REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Other Days Lived Over."

TEXT: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deuteronomy viii., 2.

Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which I welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought

so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or a fool, perhaps both. But to open this morning's subject I have to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or in town. A few days May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or in town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I said: "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty years." There was the sitting room where a large There was the sitting room where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the place where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was only these or four where the orchard was, only three or four where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples too. There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses bareback, and with a rope halter. We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection, the also was a side barely and the resurrection. the resurrection, the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Balerma," and "Antioch." Oh, they were a glorious race of men and women who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now as to their healing in sleet with and are now as to their bodies in silent neigh-borhood on earth, but as to their sodls in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. If feel that my journey and visit last week did me good and it would do you all good, if not in person then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time n looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward, and the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrim-

the old picture may shine out agair.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing

Among the greatest adventages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip, their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street. New York, was far up town and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to for there was more meaning in plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granice mansion or a tur-reted cathedral. Looking back this morning you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for under the old tree. You chabbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the Tarrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lany oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take itno one egg, and slence your conscience by saying they won't miss it., You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Oftimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the re was the breath of new mown hay or the

biossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden wall, and the forgetme-nots playing hide-analysask mid the long tinel along the garden wall, and the forgetme-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long
grass. The father, who used to come in sunburnt from the fleids and sit down on the
doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow,
may cave gone to his everlasting rest.
The mother, who used to sit at the
door a little bent over, cap and spectachs
on, her face meliowing with the vicastindes
of many years, may have put down her gray
head on the pillow in the valley, but forgot
that home you never will. Have you thanked
God for it? Have you rehearsed all these
blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a
Christian father; thank God for a Christian
mother; thank God for an early Christian
altar at which you were taught to kneel;
thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you
set up your own be closed. The days passed
along in quiet blesserums. You twain sat at

the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insigni-cant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to in-carnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them—a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out

light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestof God. There was a tremor in your earnest-ness. There was a double interest about that hess. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few mouths your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin God have mercy on the goother. on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh,

I stir that reminiscence to-day.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bed-room, and that word was "Eternity." You said: "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash

you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say: "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morning; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. tears, and sermons, and transfiguration.
Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must see a record any many for the start again for t

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I in going over the advantages of your life. I
just put them all in one great sheaf, and I
wrap them up in your memory with one loud
harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise
the Lord, ye blood bought immortals of earth!
Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!
But some of you have not always had a
smooth life. Some of you are now

trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stacco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out agair. pilgrim-I mean in the shadow. Others had their troubles was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright clear car you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said: "Halt?" and quick as the sunshine you halted: you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child." The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have taken that little one in your arms and would have done it? Oh if you could have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it? Oh if you could have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have leaped the grave, how gladly you would have leap with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you would have kent that one treasure!

could only have kept that one treasure!
But one day there arose from the heavens
a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering dark-ness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup ness. But Go Mercy spoke. sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamblight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hart, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunchine than home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were houself to the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long and was about to put it to your lips, God said: "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put His left arm under your head, and with a His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your brothen heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you been a better man ever since. You have been

sight."

Ah, it wan your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the cosing gate of the sepulcher you heard the cianging of the opening gate of heaven, and you let an irrestable drawing heavenward. You have been ourer of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: Goodnight, papa; good-night mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your latest orrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your wn sickness. The child's tread on the stair. But I must come on cown to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your own tickness. The child's tread on the stair, or the tick of the watch ou the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness, the exhaustion? Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were might, were your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked that God to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Ferhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your incrative profession or occupation, on ornate appared, on a commodicus residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed, where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm or a senseless panic, you have been fluing headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver energold are molten in the fires of a burning.

world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has indeed become silent forever, and now shietimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say "I wil go and tell mother," the thought flastes on you: "I have no mother;" or the father, with voice less tender, but as stanch and earnest and loving as ever, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory emballed in createful hearts is which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts, is

taken away forever.
Or, there was your companion in life, Or, there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the chill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave. People looked down and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your exwhich went all your hopes and all your ex

pectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm branch it will be all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wives away the tear.

ipes away the tear.
I was sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson com-mingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the prov-

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are over-flowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the water save gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that is the ways of the greatest processity but the the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over swhich the freshets of ribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your coul is interval land.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminis-cence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dycence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was: "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cassar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cassar was, addressing his attendants: "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered him in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have found to

sort of a State to live in.

