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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Fools begin a lot of things that wise men finish.

Hope is a dream a man has when he is awake.

The beauty of a tattooed picture is only skin deep.

It is a great misfortune not to be able to bear misfortune.

The truth that prevails in a horse trade is indeed mighty.

Always expect less of people than you expect them to give you.

Every time a battle is fought another scrap of history is made.

Don't judge a man by the fit of his coat; it may be a borrowed one.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to play baseball in a uniform.

The darkest cloud, financially speaking, is one that has no silver lining.

The world doesn't spend much time in watching a man's good acts.

When a man is out of a job he can keep himself busy looking for work.

Any dealer in firearms will furnish you an empty gun free of charge.

Laugh a little more at your own troubles and a little less at your neighbor's.

When a man loses a $20 gold piece it isn't a case of "out of sight, out of mind."

The man who has no little vices may make up for it by having one big one.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound and unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grevious ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It tones the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound refreshing sleep. It imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving tone to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A Lady.

A lady is simply the highest type of woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the world order as the divinely appointed molder, teacher and refiner of men, and out of this noble and beautiful place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for the latter she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor and that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world may be as fairly done as her hands can do it, and the mind in knowledge, accomplishment and taste, that she may be a delight and a help in her house.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Stone and Oil.

D. C. French, the sculptor, says that there is more chance for young Americans in sculpture than in painting. "I believe," he adds, "that our natural character is more adapted to working in stone than in oil." Mark Twain, hearing this, replied: "Well, give me the oil well and the Frenchman can take the quarry every time."

Rich, red blood is produced by Miller's Compound Iron Pills. They possess the great vitalizing principle upon which depend health and strength.

A Handy Memory.

"It's a great thing to have a memory that you can rely on," said the friend.

"It is," said Senator Sorghum, complacently, "and I may say with out boasting that my memory never yet played me any tricks by obtruding embarrassing facts when one was asking questions."

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with Inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

A Diplomat.

The Tramp—Excuse me, marm, but ez I was passin' by I noticed de odor of apple pie, an' it smelt so much like de kind me mudder used ter make dat I couldn't resist de temptation of comin' in an' askin' fer a taste of it.

The best remedy for scrofula is Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

"Everything Pusher puts his hand to turns into money."

"Yes. Why he could write poetry and make it pay."

Paderewski denies it a rumor that he will marry. The Chicago Record suggests that probably he cannot afford to take chances on losing his hair.

PAIR OF BUFF ORPINGTONS.

THE BUFF ORPINGTON.

A New Breed of Fowls of Much Merit Recently Introduced From England—Its Egg Performance.

A breed of fowls, like a strain of horses, or a brand of wine, must have some striking point or points characteristic of no other breed in order to become popular with the poultry fraternity, says The Feather. If it does not have something to enhance its value it is quickly relegated to the shelf to make room for the next aspirant for popularity, and such has been the fate of a score or more breeds in the past.

When England does anything she never does it by halves, and she certainly has given us the whole thing when she presented us with the latest thing in fancy poultry. It is not very flattering to home industry to think that we must cross the water to get our most valuable breeds, but be that as it may, our English brothers have in this instance presented us with a fine breed and deserve the credit.

The breed we have reference to is the Buff Orpington. In form it is a symmetrical, upstanding bird, with a graceful carriage. The plumage is a soft, even buff, with a fine undercolor. The legs are free from feathers, white, strong and of medium length, four toes upon each foot, white toenails. The face is red, comb single, not large, and less liable to freeze than the Mediterranean breeds. The eye is brown. The breast is broad, deep and full, with long, straight breast bone. The skin is thin and fine texture. The meat is very juicy and fine grained, and pronounced by epicures to be far superior to all other breeds for table use. The standard weight is six to eight pounds for the hen and eight to ten pounds for the cock. The chicks are hardy and mature early. The object in forming this breed was to combine prolific egg production with superior flesh for the table, hardiness of constitution, rapid growth, and fine form and plumage. Possibly when you read the description and come to the white legs you will say, "I don't want any white-legged chickens around me," but the old adage which runs something like this,

"Upon a mongrel of high, frightful mein,
That to be hated needs but to be seen:
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace,"

covers this case nicely, and this makes the Orpington hold a unique place in poultrydom in this country. There is a widespread prejudice against white-legged fowls here, a very unreasonable one at that. It has prevented a great many breeds from becoming popular, but the Orpington has overcome this with all who have come in contact with it. It has overcome it because you cannot keep a good thing down, and that they are good the following will show:

I imported at one time four pullets and a cockerel. These fowls were shipped from the interior of England, and, of course, crossed the Atlantic and were again shipped by rail a distance of nearly 100 miles, arriving here on the 8th day of March, 1898, and on the day of their arrival one of the pullets laid, and in the remaining 23 days of March the four pullets laid 57 eggs. The following month the egg total footed up 77 and in May these same fowls rolled up the grand total of 82 eggs.

