### WEEKLY SERMONS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Weekly Discourse.

Rev. George H. Hepworth Preaches in the New York Herald's Columns on "An Ennobling Faith"-Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells About "The Bare Arm of God."

With the return of Rev. George H. Hepworth to New York from his Armenian mis sion the Herald closed its series of competi-tive sermons, fifteen altogether having appeared in its columns on consecutive Sun-days. Dr. Hepworth resumes his regular Sunday sermon as the leading editorial in the Herald's columns. The first one is en-titled "An Ennobling Faith," and appears below in full.

Text: "Now faith is the substance of thingshoped for, the evidence of things not seen."-Hebrews, xi., 1.

On a bitterly cold day I was recently riding with a comrade through one of the most exquisite bits of scenery on the face of the earth. We were toiling up the last spur of a mountain so high that the clouds would have rested on its summit had there been any in the sky. But the heavens were cloudless, the sun shone in dazzling splendor on the snow covered ridges which surrounded us on all sides, and we seemed to have left our little globe behind us and to be on our way to another world.

Naturally we talked of that Great Beyond, which was apparently not far distant. Conversation under such circumstances must needs be serious. One cannot be trivial when he is looking on the grandest of God's great works. It was a time when souls were in close relations to each other; when inmost thoughts came to the lips and uttered themselves almost unconsciously,

My comrade spoke freely of a loss he had suffered. A little child had been called from the family circle, thad sped away in the night and gone where no human eyes could follow her. With a broken heart, but still in somewhat stoical language, he referred to that vacant chair. "Gone! gone!" was his despairing exclamation. I listened to the story, and at its close quietly re-marked: "Yes, gone, but not gone far! In the brighter land you will see her again." Then we lapsed into silence, a silence only broken by the sound of the horses' iron shoes on the crisp and frozen snow.

"If I could believe that," he said after a ttle, "nine-tenths of the burden would be removed. But to feel that such farewells are forever, that is very hard," and the strong man trembled with suppressed emotion, while tears made it impossible to con-

tinue the compensation.

I thought to myself that after all this world is of very little importance unless we have another world to look forward to. What makes the present life endurable is a firm and unshaken belief in another life. If love can die, then love is only prolonged agony: but the conviction that love can never die strengthens, broadens and ennobles the soul.

It would be an act of unspeakable cruelty on the part of God to teach us how to love, to place us amid circumstances in which love develops all that is chivalrous and grand, and then tell us in the supreme moment of parting to say goodby for time and eternity. The Lord's Prayer would become an impossibility, nay, more than that, a grim sort of farce, and in his innermost depths a man would not only rebel, but lose his self-respect and his respect for the laws of the universe. It is clear that it would have been so much better to make him incapable of affection than to annihilate the object of his affection, and bid him go home from the churchyard a despairing, peless creature.

Faith can do so much for a man, is so essary to his spiritual and even to his the fields and forests, for he appreciates his loss and they do not. To be born a dog and to die a dog is one thing, but to be born a man and then die like a dog is something which a just and omnipotent Creator will It is so unlike what we have learned of His methods that we are quite right in pronouncing such a state-

Your faith in Providence is the best of all your possessions. It is worth more to you than your fame, your social position or your wealth—worth more than all else combined. Give me in my relations with God that mysterious something which the child has for its mother-a feeling that He knows who and what I am, that at my call He will come to me—that every day He leads me and every night protects me—and there is very little more than I can ask or desire. I have the one best thing in the

world, and therefore am content.

The plant that has sunshine and dew will blossom before the frost comes, and with God, the sun of my soul, to shine on me, I shall not only blossom into noble thoughts, but bear the fruit of good deeds. A man becomes a miracle worker from the moment when he is conscious of God's presence and love. Life may be hard, but at the same time it is glorious. Even sickness and death are the only miry spots which lead to the eternal upland. There is a repose in the soul, a vigor, an enthusiasm and a power of endurance which nothing else in this wide world can give.

Tell me how to doubt-that is, how to cut loose from my trust in Providence-and you tell me how to be miserable. On the other hand, confirm my belief in God, in the ministration of His angels, in the pos-sibility of a continuous, and unbroken communication with heaven, and you make my life more beautiful than words can express. As long as I dread the future, my present is leaden; if I am sure of the future, and know that my dear ones will greet me there with undiminished love, my tears are like the rain cloud on which the

sun shines and makes a rainbow.

Take from me what you will, but leave me my faith, for it is my only real possession. All else will pass like a dream—a pleasant dream, but still a dream. To-day I am rich, to-morrow I may be poor. I am well to-day, to-morrow I may be ill. But faith remains with me, is closer to my heart than the closest friendship, and gives me good cheer when I walk in darkness. It is all I have, all I can keep throughout eternity, the one thing of which death cannot rob me, the prophecy of a better home on high when this earthly home is broken up. It is God who has given that gift, and sun shines and makes a rainbow. on high when this earthly nome is broken up. It is God who has given that gift, and it must be jealously guarded. In their last analysis faith is heaven and doubt is heil.

