TEXT: "The weeds were wrapped about my ead."-Jonah ii., 5.

"The Botany of the Bible; or, God Among the Flowers," is a fascinating subject. I hold in my hand a book which I brought from Palestine, bound in olive wood, and within that the pressed flowers which have not only retained their color, but their aroma. Flowers from Bethlehem, flowers from Jerusalem, flowers from Gethsemane, flowers from Mount of Olives, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from Bethany, flowers from Siloam, flowers from the valley of Jenschaphat, red anemones and wild mignonette, buttercups, daisies, cyclamens, camomile, bluebells, ferns, mosses, grasses and a wealth of flora that keep me fascinated by the hour, and every time I open it it is a new revelation. It is the New Testament of the fields. But my text leads us into another realm of the botanical kingdom.

Having spoken to you in a course of service signaled her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for fifty years been questioned what became of her. But this I know about Cookman—that whether it was iceberg or conflagration midsea or collision he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than if, expiring on land, each of his million friends had put a bouquet on his casket. In the midst of the garden was his sepulcher.

But that brings me to notice the misnomer in this Jonahitie expression of the text. The

Having spoken to you in a course of ser-nons about "God Everywhere"—on "The Astronomy of the Bible; or, God Among the Stars;" "The Ornithology of the Bible; or, God Among the Birds;" "The Ichthyology God Among the Birds;" "The Ichthyology of the Bible; or, God Among the Fishes;" "The Mineralogy of the Bible; or, God Among the Amethysts;" "The Conchology of the Bible; or, God Among the Shells;" "The Chronology of the Bible; or, God Among the Centuries"—I speak now to you about "The Botany of the Bible; or, God in the Gardens of the Sea." Although I purposely take this morning for consideration the least observed and least appreciated of all the botanical products of the world, we shall find the conproducts of the world, we shall find the con-

make ministers there ought to be professors to give lessons in natural history. Physical science ought to be to de with revelation. It is the same God who inspires the page of the natural world as the page of the Science as What a free page of the Science as Wh the Scriptural world. What a freshening up it would be to our sermons to press into them even a fragment of Mediterranean sea-weed! We should have fewer sermons awfully dry if we imitated our blessed Lord, and in our discourse, like Him, we would let a lily bloom, or a crow fly, or a hen brood her chickens, or a crystal of salt flash

out the preservative qualities of religion.

The trouble is that in many of our theological seminaries men who are so dry themselves they never could get people to come and hear them preach are now trying to teach young men how to preach, and the student is put between two great presses of dogmatic theology and squeezed until there
is no life left in him. Give the poor victim
at least one lesson on the botany of the Bible.

That was an awful plunge that the recreant

prophet Jonah made when, dropped over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, he sank many fathoms down into a tempestuous sea. Both before and after the monster of the deep swallowed him, he was entangled in seaweed.
The jungles of the deep threw their cordage
of vegetation around him. Some of this seaweed was anchored to the bottom of the watery abysm, and some of it was afloat and swallowed by the great sea monster, so that, while the prophet was at the bottom of the deep after he was horribly imprisoned he could exclaim and did exclaim in the words of my text, "The weeds were wrapped about

Joanah was the first to record that there are growths upon the bottom of the sea as well as upon land. The first picture I ever owned was a handful of seaweeds pressed on a page, and I called them "the shorn locks of Neptune." These products of the deep, whather brown or green or velley or not produce the state of the deep. whether brown or green or yellow or pur-ple or red or intershot of many colors, are most fascinating. They are distributed all over the depths and from Arctic to Antarctic. That God thinks well of them I conclude from the fact that he has made 6000 species of them. Sometimes these water plants are 400 or 700 feet long, and they cable the ses. One specimen has a growth of 1500 feet.

On the northwest shore of our country is a seaweed with leaves thirty or forty feet long, amid which the sea ofter makes his home, resting himself on the buoyancy of the leaf and stem. The thickest jungles of the trop-les are not more full of vegetation than the depths of the sea. There are forests down there and vast prairies all abloom, and God walks there as he walked in the Garden of Eden "in the cool of the day." Oh, what entrancement, this subaqueous world! Oh, the God given wonders of the seaweed! Its birthplace is a palace of crystal. The cradle that rocks it is the storm. Its grave is a sarcophagus of beryl and sapphire. There is no night down there.

