

LLA  
In getting a tea that suits you  
in variety has become a subject  
Land Packet 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60.  
its one question you should  
when you buy paint. It will  
to buy good paint—paint  
has been tested for years.

MSAY'S  
NTS  
in their glossy newness, and  
fresh and bright, longer  
any others, because they  
made right. They are pure  
They are the best.

MSAY & SON, Est'd 1842  
MONTREAL, Paint Makers

SH  
SYRUP  
Children  
the World  
anywhere.

OLD FASHIONED.  
eger—I see Barnabas, the cir-  
was something of a come down  
gambler—Why so?  
eger—The wedding was nothing  
one fine performance.

E. W. Brown  
nature is on every box of the genuine  
Active Bromo-Quinine Tablets  
body that cures a cold in one day

WELL RECOMMENDED.  
ness: You say you are well re-  
commended?  
Indeed, ma'am, I have  
many excellent references.  
ness: And how long have you  
been in the service?  
Two years, ma'am.

of a letter which appeared in  
the (Ceylon Observer.)  
"CORRESPONDENCE."  
Columbo, Aug. 15, 1900.  
Editor of the "Ceylon Observer."

Sir—I have carefully exam-  
ined the small sample of Tea  
"SALABA" Pure Unflavored  
Green Tea, you sent me last  
week and find it as stated.  
I have exceptional leaf frag-  
rance and a fine, flavory,  
water, somewhat resembling  
the Japanese.  
I am sure that the  
specimen of what Green Tea  
you have in the cup it would be al-  
most impossible to improve on it.  
I am glad to hear that your  
plantations will only be care-  
fully attended to, and that the  
quality of the tea will be  
assured.

Yours faithfully,  
F. F. STREET.

SMALL VOLCANOES.  
ar from Laytonville, Cal., a crop  
of volcanoes has appeared. There  
of them, each with the charac-  
teristic crater, and from each crater  
a hot and warm vapor. Each  
is about five feet high.

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effective. Ask your dealer to obtain a  
list mailed free on application.

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# CALAMITY MAKES MAN KIN.

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks on the Brotherhood of Man.

A despatch from Washington says:—  
"Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—'And it came to pass that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces.'—Genesis, xv, 17.

When the ancients wanted to take an oath they would slay an animal, and midway between the pieces opposite to each other. Then the parties would advance from opposite points, and midway between the pieces take the oath. God wished to take an oath. He ordered a heifer and some birds slain and divided, and the pieces laid opposite to each other; then between the pieces, passed first a furnace, typical of suffering, and then a lamp, emblem of deliverance.

So it is in the history of individuals, cities and nations. First, the awful furnace, then the cheerful lamp. The furnace of conviction, the lamp of pardon. The furnace of trial, the lamp of consolation. The furnace of want, the lamp of prosperity. The furnace of death, the lamp of glory.

And it came to pass that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold, a smoking furnace and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces."

It is the duty of the minister to interpret solemn providences. Shall a nation's gate, beggared, while the ship loader, carrying down hundreds of passengers; or a gunpowder plot be discovered; or a revolution break forth; or a pestilence put its leprous hand over the white lips of an empire; or a great city crumbe down at long tongues of the flame lick its sores, and the ministry be dumb?

On the eve of the great Chicago fire, children had folded their hands in evening prayer, and all over the city the "good-night," had been given, when destruction broke forth. The two courses of hurricane and conflagration, yoked together, drew on the chariot in which white Want, and cursing Despair, and shrieking Terror were mounted. Store-houses that had been the pride of the continent, surrendered their bolts and bars, and iron safes, at the first touch of this irresistible burglary. Churches of God, that had gone up with a self-denial worthy of an angel's eulogy, dropped their organs, galleries, vestments and consecrated plate into the ashes. And, worse than all, the homes took fire, and away went sacred relics, and the last pillow on which to sleep, and the last loaf of bread, and millionaire and pauper, trudge down the street, the flaming sword swung at the gate of their paradise, forbidding them ever again to enter. Hark to that explosion of blocks, that fail to stop the ravaging blocks, that fail to stop the fire, gathered on the house-top, begging for help, until the wife falls, and the children faint, and the father staggers, and all die; and to the city of those men and women who go down the street hatless, raving mad, wrenching their hands, and tearing their hair! This child cries, "Where are my father and mother? I wonder if they are burned up? And this man, seeing hold of another cries, "Wonder if this is the day of judgment?" and another exclaims "This is hell!" and an infidel, standing at the street-corner cries out, "Where is your God now?" Carry out these sick children in your arms and flee! Wrap up that corpse and get it away from this funeral pyre! Lift that sick woman, with the child just born, open her eyes in torment! Get out, this feeble invalid, and do not stop for measurers or blankets, for the stairs are crumbling away—they are gone now! Quick! leap from the window! No one is flying to the water's edge, for the army of horrors have crossed, and pulled up the bridges after them. With carts and drays, off to the piers! The night may be cold, and the prospect hopeless, but anything is better than the sting of these cinders, and the falling of these walls, and the wailing of this dying city. But how shall they get out? To the north—fire! to the south—fire! to the east—fire! to the west—fire!

