HAPPY GIRL

...Kelly Tells of Her Illness and ...t Cure—A Statement That ...e Read by Every Girl in...

...na Kelly, a well known ...teemed young lady living ...N.B., writes:—"I consent to let you know what ...ful medicine has done for ...1896 I began to lose ...my appetite failed and ...I would be so tired ... I continued in ...for three months, when ...suddenly ill and not able ... Our family doctor was ...pronounced my illness ...of the blood. At ... I continued ... I then tried a liquid ... cure cases like ... the slightest ... became terribly emaciated ... my father ... of Dr. Williams' ... try them ... I could walk quite ... My ... I had used a half ... as I had ... My friends did ... are now ... Dr. ... wrought in ... liberty ...

...Christmas Gift.

...ppearance in church on the Christmas of Uncle Hiram ...overcoat his city cousins

TESTIMONY OF ROCKS

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE GEOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

A Sermon of Interest to All, Showing That Geology Confirms the Truth of the Word of God—The Rock of Ages.

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Washington, Dec. 19.—The throngs coming to Dr. Talmage's preaching services at the First Presbyterian church are all the time increasing and far beyond the capacity of his church to hold. In this sermon he discusses a subject interesting to all—viz, The Geology of the Bible; or, God Among the Rocks." The text is II Samuel vi, 6, 7: "And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error, and there he died by the ark of God."

A band of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck, harps thrummed and cymbals clapped, all led on by David, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the ark. The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon imperiled it. Some critics say that the oxen kicked, being struck with the driver's goad, but my knowledge of oxen leads me to say that if on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall, they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright. But he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no one save the priest under any circumstances should touch that box. Nervous and excited and irreverent Uzzah disobeyed when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence. In all ages, and never more so than in our day, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the sacred ark of our time, will be upset and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially geology, would overthrow it.

While we are not forbidden to touch the holy book and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled and there shall be no more need of a Bible because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds. A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geological account are different—one story written on parchment and the other on the rocks and yet in perfect and eternal accord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into paroxysms of criticism many exegetes. The Hebrew word "yom" of the Bible means sometimes what we call a day, and sometimes it means ages. It may mean 24 hours or 100,000,000 years. The order of creation as written in the book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' crowbar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong oxen of scientific discovery would upset the Bible that I went somewhat apprehensively into the matter. When I found that the Bible and geology agree in saying that first were built the rocks, then the plants greened the earth, then marine creatures were created from minnow to whale, then the wings and throats of aerial choirs were colored and tuned, and the quadrupeds began to bleat and bellow and neigh. What is all this fuss that has been filling the church and the world concerning a fight between Moses and Agassiz? There is no fight at all. But is not the geological impression that the world was millions of years building antagonistic to the theory of one week's creation in Genesis? No. A great house is to be built. A man takes years to draw to the spot the foundation stone and the heavy timbers. The house is at last done, but it is not finished for comfortable residence. Suddenly the owner calls in upholsterers, plumbers, gas fitters, paper hangers, and in one week it is ready for occupancy.

Now, it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing of the rocks and the timbers of this world together, yet only one week more to make it inhabitable and to furnish it for human residence. Remember also that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used—common parlance—and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round when it is not round. It is spheroidal—flattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Professor Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Professor Varin, with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round. But we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round. Let us deal as fairly with Moses or Job as we do with each other.

Everlastingly Right.

But for years good people dared geology, and without any implication on their part apprehended that the rocks and mountains would fall on them, until Hugh Miller, the elder of St. John's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh and parishioner of Dr. Guthrie, came forth and told the world that there was no contradiction between the mountains and the church, and O. M. Mitchell, a brilliant lecturer before he became brigadier-general, dying at Beaufort, S. C., during our civil war, took the platform and spread his map of the strata of rock in the presence of great audiences, and Professor Alexander Winchell of Michigan university and Professor Taylor Lewis of Union college showed that the "without form and void" of the first chapter of Genesis was the very chaos out of which the world was formulated, the hands of God packing together the land and tossing up the mountains into great heights and flinging down the seas into their great depths. Before God gets through with this world there will hardly be a book of the Bible that will not find confirmation either in archaeology or geology. Exhumed Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Tyre and Egyptian hieroglyphics are crying out in the ears of the world: "The Bible is right! All right! Everlastingly right!" Geology is saying the same thing, not only confirming the truth about the original creation, but confirming so many passages of the Scriptures that I can only slightly refer to them.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says geology, "for how do you account for those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise about the mountains, how did those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals get there? Did you put them there?"

