REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The March of Christ Through the Centuries.'

TEXT: "On His head were many rowns,"--Revelations xix., 12.

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated and all the powers of your soul aroused while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "Give us, theu, a good start in rooms of vermillion and on floors of mosaic and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such start-ing place. At the time our Chieftain was born there were castles on the beach of Galilee and palaces at Jerusalem and imperial bathrooms at Jericho and obelisks to Cairio and the Pantheon at Rome, with its Grinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns, and the Partheon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples, and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world, but none of them was to be the starting place of the Chieftain I cele-tor. May your ears be alert and your thoughts

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmos-A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmos-phere in which are the moan of camels, and the basing of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostelries. He takes His first journey before He could walk. Armed desperadoes, with hands of blood, were ready to snatch Him down into butch-ory. Bay William H. Thompson, the yete-Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary, whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth year, has described, in his volumne en-"The Land and the Book," Bethlehem titled. saw it.

as he saw it. Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the village now rests. The fact that King David had been born there, had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthulage of our Chickton did not keep the place of our Chieftian did not keep the place in after years from special dis-honor, for Hadrian built there the Grove of Adonis, and for one hundred and eighty years the religion observed there was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon Him because at the time of His birth the astrologers had seen stellar commotions—a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary. Star divination was a science. As late as the Eighteenth century it had its votaries. At the Court of Catherine de Medici it was honored.

Kepler, one of the wisest philosophers that the world ever saw, declared it was a true science. As late as the reign of Charles II, Lilly, an astrologer, was called before the House of Commons in England to give his opinion as to future events. opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war, of Jupiter, meant power, of the Pleiades, meant storms at sea. And, as history moves in circles, I do not know but that after a while it may be found that, as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds be-sides those two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this world.

tions in this world. I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As He came from another world and after thirty-three years was aga'n to exchange worlds, it does ot seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of His coming. And instead of being unbelieving about the one star that stooped I wonder that all the worlds in the heavens did not that Christ-mas night make some special demonstra-tion. Why should they leave to one world or meteor the bearing of the average of the or meteor the bearing of the news of the humanization of Christ? Where was Mars that night that it did not indicate the nighty wars that were to come between righteousness and iniquity? Where was Jupiter that night that it did not celebrate Pleiades that night that they did not an-nounce the storms of persecution that would assail our Chieftian? Where was the In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before Him or beside Him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in His Him. We follow Him while not yet in His teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a build-ing six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splen-dor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flow-ers and leaves, and along by walks of beveled masonry and near a mar-ble screen, until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around Him, and then the boy bewilders and con-founds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenar and with questions they can not answer, and under His qu ck whys and whyfors and hows and whens they puil their white beards with embarrassment and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and, their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and, putting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers. Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of tempta-tion, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of absti-nence, He huris all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can huri into beloiesness all our temptations. belpiesaness all our temptations. And now we climb right after Him up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hatin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him, and He preaches a sermon that yet will transform the mead a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water what has supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water. Christ our leader is on the top of the toss-ing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see Him putting His feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf solid as though it were frozen snow. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but He cheers them into placidity, showing Himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And He walks the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Mediteranean and Adriatic now, and if ex-hanated and affirighted voyagers will listen for His voice at half past three ofclock in the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear His voice of compasion and encouragement. The product of the second state of the second

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars Judas sells Him to his pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed! If for ten thousand dollars, or for five hundred dollars, or for one hun-dred dollars your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here, while following Him on a spring night between eleven and twelve o'clock, we saw the flash of torches and lanterns, and we hear the cry of a mob of nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietnde of Gethsemane with clubs--like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog. It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs" led on by Judas to arrest Christ and punish Him for being the loveliest and best being that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss Him," says Judas," "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of ar-rest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affec-tion, for Paul writes to the Romans and Now we follow our Chieftain until for

