BONDED YOUNG MEN.

Security Companies Keep Tab on Those They Bond For.

SPIRITUAL POWER.

SAMSON'S FALL THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Physical and Moral Giants Should Use Their Power in Doing Good—Misguided Strength May Work Great Evil—Christ Our Champion.

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Washington, Dec. 12.—Taking the exciting story of Samson's fall as a suggestion, Dr. Talmage in this discourse shows how giants in body and mind or spirit ought to be consecrated to good and great purposes. His text is Judges xiv, 1, "And Samson went down to Timnath."

There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into its particulars, would admit of the grotesque and mirthful. But there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon. This giant no doubt gave evidence of what he was in the cradle. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of wonderful prowess. At 18 years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath a lion came upon him, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a hare and made his bones crack, and left him for the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms knotched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, but it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his look, fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they want to find out where the secret of his strength lies.

Wile of Delilah.

There is a dissolute woman living in the valley of Sorek of the name of Delilah. They engage her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the house. Delilah and then Delilah goes to Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "you should take seven green withes and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she shouts, "The Philistines!" and he walks through them as though they were no impediment. She binds him again and says, "Now tell me the secret of this great strength." He says, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with the new ropes and shouts, "The Philistines!" He walks out as he did before—not a single rope touches him again, and says, "Now, if you should take these plaits of hair and lay this web over them into a web, I should be weak as other men." Then she weaves them into a web, and shouts, "The Philistines!" He walks out as easily as the other time, dragging a part of the web with him.

Then while she persuaded him to tell the secret of his strength. He says, "If you should take a new shears and cut off this hair I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson knew that he may not wake him during the process of shearing help is nigh. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skillful way of shearing the head to this very day that they can put a man wide awake into a state of waking up a sleeping in the world, put a man wide awake into a state of sleeping. "I hear the blades of the shears clinking against each other and the long locks falling off. The barber has accomplished what green withes and new rope and house loom failed to do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with the strength of his enemies.

He sees the gleam of the glad eyes of his foes, yes, and then I see him in his blindness, feeling around among the pillars of the temple, which, with every step he takes, groans and creaks open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his head on the mill crank, which, with every horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shaven, his eyes punctured, grinding in the Gaza mill.

Strength and Moral Power.

First of all, we behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a hero among men. The lion found it out, and the lion men whom he slew found it out. Yet he was the subject of petty revenges and outwitted by low passion. Far far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves and sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be postliveliness.

Most people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of lifelong infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can and walk twice as far and work twice as long will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

Do Something.

How often is it that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power? A clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo, if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic rheumatics. If an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain, then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money right and use their intelligence right, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism right! With every thump of the heart there is something saying, "Work, work!" and lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle, saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage or in luxurious ease which, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold

[illegible] life u[illegible] might and tugging away to sunken wreck of a world.

A Shameless Fact.

It is a most shameless fact that much of the business of the church and of the world is not to be done by those comparatively [illegible]. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the shadow of the tomb, yet writing more than [illegible] hundred volumes and sending out influence for God that will endure as the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson, never knowing a day, yet how he preached, and how he wrote helping thousands of dying souls like himself to "swim in a sea of glory." And Robert M'Cheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in his [illegible], and how he shook Scotland for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "rise and progress of religion" in the church and in the world.

When [illegible] was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the endurance and persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often he had to lean his pulpit while preaching he would get down on a sofa, then get up again to preach about heaven, and the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more perhaps than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with physical endurance are not so great in moral and spiritual stature! While their achievements for those who are around them all their days with sickness—acts of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health today, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

But also in the story of my text there is an element of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me his man spent a great deal of his strength in doing evil, this Samson of the text. To pay a bet which he had lost by giving of his riddle he robs and kills a lot of people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief. There are many of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind or any faculty of social position or wealth have used their strength for inequitable purposes.

Misguided Giants.

It is the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men are swearing and leading about young men's houses and shops and banking houses and sailing Christ and the Bible out of church. They do not do the damage they have no influence. They are weak men. It is the giants of the day, the giants in physical power, giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth who do the damage. The men who use their powers to stab religion and throw poison all through our literature, men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice to make truth and honor bow to the golden scepter. Misguided giants are those of the last century who poured out thousands of men and Edinburgh and London and God and blasphemed the Almighty, but they did but little damage. They were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days.

