GOSPEL MESSAGE

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bject: "Warming the World,"

ar. "Who can stand before His cold?"

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ie alimance says that winter is ended spring has come, but the winds, and the s, and the thermometer, in some places and the thermometer, in some places in to zero, deny it. The pealmist lived in pregental climate than this, and yet be a sometimes have been cut by the sharp ter. In this chapter he speaks of the wike wool, the frost like asnes, the hulless like marbles, and describes the conment of lowest temperature. We have studied the power of the heat. How few as have studied the power of the frost ho can stand before His cold?" This llenge of the text has many times been epted.

epted. 9, 1812, Napoleon's great army an its retreat from Moseow. One hund and fifty thousand men, 50,000 horses, pleces of cannon, 40,000 stragglers. It is bright weather when they started from soow, but soon something wrathier than in the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks, army of arctic blasts, with leicles for yoners and halistones for shot, and committed by voice of tempest, marched after em, the flying artillery of the heavens in result. The troops at nightfall would ther into circles and huddle themselves to ther for warmth, but when the day broke ther for warmth, but when the day broke ey rose not, for they were dead, and the vens came for their morning meal of reses. The way was strewn with the rich and of the cust, brought as booty from the maian capital. An invisible power seized 00,000 men and hurled them dead into the nowdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the hill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs hat had followed them from Moscow. The reezing horror which has appalled history ras proof to all ages that it is a vain thing r any earthly power to accept the chal-nge of my text, "Who could stand before pity!

middle of December, 1777, at Valley orge, 11, 00 troop were, with frosted ears ad frosted hands and frosted feet, without es, without blankets, lying on the white Civil War the ery was, "Ou to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary War there was a denand for wintry campaign until Washington ost his equilibrium and wrote emphatically, "I assure these gentlemen it is easy enough sented by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American Army, but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a beak billside, without blankets and without shoes." Ob, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American Army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forgo was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, sense less, dead: "Who can stand before His cold?" "Not we," says the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew, falling back from the fortresses of ee which they had tried in vain to capture ice which they had tried in vain to capture.

"Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Interpid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," says the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture, De Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice—Mont Blanc, Jangfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand

and chise; and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial any has a crown of glittering crys-tal and planted on a throne of ice, with with the lol a scepter of ice. Who tootst afferings of the winter of 1433, at the chiefs of Germany perished or

oved in battime incless

all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue dips and chattering teeth, answers, "None of us can stand before this cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences such a cold world. God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of Jane. The question as to how we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fredess hearths, a many broken window panes, so many defective roofs that sift he snow. Coal and fective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those oure feet. Hat that bare head. Court that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign embassadors, but Mes. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's but in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to con-sole the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole souled men and women are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the weather, what are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know yo not, my friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before this cold? It is useless to preach to have feet, and to empty stomach, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the gospel to the multitude in the wilderness. He gave them a good dinner.

ing the gospel to the multitude in the wilderness. He gave them a good dinner.

When I was a lad I remember seeing two rough woodcuts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming of the snow in winter and a lad looking out at the door of a great manston, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows, it snows:" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open and a child, wan and sick and was open and a child, wan and sick and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said, "Oh, my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult world's frigidity. The thermometer in with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I wanto have a great heater introduced into all your characteristics.

hich they shake yours is as cold as the is clear bear. If they float into a use theeting, the temp-rature drops ight above to ten degrees below zero, are jeteles hanging from their eye. They float into a religious meeting the control of their c They float into a religious meeting by chill everything with their jere-Codd prayers, cold songs, cold greetesho sermons. Christianity on feet hunch a great refrigerator. Christians pro linter quarters. Hibernation! On her hand, there are people who go the world like the breath of a spring ag. Warm greetings, warm prayers, sales, warm Christian influence, are such persons. We bless God for We rejoice in their companionship, encal in the English army, the army hated for the night, having lost his