Yet deliverance is coming. Telegrams from London, from Edinburgh, from Vienna, from New York, from Brooklyn—from two continents, announcing help. Trains come with the speed of an express, bearing food and blankets; and he who, when things looked dark in the Shenandoah Valley, got into lightning stirrups, has just in time ridden into the scene to spread seats for the shelterless, to scatter rations for the hungry.

It was an awful furnace! But it has passed, and now I see a light that gets brighter and brighter as it is fed by the alms and sympathies, and prayers of a world. It is the glowing lamp, the cheerful lamp, the glorious lamp of God's deliverance!

From all this you learn, without any preacher telling you, that we are all

erican church, and mission chapel, and great St. Paul's, the clear, sweet, silver song of the Millennium. The Church of God, no more a barrack for fighting Christians, shall become a great temple, on whose walls shall be hung olive-branches of peace. The flags of all nations, once carried in front of hostile armies, shall hang in graceful festoons above those who once were full of hate. The "Marseillaise Hymn," and "Bonny Doon," and "Hail Columbia," and "God save the Queen," shall mingle in one great song; but, touched into resurrection, it shall mount into a harmony of unimagined sweetness and power, that shall soar, and melt, and pour into the hallelujah that, like the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunders, comes surging up to the feet of Jesus.

I learn from the Chicago fire what a poor place the earth is to put our treasures in. Millions of dollars of property destroyed in a day and a night! How much toil of brain, and hand, and foot represented in that property! All the anxiety and sweat of twenty years gone in one day of destruction. We have been accustomed to think that if property were insured, all was well. But even insurance companies have gone down. Set not your affections on anything you can build, for it is perishable. Do not worship your fine reputation, or your wealthy store, or your large house, or your swift ship, but build up in your soul a temple of Christian character. Disasters cannot crush it, nor fire consume it, nor iconoclast deface its altars, nor time chisel down its walls. Yet politicians have worshipped their office, and merchants their business, and painters their pictures, and musicians their attainments, and architects their buildings, and historians their books; and how often have they seen their works perish! What a poor place to put one's treasure in! A painter, busy in making the fresco of a building, standing high up on the scaffolding, was entranced with his own work, and stepped back to admire it, and in his excitement forgot that he stood upon a high scaffolding, stepped back too far, and fell—his life dashed out, far beneath, on the marble. So men admire their worldly achievements, and in their enchantment step back to look, and step back too far, and fall—ruined for life and lost for eternity.

Again: Learn from the recent awful calamity the beauty of heroism and self-denial. Scene after scene of self-denying heroism. How grand it is, amid the selfishness of the world, to find such generous deeds! The Moravian missionaries were told that they could not enter the zarretto where the lepers were dying unless they stayed there. "Then," they said, "we will go and stay there." They went in to nurse the sick, and perished. You have read the life of pure-hearted Elizabeth Fry, toiling among the degraded. But the full biographies of the world's martyrs will never be written. The firemen in all our cities who have rescued people from blazing buildings; the sailors who have helped the passengers off the wreck, themselves perishing; the nurses who have waited upon the sick in yellow fever and cholera hospitals, and sunk down to death from exhaustion; the Christian men who, on the battle-field, have administered to the fallen amid rattling canister and bursting shell.