But, now, you do not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone overwhelming Sodom and Gomorrah, and enwrapping Lot's wife in such saline incrustations that she halted, a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes to that region and after trying in vain to take a swim in the lake, so thick with salt he cannot swim it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried, one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you cannot get rid of the nauseating drop—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, while all round there are jets and crags and peaks of salt, and if one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife, they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy the ages.

But, now, you do not really believe the New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucified, do you? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and aslant, showing the work of an especial earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding region. Go and look for yourself, and see there a dip and cleavage of rocks as nowhere else on the planet, geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassination of the Son of God.

Confirmed by Geology.

But you do not really believe that story of the burning of our world at the last day? Geology digs down and finds that the world is already on fire and that the center of this globe is incandescent, molten, volcanic, a burning coal, burning toward the surface, and the interior fires have so far reached the outside that I do not see how the world is to keep from complete conflagration until the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled. The lava poured forth from the mouths of Vesuvius, Mount Etna and Cotopaxi and Kilauea is only the regurgitation from an awful inflammation thousands of miles deep. There are mines in Pennsylvania and in several parts of the world that have been on fire for many years. These coal mines burning down and the internal fires of the earth burning up, after awhile these two fires, the descending and the ascending, will meet, and then will occur the universal conflagration of which the Bible speaks, when it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Instead of disbelieving the Bible story about the final conflagration, since I have looked a little into geology, finding that the conflagrations are all in the line of confirmation of that prophecy, I wonder how this old craft of a world can keep sailing so much longer. It is like a ship on fire with the fact that the hatches are kept down the only reason that it does not become a complete blaze—masts on fire, ratlines on fire, everything from cutwater to taffrail on fire. After geology has told us how near the internal fires have already burned their way toward the surface, it ought not to be a surprise to us at any time to hear the ringing of the last trumpet of a universal conflagration. Oh, I am so glad that geology has been ... Astronomy is grand because it tells us about other worlds. But I must say I am more interested in our world than any other world, and geology tells us about what it was, its cradle and what will be its grave. And this glorious geology is proving itself more and more the handmaid of theology. Thank God for the testimony of the rocks, the Ten Commandments announced among the split rocks of Sinai, the greatest sermon of Christ preached on the basaltic rocks of the mount of beatitudes, the Saviour dying on the rocks of Golgotha and buried amid the limestone rocks of Joseph's sepulcher, the last day to be ushered in with a rending of rocks and our blessed Lord suggestively entitled the "Rock of Ages." I this day proclaim the banns of a marriage between geology and theology, the rugged bridegroom and the fairest of brides. Let them join their hands and "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Never Yet Upset.

If anything in the history of the conditions of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in the Bible, you must remember that geology is all the time correcting itself and more and more coming to harmonization with the great book. In the last century the French Scientific association printed a list of 80 theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced 50 theories of geology that had been believed in and afterward thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all. If geology has cast out between 100 and 200 theories which it once considered established we can afford to wait for the last theory of geology antagonistic to divine revelation shall have been given up.

Now in this discourse upon the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I charge all agitated and affrighted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see! For several hundred years the oxen have been kicking the ark this way and that, pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heat of retribution from a God "who will by no means clear the guilty." Yet have you not noticed that the book has never been upset? The only changes in it were by its learned friends in the revision of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis has been thundered against by the heaviest batteries, yet you cannot find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the 50 chapters of the copy of the book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words "In the beginning God" and closing with Joseph's coffin. Fierce attack on the book of Exodus has been made because they said it was absurd to drown Pharaoh and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties of which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have begrudged Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is to-day a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And, as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all Germanic law, all English law, all American law, worth anything are squarely founded on them. So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the book of Joshua. It was said that the story of the detaining of sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy, but that book of Joshua may be found to-day in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The book of Joshua has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages, but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while geology puts up in its museums remains of monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant prophet. There stand the 1,089 chapters of the Bible notwithstanding all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shrivel up in the final fires, which geologists say are already kindled and glowing hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as it puts out from New York Narrows for Hamburg or Southampton.

