DR. TALMAGE IN MONTANA.

SEAMON PREACHED BY THE TABER NACLE PASTOR SUNDAY, AUG. 4

administrative by the World's His Subsect. orne children of This World Are in Their Generation Wiker Than the Children of



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farmouron, M. T., Ang. 4.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmaga, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., presched here today, taking for his subject: "Ontwitted by the World," He took for his text St. Inko xvi, St. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," and delivered the follow-

That is another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in the manipulation of apritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all sound me people who are alert, earnest, consentrated and skillful in monetary matters, who, in the affairs of the soul, are laggards,

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION WANTED.
The great want of this world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs were employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last inggernant would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity fumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Both-Johan on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echood from all nations and kindred and peoples "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the southwest, as the porter of the sleeping car was making up the berths at the evening ear was making up the bertus at the evening fide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people in the ear looked on, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the ear thought that man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that as was a member of a church in my own elty, that he was a mataring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men-men with meh courage for God as that man had would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to food; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jones. That he was snecessful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was elittul in spiritual affairs, you are well permaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alerthese, the actimen, the industry, the they have in earthly matters, this would be a very different kind of world to live inc

THE BUILDING AND CONDUCT OF CHURCHES. In the first place, we want more common sense in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together and they resolve upon patting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company put up a building, it is to be adapted to utacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more rentilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on prolesiastical structures, and men the down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church. He says: "I like it very well, but I can't hear." As though a shawl factory were good for everything but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Crothic arches and shiver and feel they must be getting religion or some thing clas, they feel so uncomfortable. O my friends, we want more common senso

in the rearing of churches. There is no exfull of the no exense for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression, not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort when we say: "How amiable are thy tabernacies, O Lord Ood of hasts. A day in thy courts is better

WE MUST CONCENTRATE Again I romark: We want more common sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one subject until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sonse, they put in that one direction and they mocood. But how soldom it is true in the matter of solding after God. While no man matter of seeking after God. While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means. A miller in California, many years ago, held up a sparkle of gold until it bowitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets and their pickares and their pistoly and went to the wilds of California. Cities aprans up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merc blankots and their pickaves and their pistols and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant appared and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold. Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of bright breasure; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold, and amethys, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world, is it a bogue company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh, not the story is true. There are thousands of people in this sudience who would be willing to rise and teadify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the discovered that gold, and people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door, asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that, many of us put

from toor, asking new that, many of us put our hands behind our back, and walk up and down in front of the mine of oternal riches, and say; "Well, if I am to be saved I will be saved; and if I am to be damned, I will be saved; and there is acting to do about it." Why, my brother, do you not do that very in

Fow go to your store and set down and foldy your arms and any. "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you dispatch your agents, you print your adversements, you aftern your along, it mentality. Oh that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cental. This doctrine of code sovereignty, how it is mispatched and apoleun of as though it were an iron chain which bound as hand and foot for time and for eternity, when, so far from that, in every there of your body, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man, and it is no more a metter of free choice whether you will sceepe Christ or reject him. In all the army of banners there is not one conserpt. Hen are not to be dragooned into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery, there is not one man but will fell you; "I chose Christi, I wanted him; I delived to be in his service; I am not a conserpt. All all the army of banners there is not one man but will fell you; "I chose Christi, I wanted him; I delived to be in his service; I am not a conserpt. Hen are not to be dragooned into heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery, there is not one man but will fell you; "I chose Christ, I wanted him; I delived to be in his service." Oh that men had the same common sense in the matters of resident with the woman about the marriage supper, and talked with the same common sense in the matters of resident with the woman about the solution with farmers about the two debtores, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky, and

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and enlarging of our Christian character. There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile!

No business man would be willing to have his investments unappurmulative. If you in-

on that they have in the matters of the

Christian character. There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile!

No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Have you kept those ten come back, step up to the cashier of the in-stitution and says. "Have you kept those ten-thousand dollars safely that I lodged with your" but asking no question about interest or about dividend. Why, you say, "That is not common sense." Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul, fs it accumulatives Are we growing in graces Are we getting betters Are we getting worses God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. On that

the matters of the world! COMMON BENSE IN SCRIPFURE READING. How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures! We get any other book and we open it, and we say: "Now, what does this book mean to teach met it is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up the Bible, do we ask conselves what it means to teach? It means to death it means to teach? It means to that on Thestay, perhaps, you might make that on Thestay, perhaps, you might make that on Thestay, perhaps, you make that on the perhaps and the perhaps and you make that on the perhaps and you make the perhaps and you mak verted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that, we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians of the characteristics of the control of the c trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument, and we do not like this the Gospel. We may get them now. Towe do not like the other thing. What would Next day we may and we may not. The For Ladies and Gentlemen suffering from the you think of a man lost on the mountains!
Night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door; not talk to you in this way if I did not not talk to you in this way if I did not in the capacity of the capacity o the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says: "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it and it will guide you like the handle of it; there are ten or fitteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have

Now, God says the Bible is to be a many to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, and depreciate that, Oh, how much wiser we depreciate that, Oh, how much wiser we would be if, by its holy light, we found our

way to our everlasting home!
Then we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye perhaps on the story of Samson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more important in he place, our stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying: "Now I must read for my immortal life. My eternal destiny is involved. in this Book "

We snot to pray sensibly.

How little we use common sense in prayer!

We say: "Oh, Lord, give me this," and "Oh,
Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give
me something else," and we do not expect to
get it, or, getting it, we do not know we have
it. We have no anxiety about it. We do
not watch and wait for its coming.