Who can calculate the damage of a Voltaire, with fiery imagination, seizing all the impulsive natures of his day, and leading them dark hand of infidelity, or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a book in which all the splendors of his genius magnified the errors of Christianity, while with a sparseness of proof can be forgiven he Christian heroes of whom he not mention?

Giants Abroad.

Of great physical health, men of great stature, men of high any, men of great power of any sort, want you to understand your power. I want you to know that you are devoted to God will be a crown of glory, to you typical of a crown, but misguided, bedraggled, administrative of evil, under banner against you with his spear in the lay when million spear, miser and slave, king and slave, stand side by side in the dust and money bags, and royal robe shall be the lightnings!

Behold how a giant may be slain! Behold the train of circumstances about Samson's down the temple of Dagon and hells of the Philistines. Behold sands of years have gone down to death time that the same impure fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that the platform and printing press should come out against the impurities of Fastidiousness, and prudery and refinement will roll over us and make us better. Politeness from heaven, sentimentality alone, sometimes trumpet-tongued against the vices of society. Fastidiousness say: "Better not speak. You will rouse adverse criticism. You will make yourselves better." What you want to make it real in glittering generalities. Subject is too delicate for discussion. But there comes a voice overpowering the mincing lies of the day, saying, "Cry aloud, lift up the voice like a trumpet, show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins."

It is that when people write in this theme they are apt to dress with the graces of belles lettres, so the crime is made attractive and persuasive. Lord Byron in his May queen. Michelet, the writer, covers it up with rhetoric until it glows like a rainbow. It ought to be made in a smallpox hospital. There are influences abroad which, if in the pulpit and the printing press in our modern cities into Gomorrah. Not only for the fire and brimstone that whelmed the plain.

Gulf of Iniquity.

Are seated in the Christian church who realize the gulf of iniquity into which you on the north and the east and the west. There are tens of thousands of women going over the awful gulf of impure life, and while I cry to God for their souls, I call upon you to marshal in the defense of your church and our nation. Your homes, your hearthstones, your your hearts. There is not a family never a family about the thousand Delilahs in the midst of the Philistines, the scene of the set before them cost $40 different from fretted with fire. Its walls are but fire. Its floor is tessellated it when chalices are chased with depths of a song of fire. Its walls are of fire. Solomon refers to it when he says, "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Behold in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great physical power must crumble and expire. Samson of the text long ago went down. He fought the lion. He fought the Philistines. He could fight but death was too much for him. He may have required a longer grave, a broader grave, but the tomb never was his terminus. "If we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where are we to go? This body and soul must soon part. What is the destiny of the former I know not—to dust—but what shall be

the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white robed, forgiven, redeemed souls of God? Christ has slain, or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to ruin the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a champion! He is styled in the Bible—a champion who has conquered death and hell, and he is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If we follow in the wake of that champion, death has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in him shall have his dying pangs alleviated and his future illumined.

Things to Consider.

In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been sufficiently considered by five men in all the world, and that is the fact that we must bring into judgment for the employment of our physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of persons are prostrated in invalids. I preach this morning to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this physical organism.

These invalids have comparatively little to account for perhaps. They could not lift 20 pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. In preparation for this subject I have said to myself, How shall I account to God for the use of a body which never knew one moment of real sickness? Rising up in judgment, standing beside men and women who had only little physical energy, and yet consumed that energy in a conflagration of religious enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed? Oh, men of the strong arm and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it were a physical energy, or a mental acumen, or a spiritual power?

The day approaches and I see one who in this world was an invalid and as she stands before the throne of God to answer she says: "I was invalid all my days. I had but very little strength, but I did as well as I could in doing kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say to her, "Well done, faithful servant."

A Prophetic Dream.

And then a little child will stand before the throne, and she will say: "On earth I had a deformity of the spine and I was very weak, but I used to gather flowers out of the wildwood and bring them to my sick mother, and she was comforted when she saw the sweet flowers out of the wildwood. I didn't do much, but I did something." And Christ shall say, as he takes her up in his arms and kisses her, "Well done, well done, faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." What, then, will the physical strength whom the Lord said to us—we to the physical strength be?

