquity, and vile Alexander puts an end to it. Macedon must be chastised, and bloody Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be

Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be destroyed, and corrupt Napoleon accomplishes it. Even so selfish and wicked men are often made to accomplish great and glorious purposes. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlative perfily and meanness when they sold him into slavery for about \$7, yet how they must have been overwhelmed with the truth that God never foruskes the righteous when they saw he had become the prime

angel, snowing that there is a God who will defend the cause of His people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are chaff in a whirlwind! In some financial parie, the righteens sufme financial panic the righteous suffered with the wicked. Houses and stores and shops in a night foundered on the rock of bankruptcy, and healthy credit, without warning, dropped dead in the street and money ran up the long ladder of 25 per cent., to laugh down upon those who could not climb after it.

Dealers with pockets full of securities stood shouting in the deaf ears of banks.

Men rushed down the streets, with protested notes after them. Those who

Men rushed down the streets, with pro-tested notes after them. Those who before found it hard to spend their money were left without money to spend. Laborers went home for want of work, to see hunger in their chair at the table and upon the hearth. Winter blew his breath of frost through fingers of icicles, breath of frost through fingers of icicles, and sheriffs, with attachments, dug among the cinders of fallen storehouses, and whole cities joined in the long funeral procession, marching to the grave of dead fortunes and a fallen commerce. Verily, the righteous suffered with the wicked, but generally the wicked bud the worst of it. Splendid wicked had the worst of it. Splendid schemes of wickedness were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and God wrote with letters of fire, amid the ruin and destruction of reputations and estates that were thought impregnable, the fashioned truth, which centuries ago He wrote in His Bible, "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down." As the stars of heavens are reflected from the waters of the earth, even so God's

great and magnificent purposes are reflected back from the boiling sea of human passion and turmoil. As the voice of a sweet song uttered among the mountains may be uttered back from the home of wild beasts and rocks split and thunder scarred, so the cavernous great harmonies of God's providence are rung back from the darkest caverns of this sin struck earth, Sennacherib and Abimelech and Herod and Judas and Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, though they struggled like beasts unbroken to the load

were put into a yoke, where they were compelled to help draw ahead God's Again, let us learn the lesson that men can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the temple and carrying them away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The laying of heathen hands upon them and the carrying them off as spoils was an unbounded offense to the Lord of the temple. Yet Nebuchadnezzar committed this very sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk up and down the earth, cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on

sacramental day take the communic cup, while their conversation and deeds all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament! It is

all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament! It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith. Sinai stands near, with its split clouds, and Calvary with its victim. The Holy Spirit broods over the scene, and the glory of heaven seems to gather in the sanctuary. Vile indeed must that man be who will come in from his idols and unrepented follies to take hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. O thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back with you to Babylon!

Those also desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath day for any other than religious purposes. This holy day was let down from heaven amid the intense securlarities of the week to remind us that we are immortal and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is a green spot in the hot desert of this world that gushes with fountains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robes of our piety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far oft on other days, alights upon the earth, and the song of heavenly choirs and the

hosanna of the white robed seem to mingle with our earthly worship. We hear the wailing infant of Bethlehem, the hammer stroke of the carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Gethsemane, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord of the Sabbath! With that one day in seven God divides this great sea of business and gayety, so that dry shod we may pass between the worldly business of the

A rose, a star, a voice, a giance, Echo or glimpse—it is the same; Some mystery of time or chance That finds the hidden flame.

Embers of song, and song's desire, Hushed in the singer's heart they And softly kindle into fire If but a dream go by And none may say, since none can knew, Whence comes the vivilying spark. That sends a transitory glow Of song across the dark.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Doesn't Believe in Luck, Though Things Do Come About Carlously, Sometimes.

Do Come About Cariously, Sometimes.

"I don't believe in pull," said the middle-aged man, "and I don't believe in luck. I think that in the long run a man is sure to get whatever he is entitled to. If his recognition comes late he gets it in bigger chunks. It averages up all right. If he is really entitled to anything he is reasonably sure, sooner or later, to get his due.