I should not wonder if from the crypt of ancient cities the inspired manuscripts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in their own chirography, would be taken, and the epistles which Paul dictated to his amanuensis as well as the one in the apostle's own handwriting. At the same ratio of archaeological and geological confirmation of the Scriptures the time will come when the truth of the Bible will no more be doubted than the common almanac, which tells you the days and the months of the year, and the unbelievers will be accounted harmless lunatics. Forward the telescope and the spectroscope and the chemical batteries and carefully examine the ostracoids of the lowest depths and the bones of the great mammals on the gravelly hilltops! And the mightier, and the grander, and the lower, and the higher the exploration the better for our cause. As sure as the thunderbolts of the Almighty are stronger than the steel pens of the agnostics, the ark of God will ride on unhurt and Uzzah need not fear any disasters of upsetting. The apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven, proclaiming to all nations and kindred and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ are mightier than the shying of a yoke of oxen.

The God of the Rocks.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby pamby, nervous, dilettantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the rocks. Religion a balm? Oh, yes. Religion a soothing power? Oh, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? Oh, yes. But we must have a God of the rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is he, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? Oh, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered, we must have a God of the rocks. The "Lion of Judah's tribe," as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the rock as defense, as armament, as refuge, as overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and they reminded him of the Almighty, and he ejaculates, "The Lord liveth; blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out, "The Lord is my rock." "He shall set me up upon a rock."

Would the Bible present a sublime picture of motherly desperation in defense of her children, it shows us Rizpah on the rock for three months with disheveled hair and wild screams fighting back vultures and jackals from the corpses of her sons. Would the Bible set forth the hardness of the heart and the power of gospel to overcome it, it tells us of the "hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." Would our Lord represent the durability of his church against all assault he says, "Upon this rock will I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Would he close his sermon on the mount with a peroration that would resound through centuries, standing on a rock so high that it overlooks Lake Galilee to the right and on a clear day overlooks the Mediterranean to the left, I hear him stamp his foot on the rock beneath him as he cries to the surging multitudes at the base of that rock, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." Ah, my friends, we want a swarthy, a stalwart, a brawny religion. We have a great many people who can sit and gently rock the cradle of their infantile hopes, and can faintly smile when good is accomplished, and walk softly through a sickroom, and live inoffensive lives, and manage to tread on no one's prejudices, and their religion is at the best when the wind is from the northwest and the thermometer at 70 degrees F, and they have their spheres, and may God prosper them. But we want in this great battle for God against the allied forces of perdition some John Knoxes, some Martin Luthers—men of nerve and faith and prowess, like the Huguenots, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Dutch at Leyden keeping back the enemy until the tides of the sea came in. Lord, God of the rocks, help us in this awful struggle, in which heaven or hell is bound to beat!

How much the rocks have had to do with the cause of God in all ages! In the wilderness God's Israel were fed with honey out of the rock. How the rock of Horeb paid Moses back in gushing, rippling, sparkling water for the two stout strokes with which he struck it! And there stands the rock with name—I guess the longest word in the Bible—sela-hammahlekoth, and it was worthy of a resounding sesquipedalian nomenclature, for at that rock Saul was compelled to quit his pursuit of David and go home and look after the Philistines, who were making a flank movement. There were the rocks of Bozez and Seneh, between which Jonathan climbed up and sent flying in retreat the garrison of the uncircumcised. And yonder see David and his men hidden in the rock of Adullam and Engedi.

Divine Deliberation.

But while I go on with my study of the geology of the Bible, or God among the rocks, I get a more intelligent and helpful idea of divine deliberation. These rocks, the growth of thousands of years, and, geology says, of millions of years, ought to show the prolongation of God's plans and cure our impatience because things are not done in short order. Men without seeing it become critical of the Almighty and think, Why does he not do this and do that and do it right away? We feel sometimes as if we could not wait. Well, I guess we will have to wait. God is never in a hurry except about two things. His plans, sweeping through eternity, are beyond our comprehension. They have such wide circle, such vastness of revolution, such infinitude that we cannot encompass them. Indeed he would not be much of a God whom we could thoroughly understand. That would not be much of a father who had no thoughts or plans larger than his babe of one year could compass. If God takes millions of years to make one rock, do not let us become critical if he takes 20 years or a century or several centuries to do that which we would like to have done immediately. Do not repeat the folly of those who conclude there is no God or that he is not in sympathy with the right and the good because he does not do certain things in the time we set apart for their performance. Do not let us hold up our little watch, with its tiny hour hand and minute hand, and by it try to correct the clock of the universe, its pendulum taking 500 years to swing this way and 500 years to swing that way. Do not let us set up our little spinning wheel beside the loom in which God weaves sunrises and sunsets and auroras. We have the best of authority for saying that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." Do not expect that Uzzah's oxen, even if they do not shy off, but go straight ahead, can keep up with the fire shod lightnings.