There are creatures of God on the bottom of the sea so constructed that, strewn all along, they make a firmament besprent with stars, constellations and galaxies of imposing luster. The sea feather is a lamplighter. The gymnotus is an electrician, and he is surcharged with electricity and makes the deep bright with the lightning of the sea. The gorgonia flashes like jewels. There are sea anemones ablaze with light. There are the starfish and the moonfish, so called be causethey so powerfully suggest stellar and lunar illumination.

Oh, these midnight lanterns of the ocean caverns; these processions of flame over the white floor of the deep; these illuminations three miles down under the sea; these gorgeously upholstered castles of the Almighty in the underworld! The author of mighty in the underworld! The author of the text felt the pull of the hidden vegetation of the Mediterranean, whether or not he appreciated its beauty, as he cried out, "The weeds were wrapped about my head."

Let my subject cheer all those who had friends who have been buried at sea or in

our great American lakes. Which of brought up on the Atlantic coast has not had kindred or friend thus sepulchered? "We had the useless horror of thinking that they were denied proper resting place. We said: "Oh, if they had lived to come ashore and had if they had lived to come ashore and had then expired! What an alleviation of our trouble it would have been to put them in some beautiful family plot, where we could have planted flowers and trees over them." Why, God did better for them than we could have done for them. They were let down into beautiful gardens. Before they had reached the bottom they had garlands about their brow.

In more elaborate and adorned place than we could have afforded them they were put away for the last elumber. Hear it, mothers and fathers of sailor boys whose ship went down in our last August hurricane! There are no Greenwoods or Laurel Hills or Mount Auburns so beautiful on the land as there are

are no Greenwoods or Laurel Hills or Mount
Auburns so beautiful on the land as there are
banked and terraced and scooped and hung
in the depths of the sea. The bodies of our
foundered and sunken friends are girdled
and canopied and housed with such glories
as attend no other Necropolis.

They were swamped in lifeboats, or they
struck on Goodwin sands or Deal beach or
the Skerries, and were never heard of, or disappeared with the City of Boston, or the Ville
de Havre, or the Cymbria or were run down
in a fishing smack that put out from Newfoundland. But dismiss your previous gloom
about the horrors of ocean entombosent.

When Sebastopol was besisged in the
Anglo-French war, Prince Mentchikof, commanding the Russian navy, saw that the
only way to keep the English out of the harbor was to sink all the Russian ships of war
fin the roadstead, and so 100 vessels sank.
When, after the war was over, our American
engineer, Gowan, descended to the depths
in a diving bell, it was an impressive spectacle. in a diving bell, it was an impressive spec-

One hundred buried ships' But it is that way nearly all across the Atlantic Ocean. Ships sunk not by command of admirals, but by the command of cyclones. But they all had sublime burial, and the surroundings smid which they sleep the last sleep are more imposing than the Tal Mahal, the mausoleum with walls incrusted with precious stones and built by the great rengal of India over his smpress. Your departed

The greatest obsequies ever known on the land were those of Moses, where no one but God was present. The sublime report of that entombment is in the book of Deuteronomy, which says that the Lord buried him, and of those who have going down to slumber in the those who have gone down to slumber in the deep the same may be said, "The Lord buried them." As Christ was buried in a garden, so your shipwrecked friends and those who Subject: "The Gardens of the Sea."

your snipwrecked friends and those who could not survive till they reached port were put down amid iridescence—"In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher."

It has always been a mystery what was the particular mode by which George G. Cookman, the pulpit orator of the Methodist Church and the chapian of the American Congress Left this life after approprising for Course and the chapiain of the American Congress, left this life after embarking for England on the steamship President, March 11th, 1841. The ship never arrived in port. No one over signaled her, and on both sides of the ocean it has for fifty years been questioned what became of her. But this I know about Cookman—that whether it was iceberg or conflagration midsea or collision he had more garlands on his ocean tomb than it ex-

in this Jonahitic expression of the text. The prophet not only made a mistake by trying to go to Tarshish when God told him to go to Ninevah, but he made a mistake when he styled as weeds these growths that enwrapped him on the day he sank. A weed is something that is useless. It is something you throw out from the garden. It is something that chokes the wheat. It is something to be grubbed out from among the cotton. It

is something unsightly to the eye. It is an invader of the vegetable or floral world.