IF the people of Dakota can hold out against blizzard, fire, flood, drought and the railroad corporations, the day may come when the average farmer can pull through the year without help from his relatives in the East.

MISS NELLIE GOULD, the "wizard's" eldest and favorite daughter, has the neat sum of \$6,000,000 to her account. She is very charitable and is interested in several homes for sick babies and

A Russian musical prodigy makes Joseph Hoffman and Otto Hegner seem grown up. Paul Kocsalski is 4 years of age, and is said to have "masterly execution" on a piano made to fit his fingers.

THE Vernon (Ala.) Courier offers a prize of \$1 for the best snake story. These efforts are not to cover over one side of a sheet of writing paper, and are not to be chestnuts. Truth is not essential.

A REMARKABLE divorce case will be heard in Crawford County, Georgia. An old gentleman, aged 89 years, who has been married fifty years, wants to be divorced from his wife, who is 77

THE most expensive ready-made corset sold in the fashionable stores is valued at \$35. It is made by hand in Paris and is lined with heavy silk, with the steels covered with down.

"I AM tickled to death!" exclaimed John Grant, a Utica man, as he heard the climax of a story. Then, consistently with the allegation, he fell over and died.

An authentic picture of Phillips Brooks has never appeared in a public print. No photograph of the great divine is obtainable for publication, and raing ; will never be if Dr. Brooks has his way.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 12.

Lesson Text: "The Anointing at Bethany," Mark iv., 1-9-Golden Text: Mark xiv., 8-Commentary.

1. "After two days was the feast of the Passover and of unleavened bread." The more full statement of Mathew is: "And it came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said unto His disciples, ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified." He was born that He might die as our passover, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; He died that He might rise again triumphant over death and the grave, an immortal man, to reign over the house of Jacob forever; He ascended that He might return when He shall have received the kingdom, and every step of all the way the kingdom, and every step of all the way was clear to Him from the beginning. His sinless life in a mortal body was nearly over, and after two days He would prove Himself siniess life in a mortal body was nearly over, and after two days He would prove Himself the true Passover Lamb; He saw it all and was unmoved, resting in the Father's love, doing the Father's will, supported by the joy set before Him. The Passover Lamb had to be chosen on the tenth day of the month and kept till the fourteenth day, that is four days; Jesus was set apart before the foundation of the world, and now four days (4000 years) had passed, and He was about to be slain. (Ex. xii., 3, 6; I Pet. i., 19, 20.) Looking in upon a family keeping the first Passover in Egypt, we see perfect safety under the shed and sprinkled blood; holiness typified by the absence of all leaven; fellowship in the eating of the lamb whose blood gave them safety, and also life; for while the blood gives safety, the lamb eaten gives life, as it is written: "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me" (John vi., 57).

2. "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar of the people." This very fear on their part helped to bring about the sacrifice of Christ at the appointed time. The servers of Saterra extra effectives and the sacrifice of Christ at the appointed time.

of Christ at the appointed time. The servants of Satan are often filled with fear, even the fear of man; the servants of God are taught to fear neither men nor the devil, nor sufferings, nor death, but knowing that their lives are hid with Christ in God they are to see "Jesus only," and say: "In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man

can do unto me."

3. "And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the keper." In John xii., 1-8, we find that this supper and anointing at Bethany took place six days before the Passover and before His public entry into Jerusalem. Perhaps Mark introduces the incident here to show us the contrast between the treatment. He receives from the rulers of the people, and from the inmates of this humble home at Bethany. The great question that concerns each of us more than all other questions is:

"As He sat at meat." John tells us that they made Him a supper, that Martha served, and that Lazarus (risen from the dead) was one of them that sat at the table with Him. Here is love and life and resurrection in Him, and on their part loving service and whole hearted devotion.