as the most sacred demonstration of affec-tion, for Paul writes to the Romans, and tion, for Paul writes to the Romans, and the Corinthians, and the Thessalonians concerning the 'holy kiss," and Peter celebrates the kiss of charity, and with that conjunction of lips Laban met Jacob, and Joseph met his brethren, and Aaron met Moses, and Samuel met Saul, and Jona-than met David, and Orpah parted from Naomi, and Paul separated from his friends at Ephesus, and the father in the parable greeted the returning prodigal, and when the millennium shall come we are told righteousness and pace will kins and when the millennium shall come we are told righteousness and peace will kiss each other, and all the world is invited to the superior of the state of the sta kiss Christ as inspiration cries out, "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish from the way"-that the most sacred demon-stration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the fifthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treach-ery and debasement and hypocrisy of all

ages As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerus-alem, through the Garden of Gethsemane and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminscence istorical reminiscence.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a moveable platform placed upon a tasselated pavement, Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemne-i criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the peo-ple choose whether it shall be an as-savsin or our Chieftian, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and trie i In further following our great Chieftain's of water in front of these people and trie i to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and I see them looming up through all the ages, eight fingers and two thumbs standing out red with the carnage. Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the

hill which General Gordon, the great Eng-lish explorer and arbiter, made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for He has not only two heavy timbers to for He has not only two heavy timbers to carry on His back, the upright and horizon-tal pieces of the cross, but He is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods and years of maitreatment. It took our party in 1889 only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that limestone rock in yonder wall, which I rolied down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftan must

But I think our Chieftan must have taken a long time for the ascent, for He had all earth and all heaven and all hell on His back as He climbed from base to summit and there endured what William Cowper and John Milton and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and James Montgomery and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse, and Angelo and Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci and all the great Italian and German and Spanish and French artists have attempted to paint, and Bossuet and Masilion and George Whitefield and Thomas Chaimers have attempted to preach. Something of its overwhelming awful-ness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it; the sun which unflinchingly not endure it; the sun which unfinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which without blinking looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisbon and Caraccas, and has looked up-blanched on the battlefields of Arbela, Blen-heim, Megiddo and Esdraelon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever scalded and drenched the earth with human gore-that sun could not look upon the scenes. The and drenched the earth with human gore-that sum could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the mid-night, "I resign to thee this spectacle upon which I have no strength to gaze; thou art blind, O midnight and for that reason I com-mit to thee this tragedy?" Then the night-hawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal bowled in the rayings owled in the ravines. Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry His limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, howers and trees of the geraniums, the mandrakes down five or six steps to an alsie mandrakes, down five or six steps to an alsie of granite, where Hs sleeps. But only a little while He sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and rup-tured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain grouse from His brief slumber and wrestle down the rufflan Death, who would keep Him im-prisoned in that cavern, and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the lost sepuicher shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished came-terles. teries. Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises, the disciples clutching for His robes too late to reach them, and across the great guils of space with one bound He gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied His companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as He entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne He mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had Him back again from tears, from wounds, from His, from a world that never appreciated Him to a world in which He was the chief delight. In all the librato of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubitant to celebrate the joy saintly, scraphic, arch-angelic, defic. terles But still we follow our Chieftain in His march through the centuries, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of where He walks by the churches, and hos pitals, and reformatory institutions, and nouses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear His tread in the sick room and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea arc hearing His vokes. The continents are feel ing His power. Americae will be His! Africa will be His! Australia will be His! Africa will be His! Australia will be His! Africa will be His! Australia will be His! Africa will be his that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very re-cently has the world been found. The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now But still we follow our Chieftain in His

pitals. Tell it at twelve o'clock at night; tell it at two o'clock in the morning; tell it at half-past three, and in the last watch of the night, that Jesus walks the tempest. Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave Him ne protection in-sists that He pay tax, and, too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, He orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a Roman state, which is a bright coin (and you know that fish naturally bite at anything bright), but it was a miracite that Peter should have caught it at the first haul. the world has been created has the world been known, measured off and geogra-phized, the lost, hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work of evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unim-magined. The steamships are ready; the lightning entries trains are ready; the printghtning express trains are ready: the ing presses are ready; the telegraph and telephone are ready, millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! March-

ing on! One by one governments will fall into line One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore His name. More honored and worshiped is He in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession "follow-ing the Lamb whither soever He goeth." Marching on! Marching on!

