

THE GOSPEL INVITATION

Should Be Addressed to the Sinful
Homes of Every Community.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by Wm. Hall of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Dispatch from Chicago says Rev. Frank D. Wickham preached from the following text: John 16: "There was a division among them."

One day Lepoux, the great French inddel, came to Napoleon. He said: "Your majesty, I have evolved a new religion, which I call Theophilanthropy. I know that it is a better gospel than Christianity, but the French people will not believe or accept it. What is the matter? What shall I do?" The great French Emperor turned and smiled. Then he raised his arm and placed his hand kindly upon his friend's shoulder as he answered: "Lepoux, there is one trouble about your new religion. You have no witnesses. Go and open a few blind eyes. Unstop some deaf ears. Straighten some crooked limbs. Raise the dead. Be crucified and buried. Rise again from the grave. On the third day appear unto them who put you to death. Then the people will accept your religion and believe in you as they believe in Jesus Christ. Lepoux, it is by your witnesses that your new religion must win its way into the hearts of the people, not by your theories." Napoleon was right. The gospel of Jesus Christ is to be carried to the farthest parts of the world, by the power of gospel testimony, not by theories, not by arguments, not by a brilliant collection of metaphysical or polemical dissertations.

An illustration of this statement is furnished by the scene of my text. There was great excitement in the ecclesiastical world, of Jerusalem. The Pharisees, the members of the Sanhedrin and the priests had collectively settled, it with themselves that Jesus, Christ was a fraud, a charlatan, an absurd pretender. But one day there was brought into their presence, seeing, a man who had been born blind. In all probability they knew him, for he had been one of their temple gate-keepers. Every one who went to the temple knew him. "Who opened our eyes?" one of the learned doctors asked in surprise. "No man ever lived before, with at least the same earnestness as you, having been born blind, received sight on this side of the grave." When the young man answered, "Jesus," the priests and their hirelings were beside themselves with rage. They threatened him. They execrated him. At last they entirely lost their reasoning faculties and common sense. They practically cried aloud: "We do not believe that Jesus opened those eyes. Away with this fellow called Jesus! Away with this light! Away with his disciples! Away with those learned Pharisees who would not be put off by any such superficial conversions. Methinks I can hear a learned doctor say to some of his friends: 'I do not know about this. Perhaps this new teacher after all is the promised Messiah. Certainly no other human being could ever work such miracles.' And there was a division among them." The same kind of a division which will occur among worldly men to-day if the bombshell of consecrated Christian testimony can be hurled among them.

ARE WE READY TO GIVE TESTIMONY?

A practical application of this principle is now facing us, one and all. Are we Christian men and women ready to give our gospel testimony, whenever we are asked for it? Are we ready to tell what Jesus Christ has done for us? Ready, even though it may bring upon us sneers and ridicule? Ready, though it should involve persecutions and ostracism? Ready, as the young man of old was ready who stood up and witnessed before the priests and the Pharisees, when he made a division among them?

Would that the dumb spirit would come out of the lay members in the Christian churches! Everywhere we hear the question being asked: "What is the matter with our churches?" Oh, no; the pulpits are not losing their power. There are more consecrated ministers to-day than ever before. More brilliant and well-developed heads and hearts are well being trained in our theological seminaries, than ever before. More eloquent sermons are being preached from the sacred desk on this Sabbath than on any Sunday of any other generation that ever lived. What is the matter? The pulpits have not lost their power. The pulpit has not been abandoned. The church has not been neglected. The message of the word is being proclaimed to-day as loudly and as bravely as ever. The result is that the power has been relegated to the pulpits nearly all its public duties, of preaching as well as public praying, as it has depended on that the message of the word is being proclaimed to-day as loudly and as bravely as ever. The result is that the power has been relegated to the pulpits nearly all its public duties, of preaching as well as public praying, as it has depended on that the message of the word is being proclaimed to-day as loudly and as bravely as ever.

TELL ABOUT THE HEALERS.

