### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Moonlight Ride."

Text: "Then I wert up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned."—Nehemiah ii., 15.

and so returned."—Nøhemiah ii., 15.

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by magnight. The Collseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:" of the Last Minstre !!

Wouldst thall view fair Melrose aright, Go visit it by the pale moonlight. Would this the pale meonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do no know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clicking hoof of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the month of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Netsmiah on horseback rides through the sorrows by the toward of the furnaces by the King's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority!" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonthet side of Nehemiah resulted in the glory. quence? "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nohemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The
people knew not how the thing was to be
done, but with great enthusiasm they cried
out: "Let us rise up now and build the city."
Some people laughed and said it could not be
done. Some people were infuriate and offered physical violence, saying the physical violence, saying the should not be done. But the

thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand sword in the other until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder, but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehe-Seize the bridle of that horse and st miah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole less exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cupbearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the King, the King said to him: "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the King how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been descrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?"
"Weli," said the cup bearer Nehemiah, "Weli," said the cup-bearer Nebemian, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the Temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want to context on the many who keeps your sides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the King. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked illumination that there is nothing that makes you so trate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was to rains as ours was years and like Nehemiah captured. house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the pealm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight, mosnlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the ch

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this movinght rider out on some mischief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin.

stratum of unreponted sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an puregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastiliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their aligion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Pan's way, Christ's way. God's way. A dentist way. Carets way.

God's way. A dentist once said to me:

"Does that hurt?" Said I: "Of course it
hurts. It is in your business as it is in my
profession. We have to hurt before we can
help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells
me that some one is a member of the
church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply Stant to know whether he was converted in the old fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the naw-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old fashioned way he will stand. If he was converted in the new fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man cores to me to talk shout religion. The not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is: "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he say: "Well I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reigns on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner." and before he has stabled his borse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions and my sins are ever before Thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says: ple so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says: "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek who has never repented, and says: "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says: "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says: "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me: "Why Satan sometimes says to me: "Why do you preach that truth! Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right! Why don't you preach a humaniright? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about redemption?" I say: "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls the right way than twenty thousand the wrong way. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach by any other gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of the trowels.

Again. My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it

to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say: "He was a cup-bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these deso-lated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had neve been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his King, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most terocious opposition. He arouses the piety through the ruins. He overcomes the most rerocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that its original property of the piets of the piets of the piets of the piets.

opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say: "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say: "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say: "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungson writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her baby on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "live me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock for many years. Those destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years! I knew it in this way. arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into for many years! I knew it in this way.

That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great corrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the pray. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowlest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Babbath afternoons others ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You way that that man hear falled. He has not

might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks," My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life! Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said: "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saylour is pleased when He sees so much white clover growing around these little graves, I had "hen the minister pressed the old sexton said: "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns." Oh, if you have sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

I was pure as the snow, but I fell-Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like a snowlake, from heaven to hell— Fell, to be trampled as fith in the street— Fell to be scoffed at, spit ou and best; Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying: "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land! Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick! Nehemiah was homesick. Are you brokenhearted! Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilezed grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the King's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up. at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope; the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

## SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 24.

Lesson Text: "Blind Bartimæus," Mark x., 46-52 - Golden Text: Mark x., 48-Commentary.

46. "And they came to Jericho." Jesus is drawing near to Jerusalem, there to accomplish that decease or exodus of which Moses and Elijah talked on the mount of transfiguration and of which He Himself had so often spoken (John ii., 19-21: Matt. xii., 39, 40; Mark viii., 31; ix., 31; x., 33, 34, 45); the death prefigured in all the sacrifices since the Lord God first clothed Adam and Eve with the coats of skins (Gen. iii., 21); the atonement which provides the only salvation for sinwhich provides the only salvation for sin-ners, sufficient for the sins of the whole world, efficient for all who receive it.

world, efficient for all who receive it.