bated for the night, having lost his te, ay down tired and sick without unlet. An officer came up and said: you have no blanket. I'll go and ablanket." He departed for a few of the said then came back and covered. more aband then came back and covered the General up with a very warm blanket. The General said: "Whose blanket is this?" The office replied: "I got that from a private soler in the Scotch regiment, Ralph Mac Donad." "Now," said the General, "you take this blanket right back to that sold ier. He can no more do without it than I can dowithout it. Never bring to me the blanket if a private soldier." How many mer, like that General would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of warm the world up? The vast majority of us are mxlous to get more blankets, whether any bod else is blanketed or not. Look at the fellow feeling displayed in the rocky dedle between Jerusalem and at the fellow feeling displayed in the rocky delle between Jerusalem and Jergehoin Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and manifed and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there! But I can't

the sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hurd, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there! But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services, Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After awhile a Levite comes up. He looks over and says: "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Gasbed on the forehead. What a pity. Stabbed under his arn. What a pity. Tut, tut! What a pity! Why, they have taken his clothes nearly away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to may temple duties."

Alter awhile a Samaritan comes along—one who you might suppose through a National grudge might have rejected this poor wounded leadile. Coming along he sees this man and says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is an Israelite, but he is a man and he is a brother. Whoa!" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up to this wounded unan, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the heart of the unfortunate man is still beating, makes up his mind there is a chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his saek a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some wine, then pours some of the restorative in the wounded man's lips, then takes some oil and with some of the restornive in the wounded man's lips, then takes some oil and with it sooths the wound. After awhile he takes off a part of his garment for a bandage. Now the sick and wounded man sits up, pale and exhausted, but very thankful. Now the good Samaritan says, "You must get on my saddle, and I will walk." The Samaritan helps and ten-derly steadies this wounded man until he ge's him on toward the tavern, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind. I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan when I am an Israelite. You are very kind to walk and let me ride."

Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded man to dismount and puts him to bed. The Bible says the Samaritan staid all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out how he passed the night. Then he comes out the Thames and temporary he wint to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out the Thames and temporary he wint to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out the Samaritan comes out and says to the large the same that the same there have been so many wrapping them leves in furs or gathering themselves around hes or thrashing their arms about them to evive circulation—the millions of the tompeted to confess, "none of us can stand before His cold."

One-half of the industries of our day are cold world up? Famine in Zarepthath, such a tender voice course for all things are now ready. Est, One-half of the industries of our day are all the food except a handful of meal.

She is cathering after a tender voice course for all things are now ready. Est, O friends' drink, yea, strink atmodutally, O employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flux of our own fields, the most of the South, the flux of our own fields, the wood of our own flows, the coal from our own flows, the coal from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, all employed in battling these inclemencies, that handful of meal is to be divided into that handful of meal is to be divided into cold, come in out of the cold," servints, the ravens, have got tired walting on him. He asks that woman for fool, Now, toat handful of most is to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into two parts. Now, she says to Ebjah:
"Come in and sit down at this solemn table and take a third of the last morsel," How many women like that would it take to warm.

Important Archaeological Discovery Made

the cold world up?
Recently an engineer in the Southwest, on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minpest and slow up the train until the last min-ute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman: "Jamp! One man is enough on this engine! Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crush came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up? A vessel strack on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a saller had a shellfish under his coat. He was saving it for his last motsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother: "Oh, mother, I am so hungry; give me something to eat. I am so hungry!" The salier took the shellfish from under his coat and said: "Hree! Take that." How many men like that sailor would it take How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up? Xerxes, ileeing from his enemy, got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat and the boat was sinking. Some one said, "Are you not willing to make a sacribee for your king?" and the imajority of those who were in the boat leaped over-board and frowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into up this cold world? Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate prison, and she turned the improcation and the obsecuity and the illth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The sisters of charity, in 1863, on Northern and Southern battisfields, came to boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste, but you could not persuade that soldier dying 1699 miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action, try to make the world warm!

Count that day lost whose low descending Views from thy hand no generous action

It was His strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where He dwelt had a serene sky, the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has an appeal out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The which to conduct heat, and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, if is the giorious furnace of Christian sympoloy. The question ought to be, instead of How much heat can we shoot, how much is cat can we through the world floating leebergs they freeze everything with their forbid.