But this growth that sprang up from the depth of the Mediterranean or floated on its surface was among the most beautiful things that God ever makes. It was a water plant known as the red colored alga and no weed at all. It somes from the loom of infinite beauty. It is planted by heavenly love. It is the star of a sunken firmament. It is a lamp which the Lord kindled. It is a cord by which to bind whole sheaves of practical suggestion. It is a poem all whose cantos are rung by Divine goodness. Yet we all make the mistake that Jonah made in regard to it and call it a weed.

"The weeds were wrapped about my head."
Ah, that is the trouble on the land as on the sea: We call those weeds that are flowers. Pitched up on the beach of society are children without home, without opportunity for anything but sin, seemingly without God. They are washed up helpless. They are called ragamuffins. They are spoken of as the rakings of the world. They are waifs. They are street arabs. They are flotsam and jetsam of the social sea. They are something to be left alone, or something to be trod on, or something to give up to decay. Nothing but weeds. They are up the rickety stairs of that garret. They are down in the cellar of that tenement house. They swelter in summers when they see not one blade of green grass, and shiver in winters that allow them not one warm cost or show in the robos.

not one warm coat or shawl or shoe. Such the city missionary found in one of our city rookeries, and when the poor woman was asked if she sent her children to school she replied: "No, sir, I never did send 'em ool. I know it, they ought to learn, but I couldn't. I try to shame him some-times (it is my husband, sir), but he drinks and then beats me—look at that bruise on my face—and I tell him to see what is comin' to his children. There's Peggy goes sellin' fruit every night in those cellars in Water street, and they're hells, sir. She's learnin' all sorts of bad words there and don't get back till 12 o'clock at night. If it wasn't for her earnin' a shillin' or two in them places, I should starve. Oh, I wish they was out of the city. Yes, it is the truth. I would rather have all my children dead than on the street, out I can't help it.

but I can't help it."

Another one of those poor women found by a reformatory association recited her story of want and woe and looked up and said, "I felt so hard to lose the shidren when they died, but now I'm glad they're gone." Ask any one of a thousand such children on the streets, "Where do you live?" and they will answer, "I don't live nowhere." They will sleep to-night in ash barrels, or under outdoor stairs, or on the wharf, kicked and bruised and hungry. Who whar, kloked and bruised and hungry. Who cares for them? Once in a while a city missionary, or a tract distributor, or a teacher of ragged schools will rescue one of them, but for most people they are only weeds.

Yet Jonah did not more completely misrepresent the red alga about his head in the

Mediterranean than most people misjudge these poor and forlorn and dying children of the street. They are not weeds. They are immortal flowers, Down in the deep sea of woe, but flowers. When society and the church of God come to appreciate their eternal value, there will be more C. L. Braces and more Van Meters and more angels of mercy spending their fortunes and their lives

Hear it, O ye philanthropic and Christian and merciful souis—not weeds, but flowers. I abjure you as the friends of all newsboys dging houses, of all industrial scho all homes for friendless girls, and for the many reformatories and humane associations now on foot. How much they have aiready accomplished! Out of what wretchedness, into what good homes! Of 21,000 of these picked up out of the streets and sent into country homes only tweleve children turned out badly.

turned out badly.

In the last thirty years a number that no man can number of the vagrants have been lifted into respectability and usefulness and a Christian life. Many of them have homes of their own. Though ragged boys once and street girls, now at the head of prosperous families, honored on earth and to be giorious in heaven. Some of them have been Governors of States. Some of them are ministers of the gospel. In all departments of life those who were thought to be weeds have turned out to be flowers. One of those rescued lads from the streets of our cities wrote to another, saying: "I have heard you are studying for

from the streets of our cities wrote to another, saying: "I have heard you are studying for the ministry. So am I."

