

SUNDAY READING.

The Blessing of Song.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darlings happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble,
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

THE KNEEL OF NINEVEH.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Jonah 3:4.

On the banks of the Tigris there is a great capital, sixty miles in circumference surrounded by a wall broad enough to allow three chariots to go abreast; fifteen hundred turrets, each two hundred feet high, carrying aloft the grandeur of the city. There are six hundred thousand inhabitants. The metropolis is not like our crowded cities; but gardens wreath the homes of private citizens with tropical blaze of color; wet with the spray of falling waters, and there are pasture fields, on which cattle browse, in the very midst of the city. It is a delicious climate, even in midsummer never rising to more than seventy degrees. Through the gates of that city rolls the commerce of eastern and western Asia. On its throne sits Sardanapalus, his every meal a banquet, his every day a coronation. There are polished walls of jasper and chalcidony, bewildering with arrow-head inscriptions and scenes of exciting chase and victorious battle. There are mansions adorned with bronze and vases and carved statues of ivory, and ceilings with mother-of-pearl, and mantel enamelling, and floors with slabs of alabaster. There are other walls with sculptured flowers, and panelling of Lebanon cedar, and burnished copper, and doorways guarded by lions.

The city roars with chariot wheels, and clatters with swift hoofs, and is all a-rush and ablaze with pomp and fashion and power. The river Tigris bounds the city on one side, and meat and turreted wall bound it on the other sides, and there it stands, defiant of earth and heaven. Fraud in her store-houses. Uncleanness in her dwellings. Obscene display in her theatres. Iniquity everywhere. Nineveh the magnificent. Nineveh the vile!

NINEVEH THE DOOMED!

One day a plain-looking man comes through the gate into that city. He is sunburned, as though he had been under the browning process of a sea voyage. Indeed, he had been wrecked, and picked up by such a lifeboat as no other man ever rode in—a whale's fins and flukes being to him both oars and rudder. The man had been trying to escape his duty of preaching a disagreeable sermon; but now at last, his feet strike the seat of that city. No sooner had he passed under the shadow of the wall and entered it than, clearing his throat for loud and distinct utterance, he begins; and the water-carrier sets down his jug, and the charioteer reins in the steeds, and the soldiers on the top of the wall break ranks to look and listen, while his voice shivers through the avenue, and reverberates amid the dwelling of potentate and peasant, as he cries out: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" The people rush out of the market-places and to the gates to listen to the strange sound. The king invites the man to tell the story amid the corridors of the palace. The courtiers throng in and out amid the statues and pictures and fountains, listening to

THE STARTLING MESSAGE.

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." "What is that fellow about?" say some of the people. "Is he a madman escaped from his keepers? He must be an alarmist, who is announcing his morbid fears. He ought to be arrested, and put in the prison of the city." But still the man moves on, and still the cry goes up: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." There is no madness in his eye, there is no fanaticism in his manner, but only a Divine authority, and a terrible earnestness, which finally seizes the whole city. People rush from place to place and say: "Have you seen that prophet? What does he mean? Is it to be earthquake, or storm, or plague or besiegement of foreign enemy?"

Sardanapalus puts off his jewelled array and puts on mourning, and the whole city goes down on its knees, and street cries to street, and temple to temple and the fifteen hundred turrets join the dirge: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." A black covering is thrown over the horses and the sheep and the cattle. Forage and water are kept from the dumb brutes so that their distressed howlings may make a dolorous accompaniment to

THE LAMENTATION.

of six hundred thousand souls, who wring their hands, and beat their temples, and throw themselves into the dust, and deplore their sin, crying out, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." God heard that cry. He turned aside

from the affairs of eternal state, and listened. He said: "Stop! I must go down and save that city. It is repenting, and cries for help, and they shall have it, and Nineveh shall live." Then the people took down the timbrels, and loosened the foot of the dance, and flung new light on the panels of alabaster, and started the suppressed fountains, and the children clapped their hands; and from Sardanapalus on the throne, clear down to the keeper of the city gate, were brown-faced Jonah first went in with his thrilling message, there were song and laughter and congratulation and festivity and jubilee. "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said He would do unto them; and He did it not."

THE LIMIT OF PROBABILITIES.