George H. Herworm.

"THE BARE ARM OF COD." Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells What It Will Accomplish.

TEXT: "The Lord hath made bare His boly arm."-Isaiah iii., 10.

"It almost takes our breath away to read of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that one must ness of metaphor in my text that one must raily his courage to preach from it. Isalah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed, and cries out: 'The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.' What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, 'the 'are arm of God!' The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves

"Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than He has ever flung; more light than He has ever distributed; more blue than that with which he has overarched the sky; more green than that with which He has emeralded the grass; more crimson than that with which He has burnished the sunsets.

I say it with reverence—from all that I can see, God has never half tried. "My text makes it plain that the rectifieation of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered forearm of the Almighty. The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool, or Glasgow, or New York, a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appoint-ments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until, with flags flying and thousands of people cheering on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that vessel breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts amidship. Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessels off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye!

"Our world, which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of Paradisaical bowers has been sixty centuries pounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out and off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that, though in the drydock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsieeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text, and its comparison with other texts, that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits, as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

"But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits, a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world of God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, to distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meeting, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessinism, the Gospel of Smash-up, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out to-day is that our ammunition is not exhausted: that all which has been acomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's Park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the Rider on the White Horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, physical well being, that if you take it away he is in a worse plight than the animals of all-conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best; when the last reserve force of Omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of Eternal Might leaps from its scabbard!
"Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high.

Eleven hundred cannon on the bills. Ar-tillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the after-noon of September 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French Emperor and the 85,000 of his army cap-tured by the hills. At the close of that battle of Sedan the Emperor sat brokenhearted in a poor woman's cottage, and when she said in sympathy, 'What can I do for you?' he replied, 'Nothing, except pull down those blinds so that they cannot stare at me!' Sedan decided by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin 'our eyes are unto the hills.' Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights, and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of sin, with all his followers, will surren-der, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'Our eyes are unto the hills.' It is so certain to be accom-plished that Isalah, in my text, looks down through the field-glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand, and look at it as all done. See! Those cities without a tear? Look! Those continents without a pang! Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts—Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert—are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring. Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevoient. everything pestiferous and malevoient, scarleted with battle-fields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land, or let us call it Beulah, or Millennial Gardens, or Paradise Regained, or Heaven! Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallein-jah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of Christ!"

SUFFERING IN ALASKA.

The Klondike Adventurers Are Meeting With Fearful Experiences.

All reports from Alaska indicate that the prospectors who have gone up early are having a fearful experience with cold and snow and ice. Avalanches have destroyed many of the outsits at Lake Bennett, and several well-equipped parties have been unable to get over the Chikoot Pass because of the blizzards which have raged for days. Freight is blockaded, and many adventurous prospectors who tried to get over the mountains were badly frozen. rolled up.

"Isalah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and be foresees it all accomplished and accomplished by the Almighty: not as we ordinarily think of Him. but by the Almighty with the sleeve of His robe rolled back to His shoulder.

Over the mountains were badly frozen. The worst reports come from the Copper River country, for which several expeditions have sailed. One party from Los Angeles prospected the river for sixty miles, and found nothing for their labors. The snow was fifteen feet deep, and not even skin clothes could protect them from the bifter wind that swept over the glaciezs. Nine of the party were badly frozen. An Electric Road Wagon.

Cassier's Magazine calls attention to an electric trolley wagon invented by W. G. Caffrey, of Reno, Nev., which it represents is suggestive of interesting possibilities. 'The system involves using a double trolley arrangement and the two wires are run about eighteen inches apart and seventeen feet from the ground. The trolley device proper consists of a metal frame with two overrunning trolley wheels, having locking wheels underneath, which prevent the top wheels from leaving the wire and still do not obstruct the free passage of the frame over the supports on the poles. On the lower wire a similar device is used and both sets of trolley wheels are connected by an insulated pantograph arrangement which effectively provides for unequel tension of the trolley wires. Connection between the trolleys and the wagon is made by cables, which run on an automatic reel on the wagon. This permits the cables to run only a few hundred feet, if necessary, or winds them up to a short length, and the wagon thus has considerable freedom in direction of travel, enabling it to readily turn out of the way of obstacles and to follow twists and turns of the road without difficulty even though the pole line may take a somewhat different and possibly more convenient course. A two-horse-power motor on the wagon is geared to the rear axle for propelling effect. For traction on common roads-for the transportation of farm ed from railway facilities, which is becoming a matter of growing importance-Mr. Caffrey's proposition as a possible competitor of the light railway it is worth studying.