There came a woman having an alabaster here came a woman having an alabaster box of cintment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on His head." John says that she also ancinted His feet, and wiped them with her hair; and that the house was filled with the odor of the cint-

"And there were some that had indigna-4. "And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the cintment made." That Judas, who, though treasurer of the disciples, was a thief and possessed with the devil, should say this was not strange, for to talk should say this was not strange, for to talk as deany wasted was surely a devilish saying, but that any of the other disciples (Matt. xxvi., 3) should talk so was strange indeed.

5. "It might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and had been given to the poor. And they muirmured against her." In the parable of Matt. xx., a penny was a day's wages, so that at that estimate this cintment was equal in value to nearly a cintment was equal in value to nearly a year's wages of a laboring man. If the mem year's wages of a mooring man. It has mem-bers of any church were to be asked to give unto the Lord Jesus for some special work even a week's wages, how some of them would look and shrug their shoulders; and what a murmuring there would be against the mover of such a resolution, the instigator of such an unwarranted waste of precious

5. "Jesus said, let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on Me." How precious is the Master's approval, how restful His blessed words! What does it matter who, or how many, find fault. If we are only well pleasing unto Him? Let no criticism or thoughtless remark from fellow Christians hinder you in your devotion to Christ. O fellow laborer, but being sure that your motive is right and that love to Him prompts you to seek in all things His glory, go steadfastly forward and do all that is in thine heart unto Him.

7. "For ye have the poor with you all

is in thine heart unto Him.

7. "For ye have the poor with you always, and whenspover ye will ye may do them good; but Me ye have not always." The disciples did not understand His going away from them, but thought He would continue with them in person and at that time restore the kingdom to Israel; though He had so often spoken so plainly of His death and resurrection they had never received it, while Mary spoken so plainly of His death and resurrection they had never received it, while Mary on the contrary, who sat at His feet and heard His word (Luke x., 39), seems to have understood that His enemies would put Him to death, and that she would, therefore, with all His friends, be deprived of the privilege of ministering to Him at His death or burial. As to the poor being always with them, it was written in their law: "The poor shall never cease out of the land" (Deut. xv., 11), and in Prov. xix., 17: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," but such an opportunity as this had never come to mortal man before and never would again, and Mary is the only one to see it. Blessed

and Mary is the only one to see it. Blessed woman!

8. "She hath done what she could." So many say, "How I would like to do thus and so if I only had the power." "How much good I would do if I had Mr. B.'s money, or Mrs. B.'s opportunities," and while thus thinking and talking about what they would do, others like Mary are doing just what they can, remembering that "if there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that a man hath, and not according to that ne hath not." (II Cor. 8, 9.) We are not expected to use other people's talents or opportunities, but simply to do what our own hands find to do as unto Him. How much better it would be if the money spent for people after they are dead to decorate their bodies, or caskets, or graves were spent to do them some good while they lived; or if the kind words said about them after death were said to them to encourage them while living.

9. "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." And so it has come to pass, as He said, that in all the wide world Mary and her anointing of Christ is spoken of; and how many have been encouraged by her act and her Saviour's approval to do for Him and unto Him just what they could, will never be known until that day. Grateful hearts are everywhere saying: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do!" "How can I show my gratitude for Thy great love to me in redeeming my soul from death, my life from destruction and in making me a

"How can I show my gratitude for Thy great love to me in redeeming my soul from death, my life from destruction and in making me a child of God, a joint heir with Thyself?" And to all such the Spirit whispers just what He would like to have them do, assuring them that the most seemingly trivial acts done unto Him will receive His approval (Mark ix., 41). But while this is true and many loving, grateful hearts are doing what they can, how many there are who seem to think that they have done the Lord quite a favor by joining some church and by being found in that church once or twice on Sunday, and by giving a marvelously small portion of a week's or even a day's earning unto Him, with scarcely a thought of true gratitude for His great love. Are you doing what you can from love to Him?—Lesson Helper.

Medical Monopoly Not Wanted.