But that it was not a slip of the tongue when I said that God is never in a hurry except in two things. Those two things are when he goes to save a repentant sinner and comfort a praying mourner. The one divine hurry was set forth in the parable of the prodigal son when it says, 'the father ran.' He was old, and I suppose had as much as he could do to walk, but the sight of his bad boy coming home limbered the stiff knees and lengthened the shortened pace of the old man to an athletic stride. "The father ran!" Put it into your oratorios. Sound it with full orchestra. Repeat it through all heavens, "The father ran!" O soul farthest off, come back, and God, your Father, will come out to meet you at full run! The other time when God is in a hurry is when a troubled soul calls for comfort. Then the Bible represents the divine gait and swing and velocity by the reindeer, saying, "Be thou like a roe or a young hart on the mountains of Bether." That parenthesis I put in thinking that there may be some repentant sinner who wants to find pardon or some mourning soul who needs comfort, and therefore I mention the two things about which God is in a great hurry.

Truth of the Omnipotent.

But concerning all the vast things of God's government of the universe be patient with the carrying out of plans beyond our measurement. Naturalists tell us that there are insects that are born and die within an hour and that there are several generations of them in one day, and if one of those July insects of an hour should say: 'How slow everything goes! I was told in the chrysalis state by a wondrous instinct that I would find in this world seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter. But where are the autumnal forests upholstered in fire, and where are the glorious springtimes, with orchards waving their censers of perfume before the altars of the morning? I do not believe there are any autumns or springtimes.' If, then, a golden eagle, many years old, in a cage nearby, heard the hum of that complaining insect, it might well answer, "O summer insect of an hour, though your life is so short you cannot see the magnificent turn of the seasons, I can testify as to their reality, for I have seen them roll. When I was young, and before I was imprisoned in this cage, I brushed their gorgeous leafage and their fragrant blossoms with my own wing. You live an hour. I have lived 30 years. But in one of my flights high up, the gate of heaven open for a soul to go in or a seraph to come out, I heard the choirs chanting, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God!' And it was an antiphonal in which all heaven responded, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.' O man! O woman! So far as your earthly existence is concerned, only the insect of an hour, be not impatient with the workings of the Omnipotent and the 'Eternal!'"

And now, for your solace and your safety, I ask you to come under the shelter, and into the deep clefts, and the almighty defense of a rock that is higher than you, higher than any Gibraltar, higher than the Himalayas—the Rock of Ages—that will shelter you from the storm; that will hide you from your enemies; that will stand when the earthquakes of the last day get their pry under the mountains and hurl them into seas boiling with fires which are already burning their way out from redhot centers toward the surfaces which are already here and there spouting with fire amid the quaking of the mountains under the look and touch of him of whom it is said in the sublimest sentence ever written: "He looketh upon the mountains, and they tremble. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

He you one and all to the Rock of Ages. And now as before this sermon on the rocks I gave out the significant and appropriate hymn "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," I will give out after this sermon on the rocks the significant and appropriate hymn:—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

An Irish Witness.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "The evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!" The witness stepped down to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at the contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your Honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye, and this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

Rest.

One of the sweetest conceptions of heaven to my mind is that of rest. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." Labor, anxiety and care are the fruits of sin; but when the effects of sin shall have been entirely removed, then will come the sweet and endless rest of heaven.—Rev. John Scott, D.D.

Blobb's Revenge.

"It took a good many years, but I'm cured. You couldn't get me to attempt a practical joke if there was a fortune in it. But the remedy was something terrible," and the old gentleman who did the talking ground his teeth. "You know that I never stopped at anything, and I used to gloat over my victims till I now wonder that some of them didn't do me bodily harm.

"My reformation was wrought in this way. After being married for 28 eight years and getting together a handsome fortune, my wife and I decided on a trip through the east and south. When we were seated in the crowded car on which we took our leave, Blobbs, whom I had joked incessantly, entered with a merry party of friends, congratulated us at the top of their lungs, wished us all kinds of good luck and showered us with flowers. My wife was indignant to tears and my chief grief was that I was not armed.