#### Rejudeer for the Klondike.

Moss, as we understand it, is rather an uncommon vegetable. It would be difficult, for instance, to find enough moss by an English roadside to feed one reindeer per diem, not to speak of hundreds. But once beyond a certain line on the artic fringe moss is the one common form of vegetable life. Lichen is the more appropriate name, for it is a thick, whitish growth, springing up naturally, and often burned by the Lapps over large tracts, just as Scotch shepherds burn the heather to produce a thicker crop for the deer., It is the natural vegetable covering of the earth where earth, not rock, is on the surface. And the Kiondike climate is particularly favorable to this moss which lies over the whole soil, an invisible vegetable lining, between the earth and the covering snow. It is so thick that even in summer, when the snow melts, this nonconducting layer of moss prevents the ground from thawing.

Before the snow melts, as on the coming journey of the deer, they will cting palmated antler, or "snow scra per," with a few sidelong sweeps of which it can brush away the snow, the herds have no trouble in reaching their food. A good reindeer will travel a hundred miles a day over frozen snow. When drawing burdens it will take a weight of 300 pounds, though the Lapps limit it to 240 pounds.-The

Naval Messages by Carrier Pigeons. Carrier-pigeons will be used by the United States Navy for serious busi- ematics. ness for the first time in history during the maneuvres of the North At lantic fleet in the Guir of Mexico this month. For several years Lieutenant Charles H. Harlow, who was a commissioner to Chili for the World's Fair, has been engaged in hatching and training cotes of pigeons at various points along the Atlantic coast where there are naval stations, from Portsmouth, N. H., to Key West, and during the summer months has made many successful experiments in seviing messages to and from these stations and also from ships at sea. The longest distance thus far covered by a carrier-pigeon is 350 miles. The messages were sent from the flagship New York at sea while off the coast. to the Navy Yards at New York and Norfolk, but these were merely tests, When the fleet left Key West for the Gulf of Mexico the other day, a cote of pigeons from that station was taken on the flagship, and it is the intention of Admiral Sicard, for whom Lieutenant Harlow is now acting as an aide-de-camp, to send daily reports to the station at Key West by pigeons. to be telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. Pigeons have been successfully used for some years by the European navies, and are becoming important adjuncts of marine warfare.-The Washington Correspondent of the Chicago Record.

Plowing With Snow on the Ground.

A number of persons who were out driving west of Reading on Sunday. witnessed an unusual sight on the farm of Albert Eyrich. Three men, with as many plows, were tilling a large field. Some of the oldest restdents of that section say that they never before saw or heard of plowing while the snow was on the ground and in midwinter. Corn will be planted in this field next May. Some farmers claim that plowing while snow is on the ground makes it more productive. -Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Where Horszflesh is Popular.

The consumption of horseflesh as human food has slightly decreased during the year in Paris, being 4,472 tons. This was derived from 20,878 horses, 53 mules and 232 donkeys.

A paper bicycle is being ridden in London, the principle of manufacturing being similar to that of making paper

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little boy Ralph, then seven years old, was and quite a strong and rugged boy. You line, 100 Doses One Dollar

if he would never be any better. After a desire, as we feel we cannot say too much while he began to improve and in a few in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood weeks was able to go out, although weak purifier and building up medicine." Mrs.

and miserable. Then, gradually All Strength in His Limbs gave out. The physicians told us it was paralysis, which sometimes follows an attack of diphtheria. We did everything for him, but he grew worse until he was in a pitiful condition. He suffered terribly at night and complained continually of

his head, and in what little sleep he was able to get, mouned unceasingly. He lost all control of the muscles of his body and limbs. He had no appetite and complained of feeling sick at his stomach all the time. After we had tried many different remedies and had about given up all hope we commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time he ceased to com-

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are free to any farmer.

Glass gives more warmth to botbeds than any other covering, but where bis shirt sleeves. prompts interesting speculation, and plants are desired to be grown that are somewhat hardy, such as lettuce or early cabbage, a light frame covering made of oiled muslin answers well and is cheap. It can be prepared by stretching the muslin and painting it on both sides with boiled linseed oil. It is claimed that cheap frames, covered in this manner, can be successfully ised for forcing strawberry plants. If a warm hotbed is required, fresh horse manure should be placed at the bottom of the frame and covered with rich soil that has been sifted.

Greatest Drinkers of Alcohol. A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. His calculation is based on the percentage of alcoholic liquors consumed. According to this standard, each person in France drinks thirteen quarts of alcohol in many more quarts of wines, beers, etc., in the course of a year.

One Woman's Way. Mrs. Skinner-Oh, but I wish I was a

Mr. Skinner-"Why so, my dear? Mrs. Skinner-I was just thinking tobe traveling over one vast carpet of day if I was only a man, how happy I snow-covered food; and as each rein- could make my wife by giving her a deer, male or female, has a third pro- diamond necklace for a birthday pres-

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