Christian heroism has ever been ready to face the fire, and swim the flood, and dare the storm, if good might be done. And in that day when men who sat in places of power shall go down to shame and contempt, these humble ones shall have their names written high on the pillars of heaven. Better than to have been commemorated in poetry or song will it be for them who hear the good cheer from Christ, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Again: Learn from disaster the importance of being prepared for the great future. Five thousand people were known to have perished; I fear there were many more. They had no time for preparation. Many of you are daily exposed to perils. You walk on scaffolding; you drive fractious animals; you fly over the country on swift wheels; you work among dangerous chemicals. The voice that comes on the wind to-night says, "Prepare to meet thy God." By the revolutions of the days and nights you are hurried on to your last hour of earth and your first hour of eternity. Sleeping and waking, your heart beats the double quick step of an immortal spirit. See you not, through the fogs and mists of earth, in the distance, the looming up of the heavenly shore, over which white-robed inhabitants walk, for ever free from toil and pain, and sin and tears? Hark to the cry that comes over the waters from the castles of the blessed, from the lips of princes, robed and garlanded, from harps that never felt the rough twang of woe, and from trumpets that peal forth the victory of many conquerors. The trees of God bend with immortal fruitage, and under them rest the toil-worn and earth-looking down toward you, ready at your coming, up to shout, amid the

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## INTERNATIONAL LESSON, OCT. 7.

"Jesus Dining With Pharisees." Luke 11:14. Golden Text. Whosoever Exalteth Himself Shall be Abashed; and He That Humbleth Himself Shall be Exalted.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 1. In the heart of his most unpopular year, while the Pharisees were perfecting their plotings for his death, Jesus accepts from one of the chief Pharisees an invitation to dine. We know of no case in which Jesus refused an invitation, and what sense this man was "one of the rulers" in his sect is not clear for the Pharisees were not organized with officers or "grades of distinction"; probably he was a member of the Sanhedrin, or he may have attained personal eminence, like Hillel, Shammai, and other rabbis, from some combination of rank, learning, talents, and integrity. To eat bread is a colloquial phrase for "to dine." The invitation has been regarded by some as a plot for our Lord's destruction; but this is not probable. On Sabbath day, elsewhere we have noted the luxury and display of Jewish Sabbath feasts; how they introduced lavish variety of food, and indulged in dancing and secular songs, which, nevertheless, they were too religious to eat anything hot; all their food must be cooked the day before. The piety that on the Sabbath would prevent a cook from preparing a meal, would hire a dancing girl to perform in the presence of the feasters, had had modern representation. The watched him. All were curious, some were hostile. Christians are constantly under notice, like their Master.

2. Behold. An unexpected occurrence. There was a certain man before him which had the dropsy. This was before the meal was begun. Evidently this man was not a guest; he had come, in Asiatic fashion, to wait the feasters, and perhaps to receive a little food or coin from the kinder-hearted. So the woman who was a sinner came into another room, where Jesus was; he saw Lazarus lay at the gate of Dives, in the Arabian tale, the hungry poor stood at the door of the Barnabede. Perhaps this man knew of the presence of Jesus, and hoped for healing. The term here used for "dropsy" is technical, which none but a physician would have been likely to use. The disease was held to be incurable.

3. Jesus answering spake. The word "answering" does not always indicate a reply to spoken words. Jesus himself began the discussion that saw was inevitable. The lawyers scribes, interpreters of the law, were lawful to heal on the Sabbath day. If they had said "Yes" they would have committed themselves on his side; if they had said "No" they would have brought forth a host of contentions from the "common people," whose reverence was like the breath of life to the Pharisees.

4. And they held their peace. A fine old idiom. Equanimity and kindness had gone, and "peace" was about to be too, but the lawyers held it, and with courteous exterior but hostile hearts prepared further to watch and to listen. He took him. "Taking hold of him;" laying his hands upon him. Healed him. "The healing was effected by actual contact." Let him go. Gently released by the Saviour, the poor man suddenly woke again to the full possession of healthful power. "And Jesus turned back to the Pharisees.

5. Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a pit and will not straight way pull him out on the Sabbath day? The ox and the ass were the common helpers of common country folk. The best manuscripts substitute "son" for "ass." Wells will not pull a son, or a sister, or a brother, out of a well, but they will pull a well-worn ox, or an ass, or even a dog, out of a well. The pulling out of such a pit an ox, or an ass, or even a dog, would involve much labor on the Sabbath day. Why should any man perform this labor? Because "mercy is above ceremonial law." Moses was taught that it would be right to let food down to an ox or an ass in a pit, but never to pull him out until the Sabbath was over. But our Lord's question indicates that whatever the rabbi chose to teach common people acted with common sense.

6. They could not answer him again to these things. They felt their own folly and inconsistency. And so the Sabbath question, was put aside for the time being and our Lord presently began to talk on another subject.

7. He put forth a parable. A proverb; a wise saying; a teaching. Those which were hidden. The invited guests. He turns away for the moment from the onlookers who lined the walls, of whom the dropsical man had been one. When he marked how they chose out the chief rooms. How they were picking out for themselves the seats of distinction. Eaten "society" was then honeycombed with

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