This dear old world whose back as been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. This planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have whold its last that; the last criminal will have whold its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime and our world that has been a straggler among worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebeliious globe, a star, a wayward planet, a rebeliious globe, a miscreant satellite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem and agonized prayer in Getheemane and dying groan on Golgotha, and this voice cries, "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on!

Marching on! Then this world's joy will be so great that other worlds besides heaven may be glad to rejoice with us. By the aid of powerful telescopes, year by year becoming more powerful, mountains in other stars have powerful, mountains in other stars have been discovered and chasms and volcances and canals, and the style of atmosphere, and this will go on, and mightier and mightier telescopes will be invented until I should not wonder we will be able to exchange sig-nais with other planets. And as I have no oubt other worlds are inhab-ited, for Go1 would not have built such marnificent world houses to have the m such magnificent world houses to have then stand without tenants or occupants, in the final joy of earth's redemption all astronomy worlds and they in turn signaling their stel-lar neighbors. Ob, what a day in heaven lar neighbors. Oh, what a day in heaven that will be when this march of Christ is finished! I know that on the cross Christ said: "It is finished," but He meant His sacrificial work was finished.

All earth and all heaven knows that evanlization is not finished, but there will come a day in heaven most rapturous. It may be after our world, which is thought to have about fifteen hundred million people shall have on its decks twice its present pop about such have on its decist twice its present pop-ulation, namely three thousand unillion sculs and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finited will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eter-nal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial enbassage returning from some other world, and Christ may strike His scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance, "All My ransomed ones are gath-ered; the work is done; I have finished My

march through the centuries." When in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the Nineteenth century, in some respects the most treemend-dous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadiusd, the street choked with the wounded the fields for miles around stream with a dowd soldiers. with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic the allied con-querors and kings who had gained the vic-tory—the king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia the crown prince of Swaten fol-

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 4.

Lesson Text: "Christ Raising Lazarus," John xi., 21-24-Golden Text. John xi., 25-Commentary.

11. "Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not deal." Some of the facts of the previous part of the chapter are that Jesus loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus (verse 5); that Lazarus, in the absence of Jesus, sick and dying, yethastened not to him (verse 6); and that this sickness and temporal death were for the glory of God, that the Son of C. "But I know, that even now, whatsof were thou will ask of God, God will give it thes." Blessed assurance! Blessed believer these." Hiessed assurance! Blessed believer these." Hiessed assurance! Blessed believer these is every one whose heart can say it. "Know Him whom I have believer." "A "Jesus sayeth unto her. Thy brother has already rises," for resurrection states to death, as some prother has already from the grave (chapter these times teach to day. He taught the resurrection of the body from the grave (chapter)." "A "Martha alith unto Him I know that

ter v., 28, 29). 24. "Martha saith unto Him, I know that

24. "Martha saith unto Him, 1 know that he shail rise again in the resurrection at the last day." In the sixth chapter Jesus said four times concerning those who be-lieve in Him and thus have eternal life, "I will raise him up at the last day." Martha believed His word and said, I know that he that is a spin. She was no doubter she but she believed and said "I know that he but she believed and said "I know." Oh, for many such!

for many such! 25. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resur-rection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Life is not something apart from Jesus Himself which He gives unto us, but it is Himself. "God hath given to us eternal life, and this We like Him Such hath eth hath the Son hath life is in His Son; he that hath the Son hath life is in His Son; he that hath the Son hath life (I John v., 11, 12). 26. "And whosever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

26. "And whoseever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?" There is a second death, the lake of fire, re-merved for all whose names are not in the Book of Life (Rev. xx, 14, 15). No true be-liever shall ever come to this. As to the separation of soul and body for a time, generally called death, Jesus taught His followers not to fear it at all (Matt. x, 28: John xy, 29. John xvi., 2).