(Boston Daily Globe, Feb. 7th, 18)

"In the Legislature of Massachusetts a bill is now pending whose object is to prohibit, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, the practice of "medicine, surgery or midwifery" by any other than the "regular" physicians. The attempt to pass such a bill has been made before, but it failed. It is a measure which ought not to pass, because it invades the personal liberty of the "irregular" physician only, but of the patient.

of the patient.

"Only yesterday Dr. Holt, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, an organization of 'regular' physicians, complained of the ignorance of his professional brethren as shown in the notorious Robinson programs.

poisoning cases the regular physician certified the cause of death to be pheumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease and Bright's disease respectively.
"This shows how far the 'regular' physi-

cians are from being infallible.
"It would seem to be more in accordance with justice and common sense were they to perfect their own knowledge before they appeal to law to prohibit others from healing.
"Not long ago a Globe reporter called upon

ten 'regular' physicians on the same day, and described his symptoms in exactly the same language to each. The ten physicians informed him that he was suffering from ten different diseases and gave him ten different prescriptions, each utterly inconsistent with The implied claim that there is any cer-

tainty in 'regular' medicine, as at present practiced, is absurd. All medical practice, outside of the simplest complaints, is more or less guess-work and experiment, whether regular or irregular.
"When Garfield was shot five of the most

famous regular physicians in the country spent three months probing for the bullet in the region of his left hip, and after his death the region of his left hip, and after his death it was found under his right shoulder-blade." We have but a word to add, which is that the above is the doctrine Messra H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, have fought for and promulgated for the past ten years. We know of scores of cases, and so does the reader, where doctors have treated the wrong disease. They say advanced Kidney Disease cannot be cured, yet thousands of cases have been cured with thousands of cases have been cured with Warner's Safe Cure; yet so bigoted are the medical profession that the majority of them will not use it, although they know they could thereby save many valuable lives, because, forsooth, it is against their fossilized code. Out upon such bigotry. Every method to prolong life should be utilized, and the regular medical profession should be the first to welcome it instead of encompassing themselves in self-conceit and bigotry. doctoring symptoms instead of disease, and sending their patients to the cemetery, poisoned with drugs, but on the death cer-tificate that they died from typhoid fever,

A Romance of Wall Street.

meningitis, pneumonia, or some other equally

Here's a little romance of the street: Some years ago a well-known firm engaged an office boy of unusual brightness and gentleness. For some years he promoted to a clerkship. His salary was large enough to enable him to take a flyer now and then in the bucket-shop. One afternoon one of the boys was told to go with a message to a famous bull office. The boy not looking exactly well, the clerk volunteered to deliver the message. In the bull office he saw for the first time one of the prettiest little typewriters in Virginia for cigar box makers." existence, and lost his heart to her. His tongue didn't tell her so, but his eyes had Petrarch's sonnets in them. She read the sonnets, liked them so well that she got mand. he owned abou \$300,000 he married his made from this wood. little mine, and now he is worth about one million dollars, sends in his orders from the finest house in New Jersey, comes over about once a week just to take a look round, and he is the same quiet, gentlemanly, serene trader that he was when Petrarch's incomparable sonnets glowed in his eyes, until they were photographed upon the tablets of the soul of the little typewriter.—Once a Week,

Destruction of the Lake of Geneva.

The Lake of Geneva is being filled up every day with the loam or earthy deposit carried into it by the Rhone. It will take at least 45,000 years to fill up the entire basin of the lake with this fluval deposit. That is a long time, truly: vial deposit. That is a long time, truly; but the Lake of Geneva, or Leman, is big-the biggest in Western Europe. Its area is 223 square miles; its average depth is 492 feet; its greatest depth is 1099 feet, and it contains 85,193,000,000 tons of water.

The Italian army has a total effective in all arms of the service of something more than 1,000,000.

The World's Zoological Gardens, There are in the United States six zoo-

logical gardens-Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. The National Government has nothing to do with any of these institutions, which are maintained either by the cities or by local enterprise. There is scarcely a nation in Europe that has not its "200" and some of them have several. In Great Britain, beside the famous institution in London, there are parks of this character in Bristol, Manchester and Dublin. France has two gardens in Paris, each devoted in part to zoological colsional brethren as shown in the hotorious Robinson poisoning cases.