As a merchant you telegraph or you write
to some other city for a bill of goods. You

say: "Send me by such express or by such a steamer or by such a rail train." The day steamer or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph: "What is the matter with those goods! We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all."

them now, or we don't want them at all,"
And you keep writing and you keep telegraphing, and keep sending your wagon to
the depot, or to the express office, or to the
wharf, until you get the goods.
In matters of religion we are not so wise as
that. We ask certain things to be sent from
heaven. We do not know whether they
come or not. We have not any special anxione as to whether they come or not. We come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and may not get them. Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning saying: "Have I got that blessing?" at 19 o'clock, noonday, asking: "Have I got that blessing?" at 19 o'clock, noonday, asking: "Have I got that blessing?" and not getting it, pleading, pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking until you get it. Now, my brethren, is not that common sense! If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by his eternal throne that he will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

COMMON SENSE IN DOING GOD.

But I remark again: We want more common sense in doing good. How many people there are who want to do good, and yet are dead failured. Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the man strutagem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other,

There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant. Or they have a pateonising way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say, "Don't you wish you were as good I amf Why, I have to look clear down before I can see you, you are so far lioneath me." That manner always disquest, always drives men away from the kingdom of Jeans Christ instead of bringing them in. When I was a lad I was one day in a village and there was a large group of young

work, unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate Him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the ened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky, and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to him—the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to him, world—the same concentration, the same push, the same enthusiasm! In the one case, a secular enthusiasm; in the other, a conse-

Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a singul being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feet that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common sense present. Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of these three official letters to the undersigned. but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. Oh that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the world!

present. Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ and take him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should fell gon the factors. 13 o'clock, you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that on Tuesday, perhaps, you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would about the Bible, and we do not like that, and morrow we may get them and we may not,

tain The only sure time now-now. I would that Christ was able to save all the people, and save thousands as easily as save one, would not go into a hospital and tear off the tern; you can take it and it will glinte you tern; you can take it and it will glinte you tern; you can take it and it will glinte you tern; you can take it and it will glinte you tern; you can take it and it will glinte you glinte you to man he is a sinner unless I had at the same like the handle of it; there are ten or fifteen like the handle or bandages from the wounds if I had no balm Suppose in Venico there is a Raphael, a faded picture, great in its time, bearing some marks of its greatness. History describes that pio-ture. It is nearly faded away. You say: "Oh, what a pity that so wonderful a picture by Raphael should be nearly defaced." After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art; and he proposes to retouch it. You say:
"Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will make it worse." After a while there comes an artist who was the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power."
You have full confidence in his ability. He touches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth, and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power. Now God impressed his image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up a divine Raphael. He says: "I can restore that picture." He has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the One who made the picture, the equal of the One who drew the imagine of God in our soul. He touches this sin and it is gone, that transgression and it disappears, and all the defacement vanishes, and "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defacement or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of heavenly pathos in two minutes put before you what has been done to save your soul, there would be an emotional tide overwhelming. "Mamma," said a little child to her mother when she was being put to bed at her mother when she was being put to bed at night, "mamma, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, hands? "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed I heard a cry, a shriek upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire and you were on fire, and I took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been searred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that. scarred and twisted over since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." O man! O woman! I wish today I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. By his stripes ye are healed.

Japanese oranges are as different from our idea of an orange as they can well be, separating from the peel almost as easily as a grape, dividing into sections at the slightest pull, each section like a separate fruit, and dissolving in the mouth with a flavor of cher-

It is a trial to the housewife to see her frui pies come from the oven with her carefully prepared puff paste made heavy by the jules of the fruit soaking the under crust. It is mid that if the crust be washed with a heaten ogg before putting in the fruit this will be

The idea of a telephonic church is being carried out at Tunbridge Wells, England, where the pulpit of a Congregational church is connected with sixteen subscribers. We are told that "these included doctors and apoliscaries, cierks working in various parts of the town, an invalid lady who has been obtaining consolation from the telephone for several months, and some lazy club men, who went into the thing presumably more from a spirit of experiment than devotion,"

Register of Societies.

Macouse. Farmers: Bearmann, No. 77, meetings held on the first Friday of each month, in Roman's block. Hr. G. S. Farriots, sucreasy, "Bipgarp" Chapter of R.A. M. meets in the Masonic Hall, in Roman's block, the third Thursday of overymonth. R. G. Cornell, S. E. T. L. O. S. meets the second Monday of overy month over Woods' store.

over Woods' timehop. Mr. W. Gaibraith, secretary.

Sone of England, No. 30, meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Baker's block. Mr. J.
L. Dunsford, secretary.

Bouw Chels, No. 38, meetings held on second Monday of each month in Bobson's block. Sheriff

McLeunan, secretary.

Unfirm Wohenen meets ind and 4th Thursdays, in Orange Hail, over Woods' store, W. H. Gross, secretary.

Royal Ascanus, No. 1105, meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in Woods' block.

A. F. D. McGachen, secretary.

Sone of Paurusanon, No. 230, meets every Thursday in Baker's block. Mr. J. L. Dunsford, secretary.

T. M. C. A. meets every Tuesday and Sunday in Hamilton's block. Mr. Henry Miller, secretary.

The Beathermood of Locomotive Firemen meet in the Sone' Hall every alternate Saturday at 7.30 o'clock p.m. R. N. Jehnston, Secretary.

The Becthermood of Locomotive Firemen meet in Sone' Hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, Linesay, every alternate Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. A. Miller, Chief Engineer. J. McMahon, First Assistant Engineer.



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Convention of England Star, meetings of each month in Britton's block ar J. Eritton, secretary.

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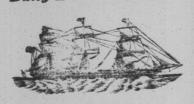
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