

THE ANIMAL IN MAN.

ITS CULTIVATION RESULTS IN HUMAN DECADENCE.

The King Who Ate Grass a Conspicuous Warning Against the Abrogation of the Higher Principles—A Telling Tale—A Sermon.

Dr. Talmage preached from Daniel ix. 20. "The same Nebuchadnezzar, and he was filled with men and did eat grass like an ox, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hair was grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws."

Better shade your eyes else they'll be put out with the splendor of Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar on the suspension bridge hangs from the house tops with some monarchs who have been thrown from the sun in the domes with glacial winds. It is almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp to the ear of the monarch, and around the monarch stand around, adorned with the towers of conquered empires. Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene, and exclaiming, "I have not seen this before. I have built for myself a house of glory, and for the honor of my name, but I have not seen this before."

But in an instant all that majesty 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 thence, 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 knowest that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and he setteth up and overthroweth, and he is on the way to the field, a man, and rushing into the forests he becomes one of the beasts, covered with scales of the beasts, covered with cold, and his eyes grow to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for axis.

You see, there is a great variety in the Scriptural landscape. In several discourses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great dark chasm of wretchedness. God in His Word sets before us the beauty of self-denial, of sobriety of diet, of the thoroughly understood Him He introduced Daniel and Paul and Deborah as illustrations of these virtues. In the former style of character is a light-house, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, warning us of rocks, to show where vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the light-house.

The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonian insolence. Nebuchadnezzar is a light-house, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, warning us of rocks, to show where vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the light-house.

As the king's army marched on their way, they were met by a host of men, and the king's army was defeated. The king's army was defeated. The king's army was defeated.

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 grass with the sheep and the eagle in comparison, but it leads from a dark and frowning host. The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike him when on the high. He is shaken by the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a heavy load. Nebuchadnezzar's fall cannot fall, bludgeoned.

There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as the degeneration of intellect—so that the body of man and yet to fall even below the dignity of a brute. In this world of

horrible sights the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sights, the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sights, the most horrible is the idiot's stare.

But to many the Sabbath comes only as a day for neighborhood visiting, for rambling, for lounging and for political chattering. This is a gross and a golden chance from which the thirsty should drink, in this moment being carried down to Babylon. I do not exaggerate, for truth when I say that of thousands there is no distinction between the Sabbath and the week days, except that on the Lord's day they do not work.

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. He has provided for the Sabbath hereafter that when Saturday night comes there is almost always a good stopping place in your business.

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THE CHARM. "What is the thing it does to wake the embryo that have a small long within the foot's heart, and make them burn again with song."

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN. "I don't believe in luck," said the middle-aged man. "I don't believe in luck. I think that in the long run a man is sure to get what he deserves."

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THE OUTCOME OF A GREAT CRIME. "O, Eleanor!" 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?"

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

"What?" asked I, taking her hands in mine and smiling at her. How could she have reassured her, it was one of such profound happiness. "Tell me; do not be afraid."

"I do not know," I interposed. "Mary acknowledges that the circumstantial evidence against her was so overwhelming, she was almost staggered herself, and she could be guilty with such proofs against her."

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The Staff of Life and the Men who Make it.

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Practical bakers are so exposed to extremes of temperature that it is not surprising that they often suffer from kidney and other troubles. In many cases their work at night confines them in a heated atmosphere for hours, from which they suffer through the cold night air to their well-earned rest.

Mr. George Roberts, baker for Mrs. S. 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, suffering with sleeplessness at night. I felt tired and worn out all the time. I was unable to do any work. I was very nervous and discouraged."

Hearing of Don's Pills I went to Mr. V. String's drug store, London, where I got a box of Don's Pills. The first dose I got a better feeling, and now my back and neck are all right; the urine is natural in color and the sediment has disappeared; I have no pain of any kind, rest well, my appetite has returned; I feel better and better in every way; for the first time in many years I now feel like a man who is well. Don's Pills have cured my kidney complaint, and I am pleased to acknowledge what they have done for me. I have not taken much of them, only a few boxes, and I have not had any other trouble since. I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but they did not do me any good. I had also tried Don's Pills, but they did not do me any good. I had also tried Don's Pills, but they did not do me any good. I had also tried Don's Pills, but they did not do me any good.