I learn, in the first place, from this subject the precision and punctuality of the Divine arrangement. You will see that God decided exactly the day when Nineveh's lease of mercy should end. If Jonah preached that sermon on the first day of the month, then the doom was to fall upon Nineveh on the tenth day of the next month. So God decides what shall be the amount of our rebellion. Though there may be no sound in the heavens, He has determined the length of His endurance of our sin. It may be forty days, it may be forty hours, it may be forty minutes, it may be forty seconds. The fact that the affairs of God's government are infinite and multifarious is no reason why He should not attend to the minutiae. God no more certainly decided that on June 15, 1215, England should have on her *Maya Charta*; nor that on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence should go forth; nor that at half-past 11 o'clock at night on the 14th of December, 1779, George Washington should die; nor that forty days after Jonah preached that sermon, Nineveh's chance for mercy should end unless she repented, than He has decided the point between which you and I cannot pass and still obtain the Divine clemency. What careful walking this ought to make for those who are unsaved, lest

THE HOUR-GLASS OF OPPORTUNITY.

be almost empty! Men and women do not lose their souls through putting off repentance for ever, but only by putting it off one second after the time is up. They propose to become Christians in mid-life, but they die in youth; or they propose in old age to be Christians, but they die in mid-life; or on the forty-first day they will attend to the matter, but on the fortieth Nineveh is overthrown. Standing on ship's deck amid a coil of chains, sailors roughly tell you to stand back if you do not want your limbs broken, or by the chains be hurled overboard; for they are going to let out the anchor, and when the anchor does go the chains make the deck smoke with their speed. As swiftly our time runs away from us. Now it seems coiled all around us in a pyramid of years and days and minutes, but they are going, and they will take us off with their lightning velocity. If I should by some supernatural revelation to-day tell you just how long or how brief will be your opportunity for repentance and salvation, you would not believe me. You would say: "I shall have ten-fold that time; I shall have a hundred-fold that time." But you will not have more; you will have less. You have put off repentance so long that you are going to be very much crowded in this matter of the soul's salvation. The corner of time that is left you is so small that you will hardly have room to turn around in it. You are like an accountant who has to have a certain number of figures added up by 4 o'clock, in the afternoon. It is two full, round hours' work, and it is a quarter past 3 o'clock, and yet he has not begun. You are like a man in

A CASE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

five miles from the depot, and the train starts in thirty minutes, and you have not harnessed the horse. You are like a man who comes to the bridge across the Naugatuck River in time of a freshet. The circumstances are such that he must go across. The bridge quivers, the abutments begin to give way; but he stands and halts and waits, until the bridge cracks in twain and goes down, hoping then that on the floating timbers he may get over to the other shore. God is not looking inertly and unconcernedly upon the position you occupy. Just as certainly as there is a bank to the East River, just so certainly there is a bank to the river of your opportunity. The margin is fixed. There will be a limit to God's forbearance. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Still further: I learn from this subject that religious warning may seem preposterous. Now, we think that our city is safe from all foreign invasion. We have Fort Hamilton, the Battery, Fort Lafayette, and half a dozen strongholds, but the city of Nineveh had fifteen hundred turrets, and they were all strongholds. Then it had for a natural defence the Tigris, and it was not an easy thing for an army to swim across that river under the shadow of a wall on which stood a defending army; and yet it was through that impregnable city that Jonah went, uttering the warning words of my text. It must at first have seemed preposterous to a great many of the people. So it is now, that religious

WARNING SEEMS AN ABSURDITY.

It is more to them a joke than anything else. "Repent? Prepare? Was there ever a man with stronger health than I have? Vision clear, hearing alert, lungs stout, heart steady. Insurance companies tell me I shall have seventy years of life. My father and mother were both long-lived. Feel the muscle in my arm." Ah, my brother, it is not preposterous when I come out to tell you that you need to make preparation for the future. I have noticed that it is the invalids who live on. They take more care of their health, and so they outlive the robust and athletic. I have noticed, in my circle of acquaintances for the last few years, that five robust and athletic men go out of life to one invalid. Death prizes himself on the strength of the castle he takes. "Boast

not thyself of the morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Dr. Eddy, the eloquent missionary secretary, died from swallowing a small flake of an oyster shell. Emilius Lepidus lost his life by having his toe wounded. A splinter may be lancet sharp enough to bleed our life away. Look out! The slip of a railway train from the track, the rush of a runaway horse through the street, any one of ten thousand perils, may be upon you. "In such a day and hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Your opportunity for repentance is almost over. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Still further: I learn from my subject that God gives every man

A FAIR CHANCE FOR HIS LIFE.