"But this send off was only a beginning. At the first stopping place there were half a dozen telegrams awaiting us and others reached us along the route. Our cars were constantly assailed by expressions like these: 'No fool like an old fool,' 'Well, it's not May and December,' 'Who says marriage is a failure?' and a lot of other chaff, varied by an occasional love ditty. At our first hotel we were greeted with effusion, informed that our coming had been announced and shown to the bridal chamber. We had a floral centerpiece, bearing the cards of Blobbs and his fellow conspirators, and we were gazed upon as though museum attractions. It was simply unendurable for either of us. I changed our route and cut off our tormenters, but the trip was not a success. When Blobbs and I meet, there is only one of us that speaks, and he grins."—Detroit Free Press.

The English Imitation.

He made his appearance suddenly, coming forward with a swinging gait. He was a tall, spare man, with a sharp nose and thin lips. He wore no mustache, but sported a goatee on his chin, and his face was seamed with painted lines. He was dressed in trousers that did not quite reach his ankles, a rough coat, a wide western hat, and a long linen duster, unbuttoned. He whittled a piece of stick unceasingly. Some one said something to him.

He replied thus:

"Waal, I guess! I calc'late some! You kin bet your life on thet, sah! Whal I should smile!"

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

He continued:

"Naow, in my country, in the land uv the stars an stripes, sah, things is mighty different, sah. Yes, sah; yes, sah; yes, sir! Yes, sirree! I air an A-meri-can, my everlastin friend, an I air proud uv it."

He said a few more things in the same style.

The listeners simply shrieked with glee and exclaimed: "How characteristic! How clever!"

But who—who was the strange creature? Hush! Be not alarmed, gentle reader. 'Tis merely an English actor typifying the British idea of an ordinary American. They have us down to such a fine point over there!—San Francisco Examiner.

House Hunting.

Officer—Move on! Move on!
De Lost—I'm (hic) not drunk. I'm house hunting.
Officer—Whose house are you hunting?
De Lost—Mine.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

By the Way.

There is a remedy for everything except some of the remedies.

It is always hard on a man when love or the measles attacks him late in life.

Every cloud has a silver lining. The boy who has the mumps doesn't have to attend school.

A man is sometimes compelled to put up with those he does not love—pawnbrokers for instance.

The young gentleman who seeks a situation isn't as likely to succeed as the young man who hustles for a job.

Another Hypothesis.

Wealthy Girl—Colonel De Biff acts so like proposing when we are alone. I verily believe he is in love

Other Girl—Perhaps he is in debt.—Detroit Journal.

Furnished the Hams.

Teacher—Fritz, tell me the name of the animal that furnishes us with hams.

"The butcher."—Philadelphia Times.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The Duty of Charity and the Nobility of Self Sacrifice—How Art Has Paid Its Tribute to the Nativity.

It was the distinctive glory of Christ's evangel not that it introduced a new code of morals or of social ethics, but rather that it emphasized the force and broadened the scope of those existing and gave them higher sanctions and infinitely greater importance from being exemplified in the perfect life of Christ himself. There were people who had been just, true and God fearing before Moses brought down the tables of the law from Mount Sinai, and men acted the role of the good Samaritan, animated by the purest benevolence, thousands of years before Christ taught by precept and example the duty of charity and the nobility of self sacrifice. Even the sermon on the mount only presented in concrete form rules of conduct which regulated the lives of many in all ages, not with the force of law, of which there might be none, but as a result of self originated conviction and feeling.

Love in Christ's code of ethics was both the soul and body, the animating principle, as well as the performing agent. It was no longer be true, kind and pure because it is a duty so to be, but be all that because you love to be so. No mere formal acquiescence or compliance will meet the requirements of this new presentation of the moral law. It demands absolute obedience, but as the outcome of love, not as the result of authority or the claims of duty.

Has the Christian church (assigning to this term its widest and most comprehensive meaning) ever come within measurable distance of realizing the exalted Christ ideal? Yes, possibly, in the apostolic age and for a short time subsequent, but it would be absurd to claim that the Christian churches of today, great as is their influence for good, are animated by the spirit of the early Christians or inspired by that divine enthusiasm which made each one of them a center of light and largely transformed society throughout the known world within a century after the birth of Christ.