I said to an aged minister, who was one of the first preachers I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scottish poet who wrote 'The Course of Time'?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well. I was his pastor." And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Robert Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if the glimpses of the glory of heaven were made as I read Robert Pollock had and long sacrificed his health. In his description of that day he says, among other things:—

Begin the work ye weeks, and tell it to the nations!
And doleful wails and wail, to the howling hills.
And howling hills mourn to the dismal valleys,
And dismal valleys sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep.
Ye heavens, grey archway of the universe, put on black
And, ocean, roll thy self in garb of widowhood
And gather all thy waves into a groan and utter it
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.
The recession was it—nature dies—and angels come to lay her in her grave.

When Robert Pollock saw in prophetic vision the judgment, he said: "I will see in positive reality—the judgment, the judgment!"

Heavenly Tares.

In looking up a word in the dictionary several days ago my eyes fell on the definition of "emulation"—"the act of attempting to equal or exceed in qualities or actions; rivalry, desire of superiority, attended with effort to attain it."

Only the evening before we had been talking about a little woman who was once pretty, but now has a harassed and anxious expression of countenance. "What is the matter with her?" asked one. It was a physician who answered:—"She has no disease. She is wearing herself to death by emulation of other people. The spirit will kill her if she keeps it up. Nobody in this world can stay first."

His words and the dictionary definition set me to thinking. Are not many women killing themselves in this same praiseworthy emulation? Consider the truth of the statement that "nobody in this world can stay first."

We strive as we may, there will be some one who is a little more [illegible] house, more influence, more brains. There is no use to make the best of it—the talent given us. If God put us down where we are, if our sphere is humble, if our talents are few, if our opportunity be obscure, if our sphere be limited, if God put us down in a little more humble place in the shade box, is it not our duty to bring the most and the best we can out of the little talent given us. Such spiritual emulation is a sin. It is the spine and the root of all sin. Flowers out of the wildwood are as well as those of the hothouse. Let us be content with our talents, our opportunities, our sphere, our place in the shade box.

Such spiritual emulation of money, such an unusual coin, such unembarrassed ordering of great things, such acquaintance with rare delicacies of food, could argue nothing less than opulence. Let a man opened his small tin can with a rusty jackknife and seasoned the feast with a pinch of salt, which Bissell produced on a sheet of brown wrapping paper. The last cracker was issued with a prodigal hand for the stockes per had grown generous under the inspiring example of the genial stranger, and he gave the highest possible expression of his surrender when, the crackers being consumed before the raw oysters had vanished, he opened a box of ginger snaps and set it on the floor in the very center of the circle.

The stranger had not yet told who he was, whence he had come, nor whither he was going—and his reputation in spite of that was additional tribute to hostess—when Gabe Turner mentioned California and the region's representative in that far land.

"What do you hear from him?" asked the stranger.

"Rolling in wealth," said Gabe. "That was a man who put out there from my neighborhood," remarked the guest of the evening, "and he found $1,000 in 20 days."

Bissell and all the rest applauded with a gasp.

"But it cost him $2,000 to get there."

They shook their heads slowly in appreciative sorrow.

"And he lost his $1,000 and broke a leg prospecting for another name."

"Well!" ejaculated Bissell.

"And while he laid in his blanket on the ground he picked up nuggets enough to make ten pounds of gold."

"Land alive!" cried Gabe Turner, and Charley Pelton looked gratefully at the speaker for expressing the general amazement.

"And his partner stole that, and his blanket besides, the very first night he was able to crawl to the creek."

"The son of a hickory!" cried Peter Grube, with proper indignation.

"And a newsman came into the camp and bought his claim for $10,000 the very next day."

"You don't say so!"

It was Philemon Todd. No one but a returned Californian could have the ready money for an oyster treat. And when they found him out they fell upon him with welcoming. The prayer of little Jim which had grown with him from his baby days, was answered, and Priscilla was the most envied woman of the neighborhood though whether she was glad of the return is still a hope on which she has not expressed herself. Philemon bought 10 acres of Walnut Timber. He would pay for it as soon as his money came from California. He could have bought all the land within sight of Green Oaks on similar terms. He did buy every potato within seven miles and told Bissell to give the sellers credit on his account.

Next spring the war broke out. Walnut timber was worth a fortune for gun stocks, and a speculator paid Philemon $2,000 cash for the trees, as they stood. Potatoes leaped to the dignity of money. Another speculator took Philemon's option of his lands and paid a bonus of $100.