"At the same time, while I do not believe in luck, things certainly do come about in a very curious way. It may be laid down as a general proposition that things don't happen to a man at all unless he is around where things are happening. For instance, a man who never went out of doors might never get run over, but he never'd get anything else, either; while if one is out in the fight, where things do happen, he is in the way of meeting things; sometimes things come his way from the most unexpected sources. I struck a very nice little streak once through the boss of the barber shop where I used to go to get shaved. Our lines of business were as far apart as the business of two men could be, but he was at least as able and successful in his as I was in mine, as far apart as the business of two men could be, but he was at least as able and successful in his as I was in mine, and personally he was as keen and alert; and the help that he gave me came about in the most natural way in the

world.

"It was a big barber shop, and, of course, a sort of exchange. All sorts of business and professional men met there, and you saw more of them there than and you saw more of them there than you would in a restaurant, because when they had to wait in a barber shop, they would sit around and read the newspapers, and you'd hear 'em talk, maybe, if they were men that did talk; and so you came to know many of them by sight and to expect to see them in the shop, and the boss knew them all, and they all knew the boss, and they all held him in friendly esteem.

"Among the regular customers that I

"Among the regular customers that I took a special fancy to there was one who talked but little and never talked loud, a quiet, modest, pleasant gentleman who was very rich, who had made his fortune within a few years, and in the same business as my own. While I liked this man first ate, at the same time I never dreamed of such a thing as knowing him, but one day when I was sitting in the boss barber's chair, the boss barber said to me in his quiet way—he was a quiet man, too—that this other man wanted to get me to do something for him. It was something that the other man wanted always, and something that I could do. And Mr. Carter introduced me to the other man, and he, in just the quiet, kindly way that I should have expected of him, told me what he'd like to have, and that was "Among the regular customers that l me what he'd like to have, and that was the very simple beginning of a pleasant relationship of years.

"I think of that experience often, and It was the last always with pleasure. It was the last place where I should have expected to find work in my line, but there I found it. The offer of it to me by my friend the barber was made out of pure friendliness, but he never would have put

pleasure to recall it. Vell, now, here I am rambling all North America talking about myself, but it all comes back to this: Don't trust to luck, but trust to yourself, and keep everlastingly plugging at it, and sooner or later things will begin to come your way."—New York Sun.

Booth-Tucker's Home; in the Desert. Judge J. S. Emery of Lawrence, Kan., of the National Irrigation Congress, has just returned from Denver, where he had a conference with Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army. The scheme is for the settling in the arid regions of west the deserving-poor of the great cities. Judge Emery says it is the fairest thing for irrigation that has ever been put on foot, and he believes that it will serve a most powerful purpose in settling the troublesome question about the social unrest of the masses. Booth-Tucker is making a tour of the

west collecting information as to the details of the great plan the army has undertaken. The purpose of the army is to combine the waste forces of production on the waste lands of the country, religious the congressed population of try, relieve the congested population of the great centres, and increase very largely the number of independent home owners. The wise men of the army are of the opinion that this would aid largely in the solution of the vexed problem and in a great degree would tend to quiet the social unrest of the country. and in a great degree of the country. It would relieve the charitable organizations of the cities, would reclaim and make fertile thousands of arid acres, and would give honest and profitable employment to thousands of worthy people, Commander Booth-Tucker expects to secure the funds for the original purchase of the land from er expects to secure the funds for the original purchase of the land from wealthy men, who are backing the enterprise; the farm land would be in small lots, five and ten acres for each one; the land can be secured for trifling sums and under irrigation would miss only a court of the families. raise quite enough to make the families independent and give them a home and place of their own.—Kansas City Jour-

Fish Under Pressure. An air compressor is evidently needed 'An air compressor is evidently needed at the New York Aquarium, says The American Machinist. The institution recently acquired two enormous lobsters, which would have been a valuable attraction, but both died after a few days. Lobsters are in the habit of spending their time at great depths in the sea, and consequently under great pressure could, of course, be supplied by compressed air, and tanks might be made of the required strength. The flat glass plates would of course, be impossible, but any number of small round discs of thick glass might be used. Many deep-sea organisms might be accommodated in this way.