"As He went out of Jericho," Luke says that He healed a blind man as He came nigh to Jericho, and that He then entered and passed through (Luke xviii., 35; xix, 1); Matthew says that as they departed from Jericho there were two blind men sitting by the wayside, and that He healed them both (Matt. x, 2),30; these accounts read in the the wayside, and that He bealed them both (Matt. xx., 2)-34); these accounts read in the simplest way seem to indicate that there were three blind men healed at this time, one as He entered Jericho and two as He left it, Bartimeus being one of the two. There is no need to attempt to reconcile these accounts so as to try and make out that Jesus healed at this time only one or two blind men; there is nothing here to reconcile accounts our hearts to the Saviour, and that except our hearts to the Saviour, and that we become as little children, believing what

He says.
"Blind Bartimæus, the son of Timæus."
"Blind Bartimæus, the other, Bar signi The one name explains the other, Bar signifying a sen as in Matt. xvi., 17; Acts iv., 36. We are not often told the names of those who were healed, and just why we should be told the name of this blind man is somewhat of a mystery. What an honor to have his name recorded in this Book of Books and handed down to all generations as one whom Jesus healed; but think of the greater honor of having our names written in heaven. (Lo. x., 20.)

"Sat by the highway side begging." Only a poor blind beggar, picture of utter help-lessness, having nothing and unable to do anything but piteously ask alms of those who were passing by: what a picture of the sinner, wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked (Rev. iii. 17), but if sinners were only as sensible of their blindness and poverty as Bartimarus, how good it would be for them.

ness and poverty as Bartimacus, how good it would be for them.

47. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." He had ofter heard of Him, for His fame had spread over all the land, and as he listened to the reports of His wondrous works, making the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the blind to see, the lame to walk, the sick to be whole, and even the dead to live again, he became convinced that this was none other than the one of whom the prophets had spoken and foretold that He would do these very things (Isa. xxxv., 5, 6), longing, no doubt, in his heart that some day Jesus might pass that way so that he might cry unto Him and be healed, for he had heard that it was written in the Scriptures. "He shall deliver the needy when he crioth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

(Ps. lxxii., 12.)

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." (Ps. lxxii., 12.)

"He began to cry out, and say: Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." Would it be strange if, as he heard the crowd approaching, he inwardly feit that the day of his deliverances had come, and nervously asked. Who is it? What is coming? Then as they told him that it was Jesus, with what earnestness he must have cried out. Here was the opportunity he had longed for, the Mighty One of Israel was at hand, and he must cry unto Him: to do otherwise would indicate either indifference or unbelief. Here is poverty and helplessness crying unto the source of all riches and blessing and the only plea is the manifest and realized need. That is the way to come and such pleading always brings the answer.

45. "Many charged him that he should hold his peace." As well tell a men who is drowning, or in the third or fourth story of a burning building with no apparent means of escape, to hold his peace; as well tell this man that he is not blind, and poor, and needy, or that Jesus can't stop to attend to beggars. He knows better, he has long realized his sad condition and he believes that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of David is a deliverer for just such as he, and therefore they cannot shut him up, but their efforts to do so only make him cry the more a great deal that the Son of David would have mercy on him.

49. "Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called." Blessed Jesus, hearer of the cry of the needy, Thou does not respect the

What a word that was for the poor blind man; how his heart must have leaped within him. This word "Be of good cheer," the Saviour used to the paralytic, the woman with the issue, the disciples in the storm, and also to the eleven on the last night before He was crucified (Matt.ix., 2, 22, xiv., 27; John xvi., 33). And to day He is saying the same words to every afflicted, tempest-tossed, troubled soul who comes to Him.

50. "He, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus." The Revised Version ays that he "sprang up;" he lost no time, and that he might not be hindered, he casts aside his outer garment and quickly came to Jesus. He did not say to any one, please arrange my cloak, fix my turban, make me presentable, tell me how to come before Him, but simply knowing his need, and that

but simply knowing his need, and that Jesus could heal him and was now calling him, he comes to Jesus just as he is. Oh, for such a sense of our need as he had of his, then would we hear no more of "no clothes fit to wear," "the weather is too stormy, or too hot or too cold," but sinuars and saints would fill the places of public worship with the cry: "We would see Jesus," "Tell us about Jesus."

about Jesus."

51. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee! They are now face to face, the helper and the helpless, the Almighty and the undone, and these are the words of Jesus to the beseeching and expectant heart of the poor blind beggar. It is written that Ahasuerus said to the Queen, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther! and what is thy request! it shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom" (Esth. v., 3); also that Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked (II Chron. ix., 12); but a greater than either of these Kings is here, even the same who said to Solomon that night at Gibeon: "Ask what I shall give thee." (II Chron. i., 7). The same who says to us: "Il ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done to the thee." (II Chron. i., 7). The same who says to us: "Il ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done

ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." (John xv., 7).

"The billed man said unto Him, Lord, that I might receive my sight." He did not say I am slow of speech, I cannot speak before this multifule. I cannot find words to tell my need, but simply, definitely and in a few words he tells his need. The most helpful prayer meetings I ever attended were those where the prayers consisted of but two or three sentences right from the heart, telling out the real felt need of the soul, and from twenty to fifty such prayers in quick succession.

52. "Jesus said unto him, Go thy way thy faith had made thee whole." The same word that went forth at creation goes forth. word that went forth at creation goes forth, as He speaks, on behalf of this poor man, and is ever going forth as freely and readily on behalf of all who look up confidingly to Him, for "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself street, it the half of the street." strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him" (II Chron. xvi., 9). perfect toward Him" (II Chron. xvi., 9).
"Immediately he received his sight." It could not be otherwise, for all sickness, blindness and death flees before Him who is the Life and the Light. The entrance of His word giveth light—Only believe, receive His word. "And followed Jesus in the way." Another trophy of Grace, another victory over the prince of darkness, another carnest of the deliverance of the whole creation from its bondage and grouning. creation from its bondage and groaning, creation from its bondage and groaning, when He shall come in power and glory. Let the reader say as in His sight: Has He opened my eyes, whereas I once was blind do I now see! And if so, what do I see! Have I eyes and heart only and all for Hirn who opened my eyes, and do I seven days in the week follow Jesus in the way! Let us aim to be people wholly devoted to Jesus, clean and empty vessels entirely at His disposal.—Lesson Helper.

HOWARD CHAFFIN, of New Holland, Ohio, whose domestic relations are not the pleasantest, attempted to frighten his wife by sending her the following note: "When you get this you will be a widow. You will find my body in the stable." Mrs. Chaffin received this startling news with considerable nonchalance, and, it is alleged, got out her husband's best clothes and began to brush them for the funeral. She sent her daughter to the stable, who returned, saying he was not dead, but looked "awful bad." Hastening to the stable, Mrs. Chaffin found her husband suspended from the rafter. In her efforts to release him she discovered that he had passed the cord under his arm, and that there was not the slightest prospect of death ensuing from strangulation. Securing a good, stout stick, she belabored him until he cried for mercy and begged to be released from his awful position.

PRESIDENT HARRISON traveled all the way to Washington in a palace car, sumptuously adorned and provided with all the appliances and comforts of bed and board to be found in the most luxuriant home. At every stage of his journey he had the advantage of telephone and telegraph, and the trip occupied only a few hours. His grandfather had to make one stage of his journey by river boats and the remainder in a lumbering stage coach. The telegraph and telephone were unknown. It took several days in one section of the country to learn what was going on in the other. Not a mile of railroad had been laid at that time, unless it were some little local affair in New England. Fourteen long days he was upon the journey which his grandson made in almost as many hours. Even the news of his illness did not reach the wife, who was left behind to arrange some matters at the old homestead, until he was dead.

Max O'Rell has written to a friend in New York concerning "Jonathan and His Continent:" "Of course my book is full of absurdities. How could it be otherwise? I should pity from the bottom of my heart the American who would take the book seriously and who would not or could not see under a little coating of criticism my love and admiration for America and her dear people."

MRS. JOHN CROSBY BROWN, of New York, has presented her collection of musical instruments to the New York Metropolitan Museum. The collection contains 266 specimens, and is estimated as worth \$35,000. It contains all sorts of instruments known both in ancient and modern times.