He was the magnate of Green Oaks. He has lived there ever since and has never dared another dollar. The success of those two ventures sobered him. The odd thing about it is that his neighbors believe to this day he brought his wealth from California.

"I could be as rich as he is," says aged Peter Grube, "if I had gone to California when I wanted to."

But Philemon Todd knows that the silver dollar he rung on the counter when he ordered cove oysters was the last penny he had in the world.—Cincinnati Herald.

The Remedy.

Friend—You are so dreadfully cross eyed I don't see how you can shoot straight.

Cross Eyed Sportsman—I fire both barrels at once.—London Fun.

Still Anxious for Information.

It was a third class compartment of one of the expresses running from London to the north. A long nosed, thin lipped man, with pointed chin, a slouch hat and a hungry expression of countenance, was resting his feet on the opposite seat of the carriage, which seat was partly occupied by a passenger in a gray check suit.

"Goin far, mister?" asked the long nosed man of the other.

The passenger addressed turned slightly round and took a long look at the questioner.

"Yes. I'm going to Crewe," he replied. "My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of 80 acres, ten miles from the town, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment. I am from St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. I got into the train there at 9.35 this morning. It was 45 minutes behind time. My ticket from Euston cost me 13s. 2d. Had my breakfast about an hour ago. Paid 1s. 6d for it. My name is William Page. I am 39 years old, have a wife and four children and am a member of the Congregational church. I was formerly a chemist, but sold out to a man named Morris and am not in any business now. I am worth perhaps £2,000. My father was a cooper and my grandfather was a sea captain. My wife's maiden name was Nash before I married her. When I reach Crewe, I expect to stop at a hotel."

He stopped. The long nosed man regarded him for a moment with interest and then asked in a dissatisfied way: "What did your great-grandfather do for a livin'?"—Strand Magazine.

TODD'S RETURN.

Philemon Todd went to the goldfield in 1853. He was the only man from his county who had been beguiled by the song of that siren in California, and he had abandoned everything, including a wife and five children, and had dared to go where fortune called him.

Little Jim, who couldn't remember his father at all, grew to the age of 8, profoundly sure that the great day would dawn. One time he played "eat dinner" with Deacon Pilcher's son and was told he must ask a blessing.

"I don't know what to say," demurred innocent little Jim.

"Why, just pray for what you want the hardest," said the deacon's son. And little Jim, folding his hands and bending his towhead over the acorns that served for cups and saucers, simply said:

"O Lord, please send pap home from California."

And then they went on with their Barmecide dinner.

Saturday night the store at Green Oaks held the customary crowd of rural philosophers. There was no village—only the store and a blacksmith shop. Many of the members of that circle must have walked two miles. But they always gathered in shortly after the early October nightfall. And they sat around there telling stories that were old as the zigzag fences, but clothed with an artistic telling which made them perpetually new. Bissell, the storekeeper, had a keg of very hard cider in the shed at the rear, and the philosophers drifted out there one at a time and helped themselves, coming in more versatile as raconteurs or more appreciative as auditors, till full 9 o'clock.

Just at that hour when Bissell, past all possibility of more selling, had unbent from proprietor to associate and found a comfortable chair in the crowded corner the heavy foot of a man beat on the wooden porch and a stranger entered. He gave a good day and in the silence which fell on the story telling announced that the evening was chilly. In the dress and appearance of a farmer, he was pleasant spoken enough to win some welcome, and Charley Pelton moved along on the empty shoe box and offered him a seat. Peter Grube completed his story, and it reminded the stranger of one, which was essentially new. They laughed generously, and Gabe Turner invited him into the back room for a jug of hard cider, and when he came out he told another story. Bissell put half his body in a barrel and scooped up a scale scoop of crackers, which he passed around with novel hospitality.

"Let's have some cove oysters with these," said the stranger, and he tossed a silver dollar on the counter without rising from his place in the shoe box.

Such spiritual expenditure of money, such an unusual coin, such unembarrassed ordering of great things, such acquaintance with rare delicacies of food, could argue nothing less than opulence. Each man opened his small tin can with a rusty jackknife and seasoned the feast with a pinch of salt, which Bissell produced on a sheet of brown wrapping paper. The last cracker was issued with a prodigal hand for the stockes per had grown generous under the inspiring example of the genial stranger, and he gave the highest possible expression of his surrender when, the crackers being consumed before the raw oysters had vanished, he opened a box of ginger snaps and set it on the floor in the very center of the circle.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual. Expels and marks the improvement in your child.