This is a remarkable showing under the circumstances, but it is characteristic of this breed; and we venture to predict that they are destined to become popular with both farmer and fancier in a short time.

Thinning Tomatoes Increases Size.

Twenty-five tomato plants at the Arkansas Experiment Station were grown in well cultivated soil which had been fertilized three years before for vegetables of various kinds. Before the crop of tomatoes was planted it was given a free application of commercial fertilizer The lateral branches below the first cluster of blossoms were pruned off with a sharp knife. The plants were tied to stakes and sprayed occasionally with Bordeaux mixture. With another lot the treatment was the same except that not more than two or three fruits were allowed to grow upon one cluster. Thinning was done when the tomatoes were ½ or ¾ of an inch in diameter. The deficient rainfall and high temperatures in July affected the thinned plants less than those not thinned. The results of the tests were greatly in favor of thinning the fruit, so far as single specimens were concerned. The average weight of a single tomato on a thinned plat was about 1⅝ ounces, while on the plat not thinned average weight was only 6⅝ ounces. Taking the total amount of fruit produced per vine, however, it was shown that when the fruit was not thinned each vine produced about 10½ pounds, while where the fruit was thinned each vine produced only 9¼ pounds. The better appearance of the thinned fruit and the smaller amount of waste makes it advisable to thin, according to C. L. Newman in Bulletin 56.

A Natural Lightning Rod.

A high tree a short distance from a dwelling house often acts as an efficient protector from lightning. The tree is full of sap, and this makes a better conductor than the dry walls of a house. It is very rarely the case that live trees are rent by lightning strokes. The rending usually is of some dead portion of the tree that the electricity cannot readily pass through. Hence, the high tree may have saved the house from being struck by lightning without leaving any mark by which the fact would be suspected.

Children as Verse Writers.

A lady who makes songs for children, and makes them well, urges the cultivation of the verse-writing faculty in little ones, and says: "A mother who kept the most characteristic lines written by her children would have something much more precious than photographs, by which she could bring to mind in later years the days of their childhood; and she would have glimpses into their little souls when those souls were most innocent and full of hope."

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villianously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

Apple Sauce With Cloves.

Pare one dozen apples, cut into quarters, and remove the cores. To them add about a dozen cloves and a cup of boiling water. Cook over a hot fire until the quarters begin to break in pieces, then remove the cores and press the apples through a sieve. Return the pulp to the fire with one cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of butter and stir and cook until the sauce boils through-out.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

What Did She Mean?

Miss Richly—When one is as wealthy as I am, it is hard to decide whether a lover wishes to marry for the money or for one's self.

Miss Castique—In your case, dear, there is no room for doubt.

Mental and physical vigor follow the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Not Ready Yet.

"But you surely want to go to Heaven, don't you, Tommy?"

"Yes'm, but not till I've licked Bud McGinnis fur cheatin' me when we was shootin' craps the other day."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

(SEAL.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

More Trouble.

"It isn't my wife's new clothes that worry me."

"Well, what is it?"

"As soon as she gets all togged out new she wants her photograph taken."

Miller's Worm Powders the medicine for children.

Those Loving Girls.

Ella—Jack proposed to me last week.

Hattie—Why, he proposed to me also!

Ella—I suspected as much. When I refused him he threatened to do something desperate.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH,
Livery Stables, Quebec.

A Patent Cigar.

Two Virginians have patented a cigar in which a leaf stem is inserted in the centre to impart fragrance to the filler, the stem being withdrawn when the cigar is lighted, thus forming a passage for the smoke.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

No Doubt She Will.

Old Bachelor—Do you expect to marry, or do you prefer to keep your liberty, Miss Van Sand?

Miss Van Sand—What a funny question. I intend to do both.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

How She Encouraged Him.

Dick—I told May I would have a kiss if I swung for it.

Jack—What did she do?

Dick—Started the hammock, and I carried my point.

A Clear, Healthy Skin.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Going Without Drink.

Many animals in desert regions never have any water except the dew on vegetation. A parrot in the London zoo is known to have lived 52 years without drinking a drop of water.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

FOR City Streets or Country Roads the

GENDRON

is without a peer.

Light, Easy Running, Always Reliable.

THE GENDRON M'F'G CO. LIMITED

Toronto, Ont.

WIVES MOTHERS — IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS, the taste for liquor can be removed permanently by giving Samaria Prescription (Tasteless) secretly in food or drink. Failure impossible. Pamphlet, testimonials, etc., free. Correspondence confidential. Write The SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Toronto, Ont. — SISTERS BROTHERS

J. J. Vipond & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Correspondence Solicited. Advances Made on Consignments. MONTREAL.

Then and Now.

He used to say that she was plump,
And she was pleased at that;
But they were married years ago,
And now he fills her days with woe
By telling her she's fat.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Sign of Appreciation.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."

"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

"Are these goods pure and unadulterated?" inquired the customer.

"To the pure all things are pure," replied the grocer evasively.

An Ancient Setting.

"Imperial Rome," began the professor, "sat on her seven hills and ruled the world until—until when?"