Japanese and Chinese vines have been successfully acclimatized near Alencon, in Northern France, in a district where grapes for wine have never been raised. Their fruit ripens in the middle of September, and produces a fair weak wine that can be used to "cut" the stronger

When Steam Is Not Steam, When steam becomes visible it ceases to be steam. The exhaust seen coming from an engine consists of particles of liquid water mixed with air which is gradually absorbing it.—American Machinist

Teapois were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

XXXIX. THE OUTCOME OF A GREAT CRIME.

"O, Eleanore!" cried I, making my way into her presence with but little ceremony, I fear, "are you prepared for very good news? News that will brighten these pale cheeks and give the light back to these eyes, and make life hopeful and sweet to you once more? Tell me," said I, stooping over her where she sat, for she looked ready to faint.

"I don't know," murmured she, "I fear that what you will consider good news, will not seem so to me. No news

can be good but-"
"What?" asked I, taking her hands in mine with a smile that ought to have reassured her, it was one of such profound happiness. "Tell me; do not be afraid."

But she was. Her dreadful burden had lain upon her so long it had become a part of her being. How could she realize it was founded on a mistake; that she had no cause to fear the past, present or future?

But when the truth was made known to her; when with all the fervor and gentle tact of which I was capable, I showed her that her suspicions had been groundless, that Trueman Har-well and not Mary had been the perpetrator of this deed, her first words were a prayer to be taken to Mary-Take me to her! O, take me to her! I cannot breathe or think till I have begged pardon of her on my knees. O, my unjust accusation! my unjust

Seeing the state she was in, I deemed it the wisest thing I could da So procuring a carriage, I drove with her to her cousin's home.

"Mary will spurn me; she will not even look at me, and she will be right," cried she as we rolled away up the avenue. "An outrage like this can never be forgiven. But God knows I thought myself justified in my suspicions. If you knew-"

"I do know." I interposed, " Mary acknowledges that the circumstantial evidence against her was so overwhelming, she was almost staggered herself, asking if she could be guiltless with such proofs against her. But-"

"Wait, O wait, did Mary say that?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Yes."

"Mary must be changed." I did not answer; I wanted her to see for herself to how great an extent! But when in a few minutes later, the carriage stopped and I hurried with her into the house which had been the scene of so much misery, I was hardly prepared for the difference in her own countenance which the hall light revealed. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were brilliant, her brow lifted and free from shadow; so quickly does the ice of despair melt in the sunshine

Thomas, who had opened the door, was sombrely glad to see his mistress again. "Miss Leavenworth is in the drawing room curtain, when it was suddenly lifted from within and Mary stepped out.

"Mary!" "Eleanore!" The ring of those voices told everything. I did not need to glance that way to know that Eleanore at her cousin's feet, and that her cousin had affrightedly lifted her. I did not

need to hear: "My sin against you i too great; you cannot forgive me!" followed by the low: "My shame is great enough to lead me to forgive anything!" to know that the life-long shadow between these two had dissolved like a it in my way at all if he had not believed I could fill the bill. From whatever point of view I look at it, it is a pleasure to recall it.

heard the door of the reception room into which I had retired, softly open, and looking up saw Mary standing on the threshold with the light of true humility on her face, I own that I was surprised at the extent of the softening which had taken place in her haughty beauty. "Blessed is the shame that purifies," I murmured and advancing, held out my hand with a respect and sympathy I never thought to feel

for her again. The action seemed to touch her. Blushing deeply, she came and stood by my side. "I thank you," said she; have much to be grateful for; how much I never realized till to-night; but I cannot speak of it now. What I wish is for you to come in and help me perstade Eleanore to accept this fortune from my hands. It is hers, you know was willed to her, or would have been