27. "She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." So testified Peter on two different occasions (Math. xvi., 16; John vi., 69). And so also testified the ennuch before he was baptized by Philip (Acte viii 37)

by Philip (Acts vill., 37). 28. "And when she had so said, she went her way and called Mary, her sister, secretly, saying, The Master is come and calleth for ther." Verse 20 area that when Monthle saying, the Anater is come and calleth for thee." Verse 20 says that when Martha went out to meet Him, Mary sat still in the house. Observe Martha's beautiful message to her sister, "The Master is come and call-eth for thee." Let each one lay it to heart and ask, "Have I heard and obeyed the call, or is He calling yet and am I grieving Him still?"

29. "As soon as she heard she arose quick-ly and came unto Him." Blessed obediencel She shall find rest according to His promise (Math. xi., 28-30).

30. "Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met Him." For some reason He was abid-ing a little season without the town. He ing a little season without the town. He knew that many friends were at the house trying to comfort the sisters (verse 19), and wishing to see them alone this was the only way. Learn that if you receive comfort from Jesus you must come apart from earthly comforters, whose comfort is vain. 32. "Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him, Lord, if Thou hads been here my brother had not died." She had been at His feet before (Luke x., 30), but never as now. This was a new ex-perioncy she had not passed this way here.

periences she had not passed this way here-

An Oddity in Painting.

The provincial cities of F rance are just now being entertained by a remarkable artist, one who displays wonderful skill in her own peculiar style of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her, she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is deftly pictured with violet sand, a leaf with green sand and relief and shadows with sand of the colors to suit. When this has been admired by those artistically inclined, it is brushed away and is soon replaced by a bouquet of roses or some other object, all done with great dexterity and delicacy. Even the finest lines are drawn with streams of sand, al' as distinct as though made with an artist's brush.

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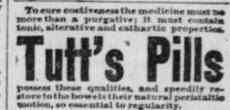
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crown prince of Sweden-fo lowed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarch saluted each other and cheered for the continental vic-tory they had together gained. History has

made the scene memoraole. Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other and recount the straggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to Him who is the chief of the conquerors, crying: "Thine, oh, Christ, is the kingdom. Take the crown of yietory, the crown of dominion, the crown of grace, the crown of glory." "On His head were many-crowns."

How a Volcano was Born in San Salvador.

It arose suddenly from the plain in the spring of 1770, in the midst of what had been for nearly a hundred years a profitable plantation. The owner returning from an absence found the volcano where he had left flourishing crops. In December, 1769, the peons were alarmed by territic rumblings under the ground, constant trembling of the earth and frequent earthquakes, which did not extend over the country as usual, but seemed to be confined to that particular locality. They left the place in terror, and returning a week or two afterward, found that the buildings had all been shaken down, trees uprooted, and large craters opened in the fields which had been level earth before. From these craters smoke and steam issuel, and occasionally flames were seen to come out of the ground. Some brave herdsmen remained near by to watch developments, and on the 23d of February, 1770, they beheld a spectacle which no other man has been permitted to witness. About 10 o'clock in the morning the grand upheaval took place, and it seemed to them as they fled in terror that the whole universe was being turned upside down. First there was a series of explosions, which lifted the crust of the earth several hurdred feet, and out of the cracks issued flames and immense volumes of smoke. An hour or two later there was another and a grander convulsion, which shook and startled the country for a hundred miles around. Rocks weighing thousands of tons were hurled into the sir and fell several leagues distant. The surface of the earth was elevated about 2000 feet, and its internal recesses were purged of masses of lava and blistered stone, which fell in a heap around the hole from which they issued. These discharges continued for several days at irregular intervals, accompanied by loud explosions and earthquakes, which did much damage throughout the republic. The disturb-ance was perceptible in Nicaragua and Honduras. In this manner was a volcano born. In less than two months from a level field arose a mountain more than 4000 feet high, and constant discharges from the crater have accumulated around the opening until its elevation has in-creased 2000 feet more. Still the monster grows and its anger makes the peotofors (Josh. iii., 4). Her cry is the same as Martha's in verse 21. 32. "When Jesus there ore saw her weep-