We are now like Moses on Mount Nebo—we see the promised land, but it is still in the dim distance, and we are apparently getting no nearer to its haven of rest—but how soon would the prospect change were the gospel of love and humanity, preached and lived by Christ, to become a distinctive feature of our civilization instead of the materialistic and selfish motives which largely sway modern life and determine conduct!

The Saviour was born under the humblest possible circumstances, as if to show how low in the estimation of God are all the pomp and magnificence of that wealth and power which men prize so highly. His Virgin mother was poor, his foster father was a mechanic, and he himself dignified labor by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow

Christ was emphatically the Saviour of the poor, and those who bear his name best show the sincerity of their professions by imitating him in his loving kindness and benevolence. Charity is a duty incumbent upon Christians at all times, but even the most humane will feel prompted to be kinder and more sympathetic while celebrating the advent of one who displayed during his whole lifetime upon earth a divine compassion and pity for the poor and the suffering.

Not the least of the lessons taught us by the birth of Christ is not to despise the humblest or be hopeless of the most depraved of that species so honored by Deity that he came and took its form and assumed its nature with all its imperfections. However low in the scale of being persons may be, there is a spark of the divine in them still, a trace of that promethean fire breathed into man by the source of all life and all consciousness which constituted him a living soul.

The story of the advent and of its climax—that amazing act of self sacrifice—has been the solace of the weary and heavy laden in all the intervening centuries. The song of the angel choristers chanted over the lowly place of his birth, conveying heaven's message of deliverance for man, has sounded throughout the centuries, like an undertone of hope, above the discords of life and the mutterings of despair.

Philip James Bailey in "Festus" writes:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The stupendous mystery of the advent and the perfect life that followed it made it possible for mankind to attain the high state of perfection so beautifully illustrated by the poet. Precepts were not wanting before, but henceforth there was a perfect life as a model for all ages.

Doubtless all events, however impossible it may be to perceive their trend, contribute to

That faroff divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves.

The poets have sung of that day, philosophers have written of it from the earliest times and optimists think they see its near approach, but it must be confessed that the signs of its coming are not promising. Education and culture, art and science, while they may prepare the way for it, are at best only subsidiary. That day will never dawn until human society is permeated by that spirit of love and unselfishness which characterized the life of Christ.

NEIL MACDONALD.

To Prevent a Black Eye.

There is nothing to compare with a tincture or a strong infusion of capsicum annuum, mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage or gum arabic and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the bruised surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted the treatment will invariably prevent the blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic, sore or stiff neck.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

A new fibrous preparation of steel, made in the same manner as the so called "mineral wool," by passing an air blast through molten steel, is coming into use for cleaning, polishing, etc., instead of sandpaper.

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.

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.

Nature's Medicine.

Menander said that all diseases were curable by sleep—a broad statement, in which, nevertheless, there may be something that is true, for good sleepers are ever, as I think, the most curable patients, and I would always rather hear a sick person had slept than had taken regularly the prescribed medicine during sleeping hours.—Sir Benjamin Richardson.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Hot Sauce With Ice Cream.

A novelty is to serve a hot sauce with an ice. At a luncheon last week with the bisque cream was handed around a slender pitcher of very hot, rather thick and strong chocolate, not very sweet. This was poured over and around the ice cream, forming at once a crust like a caramel that was a delicious addition to the first estate of the dish.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Gilt-Edged Poultry.

"Eggs cost $17 in Alaska."
"What makes them so high?"
"Climate."
"Climate?"
"Yes; the hens have to wear seal-skin cloaks."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Here and There.

You can be truest to your friends by being truest to yourself.

A man with one leg gone is limbless—one limb less than he formerly had.

The restaurant waiter can do his work "soup-er-fish"-ally and yet thoroughly.

Our boasted freedom is incomplete while there is a tax for using the highways.

You can, as a rule, tell the clerk from the proprietor by the good clothes the clerk wears.

Though weddings are numerous, there isn't a single married man to be found anywhere.

Is the man who quotes all the weather-wise proverbs regarding the groundhog a saw-sage?

Love may be blind, but he generally manages to invite the prettiest girls to every picnic.

When a man has to "cough up" the price to a cab-driver, would you call it a hacking cough?

