ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

Will the People Permit the Desecration of the Sabbath?—Discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The text was taken from Exodus xxxi. 13 "Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep."

The wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of the seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven days than it can in six, and that the fifty-two days in the year devoted to rest are an addition rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Castlereagh thought he could work his brain 365 days in the year, but after awhile broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said of him: "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath." A celebrated merchant declared: "I would have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brains, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature cry out for the Sabbatic rest. What is true of man is for the most part true of the brute.

Travellers have found out that they come to their place of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath. What is the matter with some of those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of our city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall! It is for the lack of

THE SABBATIC REST.

In other days when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the far West down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on without the observance of the Holy Sabbath. The fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland declare that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's Day. When I asked the Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said: "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some observing the Sabbath and some not observing the Sabbath. Those who allowed the fires to go down and the kettles to cool once a week were compelled to spend only a small sum for repairs, while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed many dollars were demanded for repairs. In other words, intelligent man and dumb beast and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods that went out on Monday. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week when the men were tired out." The Sabbath comes and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain, and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are

SEVEN DAY CLOCKS,

and unless on the seventh day they are wound up, they run down into the grave. The Sabbath was intended as a savings bank: into it we are to gather the resources upon which we are to draw all the week. That man who breaks the Sabbath robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's day gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland and pore and cell and finger-nail demands the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulse in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket, declare "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath. A prominent London merchant testified that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely, and I have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day or opened their counting-houses have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sundays. When I was a boy I noticed out on Long Wharf there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night, and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished, and every Sabbath night those cities are in full blaze of theatric and operatic entertainment, and it is becoming a practical question whether we, who receive a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers, shall have piety and pluck enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will!

I protest against this invasion of the holy Sabbath in the first place because it is a war on divine enactment. God says in Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasures on my holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What did he mean by "doing thy pleasures?" He referred to secular and worldly amusements. I believe with the sailor. The crew had been discharged from the vessel because they would not work while they were in port on the Lord's day. The captain went out to get sailors. He found one man, and he said to him, "Will you serve me on the Sabbath?" "No." "Why not?" "Well," replied the old sailor, "a man who will rob God Almighty of His Sabbath would rob me of my wages if he got a chance." I am opposed to this desecration of the Sabbath by secular entertainments, because it is a war on the statutes of our State. Still further, I protest against the invasion of the Sabbath because it is a foreign war. Now, if you heard at this moment the booming of a gun in the harbor, or a shell from some foreign frigate should drop into our streets, how long would you keep your seats in the Tabernacle? You would want to face the foe, and every gun that could be managed would be brought in use, and every ship that could be brought out of the Navy Yard would swing from her anchorage and the question would be decided. You do not want a foreign war, and yet I have to tell you that this invasion of God's holy day is a foreign war. I believe God intended our national heart to throb with the blood of all people! But let not the lawless come from other shores expecting to break down our Sabbath and institute in the place of it a foreign Sabbath. I will make a comparison between the Sabbath as some of you have known it and the

SABBATH OF PARIS.

I speak from observation. One Sabbath morning I was aroused in Paris by a great sound in the street. I said: "What is this?" "Oh," they said, "this is Sunday"—an unusual rattle of vehicles of all sorts. The voices seemed more boisterous than on other days. It seemed as if all the vehicles of Paris had turned out for the holiday. The Champs Elysees one great mob of pleasure-seeking people. Balloons flying, parrots chattering, foot-balls rolling, pedlars hawking their knicknacks through the streets, hand-organs and every kind of racket, musical and unmusical. When the evening came down all the theatres were in full blare of music and full blaze of light. The wine stores and saloons were thronged with an unusual number of customers. At eventide I stood and watched the excursionists coming home, fagged-out men, women and children, a Gulf Stream of fatigue, irritability and wretchedness; for I should think it would take three or four days to get over that miserable way of Sundaying. It seemed more like an American Fourth of July than a Christian Sabbath. Now, in contrast, I present one of the Sabbaths in one of our best American cities. Holy silence coming down with the day dawn. Business men more deliberately looking into the faces of their children, and talking to them about their present and future welfare. Men sit longer at the table in the morning, because the stores are not to be opened and the mechanical tools are not to be taken up. There are congratulation and good cheer all through the house. Houses of God vocal with thanksgiving for mercies received, with prayers for comfort, with charities for the poor, rest for the body, rest for the soul. The nerves quieted, the temples cooled, the mind cleared, the soul strengthened, and our entire population turned out on Monday morning ten years younger, better prepared for the duties of this life, better prepared for the life that is to come. Which do you like best, the American Sabbath or the Parisian Sabbath? Do you know in what boat the Sabbath came across the seas and landed on our shores? It was in the Mayflower. Do you know in what boat the Sabbath will leave us, if it ever goes? It will be in the ark that floats over a deluge of national iniquity.