"This crime,' said the doctor, 'one of the greatest in our medical history, would never have been discovered but for the suspicions aroused outside the profession.' And he called attention to the fact that in five of the poisoning cases the regular physician certified.

Hague and Rotterdam. The German cities provided with such institutions are Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfort, Dresden, Dusseldorf, Hanover, Munster, Cologne, Breslau and Leipsic. Italy has a garden at Turin, Austria one at Vienna, Hungary one at Pesth, Russia one in St. Petersburg and one in Moscow, Portugal one in Lisbon, Spain one in Madrid, Denmark one in Copenhagen, and Switzerland one in Basle. India boasts of three, at Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. Java has such a garden in Batavia; The Straits' settlements have one in Singapore; Australians have zoological gardens in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane, and Chili maintains one at St. Jago .-Washington Star.

Oklahoma Journalism.

Extracts from the first number of the Kingfisher (Oklahoma) Boomer:

"Rafe Thimblerigger paid us a pleasant visit yesterday and told us that he had just won a fine quarter-section at a shooting match with a tenderfoot. He paid the funeral expenses himself. Rafe is a gentleman."

"We learn that the seven new towns started west of this place overlap each other very seriously. One man from Illinois lives in three of the towns at once and is running for Mayor of all of them."

"Coroner Goosefelter is so far behind in his work that he requests us to inform his patrons that he is doing the best he His friends will oblige him by not can. making efforts to increase his business at this time.' "Jim Triggers called on us yesterday

and traded us a nickel-plated derringer for a year's subscription to the Boomer. He got the derringer from a man who died suddenly after calling Jim a horsethief. Come again, Jim.'

"The new cemetery south of town is meeting with general favor."

"If any reader of the Boomer sees anyworked on, delivering stock, making thing that he doesn't like in this paper comparisons, etc., until, finally, he was we will gladly take it back in our next,

"Spanish Cedar" in West Virginia. Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: A tall;

nan walking down Chestnut street, laughingly responded to the inquiry of a friend as to what he was doing:

"Sawing Spanish cedar boards in Wes

To the remark that no Spanish cedar grew in West Virginia he replied: "And not enough anywhere else for the de-We saw up poplar logs into the them by heart, and they became engaged. thin boards, and the cigarmakers dye Well, every time that bull firm bought a them brown with cedar extract that gives thousand shares of stock, that young man the boxes proper color and odor." The bought a hundred or two, and every logs are sawn with ribbon saws that time that firm stood from under, that re- make little sawdust to waste. Nearly all markable young man got out, too. When bones used by American cigarmakers are

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family cine, the great root and herb remely, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Bocky

PHILADELPHIA banking institutions have calls for money all over the United States

A Rudical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

Catarrh Cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that leathsome disease. Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved nim from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren St., N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge. Work for workers? Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Issac Thompesen's Eye-water. Druggists sell at E5c.per bottle.

That Tired Feeling

laden with impurities which have been accumulationerities warm weather comes on, create an riches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an the money. appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the pervous system, and imparts new strength and recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling."—C. Parseller, 249 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is groven to be so vastly superior to any other sarss steam power of to-day is in advance of the slow and improved. I say to others who need a go

Ely's Cream Balmi

Price 50 Cents.

and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel impurities which drive an ay the languor and exhaustion. The blood, secumulate in the blood during the winter, keep up ing for months, moves sluggishly through the tile and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarveins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body saparilla and you will be convinced of its peculiar is still slower to respond. Rood's Sarsaparilla is merits. It is the ideal spring medicine, reliable, just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes and en- beneficial, pleasant to take, and gives full value for

Makes the Weak Strong

"My appetite was poor, I could not sleep, had headparills, or blood purifier, that one has well said:
"Its health-giving effects upon the blood and entire human organism are as much more positive than time did me so much good that if feel like a new the remedies of a quarter of a century ago as the man. My pains and aches are relieved, my appetite laborious drudgery of years ago."

"For years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been sick."

"I describe the street of the stre

be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

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