Furthermore, you should not hesitate to testify for Christ in the place of business, because you would not have dumb lips in reference to the physical cure which you are giving. You have the divine cure of sin. Suppose that your divine cure of sin is being proclaimed to-day as loudly and as bravely as ever. The result is that the power has been relegated to the pulpits nearly all its public duties, of preaching as well as public praying, as it has depended on that the message of the word is being proclaimed to-day as loudly and as bravely as ever.

you do not know that there are within a radius of three blocks of your house scores and scores of families who never hear the name of Jesus spoken in their homes except in blasphemy? Do you not know that within a radius of six blocks of this church, every Sunday night while I am preaching, scores and scores of young men and women pass in and out of the fatal doors of the saloons and places of evil resort? Some of us are foolish enough to think that the haunts of Satan are open only six days of the week; that on the seventh day Satan rests and shuts up shop and says to his hirelings, "My agents and servants, let us all allow God to open His churches on the Sabbath, and we will rest." No. The churches may be opened one day of the week, but the Satan haunts are never shut. Night and day the busy fingers of death are reaching, always reaching, after more victims. Like the quicksand of the far east, this Satanic destroyer keeps swallowing down the unfortunate, and he never shows more mercy than when he has evil spirits. "Give us more human blood," to quench our unquenchable thirst!

THROW FEW SNOWBALLS.

Reasons Why the Boys Now Do So Little at It.

Snowballing has gone out of style. Why this is the case nobody is able to say, but that it is true is apparent to anybody who happens to think on the subject. It may be that because the mild winters of the last ten years and the scarcity of snow the present generation has never learned the joys of snowballing. Or it may be that the growing tendency to regard a boy who threw a snowball in the same category as the person who threw a brick or any other kind of a missile has had a tendency to throw the sport into disfavor.

It is more than probable, however, that the first reason is the true one. In former years, when winter meant a carpet of white over the earth from December to March, snowballing was one of the recognized sports of childhood. In those days flourished the snow fort, with its ramparts and outposts, and many and fierce were the battles which were fought between the defenders of the fort and the attacking party, and the ammunition always consisted of snowballs. But during the last decade the scarcity of snow has made such a thing as a snow fort an impossibility.

It was in the training to defend or attack the fort that the boys of other days became proficients in the use of the snowball. When they were not actually engaged in battle they would do target practice on silk hats, cats, dogs, or anybody who happened to pass by. But now, while at times, during the winter there is plenty of snow for the fashioning of snowballs, the present day boy is not trained in the sport. He never saw a fierce battle, like that which prevailed in the days when his father was a boy, and he has come to feel that throwing a snowball at a passerby is about as bad as throwing anything else.

Staid old people rejoice exceedingly as well as marvel that they can find a school house at recess time when the snow is thick on the ground and not be greeted by a well directed volley of snowballs. It used to be considered absolutely fatal for a man to wear a silk hat on a day when the snow was of the proper consistency to fashion into a projectile. Now a silk hat can be worn with absolute impunity any day in the winter. Snowballing was once the time honored and established prerogative of the boy. But the population has swung the other way. It is no longer considered bright or cute for a boy to hurl a wet spheroid of snow into the left ear of a staid person walking quietly down the street. And the staid person is not sad that this is so.

LOOKING BACK.

Do you remember the night I proposed to you? Yes, dear. "I sat for one hour and you never responded to my mouth." "Yes, I remember, dear." "Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life."

A HIGH TESTIMONIAL.

My mistress was satisfied with my last engagement. "Was my last mistress satisfied?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, my dear, she said she was very pleased when I left."

FOR THE HOME

Recipe for the Kitchen
Physicians and Other Men
for the Household.

HONEYCOMB GINGERBREAD.—Six ounces of butter, golden syrup, ten ounces brown sugar ten ounces, half a pound of flour, ground ginger, quarter of an ounce. Rub the butter into the flour, warm the syrup, mix altogether drop the mixture on to a buttered tin in small lumps, bake in rather a slow oven, take off the tin and hank over a thick stick when they will curl and go crisp. These are excellent.

Pigs Foot Jelly.—Perhaps some of the housekeepers will like to try this recipe for pork jelly. Prepare the pig's legs the same as stewing pickling. Cook until the meat drops from the bone. Chop fine, season well with salt, pepper and herbs (such as garlic if preferred). Remove all grease from the liquor in which the meat was boiled, and which should be strained down to about 1 qt. Add to it the chopped meat. Mix well and pour into molds, basins, or deep small pans, and away to cool. When cold, turn out on a platter and cut in slices. This is delicious for sandwiches.

Walnut Cake.—Mix carefully together six tablespoonfuls of finely sifted flour, five ounces creamed butter, one tablespoonful castor sugar, one tablespoonful of freshly ground almond meal, two tablespoonfuls of blanched and pounded walnuts, and one egg yolk of two eggs, working it all to a paste with a very little water. Pour the mixture into a "sandwich" pan or a round flour tin, and bake in a moderate oven till of a light golden brown. Meanwhile heat in a steamer a half-gallon of cream, half a gill of milk, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and about three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar; let this thicken over the fire, being careful not to let it boil, then strain off the fire, the whites of the eggs and four tablespoonfuls of chopped walnuts; cover the cake smoothly with this mixture, and place it in the oven to set.