Household Necessities.

"In all the groceries now you can buy a bit rising hour."

"Is there any place where we can get a self frettin cake?"—Chicago Record.

She Feels Hurt.

It most always hurts a girl more or less when her best fellow calls with a two days' growth of whiskers on his chin.—Lawrence American.

Had La Grippe—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

A DISTINGUISHED DIVINE.

Rev. Charles M. Lamson, President of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D. D., who was recently elected president of the American board of foreign missions, has been for several years pastor of the Center church of Hartford, and he is a most distinguished Congregationalist divine.

Dr. Lamson was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1843 and was graduated from Amherst college with honors in 1864. He became an

REV. CHARLES M. LAMSON.

instructor in Williston academy, where he prepared for his collegiate course, and afterward returned to Amherst as a member of the faculty. The year 1867 he spent in Europe, where he studied, theology at the Halle university.

After returning from abroad Dr. Lamson was called to the Salem Street Congregationalist church in Worcester, Mass., where he remained until 1885. During that time he received the degree of doctor of divinity from Amherst. His next pastorate was that of the North Congregational church of St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he remained until 1893, when he was called to Hartford, succeeding the Rev. George Leon Walker.

The American board of foreign missions, of which Dr. Lamson has been chosen as the chief executive officer, is the oldest foreign missionary society in the country, having been organized in 1810. During its history it has sent to foreign lands no less than 2,000 missionaries, of whom 572 are now in the field. The total receipts in the beginning have been over $27,000,000. At present the board supports 20 missions, with 1,223 stations and a large number of mission schools. The head offices of the board are in the Congregational House, Beacon street, Boston, but district houses are maintained in New York and Chicago as well. Dr. Lamson succeeds Dr. Richard Storrs of Brooklyn. D. Willis James of New York, the newly elected vice president, is the man who two years ago gave $20,000 toward wiping out the indebtedness of the board.

AN EXPERT SLUMMER.

Sister Lily Says Our American Slums Are Not So Very Bad.

The slums of American cities are not what they have been, cracked up to be. They cannot compare with those of London either in extent or wretchedness. The authority for this statement is Miss Lily Dechurst, who is known in the English metropolis as Sister Lily. She ought to know, for she has "slummed it" in many cities and is a familiar figure in the poorer districts of the west end of London. Just now Sister Lily is visiting this country.

SISTER LILY.

She crossed the ocean to attend the convention of the World's W. C. T. U. in Toronto, and, incidentally, she has done a little slumming in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Since then Sister Lily has been telling Americans of their deficiency in the matter of slums. She protests that she has been agreeably disappointed in our big cities, and perhaps she betrays just a little exultation when she tells American mission workers that they really have a very limited field when compared with hers.

Sister Lily is a woman of wealth, education and refinement who began doing slum work ten years ago. She is a deaconess of the Methodist Episcopal church and was at the head of Katherine House, London, in which 37 deaconesses live, for some years. She recently resigned her post in order to do outside work. During her long experience she has been interested in all phases of slum work, which has been carried on in London, it seems, in a much more extensive manner than we do it in America. Besides the usual clubs and societies for general home mission work, which we have, the English rescue workers go into their themselves, take up the labor along special lines. The slum dwellers are divided into well defined grades, the classification being made in accordance with special phases of wretchedness. For instance, one society maintains a Home of Peace, where the "respectable deaf poor" may pass to their long rest amid quiet and decent surroundings instead of being miserably but picturesquely in hovels and garrets. Then there is the Guild For Poor Things, a social union for the crippled and deformed, where those who must bear the double burden of poverty and physical affliction may collectively receive the patronage and benefits of a highly organized charity.

Sister Lily is also an expert in getting up such functions as "workhouse teas," Saturday night concerts and "peoples drawing rooms." She has been explaining her interesting methods to American mission workers and expressing her surprise at their lack of opportunity to put them into practice.

Success.