"Wait," said I, in the wild trepida tion which this appeal to me on such a subject somehow awakened, "Have you weighed this matter well? Is it your determined purpose to transfer your fortune into your cousin's hands?" Her look was enough, without the low: "Ah, how can you ask me?" that followed it. Mr. Clavering was sitting by the side

of Eleanore when we entered the drawing room. He immediately rose. "Mr. Raymond," said he, drawing me to one side; "before the courtesies of the hour pass between us, allow me to tender you my apology. You have in your possession a document which ought never to have been forced upon you. Founded upon a mistake, the act was an insult which I bitterly regret. If, in consideration of my mental misery at that time, you can pardon it, I shall feel forever indebted to you; if

"Mr. Clavering," I interrupted, "say no more. The occurrences of that day belong to a past which I for one have made up mind to forget as soon as possible. The future promises too richfor us to dwell on by-gone miseries." And with a look of mutual understanding and friendship we hastened to rejoin the ladies.

Of the conversation that followed, it s only necessary to state the result. Eleanore remaining firm in her refusal to accept property so stained by guilt, it was finally agreed upon that it should be devoted to the erection and sustainment of some charitable institution, of magnitude sufficient to be a recognized benefit to the city and its unfortunate poor. This settled, our thoughts returned to our friends, especially to Mr. Veeley.

"He ought to know," said Mary. "He has grieved like a father over us." And in her spirit of penitence she would have undertaken the unhappy task of telling him the truth.

But Eleanore with her accustomed generosity, would not hear of this. "No, Mary," said she; "you have suffered enough. Mr. Raymond and I will go." And leaving them there, with the light of growing hope and confidence on their faces, we went out again into the night and so into a dream from which I have never waked, though the shine of her dear eyes has been now the load star of my life for many happy,

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Ranahan, 257 Dundas street, gives us the following facts: "I have suffered so much for the past fourteen years with kidney disease that it gives me pleasure to tell of my changed condition for the better. I had fearful pain in the back and right side; the urine was red in color with a reddish sticky sediment, with brick dust deposit. At times severe pain in the region of the bladder, causing me great suffering and discomfort. Appetite very poor, and much troubled with sleeplessness at night. I felt tired and worn out all the time. Work became a drudgery; it was an effort to do anything. I was low spirited and discouraged. Hearing of Doan's Pills I went to Mr. W. T. Strong's drug store, London, Ont., and got one box. From the first dose I commenced to improve, and now my back and side are all right; the urine is natural in color; the sediment has disappeared; I have no pain of any kind; rest well; appetite has returned; of any kind; rest well; appetite has returned; I am stronger and better in every way; for the first time in many years I now feel that life is worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me of my long standing complaint, and I am pleased to acknowledge what they have done for me. I have not taken more than two boxes of the pills and the result is as I have stated. Previously to this I had tried nearly every Previously to this I had tried nearly every kidney remedy, but until I took Donn's Pills experienced not the slightest relief.

# THE ANIMAL IN MAN.

ITS CULTIVATION RESULTS IN HU-

Talmage preached from Daniel iv, The same hour was the thing ful-

driven from their and tid eat grass has oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hair was grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like