Angel Cake.—Sift together very carefully one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into one cup of flour, and sift well six ounces of fine castor sugar; add a pinch of salt to the whites of six eggs, and whip these to a very stiff froth, working in lightly at the last the castor sugar then the flour, and, lastly, the flavoring (vanilla, lemon, etc., to taste). Do not stop beating once the mixing begins, and keep it all very light. Bake either in a paper lined or a bright, unbuttered cake tin, one with a pipe in the centre is best. Bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Be careful not to move or jar it whilst cooking; it will with a clean splinter before moving it. Leave it in the pan for a few minutes after taking it from the oven, then loosen it at the sides and let it slide out of itself. It is, in fact, a peculiarly delicate form of sponge cake. Do not use a knife to it, or it will sodden.

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

There is no bed covering that is so satisfactory as woolen blankets, and they have, to a great extent, taken the place of quilt and counterpane. They are lighter, and can be cleaned as often as necessary, and the prices asked for them place them within reach of moderate purses. We have seen blankets that became harsh and filled up after washing a few times, while others were soft and fleecy until worn out. This was not caused by any difference in the quality of the wool, but because of the way in which they were washed, for there is nothing that is ruined so quickly by careless washing as a woolen blanket.

Shake the blankets to remove the dust, and wash the greasy or badly soiled spots in gasoline before putting them in the water. Have plenty of hot water ready, and wash one blanket at a time, for the quicker they are washed and dried, the better. Shake a bar of soap through the water and set it on the stove to machine. If you have a good washing machine, preferably a boxed one with plenty of room—you will find it a great help. Fill it half full of water that is almost boiling, hot, add half a pound of powdered borax and half the melted soap. Stir vigorously until it forms a strong suds, put a blanket in, stir it about until wet through, then close the machine and let it soak five or six minutes. Work the machine vigorously, and press the blanket through it. Empty and refill the machine with water prepared just as the first was, except that you will need quite so much soap. When washed in this way, containing clear hot water, and rinsed thoroughly. If one rinsing is not enough to remove every trace of soap use a second, otherwise they will feel sticky and disagreeable. Every water used should be changed. Will make a blanket to the water in which your woolen goods are washed makes the work easy and keeps it in good condition. Never rub soap directly on a blanket, but melt it and put it in the water. When it is taken from the last water, hang upon the line where a good breeze will strike it, and pull and stretch it in shape. Allow to remain until thoroughly dry, then fold smoothly and leave under a heavy weight a day or two, when it will be ready for use.

MAKING COFFEE.

Black Coffee—Powdered coffee is preferred by many people for the reason that it is so convenient. It is made by grinding the coffee beans to a fine powder, and sifting it through a fine cloth to remove the chaff and other impurities. It is then packed in tin cans, and is ready for use.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Honeycomb Gingerbread.—Six ounces of butter, golden syrup, ten ounces brown sugar ten ounces, half a pound of flour, ground ginger, quarter of an ounce. Rub the butter into the flour, warm the syrup, mix altogether drop the mixture on to a buttered tin in small lumps, bake in rather a slow oven, take off the tin and hank over a thick stick when they will curl and go crisp. These are excellent.

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THE LESSON

Lesson for the Week
Text, Luke xi, 13.

And a certain Jew named Apollus, born in Alexandria, an eloquent man, filled with the Spirit, came to Ephesus. After Paul's eighteen months at Corinth he started for Syria, taking with him Aquila with him as his helper. He came to Ephesus, where he left them and went on to Jerusalem via Caesarea, and thence to Antioch. After four months he returned to Ephesus, strengthening the disciples, and in due time as we shall see came again to Ephesus. The one thing that he made in this verse, that he was "filled with the Spirit." This is the only place where the Holy Spirit is mentioned in the Bible. It is the only place where the Holy Spirit is mentioned in the Bible. It is the only place where the Holy Spirit is mentioned in the Bible.

ELEVEN GOOD HINTS.

When matted is soiled wash it in a strong solution of salt and warm water, and it will look like new.

Besides the thorough airing that beds and bedding should daily have, mattresses, pillows and quilts should be beaten and shaken three times a week.

The making of the bed should be the last duty in putting a room in order.

Pillows may be cleaned by putting them out upon the grass in a drying rack. After being well soaked they should be squeezed and hung in a shady place to dry.

To restore an elderdown quilt to its original fluffiness hang it out of doors in the sunshine for several hours.

Old newspapers are an excellent protection against the cold, and serve in place of blankets, if put between the quilt and counterpane.