My hearers, I implead you for the newsboys of the streets, many of them the brightest children of the city, but with no chance. Do not step on their bare feet. Do not, when they steal a ride, cut behind. When the paper is three cents, once in a while give them a five cent piece and tell them to keep the change. I like the ring of the letter the newsboy sent back from Indiana, where he had been sent to a good home, to a New York newsboy's lodging house: "Boys, we should show ourselves that we are no fools, that we can become as respectable as any of the countrymen, for Franklin and Webster and Clay were poor boys once, and even and Clay were poor boys once, and even George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And George Law and Vanderbilt and Astor. And now, boys, stand up and let them see you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say, 'There, that boy was once a newsboy.'" My hearers, join the Christian philanthropists who are changing organ grinders and bootblacks and newsboys and street arabs and cigar girls into those who shall be kings and queens unto God forever. It is high time that Jonah finds out that that which is about him is not weeds, but flowers.

finds out that that which is about him is not weeds, but flowers.

As I examine this red alga which was about the recreant prophet down in the Mediterranean depths, when, in the words of my text, he cried out, "The weeds were wrapped about my head," and I am led thereby to further examine this submarine world, I am compelled to exclaim. What a wonderful God we have! I am glad that, by diving bell, and "Brooks" deep sea sounding apparatus," and ever improving machinery, we are permitted to walk the floor of the ocean and report the wonders wrought by the great God.

Sinly these gardens of the sea. Easier and

the great God.

Study these gardens of the sea. Easier and easier shall the profounds of the ocean become to us, and more and more its opulence of color and plant unroll, especially as "Villeroy a submarine boat" has been constructed, making it possible to navigate under the sea almost as well as on the surface of the sea, and unless God in His mercy banishes war from the earth whole fleets of armed ships far down under the water move on to blow up the argosies that float the surface.

May such submarine ships be used for laying

ones were buried in the gardens of the sea, open the wonders of God's workings in the fenced off by hedges of coralline.

great deep and never for human devastation! Oh, the marvels of the water world! These Oh, the marvels of the water world! These so-called seaweeds are the pasture fields and the forage of the innumerable animals of the deep. Not one species of them can be spared from the economy of nature. Valleys and mountains and plants miles underneath the waves are all covered with flora and fauna. Sunken Alps and Apennines and Himalayas of Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A continent that once connected Europe and America, so that in the ages past men came on foot that in the ages past men came on foot across from where England is to where we now stand, all sunken and now covered with the growths of the sea as it once was covered with growths of the land.

England and Ireland once all one piece of and, but now much of it so far sunken as to make a channel, and Ireland has become an island. The islands, for the most part, are only the forcheads of sunken continents, The sea conquering the land all along the coasts and crumbling the hemispheres wider and wider become the subaqueous do-minions. Thank God that skilled hy-drographers have made us maps and charts of the rivers and lakes and seas and shown us something of the work of the eternal God

in the water world. Thank God that the great Virginian, Lieutenant Maury, lived to give us "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and that men of genius have gone forth to study the so-called weeds that wrapped about Jonah's head and have found them to be coronals of beauty, and when the tide receded these scientists have waden down and picked up divinely pictured leaves of the ocean, the naturalists, Pike and Hooper and Walters, gathering them from the beach of Long Island Sound, and Dr. Blodgett preserving them from the shores of Key West, and Professors Emerson and Gray finding them along Boston barbor, and Professor Gibbs gathering them from Charleston harbor, and for all the other triumphs of algology, or the science of sea-

Why confine ourselves to the old and hackneyed illustrations of the wonder workings of God, when there are at least five great seas full of illustrations as yet not marshaled, every root and frond and cell and color and movement and habit of oceanic vegetation crying out: "God! God! He made us. He clothed us. He adorned us. He was the God of our ancestors clear back to the first sea growth, when God divided the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament and shall be the God of our descendants clear down to the day when the sea shall give up its dead. We have heard His command, and its dead. We have heard His command, and we have obeyed, 'Praise the Lord, dragons and all deeps.