In Stockholm they have not yet finished honoring Jenny Lind. A new street has just been called after her, and a sculptor has recently finished s Purify Your Blood

the blood should be purified, as at this season impurities which have been accumulating for months or even years, are liable to manifest themselves and to the boular medicine. If you wish to prove the beginning of this popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the popular medicine is the provent of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the provent of the popular medicine. If you wish to prove the bound of the provent of the popular medicine is the provent of t undoubtedly the best blood purifier. It expelsevery taint, drives out ecrofulous humore, and gives to the blood the quality and tone essential to good the average does for proons of different ages is less that blood the quality and tone essential to good the average does for proons of different ages is less than a taspoonful. This is certainly conclusive evidence of the possibility strength and economy of the possibility strength and economy of the possibility of t

year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilia. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day

since." G. W. SLOAN, Milion, Mas. "I think Hood's Sarsapa-illa is just the medicine for women, or anyone who has bad blood." JENNIE E. SMITH, East Broad Top, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

# **CHOICE TEXAS LANDS**

Rare Chance for Settlers.

HOUSTON & TEXAS CENT'L RY.CO.

Renowned Agricult'l Lands Located along the line of the Fort Worth & Denver City R. R., beginning with Wilbarger County, comprising

200,000 ACRES

In farms of 160 acres and upward. These lands were located by the Company among the earliest, with sepecial care as to soil, timber and water. They are adapted to the growth of cotion, corn, cats, wheat, baries, ryo, vegetables, orchards and gardens and the various demestic grasses.

Bituated in the elevated and healthy region known as the Southern Panhandle of Texas, they possess a gential climate, favorable to man and beast, where outdoor work can be carried on the year round, and are in marked contrast with regions of early and late frosts or of destructive "blizzards."

Population is fast pouring in, and local government is already established, with schools, churches, &c.

Trans of Sales One-Sith cash, balance in four equal yearly payments, with interest on deferred payments.

For further information as to these and lands in adjacent counties, apply to

J. 'S. NAPIER, Vernon, Texas,

### C. C. GIBBS, Land Ag't, Houston, Tex. KID GLOVES FREE! 10,000 PAIRS GIVEN AWAY I



Every lady has heard of, even though she may never two worn the famous "Foster" Rid Glove. The Foster" is one of the best brands of kid gloves man-actured, and the grade we offer retails everywhere at on \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pair, and in some places at even the prices. A good black kid glove is always stylish, at is a necessity to every lesty, young or old, and even to who answers this advertisement may secure a past

one who answers this advertisement may secure a pair.

"The Ladies' Bazar" is a mammoth eight page paper, with a national reputation as one of the best family papers published. Every number is full of good things to interest and amuse the home circle. Our premium cofers lead all in value; we want 160,009 subscribers, and take this way to get them. This advertisement will appear but once, and those who want to secure a pair of these glovely without cost, must set quickly. State site of gloves wanted. To every person who will answer this advertisement, and send 25 cents, postal note or tamps, to help pay postage, etc., we will send "The Ladies' Bazar," one year free. This astounding offer is made to place our paper in 10,000 homes, and unless you act at once, this chance will be cone forever. Address

, THE LADIES' BAZAR, Lynn, Mass.



81.00. Sold by Druggists

PEERLESS BYES Are the BEST.





RADWAY'S

READY.

RELIEF

The most certain and safe Pain REMEDY in the world that instantly stops the most exeruciating pains. It is truly the great CONQUEROR OF PAIN, and has done more good than any known remedy.

known remedy.

For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE,
PAIN in the CHEST or SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act
like magic, causing the PAIN to INSTANTLY STOP.
For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS,
SORE THROAT, ERONCHITIS, COLDin the CHEST, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS
in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated
applications are necessary to effect a
cure.

All INTERNAL PAINS (in the Bowels or Stemach), CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR. STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, DIARRHŒA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS, are relieved instantly and QUICKLW CURED by taking internally as directed. Sold by Drugglats. Price, 59c.

Great Liver & Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KID-NEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEAS-ES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDI-GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or DELETER-

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

# DYSPEPSIA,

BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price 25c. per bax, or, on receipt of price, will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Bollar. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. W.

IF YOU WISH A SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER Springfield, Mass. Mention this paper.

DOUGLAS SHOE CENTLEMEN. L. DOUCLAS