A thin paste made of whiting and cold tea is a splendid mixture with which to clean mirrors.

Salt is excellent in removing dirt from marble-top furniture.

A copper cent rubbed on the window pane will rid it of paint or plaster specks.

Hot, sharp, vinegar will remove paint spots.

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

There is always a little water left in the sponge.

Bad luck gets the blame for a lot of poor judgment.

Don't cry over spilled milk—be glad it is not cream.

Great actions, like great men, appear only at intervals.

A pessimist is a man who is always looking for worms in chestnuts.

The touch of kindness that makes the whole world kin is seldom applied.

It is a great deal easier to be a good critic than to be even a passable performer.

Truth is stranger than fiction, with some persons should be renounced. Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.

The man who is a fugitive from justice must often run faster than would be necessary if mere justice were on his trial.

I repeat that all power is a trust, and that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist.

QUITE A MISTAKE.

While shopping a little while ago, a lady absent-mindedly walked away with another customer's umbrella.

"Excuse me," said the latter, hurrying after her, you've got my umbrella.

"Why, so I have," was the crest-fallen reply. "I am really awfully, dreadfully sorry. Accept my humblest apologies."

The apologies were accepted; but that she wished to purchase some umbrellas for herself and daughters, so a little while later she took her seat in the train laden with three of these useful articles. Opposite her sat the lady she had encountered earlier.

"I remarked," that latter sweetly, "that after all, you had had a most successful morning."

A CITY OF PADLOCKS.

Irkutsk, in Siberia, is said to be a veritable city of padlocks. There are more padlocks on the shutters and doors of an Irkutsk shop than can be found in an English city of 200,000. There are as many as three padlocks on some shop doors, and even lower-story shutter bears from one to five.

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CARS ROLLED DOWN

Grand Trunk Passenger
Have Miraculous
Escape.

The west-bound Grand Trunk train, due at Whitby Junction, Thursday morning at 7.15, is lying in an irregular tangle on a track about 300 yards east of the station and fully 30 feet below the level of the track.

There is some doubt as to the cause of the accident, some say the train was broken up by a section of the track, others a broken section of the track, the latter is more probable, and it is to the section men.

The train was composed of an engine, a baggage car, two vestibule cars of the latest model, three Pullman sleepers. In all there were about 150 passengers. The baggage car was the first to be derailed, and four persons were killed or seriously hurt. About twenty others were considerably injured. The remainder escaped unhurt.

The most peculiar thing about it all is the very light list of fatalities.

POSITION OF THE WRECK.

Just before reaching the Whitby Junction station the track takes a wide curve. It was at the west extremity of this curve that the accident occurred. The experts believe that the strain put upon cars by rounding the curve at the high rate of speed caused the derauling. The third from the engine immediately jumped the rails and slid down the embankment as the coupling field, all the cars were forced to follow suit. The engine and tender were off the track, but fortunately for the train crew, the engine coupling baggage car parted before the tender and locomotive were down the bank. The sudden derauling of the baggage cars so rapidly that it jumped about like a rubber ball, finally settling at a distance of a hundred feet from the track, and literally flying to matchwood. This could be seen in the car and the miracle, and it is no wonder that the injuries of George Lappin, a baggage car porter, were so severe. His general outline is "1" representing the track, the lower part of the "S" showing position of the "pulling" lower part of the "S" showing position of the baggage car.

One of the day coaches, No. 2, was lying on its side. No. 3, "Brampton" was right side up, but about 45 degrees. The "Dickens" was lying on its side on the side of the embankment. All the cars were scattered in every direction. In all, eight coaches were derailed in two, and the passengers, and couplers on all the cars were badly used up, but, strangely, the damage to the coaches was not so great. All the cars were wonderfully free from any damage. The passengers were all safe. There was a little damage, but not much. The train was broken up.

THE ACCIDENT.

Station Agent Bowen was telegraph office, from which view could be obtained of the east and west, and was the approaching train was derailed. The passengers were all safe. There was a little damage, but not much. The train was broken up.

LIKE DEATH IN A BOX.

Mr. John Fallon, one of the crew of the wreck, said that he was surprised when the accident occurred, and his companions at first thought that a great many of the passengers had been killed, and could scarcely believe anything to the contrary. They must have been frightened. Fallon said that he was in a box, and well I don't know.

One reason perhaps that so few of the passengers were injured was the fact that the cars remained fast together. The passengers were all safe. There was a little damage, but not much. The train was broken up.

HUMOR OF THE ACCIDENT.

Although a railway accident is grim thing to joke about, a lady