"Until," replied the thorough student, "the rest of the world sat on Imperial Rome."

WANTED.—Men and women everywhere to distribute samples and advertise California Orange Syrup; $2 per day and expenses paid; cash every week. Particulars for 2 cent stamp. CALIFORNIA ORANGE SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal.

PLOWS, ROLLERS & HARROWS
The Best Made. Send for Catalogue.
COCKSHUTT PLOW CO. BRANTFORD.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Importers of Circle Teas. L. S. & B. Coffees. L. S. & B. Extract. L. S. & B. Spices. Write us. HAMILTON.

BINDER TWINE AND MANILA ROPE
ONTARIO BINDER TWINE CO., 113 Union Station Arcade, Toronto.

MECHANICS Wanted. Boiler Makers, Fitters, Lathe Hands. We can give good mechanics steady work. Good Wages. Cool, well-lighted, well-heated shop; best modern conveniences. Brantford is a healthy, progressive city—living cheap. Waterous, Brantford, Canada.

CLOTHING For Men and Women. Fashionable, perfect-fitting Clothing is supplied by this store at such reasonable prices everybody should be well dressed. You can have a catalogue free, also samples of the material for any garment you want.
For Women there are Bicycle Suits and Skirts, Street and Travelling Costumes, White Goods, Undergarments of all kinds, also Shirt Waists, Skirts, Millinery and Footwear.
For Men Coats, Vests, Pants, Overcoats, Fall and Winter weights, Shirts (laundried and unlaundried), Tweed Suits, Dress Suits, Working Clothes for Miners, Mechanics and Farmers, complete wardrobes for Business Men and Professional Men. No one knows what their money is really worth till they see what it will bring from
THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

T. N. U. 230

CENTRAL PRISON BINDER TWINE All this Season's Make
PURE MANILLA 11C. LB.
CASH WITH ORDER.
CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

PAINT
Fights off the hot sun, preserves the house, beautifies it as well, and gives satisfaction if you use
Ramsay's
HOUSE PAINT
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ROOF PAINT
All dealers have it. Ask for card or send to us and we will tell you where to get it.
A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS. Montreal.

The Owen Electric Belt

Trade Mark—Dr. Owen

The only scientific and practical Electric Belt made, for general use, having batteries that generate a strong current of Electricity that is under perfect control and can be applied to any part of the body, for the cure of
Nervous Diseases
Thousands of people suffer from a variety of Nervous Diseases, such as Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Lost Manhood, etc., that the old modes of treatment fail to cure. There is a loss of nerve force or power that cannot be restored by any medical treatment, and any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is pursuing a dangerous practice. Properly treated, these diseases can be
Positively Cured
Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Suspensory, will most assuredly do so. It is the only known power that will supply what is lacking, namely nerve force or power, impart tone and vigor to the organs and arouse to healthy action the whole nervous system. It will most assuredly cure.
Without Medicine,
Varicocele, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Disease, Lumbago, Lame Back and Dyspepsia.
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Contains fullest information regarding the cure of acute, chronic and nervous diseases, prices, how to order, etc., mailed (sealed)—FREE—to any address.

The Owen Electric Belt And Appliance Co. TORONTO ONT.

THE IVORY PALACES

Rev. Dr. Talmage Depicts the Glories of the World to Come.

The Attractiveness of Christ, Who Opens the Way for His Faithful Followers--The Christian's Guiding Star to Heaven.

Washington, July 30.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psalms xlv, 8, "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Among the grand adornments of the City of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements at quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness like the breath of paradise. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I span the arch of this text, and, looking upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and glory overwhelm the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Maria Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 600 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust badraggled, but radiant and jewelled and redolent. It seems as if these robes have been passed a few hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and myrrh, and precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye, "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Yes, my text proves it. We know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it as a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of sacredness. One piece of it no larger than a chestnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many he is only like any historical person—another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue, but to those who have heard his voice and felt his pardon and received his benediction he is music and light and warmth and thrill and eternal fragrance, sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray, lifting you up while others try to push you down, not so much like morning glories that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic, the same morning, noon and night, yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens and afflict him with all our griefs and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affronts he would quit our soul, and yet to-day he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him—he is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes and to hear him with our ears and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that to-day he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Aye, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Would that you all knew his sweetness! How soon you would turn to all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor we suggest by the aloes the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul mouthed, reviling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as the sole of a foot where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spikes had been driven, did he not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes, aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour. Who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? He had a place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup and that pressed to his lips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes! All this for himself? All this to get the flame in the wide world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because he did not like Caesar? No, no! All this because he wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because he wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and he wanted us found. Because we were blind, and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and he wanted us emancipated. O ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; O ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead and to purchase your disinthralment took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally in that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea! We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up nor mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us, the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul for which Jesus died puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, crying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal disease! Straighten this club foot!" Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the 19 centuries which have gone by since his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are! We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes though this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—that means bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

According to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know, I will tell you now that some of the palaces of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it.