The iniquity of Nineveh was accumulating. It had been rolling up and rolling up. There the city lay—blotched, seething, festering under the sun. Why did not God put an end to its iniquity? Why did not God unsheathe some sword of lightning from the scabbard of a storm-cloud, and slay it? Why did He not with some pry of an earthquake throw it into the tomb where Caracas and Lisbon now lie? Why did He not submerge it with the scorn of His indignation, as He did Herculaneum and Pompeii? It was because He wanted to give the city a fair chance. You would have thought that thirty days would have been enough to repent in, or twenty days, or ten days. Aye, you would have said: "If that city don't quit its sin in five days it never will." But see the wide margin. Listen to the generosity of time. "Yet forty days

Be frank, my brother, and confess to-day that God is giving you a fair chance for safety, a better chance than He gave to Nineveh. They had one prophet. You have heard the voices of fifty. They had one warning. You have had a thousand. They had forty days. Some of you have had forty years. Sometimes the warnings of God have come upon your soul soft as the breath of lilies and frankincense, and then again as though hurled from a catapult of terrific providence. God has sometimes led you to see your unsaved condition while you were walking amid perils, and your hair stood on end, and you stopped breathing; you thought your last moment had come. Or, through protracted illness, He allowed you in many a midnight to think over this subject—when all was still save the ticking of the clock in the hall and the beating of your own anxious heart. Warned that you were a sinner. Warned that you needed a Divine Saviour. Warned of coming retribution. Warned of an eternity crowded with splendor or catastrophe. Warned by the death of those with whom you were familiar.

WARNED DAY AFTER DAY.

and month after month, and year after year—warned, warned, warned! Oh my dear brother, if your soul is lost, in the day of judgment you will have to acknowledge "no man in Brooklyn ever had a better chance for heaven than I had. I was preached to, and prayed for, and divinely solicited. I was shown the right, and fully persuaded of it; but I did not act and I did not believe, and now, in the presence of a burning earth and a flying heaven, I take the whole responsibility. Hear me, men! angels! devils! I took the life of my own soul; and I did it so thoroughly that it is done for ever. And now I trudge off over the hot desert and under the burning sky—a suicide! A suicide! Yes, I think you have all been warned; but if, up until this very hour, you have happened to escape such intimation, to-day I ring it in your ears: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Still further: I learn from this subject that when the people repent, the Lord lets them off. While yet Nineveh was on its knees, and Sardanapalus sat in the ashes, and the unfed cattle were yet moaning the air, and the people were yet deploring their sin, God reversed the judgment and said: "Those people have repented. Let them live!" And the news flew. The gardens saved. A belt of sixty miles of city saved. Let the news be flung from one wall to the other: from the east wall, clear over to the west wall. Let the bells ring. Let the cymbals clap. Let flags be flung out from all the fifteen hundred turrets. Let the king's lamp-lighters kindle up the throne room. "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not." In short,

WHEN A SINNER REPENTS.

God repents. The one gives up his sins; the other gives up His judgments. The moment that a man turns to God, the relation of the whole universe toward him is changed, and the storms, and the lightnings, and the thunders, and the earthquakes, and the grandeur of the eternal world, all become his co-adjutors. God and the angels come over on his side. Repent, give up your sin and turn to God and you will be saved. "Ah," says some one, "that's a tough thing to do." "I have been drinking," says some one; or, "I have been unchaste," says some one; or, "I have been blasphemous," says another; or, "I have been Sabbath-breaker," says another; or, "I have a hard heart," says another, "and now you ask me to give up my sin. I cannot do it—and I won't do it." Then you will die. That is settled. But somebody else says: "I will give up my sin, and I will now take the Lord for my portion." You will live. That is just as certainly settled. You will to-day either have to fling away sin or fling away heaven. The one is a husk—the other is a coronet. The one is a groan—the other is an anthem. The one is a sting—the other is an illumination.