There are mighty few things that a prudent housewife cannot use either in making rag carpet or hash.

Speaking of the bright names in the history of France, the Maid of Orleans was a real Joan of Arc light.

"Well, what do you think of me now, my dear?"
The screw-driver tenderly said,
And the glad little screw then made answer, "Why, you
Have completely turned my head."

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 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 relieves 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 and refreshing sleep—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 life 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.

The Liquor Habit Conquered by the DYKE CURE.

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

TESTIMONIALS:

Cured Months Ago.

December 3, 1897.

Dear Friend,—I and my family are in the best of health and spirits, for part of which you can accept my thanks. I do not think we would have been in the present state of living we are enjoying now if I had never heard of Dr. McTaggart.

I have not tasted a drop of any kind of liquor since I commenced the cure and I never have any desire for it. I still keep away from where it is as much as I can, I am sure that you have me safe.

Wishing you a Merry Xmas and many of them, I remain, Your Friend.

From the Catholic Record.

London, Ont., March 20, 1897.

We can speak from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that the remedy will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this he is willing that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when, in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it.

Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and truly such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy.

THOS. COFFEY,
Publisher Catholic Record.

Toronto, July 12, 1897.

A. McTaggart, Esq., M.D.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your enquiry regarding my knowledge of the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, I have to say that it was brought under my notice about a year ago, and I specially interested myself in a number of cases that were treated by it. In some of them the results were remarkable, several parties who were confirmed inebriates becoming entirely changed and remaining till the present time sober and useful citizens. Several other parties treated at the same time I have lost sight of, but do not personally know of a single case out of half a dozen in which the treatment was not successful.

With best wishes I remain,
Yours sincerely,
F. S. SPENCE.

Victor House, 30 Victor Mission.
Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1897.

I have much pleasure in stating that I have watched with much interest the treatment given by Dr. McTaggart to Mr. Saddler, whom I have known as being very much addicted to the drink habit for a number of years, and am delighted to say that there is a marvelous improvement in the man since commencing the treatment and he is now as sober and steady as any man in the city.

ROBT. A. CUNNINGHAM,
Manager.

Copy of a Letter Received From the Mother of a Patient.

Dr. McTaggart. Nov. 3rd, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I see there is a letter being posted to you by my son, your old patient. Yes, it is nearly four months since first he saw you and took the treatment. We are truly thankful for that day. Could any one you ever came across be in a worse condition? And now? Well he is pleasant to look upon. What a change there is in his face, and in disposition! None more amiable. He does not know that I am slipping this in beside his own, but I want you to know what a happy thankful mother your ever faithful friend Mrs. ——— is.

Cured Nearly a Year Ago.

A. McTaggart, M.D. Nov. 10th, 1897.

My Dear Friend,—It is now some time since I wrote you last so I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know how I am keeping. Well, I am as steady as a rock and never have the least desire for the vile stuff and I feel I never shall. I am glad to see that the Dyke Cure is doing so much good, and I am always pleased to do what I can to get others to take it. I never felt in better health than I have since I took the Dyke Cure.

My friends all join me in kind regards to you.
I remain, Your Friend.

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1897.

Dr. A. McTaggart.

Dear Doctor,—You ask me to say what I think of the efficacy of your treatment for Intemperance.

During the last few months I have had personal knowledge of several persons who testify that they have had the craving for alcoholic stimulants completely removed thereby. From correspondence I learn of two cases, one at Brantford and one at Milton, in which the remedy was used over nine months ago and since then they claim that they have no desire for spirits.

I understand you claim that once the appetite for strong drink is removed it will not return. Such of your patients as I have seen, or have knowledge of, seem to substantiate this claim. As, in your treatment, you do not resort to hypodermic injections, as your charges for treatment are very much less than in cases where injections are used; and as I understand the medicine used is a harmless vegetable tonic having no bad after-effect, I cannot in justice to your treatment refuse to certify to the facts as they have been presented to me. I know of two cases where you have been kind enough to administer the treatment gratuitously. You are without doubt doing a good work. I hope in the near future you will be able to see your way to give the medical profession the benefit of your experience as also the modus operandi of your treatment.

Yours truly,
A. M. ROSEBURGH, M.D.
Sec'y Prisoners' Aid Association.

Some of these testimonials are not signed for good reasons, but they are in every case genuine and are in the possession of Dr. McTaggart.