There is a great comfort that rolls over upon us from this study of the so-called sea-weed, and that is the demonstrated doctrine of a particular providence. When I find that the Lord provides in the so-called seaweed the pasturage for the thronged marine world, so that not a fin or scale in all that eanic aquarium suffers need. I conclude He will feed us, and if He suits the alga to the animal life of the deep He will provide the food for our physical and spiritual needs. And if He clothes the flowers of the deep with richness of robe that looks bright as fallen rainbows by day, and at night makes the underworld look as though the sea were on fire, surely He will clothe you, "O ye of

And what fills me with unspeakable dedight is that this God of depths and heights, of ocean and of continent, may, through Jesus Christ, the divinely appointed means, be yours and mine, to help, to cheer, to pardon, to save, to imparadise. What matters who in earth or hell is against us if He is for us? Omnipotence to defend nnipresence to companion us and infinite love to enfold and uplift and enrapture us. And when God does small things so well,

emingly taking as much care with the coil a seaweed as the outbranching of a Lebanon cedar, and with the color of a veg-etable growth which is hidden fathoms out of sight as He does with the solferino and purple of a summer sunset, we will be determined to do well all we are called to do though no one see or appreciate us. Mighty God! Roll in upon our admiration and holy appreciation more of the wonders of this submarine world. My joy is that after we come back to this world and explore what nnot now fully investigate.

If we shall have power to soar into the athave power to dive into the aqueous without peril, and that the pictured and tessellated sea floor will be as accessible as now is to the sea floor will be as accessible as now is to the traveler the floor of the Alhambra, and all the gardens of the deep will then swing open to us their gates as now to the tourist Chatsworth opens on public days its cascades and statuary and conservatories for our en-trance. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You cannot make me believe that God hath spread out all that garniture of the deep mercity for the polyers and crustages. the deep merely for the polyps and crustaces

And if the unintelligent creatures of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean He surrounds with such beautiful grasses of the deep, what a heaven we may expect for our uplified and ransomed souls when we are unchained of the flesh and rise to realms beatifie! Of the flora of that "sea of glass mingled with fire," I have no power to speak, but I shall always be glad that, when the prophet of the text, flung over the gunwales of the Mediterranean ship, descended into the boiling sea, that which he supposed to be weeds wrapped about his head were not weeds, but flowers.

And am I not right in this glance at the below of the Pille is adding to I who went

botany of the Bible in adding to Luke's mint, anise and cumin, and Matthew's tares, and John's vine, and Solomon's cluster of cam-phire, and Jeremiah's balm, and Job's bul-rush, and Isaiah's terebinth, and Hosea's thistle, and Ezekiel's cedar, and "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and the "rose of Sharon and lily of the valley," and the frankincense and myrrh and cassia which the astrologers brought to the manger at least one stalk of the alaga of the Mediterranean.

And now I make the marine doxology of David my peroration, for it was written about forty or fifty miles from the place where the scene of the text was enacted:
"The ses is His, and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land. Ob, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture."

## The Meekrat of South Atrica.

The meekrat of South Africa bears a resemblance to the American prairie dog, but is more easily domesticated. It is a tiny little creature about as big as a rat, very intelligent and affectionate as a dog when tamed. It barks and chatters and purrs, is an inveterate thief and spends much of its time standing upright. Its fur is gray, marked somewhat like a tabby cat, and it is wholly without fear. The dog is its favorite animal, and when tamed the meekrat invariably attaches itself to the most good natured dog in the house. When wild these little animals live in colonies as the prairie dogs, burrowing their homes underground, living on roots. They express supreme satisfaction by lying flat down and stretching themselves out so that they seem like a flat skin without any bones inside it. The little creatures have black circles around their eyes, a stripe running underneath their bodies for its entire length and long, curving black claws on their little forepaws.—Chicago Herald.

More than 31,000 petitioners have been presented to the British Parlisment at this session, a number only

## SABBATH SCHOOL,

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 15.

Lesson Text: "Justification by Faith," Romans v., 1-11-Golden Text: Romans v., 8-Commentary.

1. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." If there is a foundation truth that needs to be fully received, firmly held, daily enjoyed and joyously passed on, it is this—that all who receive Christ are justified and actually have peace with God, for Christ Himself is our peace, through the finished work of Christ without any work of ours. Commit Rom. iv., 5; Eph. il., 8, 9; Titus iii., 5, as notable proof texts. Christ made the peace by the blood of His cross, and it is our privilege to receive it (Col.