Still further, I protest against this invasion of the Lord's day because it wrongs a vast multitude of employees of their rest, and I oppose this invasion of the Christian Sabbath because it is a war on the spiritual welfare of the people. You must not forget that ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the Christian effort of this country are put forth on the Lord's day. Still further; I am opposed to the invasion of the Sabbath because it is unfair and it is partial. Why has it been during the past few weeks that some of the theatres have been allowed to be open and others not? Why not have all open? Come now and be honest, you men who manage the theatres and operas, and confess that you do not care anything at all about the moral welfare of the people, but you only want more dollars. Bring your voices, your pens, your printing presses and your pulpits into the Lord's artillery corps for the defence of our holy day. Decree before high heaven that this war on your religious rights and the cradles of your children shall bring ignominious defeat to the enemies of God and the public weal. For those who die in the contest, battling for the right, we shall chisel the epitaph: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that one who shall prove in this moral crisis recreant to God and the church, there shall be no honorable epitaph. He shall not be even worthy of a burial place in all this free land; but perhaps some steamtug at midnight may carry out his poor remains and drop them into the sea, where the lawless winds which keep no Sunday will gallop over the grave of him who lived and died a traitor to God, the Church, and the free institutions of America. Long live the Christian Sabbath! Perish forever all attempts to overthrow it!

Specimen "Bill of Damages."

Mr. Badgerow has received the following from a York county councilman, as embodying the latter's idea of what the country should pay him on account of his services and expenses in the '37 affair:

1837.	£	s.	d.
Dec. 5.—To all night under arms at Don Bridge		5	0
Cash paid for hot punch			4
Dec. 6—All day and night guarding Bank of Upper Canada		12	6
Twelve glasses hot punch		2	0
Dec. 7.—All day hunting Mackenzie party and assisting to fire his barracks on Yonge street		7	6
Cash paid for dinner and hot punch		3	0
All night on duty and hot punch		5	6
Dec. 8—All day searching for rebels		7	6
Dinner and hot punch		3	6
Dec. 9.—Out all night in the woods watching rebels		5	6
Lunch and hot punch		2	6
Dec. 10.—All day in garrison and on parade		7	6
Total	£3	1	4

Together with compound interest from that time to the present.

How Prohibition is Met in Maryland.

Liquor is shipped from Baltimore to points in local-option counties in the State under many *nom de plumes*. Sometimes it is marked sea foam, extract of malt, hard-tack, horse shoes and spike nails. Sometimes a keg or half-barrel of whiskey is sent in a hogshead of crockery. "I have been shipping whiskey this winter under every conceivable name," remarked a steamboat clerk yesterday, "but when it comes to me marked sewing machines, as this package shows, it knocks me out. Lemon syrup and turpentine are the favorite brands among the hundred or so disguises adopted, but sewing machines is a new wrinkle."—*Baltimore Sun.*

It is said that no one can live comfortably in Washington and keep house and maintain any sort of social footing upon less than $5,000.

TASTE FOR CONDIMENTS.

It is Unnatural and Learned Only by Slow Degrees.

How comes it that we purposely use such things as mustard, pepper, curry powder and vinegar? Well, in themselves, all these things are, strictly speaking, bad for us; but in small quantities they act as agreeable stimulants, and we take care in preparing most of them to get rid of the most objectionable properties. Moreover, we use them, not as foods, but merely as condiments. One drop of oil of capsicums is enough to kill a man, if taken undiluted; but in actual practice we buy it in such a very diluted form that comparatively little harm arises from using it. Still very young children dislike all these violent stimulants, even in small quantities; they won't touch mustard, pepper or vinegar, and they recoil at once from wine or spirits. It is only by slow degrees that we learn these unnatural tastes as our nerves get blunted and our palates jaded; and we all know that the old Indian who can eat nothing but dry curries, deviled biscuits, anchovy paste, pepper pot, mulligatawny soup, Worcestershire sauce, preserved ginger, hot pickles, fiery sherry and neat cognac is also a person with no digestion, a fragmentary liver and very little chance of getting himself accepted by any safe and solvent insurance office. Throughout, the warning in itself is a useful one; it is we who foolishly and persistently disregard it. Alcohol, for example, tells us at once that it is bad for us; yet we manage so to dress it up with flavoring matters and dilute it with water that we overlook the fiery character of the spirit itself. But that alcohol is in itself a bad thing (when freely indulged in) has been so abundantly demonstrated in the history of mankind that it hardly needs any further proof.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Purity of Spices.