Christ's fair complexion, of which his contemporaries wrote, is gone, and his face is red, and his hands are red, and his feet are red with the rushing blood of His own suffering endured to get you out of sin, and death, and hell. Oh, will you to-day implore Him to let His suffering take the place of your ill-desert? If you will, all is well, and you may begin to

twist garlands for your brow, for you are

ALREADY A VICTOR.

All heaven comes surging upon your soul in the announcement: "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Now, will you do it? I care nothing for a sermon unless it has an application, and this is the application: will you do it? "Ah," says some one. "I believe that is right. I mean some day to surrender the entirety of my nature to God. It is reasonable. I mean to be a Christian but not now." That is what thousands of you are saying. I am afraid that if you do not give your heart to God to-night, you never will. You may have heard of the ship *Rebecca Goddard*, that came near one of our ports one day in winter. They were all scoured up and ready for the landing, when coming almost into the harbour, and ice-floe took the ship and pushed it out to sea, and it drifted about two or three days, and there was great suffering, and one was frozen dead at his post. How near they got into the harbour and yet they did not get in! How many there are here to-day who feel they are almost in the harbour of God's mercy. Why do you not come ashore, lest some ice floe of sin and worldliness drive you out again to sea, and you die in the rigging? I throw you this rope to-day. I hurl you this warning. Make fast to heaven now. This moment is vanishing, and with it may go everything; and so I run up and down through this audience with the banner of the cross: Rally, immortal men, rally!

"But," says some one in the house. "I won't take your advice. I'll risk it. I defy God! Here I take my stand, and I ask no odds either of earth or heaven." Let me tell such that you are in a battle where

YOU WILL BE WORSTED.

"Yet forty days?" Perhaps thirty days. Perhaps ten days. Perhaps three days. Perhaps one day. The horses that drag on that chariot of doom are lathered with the foam of a great speed, and their hoofs clip fire from the flinty road, and their nostrils throb with the hot haste as they dash on. Get out of the way or the wheels will roll over you. You cannot endure the ire of an incensed God. Throw yourselves down on your knees now and pelt the heavens with blood-red cries for mercy. The terminal chance is going; the last chance is going, going. Oh, wake up before you wake up among the lost. May God Almighty, by His eternal Spirit, wake you up!

There is a story running indistinctly through my mind of a maiden whose love was doomed to be put to death when

THE CURFEW BELL.

struck 9 o'clock at night, and she thought that if she could keep that bell from ringing for a little while her lover and friend would be spared. And so under the shadow of the night she crept up into the tower and laid hold of the tongue of the bell. After awhile the sexton came up to the tower and put his hand on the rope and waited for the right moment to come; and then by the light of his lantern and his watch he found it was 9 o'clock, and he seized the rope and he pulled, and the bell turned, but in silence, and the maiden still held on to the tongue of the bell swinging back and forth wildly through the belfry, and the curfew bell rang not, and so time was gained and pardon arrived and a precious life was saved. Oh, it seems to me as if there were those here doomed to death. You have condemned yourselves. It seems to me as if the death-knell of your immortal soul were about to strike. The angel of God's justice has his hand on the rope, and yet I seize the tongue of that bell, and I hold on, hoping to gain a little time, and I cry out: "O God not yet! not yet!" hoping that time may be gained, and pardon may fly from the throne, and your soul may live. May the God that saved Nineveh save you! But some of you have put it off so long that I fear your time is up.

A ROW IN THE CAMP.

Trouble Brewing Among the Tory and Unionist Orangemen of Ulster.

LONDON, January 31.—A row is brewing among the Tory and Unionist Orangemen of Ulster which threatens to assume serious proportions and endanger the Ministerial representation from Ulster in the House of Commons. The trouble is not of recent origin, but lately many things have combined to hasten the inevitable culmination of ill-feeling in an open rupture. Mr. Thos. W. Russell, the Liberal Unionist member for South Throne, has repeatedly given evidence of his independence of party dictation when the policy of the Government or the trend of party interest ran counter to his convictions, and the attempts of his colleagues to call him to account, and whip him into line have uniformly been unsuccessful. In a recent speech Mr. Russell, irritated at the Ulster men for blindly following their political masters, to the prejudice of their own interests, roundly denounced them as blockheads, and characterized the Ulster commoners as a party of deadheads on the Conservative train. These strictures aroused the ire of Sir Charles E. Lewis, conservative member for North Antrim, who retorted in terms anything but complimentary to the fearless member for Tyrone. As Sir Charles wears the collar of Major Sanderson, the leader of the Orange party in Parliament, his arraignment of Mr. Russell may be regarded as an authorized party measure. Mr. Russell has many friends, and the quarrel may end in a split, of which the Nationalists will not be slow to take advantage.