"By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." It is by grace, without a single work of ours, that we are saved, and in that grace it is our privilege to live, for our High Priest within the veil rep-resents us before God in all His perfectness, and we may come boldly for mercy and grace in everytime of need (Heb. iv., 15, 16). This coversall our life from the moment of our acceptance until we are taken home. The last clause of this verse calls attention to the blessed hope of Titus ii., 13, when we shall be like Him (1 John iii., 2, 3).

3 "And not only so, but we glory in tribu-lations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience." The sufferings of this pres-ent time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us nd all our afflictions are working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory (Rom. viii., 18; II Cor. iv., 17). By His grace we may learn to count trials a joy, knowing that when patiently borne they bring glory to Him and great good to us, conforming us to His image (Jas. 1, 2, 3, 12; II Cor. xii, 3, 10; Rom. viii., 28, 29).

"And patience, experience, and experi-e, hope." Patience under trial is very ence, hope." Patience under trial is very glorifying to God and very confusing to sa-tan, and is one of the most convincing proofs of the reality of Christianity (II Thess iii., 5 of the reality of Christianity (II Thess iii., 5 margin; Jas. v., 10; Rev. xiii., 10; xiv., 12). The word translated "experience" is in II Cor. ii., 9; xiii., 3; Phil. ii., 22, translated "proof." It is the evidence that we are the Lord's and develops in us a firmer grasp of the joys set before us and the glory to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ (I Pet. i., 6, 7, 13; iv., 12, 13).

5. "And hope maketh not ashamed, be-cause the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The Holy Spirit is the earnest of our inheritance until the redesaption of the purchased possession (Eph. 1, 13, 14). He makes known the love of God to us, and that He loved us even when we were dead in sins (Eph. 1, 14, 15), that knowing all about we (Eph. ii., 4, 5); that, knowing all about us, He loved us and will love us even to the end (Deut, vii., 7, 8; Jer. xxxi., 3; John xiii., 1); that, having loved us enough to seek us out and make us his own, He will not cease till he has finished the work and made us just like Himself in that bright morning (Phil. i., 6; iii., 20, 21). His people shall never be ashamed (Joel M., 26, 27).

6. "For when we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "Without strength" means that we are as helpless to better ourselves spiritually as the young man at the Gate Beautiful of the ten ple was to walk of his own accord, for the word "impotent" applied to him (Acts iv., 9) is the very word here used. "Ungodly" is said by Young to signify in some places "worthless, or without value" We are apt to think that there must have been something about us to cause God to love us, but from this verse it is not so. Ask the missionary in Alaska or in Central Africa what there is to love in the most degraded they have ever seen, and from the dark picture see yourself in the sight of God.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." It seems strange, yet we all know it to be true, that there are righteous persons who are not much given to good works. They have accepted Christ and are outwardly blameless in their lives and very religious in the way of churchgoing, but as to helping the poor and making the widow's heart to sing for joy, that is not their way. It would be very hard to find a substitute for such a person in the matter of death, but for one who has lived to do good and scatter his substance among the needy it would not be so difficult.

8. "But God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," Here is love beyond all that earth ever witnessed. The objects of this love are not only felt negatively impotent and worthless, but positively sinful transgressions against Him who loved them and died for them. "Hereby perceive we the love of God." "Behold what manner of love" (L John ili., 16; iii., 2). That this love can be slighted and despised shows how hardened is the heart

"Much more then being now justified by His blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him." In the first verse it was justifired by faith and now by blood. In chapter iii., 24, it was by grace, and in Jas. ii., 26, it is by works. There is no conflict nor contradiction in these statements. We are justified meritoriously by the blood of Christ, instrumentally by faith in Him, freely by His grace, and the orders of core, instilled to before and the evidence of our justification before men is our good works. Being justified, we are delivered from the wrath to come (I.

10. "For !! when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." The work of reconciliation is entirely of God; the need is wholly ours. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself (II Cor. v., 19). The cry through the embassador is that because of such love on the part of God, who seeks the welfare of the impotent and worthless, the sinner and enemy, and has provided righteousness for such, the rebel should be willing to believe and receive such love. The further joy is that having saved us, He lives

willing to believe and receive such love. The further joy is that having saved us, He lives to keep us. He is our life (Heb. vii., 25; Rev. i., 17, 18; Col. iii., 4.)