The following communication from Mr. W. G. Dunn will be of interest to housekeepers:

It is now pretty well known all over the country that we have been brought before the Police Court under the new Adulteration Act, and, to use plain words, charged with fraudulent adulteration, not a particularly pleasant thing to dwell upon, especially when some, out of pure ignorance of the facts, are too apt to look at things in the wrong light, and as our prosecution is the first we think it would interest the public to learn something about what they are buying in the shape of spice, and the manner in which the Government propose to protect them against fraud. The charge brought against us is not for selling compound goods, but with fraudulently adulterating our best qualities of cayenne and mustard, which are the hardest to produce entirely free of starch on account of the oil they contain; and our claim that we can produce them better with than without is fully borne out as regards the mustard by the evidence given in the English courts by Messrs. Colmans. But few people know how much difference there is in the qualities of whole spices before they are ground. Cassia to the finest cinnamon, at present prices, vary from 4 cents up to 60 cents per lb. The finest chillies for cayenne, rich in oil and flavor, are double the price of the common Bengal pod; cloves are the same way; ginger from 5 cents to 25 cents per lb., and black pepper from the lowest grades imported, with 25 per cent. of dust and shell in the bags (which all goes for pepper), to the finest Malabar and Singapore, which are perfectly clean, and have a beautiful aroma and delicious flavor. Now, the trouble comes that the law does not recognize the different qualities of these goods, but only insists that they shall be ground pure, and a dishonest grinder or merchant can just as easily cheat with pure goods as he can with adulterated ones. For instance, if a consumer asks the storekeeper for some ginger, and he gets ginger only worth 10 cents per lb., and pays 30 cents for it, the analyst says it is ginger, although a much finer article sold at the same price with a little starch in it, and three times the value, is pronounced adulterated. The finer the qualified of whole spices the greater amount of volatile or essential oil they contain, therefore the harder to grind to a nice granulate for domestic use, and great care should be taked by the spice miller to keep his mills cool, so as not to drive off the very essence of the goods, and very often it is beneficial to use a small proportion of starch to absorb the oil and stop the heating. It is not put there for profit (which we always calculate upon the production), but only to facilitate the work; with such dry goods as cassia and allspice it is never required, but when it is beneficial to oily ones should it be called an adulterant? We admit that it is possible to grind all as they are, but it would be at a greater cost, and in preparing and drying the fresh and finer qualities they would lose more of their virtue than in the small addition of dry farinaceous matter. There is no difficulty whatever in grinding the poorer qualities pure, as there is very little substance in them, and if the law insists on the best goods being labelled compound, the store-keeper, sooner than run the risk, will sell commoner kinds branded pure, and the Act will defeat the very object it is trying to attain, and until the Government or our scientific men can establish some standard to work by, so that a pound of ginger, to be pure, should contain a certain proportion of gingerin (the active principle of ginger), and recognize that the finest quality of goods are the purest, it had better let spices be sold on their merits, so long as no injurious ingredient is used, and let the consumers use their own judgment in buying where they can obtain the best goods. To allow old and dried-up spices of bad quality to be labelled and sold for pure, so long as the analyst cannot find his pet bit of starch, and at the same time has to pass over numerous deficiencies and impurities, is something worse than absurd, and works against the public good.

The Mahdi has little trouble in feeding his army. The native will live upon a cake of black bread and a few lentels and an onion, and never care for animal food. All that an Egyptian boarding house-keeper requires to set up business is a few dates, a few oranges, a peck of lentels and onions, and a half dozen pones of black bread.

A machine is in use at Melbourne, Australia, for shearing sheep by steam. It operates in the same manner as the ordinary shears, but cuts much quicker and cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece or the sheep

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of I used two bottles of Hop

"Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it

"All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000 done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N.Y.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS,—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Excessively warm weather prevailed in San Francisco a week or so ago; roses were blooming in the open air, and fruit trees were in full blossom.

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and T— K— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T—, "G.M.D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T— K— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J— S— always dubs it." Sold by druggists.

The manufacture of orange wine has been begun at Sanford, Fla.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday:

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

Eighteen or twenty years ago Judge Endicott, the new Secretary of War for the States, was a proud expert in amateur photography.

Painless and Prompt.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, the great remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the comfort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. Take only Putnam's Painless Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprs., Kingston.

A new sort of menu cards has just turned up in London. It consists of choosing a clever quotation, such as the host thinks suitable for each guest. The name and menu are written on another sheet of paper and this is inserted in the card by means of two slits.

——Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility, may have health renewed and life extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints specially incident to the female constitutoin. We not only have a living faith in Mrs. Pinkham, but we are assured that her remedies are at once most agreeable and efficacious.

Dwight L. Moody's seminary at Northfield, Mass., which he founded in 1879 to promote the Christian education of young women, has about two hundred students, and as many more are ready to enter as soon as there is room. About $300,000 has been expended in the erection of permanent buildings.

The Mighty Dollar

Is long distanced by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. Take no substitute.

Sacramento county, California, claims to have the only licorice plantation in the United States.

Colds, fevers and inflammations broken up by Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

Kaiser William's favorite dessert is sponge cake steeped in pineapple rum.

Onions in Yakimi valley, Washington territory, attain a fabulous growth, many of them being six inches across.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE
For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

G U N. L. 13 85

NEVER BE WITHOUT
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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
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EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L.R.C.P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street. Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Detroit, Mich. Circulars free.

100 POPULAR SONGS of the Day and Gold-plated Ring to any one sending names of six friends and 17c. Stamps taken. NOVELTY CO., Mansfield, Mass.

LECTURERS Wanted for the Deistarians M. B. FOSDICK, Kalamazoo, Mich.