ing, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit and was troubled." This weeping on the part of Mary and the Jews was a wailing, a bitter cry. The groaning of Christ was not such as that referred to in Rom. viii, 22, 23, or in U Cor 2, 2, 4, which similifies a single a as that referred to in Rom. viii. 22, 23, or in II Cor. v., 2, 4, which signifies a sighing or longing for, but it was a groan of indigna-tion. (See R. V., margin.) He saw the work of an enemy upon those very dear to Him, and He was righteously indignant. 34. "And said, Where have ye laid Himf They said unto Him, Lord, come and see." He knew as well as they, but He would have as tall Him what we have done with our sec-

us tell Him what we have done with our sor-rows and point them out to Him. 35. "Jesus wept." The shortest verse in the Bible, but who can fathom it. The Son

the Bible, but who can fathom it. The Son of God in tears. God manifest in the flesh weeping. Three times it is recorded that Jesus shed tears. The other two occasions were when He wept over Jerusalem (Luke xix., 41), and in the garden of Gethsemane (Heb. v., 7). This word for weeping is everywhere else used in reference to shed-ding tears, and is different from the word in parame 1, 52 which similar to word in verses 31, 33, which signifies to wail. See here the real humanity of Jesus, and see Him as one who feels for you in all your BOTTOWS.

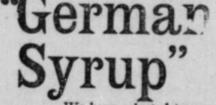
sorrows. 36. "Then said the Jews, Behold, how He loved him !" Love must manifest itself if it is real, and we will not need to speak of it. Love that consists of words only is not love. "Let us not love in woal, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (I John iii., 18).

S7. "And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Yes, this was even so; their reasoning was right. If He could open blind eyes Hes could also make sick people well. But He could do more than that; He could make died people lies and He. well. But He could do more than tons, could make dead people live, and He had allowed Lazarus to die and be turied that might be manifest in him. allowed Lazarus to die and be ouried that His greater power might be manifest in him. 38. "Jesus therefore, again greaning in Bimself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave and a stone lay upon it." This indigna-tion (see verse 33) about to be manifest in the taking of one body from the hands of the enemy, will be fully manifest in due time. Let us rejoice in the victory that is sure to come.

41. "Then they took away the stone from 41. "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid." And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank These that Thou hadst heard Me." In reference to those who are spiritually 'ead there may be some hindrance between them and Jesus which we can roll away. If so we must see it. Observe how Jesus hides Him-self in the Father: His words are the Father's words, and the Father doeth the works tenapter xit., 49; xiv., 10. 42. "And I knew that Thou hearest Me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sont Me." He knew that the Father always heard Him, for He always sought the Father's glory and delighted to do the Father's will.

Father always heard Him, for He always ought the Father's glory and delighted to do the Father's will. 45, "And when He had thus spoken, He rried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." We may roll away the stones, take away, as far as we can, all the nindrances, and bring the scal that is dead in sin face to face with out, but we cannot give life; only His word can do that. 4. "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and is face was bound about with a mapkin." One moment a corrupting body, the next a living body full of health, restored to bis sarth y bome and to his sorrowing sisters now ade glad. Their sorrow and sighing have flet away, and they are full of joy. But he is still bound and hindered by grave differm Christ, but are hindered by differm di

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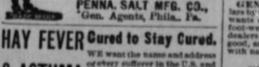
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