Most people have many things in which they desire to succeed, innocent in themselves, except when they interfere with a higher aim and worthier purpose. It is this conflict of aims, this gradation of duties, that makes life often so complex and so difficult. The questions come continually. Before every thoughtful mind: "Is this aim which I set before me the highest I can reach? Is it not merely a desirable end, but the most desirable? Is it likely to lead to still better and worthier purposes, or is it likely to hide them from view?" As we answer these questions to ourselves intelligently and conscientiously, the rightful limits of each will become clear, and our desire to succeed in each will harmonize with those limits.

Thus the desire for health, the care of self by the care for others, the love of money by the love of honor, the effort to please by the effort to do right.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelees Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

Human Nature.

She—Don't you think there should be music in every home?

He—By all means! What I object to is music next door.—London Tit-Bits.

RHEUMATISM.

No One Need Suffer.

Mrs. L. G. Pratt, a clever nurse in Cleveland, writes that: "After being troubled by very painful attacks of rheumatism in the shoulder for over ten years I tried a bottle of your Trask's Magnetic Ointment. For two years I had been unable to raise my arm, but after two thorough applications my shoulder was entirely cured, and I can not speak highly enough in its praise." Since then she has used it for others in her capacity as nurse.

This ointment penetrates the frame, permeates the inflamed tissues with its soothing, healing qualities, takes out the soreness completely and leaves the muscles and joints in their proper healthy condition. Twenty-five and forty cents a bottle. Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

Outbreak of Hog Cholera.

Windsor, Dec. 6.—Despite the rigid precautions taken by Veterinary Inspector McEachran, hog cholera has again broken out in North Essex. It is about eight months since there has been a case of swine plague in the north of Essex, while it has been prevalent in South Essex continuously. When it was reported to him that cholera had broken out on the farm of Mr. E. Howard, on the Tecumseh road, two and a half miles from Windsor, he started promptly to the farm. Half an hour later the inspector had slaughtered eighteen pigs, all the farmer owned. The inspector says cholera does not exist in any other part of North Essex. He believes it will not spread.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

He Was Easy.

Brother Bobby—What are your initials Mr. Nicely?

Mr. Nicely—E. B.

Brother Bobby—That's funny. I heard sister say last night that you was "E. Z."

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

Cut the stems a trifle each day and renew the water just as often. A little salt will help. Keep the flowers in a cool place at night.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE AWFUL STING!

The Unbearable Burning Irritation caused by Eczema, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Itch, are allayed by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Blind and Bleeding Piles cured in from one to six nights. It is a marvelous ointment and a power to act quickly and effectually. Here's a sentence from a grateful mother: "I thought my flesh would come off, but Dr. Agnew's Ointment cooled, healed and healed me." Sixty-five cents.

Implacable.

"I can forget but never forgive" muttered the enraged.

"This sounds like the wrong way round to me it's sense."

He could never forgive his wife for writing to a former sweetheart but he was able to forget to mail the letter.

CANADA'S NEW MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Sir Oliver Mowat's Successor in the Laurier Cabinet, Hon. David Mills, with Fifty Members of Parliament, Praise the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

No one suffers the inconvenience of Catarrh more than the future speaker, Hon. David Mills. The coming Minister of Justice, says over his own signature that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him immediate relief. People everywhere say it. John McInnis, Washa Bridge, N. S., says: "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did wonders for me." It relieves in ten minutes and perfectly cures catarrh, cold in the head, sore throat and tonsilitis.

But Not a Helping Hand.

"Pa, Fred wants to marry me but he is poor; will you help him?"

"Yes; tell him to come around and I'll give him a lift."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

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 testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

What Did He Do Then.

He—If I should kiss you would you call your mother?

She (naively)—Why no; she wouldn't care to be kissed.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Jas. McKee,	Linwood, Ont.
Lachlin McNiel,	Melbou, C. B.
John A. McDonald,	Arnprior, Ont.
C. B. Billing	Markham, Ont.
John Mader,	Mahone Bay, N.S
Lewis S. Butler,	Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

She—What is Mr. Wilkins like?

He—I don't really know. I've only seen him when his wife was present.

The Liquor Habit Conquered by the DYKE CURE.

Read the following testimonials from Doctors, Patients and Leaders of Temperance and Charitable Societies.

TESTIMONIALS.

Cured Some Years Ago.

Dear Friend,—[illegible] best of health and [illegible] can accept my thanks [illegible] have been in the [illegible] enjoying now if that [illeg