The first-class French cruiser *Dubou-dien* has gone to pieces on the west coast of Africa.

The official declaration gives the standing of the political parties in Prince Edward Island at 16 Government and 14 Opposition.

Fire Marshal Drew, of Washington, states his opinion that the fire in Secretary Tracy's house originated from the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

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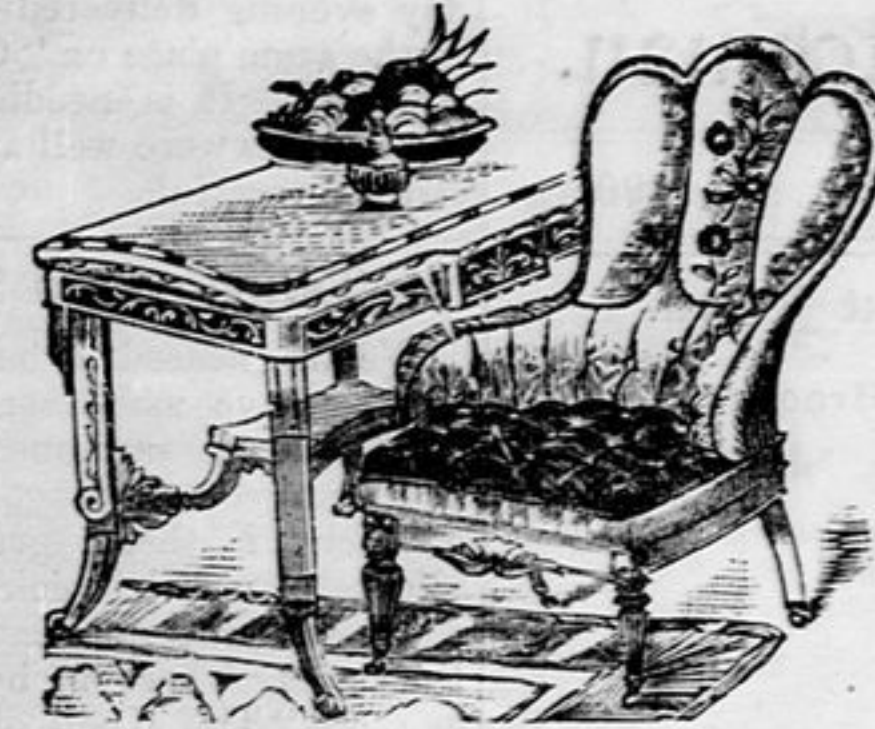
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RESULTS FROM THE COLINDERIES.

It is exceedingly rare to find English journals noticing the

MANUFACTURES OF CANADA

in any form, and certainly unusual that a special pictorial illustration should be made and inserted in the reading columns of such a paper as the Cabinet maker and Art Furnisher, of

Canadian Made Furniture

Exhibited at the

LATE COLINDERIES.

When such a surprising step is taken it may be unquestionably assumed that the articles so treated possess merits far above the ordinary. From a copy of the journal mentioned we find that a portion of the exhibit of

Owen McGarvey & Son,

of Montreal, has been so favored, a

DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR

and centre table, of which the above cut is a fac simile, being selected for commendation and praise. The table is made of ebony, with sides of free monumental scrollwork carving; the leg, similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire-backed, upholstered very richly in

Crimson and Old Gold Brocatelle.

Both of these articles, as we have already stated, formed part of Messrs. McGarvey's large exhibit, which, by the way, has received several other eulogiums from both English and Canadian newspapers, and both were manufactured here under the personal supervision of the firm. Two of such tables are now in their showrooms, as well as specimens of similar chairs in various styles of covering. They are, in short, examples of that high class furniture which has been made by them for some years, and which can be seen every day in their

SPACIOUS WAREROOMS.

Messrs. MCGARVEY may well be heartily congratulated at the special prominence thus given to their goods by those critics of high art manufactures on the other side of the Atlantic, and upon the honor conferred on their house by such complimentary notice as that herein instanced.

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