The Dyke Cure is a simple vegetable preparation to be taken internally—no hypodermic injections. The Cure can be taken at home and necessitates no loss of time from business.

It is an established fact that after the remedy has been taken for four or five days all desire for alcoholic stimulants ceases, and at the end of four weeks the patient is restored to health.

The Dyke Cure has been reduced to $25.00 a treatment in order to place it within the reach of all.

A full treatment to last four weeks, with directions for use, will be sent to any address, carriage prepaid, for $25.00.

Dr. McTaggart refers by permission as to his integrity and standing to the following well known public men

Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario, Toronto.
Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Toronto, Ont.
G. W. Yarker, Banker, Toronto.
R. J. Fleming, Ex-Mayor of Toronto.
H. S. Strathy, Manager Traders' Bank, Toronto.
S. Nordheimer, German Consul, Toronto.
F. S. Spence, Sec'y Dominion Alliance, Toronto.

Address DR. McTAGGART, 44 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Gave Him Satisfaction.

"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him."
"Did you give him satisfaction?"
"Guess I did. He pounded me until he was tired."

Tarring and Feathering.

In a German journal the origin of the English and American practice of tarring and feathering is traced to the boisterous Bishop of Halberstadt, who, being at war with the elector Palatine in 1623, caused all the monks and friars of two monasteries to be turned into a large hall naked, their bodies being oiled and pitched; and in this situation they were obliged to tumble promiscuously among a vast quantity of feathers, from beds stripped for the purpose, and thus decorated were turned out for the amusement of the multitude.—Weekly Mercury.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

With Shot-Gun Seasoning.

'Twas Christmas eve. With itching hand
The good old colored brother
A turkey nice and fat, had planned
To get some way or other.
The farmer hid within his shed
And not without good reason;
He peppered the thief with salt and said
"The compliments of the season."

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

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.

Before and After.

When the coal bin gets low
Then the coal man is slow
In filling out orders, and yet it
Is well to endure
The delay for we're sure
It will seem a short weight when we get it

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Jas. McKee, Linwood, Ont.
Lachlin McNeil, Mabou, 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.

A Cynical View.

"Uncle Dick, what's a banquet?"
"Well, it is when a lot of men are pleased with another man, and they all go and get something good to eat."

FARMERS, DAIRYMEN And Their Wives

Drop us a post card, and get free our booklet on "INDURATED FIBREWARE"

It costs nothing, tells all about Indurated Fibre Pails, Milk Pans, Dishes and Butter Tubs, and will put money in your pockets.

The E. B. Eddy Co., LIMITED.
HULL, CANADA.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

In Striped Stockings.

"I saw a little girl in striped red and white stockings the other day," said the woman, "and it made me think of the time when I was a little girl myself. There was no thought of black stockings then. The small legs of all the small girls looked like sticks of variegated candy. The child who had the gayest combination of stripes was the happiest, and if the color scheme happened to be displeasing to our youthful tastes, there was such a feeling of utter woe as I know I seldom feel now that I am grown up."

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste

Held Her Own.

"I have never seen your daughter," said the visitor, "but I have heard that she is very beautiful. Of course she gets her beauty from you!"

The hostess glanced reflectively in the mirror opposite. "No, I think I am still holding on to my own."—Pick-Me-Up.

Minard's Liniment the Lumbermans' Friend.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL **"ARMEDA CEYLON TEA,"** Put up in lead packages. **Also Japans and Hysons.**

A. H. CANNING & CO., Wholesale Agents, 57 Front St. East, Toronto.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **BOECKH'S BRUSHES and BROOMS.**

For sale by all leading houses.

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, Manufacturers, TORONTO, ONT.

BOYS AND GIRLS Wishing to make from **TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS** this month write us **QUICK.**

We have a brand new 25c article that smart boys and girls from fourteen upwards can sell rapidly. It is instructive, interesting, edifying and fascinating. Send 25c for complete outfit to NICHOLS & CO., 33 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

RANSOMS' **COOK BOOK FREE**

Our book of selected receipts, by practical housekeepers, will be mailed free to anyone on receipt of stamp and address. Mention this paper.

FRANCIS U. KAHLE, 127 Bay St., Toronto.

Get Ready TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AS a useful, progressive, prosperous and successful citizen, by taking a thorough Business or Shorthand Course at THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Write for Announcement to C. A. FLEMING, Prin'l.