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Scriptural landscape. In several dis-courses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great, dark chasm of wickedness as we come to speak of Nebuchadnezzar. God in His Word sets before us the beauty of self-denial, of sobriety of devotion, of courage, and then, lest we should not thoroughly understand Him He introduclustrations of those virtues. God also speaks to us in His Word as to the hatefulness of pride, of folly, of impiety, and lest we should not thoroughly understand he introduces Nebuchadnezzar as the impersonation of these forms of de-The former style of character is a lighthouse, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, swimming on character is a black buoy, swimming on the rocks, to show where vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the lighthouse! The host of Nebuchadnezzar is thundering at the gates of Jerusalem. The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonish insolence. The vestiant God never foraskes the righteous when they saw he had become the prime minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the lighteous when they saw he had become the prime minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the righteous when they saw he had become the prime minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny, yet stand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend, the locusts, and the hail, and the destroying angel, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of His people and sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonish insolence. The vessels of the temple which had never been desecrated by profane touch,. were ruthlessly seized for sacrilege and transportation. Oh, what a sad hour when those Jews, at the command of the invading army, are obliged to leave the home of their nativity! How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish when, on the day they departed, they heard the trumpet from the top of the temple announcing the hour for morning sacrifice and saw the smoke of the altars ascending around the holy hill of Zion! For well they knew that in a far distant land y would never hear that trumpet call behold the majestic ascent of the sacrifice. Behold those captives on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon! Worn

ed in the sanctum of Jerusalem.
On a certain night a little while after these captives had been brought to his city Nebuchadnezzar is scared with a night vision. A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and forebodings which keep talking in the night. He will find that the eagles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine The ghosts of old transgressions are sure to wander about in the darkness and beckon and hiss. Yet, when the morning came he found that the vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors and therefore are apt to sail buchadnezzar calls all the wise men of the land into his presence, demanding that by their necromancy they explain his dream. They, of course, fail. Then their wrathful king issues an edict with

My friends, do you not see that pride and ruin ride in the same saddle? See Nebuchadnezzar on the proudest throne of all the earth and then see him graze with the sheep and the cattle! Pride is commander, when plumed and comparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. The arrows from the Aland fall like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm, while those with all sails set capsize at the sudden

descent of the tempest. Remember that we can be as proud of smaller than we are if we were as philo-pophic as Severus, the emperor of Rome, who said at the close of his life: "I have been everything and everything is nothing." And when the urn that was to contain his ashes was at his command brought to him he said, "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as derangement of intellect—to have the body of man and yet to fall even below the

past and the worldly business of the

But to many the Sabbath comes only as a day for neighborhood visiting, field rambling, hotel lounging and political caucusing. This glorious Sabbath, which was intended only as a golden chalice from which the thirsty should drink, is this moment being carried down to Babylon. I do not exaggerate the truth when I say that to tens of thousands there is no distinction between the Sabbath and the week days, except that on the Lord's day they do not work, while they eat more largely and dissipate more thoroughly. Sabbath breakers are like hunters who should compel their hounds to take rest while they themselves continue on the weary chase, for men on the Sabbath allow their bodies, which are merely the animal nature, which should be fed and refreshed, is compelled to chase up and down this world's highway. How shameful to rob God of His day, when He allows men so much lawful acquisition, even of a worldly nature, on the Sabbath, for, although men themselves are commanded to rest, the corn, and the wheat, and the grass grow just as rapidly on the Sabbath as on other days, so that while they sit in the sanctuary they are actually becoming richer in worldly things! While you are doing nothing your bonds and mortgages are all accumulating interest for your estate just as fast as the other days. Men hired But to many the Sabbath comes only all accumulating interest for your estate just as fast as the other days. Men hired by the month or year are receiving just as much wages while quiet on the Sabbath as they are the hardworking week days. No, I say how unutterably mean it is, when God is adding to your worldly estate on the Sabbath as certainly as on other days, that any should be not satisfied with that, but attempt to seize additional secular advantage from the

Lord's day! Have you never noticed the curious fact that our worldly occupation frequently seems to be divided into sections of six days each?

Every week we have just enough work given us to do in six days. God makes just enough breaks in our continuous occupations to thrust in the Sabbath. If you have not before noticed observe hereafter that when Saturday night comes there is almost always a good stopping place in your business. All things secular and spiritual in providence and revelation seem to say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When the six days of creation holy." When the six days of creation had passed God stopped working. Not even a pure flower or a white cloud would He make, because it was the Sabbath, and, giving an example to all future

additional secular advantage from the Lord's day! Have you never noticed the

times, He rested. He who breaks the Sabbath not more certainly robs God than robs himself. Inevitably continuous desecration of the sacred day ends in either bankruptcy or destroyed health. A great merchant said, "Had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This remark was made in a company of merchants, and one of them said, "That corresponds with the experience of my friend, a great importer. He often said, "The Sabbath is the best day of the week to plan successful voyages.' He has for years been in an insane hospital and will probably die there."