11. "And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." The God of hope fills us with all joy and peace in believing and makes us to abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost (Rom. xv., 13.) By a more intimate acquaintance with and knowledge of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit we learn that the kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xvi., 17.) So the reconciliation (see margin) provided by God, wrought out by Christ and brought to us by the Spirit makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus.—Lesson Helper. Jesus. - Lesson Helper.

SAID one shopper: "Oh, I saw just the loveliest, sweetest, prettiest baby a minute ago." Said the other shopper: "What? Do you mean to tell me that stupid nurse has dared to bring my little darling out such a day as this?"-Rehoboth Herald.

THAT familiar advice, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," is perhape the only instance on record where a dog fight has been encouraged by the muse. - Waship ton Star.

THE closed season for seals includes May, June and July. The closed season for scalskins this year also includes nint other months.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Baking Powder

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

"Me Scare!"

Some of the uninitiated Canadians bring with them into Maine a lively apprehension of personal peril. Being nervous, perhaps. A Somerset County farmer who lives well up on a hillside, tells a story of his hiring through an interpreter a Canadian who could speak no English to work for him. The farmer is rather a large, sternlooking man and just after the Frenchman arrived at his house he stepped into the pantry and came out with a large butcher knife in his hand whetting it on a sharpener, as a preparation for cutting some meat for supper. He at the same time began to make some talk in English to the Gaul, whose eyes opened wider and wider in eastward also, therefore it strikes the alarm as he watched the whetting of earth to the east of the perpendicular, the knife. He evidently thought murvarying in degree according to the der was intended, for, as the farmer height from which it has fallen .- St. came nearer him, he bolted out of Louis Republic. doors like a deer and ran across the fields and down the hilisides. His only answer, as the farmer ran after him, endeavoring to call him back, was, "Me scare! Me scare!" The employer had to go to town and have matters explained by an interpreter before he could induce the Frenchman to return. - Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

#### A Peripatetic Hypnotizer.

A man who is said to possess abnormal powers in the way of hypnotic influence, is known in Paris as the "peripatetic hypnotizer." The latest exhibition of his manner of working is the case of a young woman who was found insensible on the top of an omnibus. After unavailing pushes, shakes and pinches, the conductor, aided by his driver, carried the somnolent seamstress to a chemist's shop, where she was recalled to consciousness. Her trance lasted nearly two hours. On awaking she said that a young man who was near her on the top of the 'bus had fixed his eyes firmly on her, and she fell asleep almost immediately. The 'bus conductor stated to the police that there had been a young man near the dressmaker, but he could only give a vague description of the dress and appearance of the traveler with the basilisk glare, who is now being sought for by detectives. - New York Sun.

#### Street Dog Sellers.

Street dog sellers have been plying their trade in New York until they have ceased to be regarded as novelties. But a new wonder of animal has come into the field. He is the tame squirrel seller. So far the field is monopolized by an old gentleman, with matted gray hair and beard. who wears a coon-skin hat in winter and summer. He made his appearance in Broad street in front of the Stock Exchange a few days ago. On his left arm rested a magnificent specimen of the gray squirrel, for which he asked When told that the price was too high he dived into his inside pocket and brought out five or six smaller ones that were quietly resting in little calico bags. These were worth \$2 each. The old man lives in the wilds of Jersey. - New York Journal.



## KNOWLEDGE

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N Y N U-41

Queer Phenomena of Falling Bodies. I am unable to say who first noticed the peculiar caprices of a stone or other heavy body dropped from the top of a strangers in a new land makes them high tower, but it is nevertheless & curious fact that such objects invariably fall slightly to the east of the perpendicular line. Persons of inquiring turn of mind who ask why this is as it is may find an answer in the following: All falling bodies partake of the earth's eastward motion to a greater or lesser extent. Therefore during the time occupied by a stone in falling from the top of a high tower or other eminence the earth's rotary motion has carried it an appreciable distance to the east. The initial impetus of the stone has carried it to the

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