Those also repeat the sin of Nebuchad. certainly robs God than robs himself.

Those also repeat the sin of Nebuchadnezzar, who in anyway desecrate the Holy Scriptures. There are men who use the Word of God as an instrument of angry controversy. Bigots at heart and zealots, in the advocacy of their religious peculiarities they meet other sects with the fury of a highwayman, thrusting them through and through with what they consider the word of the spirit. It is ider to me that some men were not made with horns to hook with, and hoofs to kick with, and with claws to grab What Christ said to rash when he struck off the ear of Malchus He says to every controversialist, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish

Rev. William Jay met a countryman who said to him: "I was extremely alarmed this marning, sin It was very foggy and I thought I saw a strange monster. It seemed in motion, but I could not discern its form. I did not like to turn back, but my heart beat, like to turn back, but my heart beat, and the more I looked the more I was afraid. But as I approached I saw it was a man, and who do you think it was?" "I know not." "Oh, it was my brother John." Then Mr. Jay remarked. "It was early in the morning and very foggy, and how often do we thus mistake of Christian brothron."

take our Christian brethren." Just in proportion as men are wrong will they be boisterous in their religious contentions. The lamb of religion is always gentle, while there is no lion so fierce as the roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Let Gibraltars belch their war flame on the sea and the Dardanelles darken the Hellespont with the smoke of their batteries, but for ever and ever let there be will among those who profess to be subjects of the gospel of gentleness. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

peace, good-will to men. What an embarrassing thing to meet what an embarrassing thing to meet in heaven if we have not settled our controversies on earth. So I give out for all people of all religions to sing John Fawcett's hymn, in short meter. composed in 1772, but just as appropriate in 1807. ate in 1897;

Biest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above. From sorrow, toil and pain

And sin we shall be free,

And perfect love and friendship reign

Through all eternity. Ice Cream as a Medicine It is to a dish of ice cream that Thos. Kaywood, a New Jerseyman, owes his life. Kaywood had been seized with hiccoughs, and medical aid could afford no relief. The hiccoughing continued in fits, day and night, and mally the doc tors gave the patient up, saying that nothing could prevent death. Kaywood requested that they give him a dish of ice-cream to eat, and his freinds, thinkrequested that they give himiting requested that they give himiting that he must be out of his head to ask for such stuff when he had been without solid food for a long time, humored him. He ate a small quantity of the cream when it was brought, and then lay back on the bed, expecting another paroxysm of hiccoughing. It did not come, however, nor has his strange ailment troubled him any since. The ide-cream had done what the doctors could not with all their remedies, and no one was more surprised at the relief given than the victim himself.

A Colored Female Physician, Miss Emma Wakefield enjoys the rare distinction of being the first and only colored woman in the world to be a regularly graduated and officially recognized doctor of medicine. She is a daughter of an ex-Senator of the old Lonisiana regime, and a graduate of the medical of an ex-Senator of the old Lonislana regime, and a graduate of the medical department of the New Orleans Afro-American University. She passed her examinations with high honor, and recently received her diploma from the Louisiana state board of medical examiners.

The "Vinegar Bible." The "Vinegar Bible."

The "Vinegar Bible" was thus named from a ludicrous typographical blunder, the "Parable of the Vineyard," in the twentieth chapter of Luke, being made to read the "Parable of the Vinegar." This edition of the Bible was published in 1717, and most of the copies were destroyed by the publishers, though several got into circulation before the blunder was discovered. It is asserted that not more than a dozen copies of this book are now in existence.