The grand announce of Grand Army of the strength of the grand and Grand Army of the strength of the grand and Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best of Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepation of the decidence of Christian sympolity. The question ought to be, instead of How much heat can we shoot, how much it can entire the grand and Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best of Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepation character was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christens to the propose to Bit of Galilee was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned that the grand announce of the grand announce of Grand Army of the world's reception was cold. The surf of best owned to the grand announce of the grand

their wings.

Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken link of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In His genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalersy and the withered healed of the catalensy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulcher, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grace may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum

breaks open,
Ah! I am so glad that the Sun of Right-Ah! I am so glad that the Sun of Righteousness dawned on the polar night of the Nations. And if Christ is the great warmer, then the church is the great hothouse, with its plants and trees and fruits of righteousness. Do you know, my friends, that the church is the Institution that proposes warmth? I have been for twenty-seven years studying how to make the church warmer. Warmer architecture, warmer hymnology, warmer christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter, we must have it a prince's hothquase. The only institution on earth today that proposes to make the world warmer. Universities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world warm. Geology informs us, but it is as cold as the rock it hammers. The telescope shows where the other worlds are, but

ing flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the walls. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee and story telling and mirth as the black slove and the blind register never dreamed of. Meanwaile the table was being spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery, they glisten and glisten in our minitte-day. And then the so clean was the cutlery they gusten and glisten in our mind today. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was reasted and prepared for the table, to meet appetites sharpened by the sold ride.

O. my friends, the church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are from the colars of Lebanon, and the fires are from the colars of Lebanon, and the fires are free of lays and with the allyer tage, of the

fires of love, and with the silver tougs of the altar we stir the flume, and the light is re-flected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were here and are gone now. O, come up close to the irre-place! Have your faces transfigured in the

Near Worms.

made a few days ago at Worms, Gormany, by Dr. Roehl. It is a burial ground of the later out seventy graves have been examined,

An important archaeological discovery was

and the number of vessels found, most of them tastefully ornamented, exceeds a

Not the slightest trace of metal has been discovered. Arms-rings of blue and gray slate were taken from the women. Three arm-rings made of slate were removed from the upper arm of one skeleton, four from another, and six from the lower arm. There was on the neck of one skeleton a small, content political explanation of the skeleton as small, conteal, polished ornament of syenite, not perforated, but provided with a groove for a

off or ornaments consist of pearls, mussel shells made in the form of trinkets, perforated boar's tusks and small fossil mussels. These ornaments were worn by men and women alike. Ruddle and other fragments were used, and tetocing, and coloring the skin were also frequent.

In hardly a single case was there missing from the women's graves the primitive cornamil, consisting of two stones, a granding-stone and a grain crusher. The men's graves contain weepons. The taplements are all stone, with whetstones and hones for sharpening purposes. They cansist of perforated hammers, sharpened hatchets and chisels, as

hummers, sharpened hatchets and chisels, as well as knives and strapers of flint.

That there was no want of food is shown by the many vessels, often six or eight in one grave, and remains of food were found near them, the latter being cones of various ani-mals. Several photographs have been taken of the skeletons as they do in the graves, their appearance being perfect, after a repose of thousands of years,

Suspended by Her Long Hair.

Miss Theresa Lachet, a girl employed by he Racine (Wis.) Wagon and Curriage Company, was standing near a machine in opera-tion when the belt caught her hair and in an instant she was pulled five feet into the air and held suspended against a pulley. Twenty girls witnessed the accident and many fainted, while others ran screaming from the building. The machine was stopped and the girl removed. A portion of her hair was torn out and her head and scalp la crated, building. but physicians believe that she will recover,

The grand annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic with be held in St. Paul, Minn., the first week in September. The propose! "Bue and Gray" grand purade in New York on the Fourth of July will not be held, owing to opposition on the part of Grand Army of the Republic posts.

Japanese Student Cuts His Thront.

Jokithi Ushida, a Japanese student at Cornell (Iowa) College, a war tof the Methodist Church and a well-known lecturer, committed suicide while in a despondent mood by Kept His Promise.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting Instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and keep your mother from worrying all the while

you're away." The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthuslastic over the pleasures he had en-Joyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"

\$100 Esward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its disease, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's taiarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and microus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in design its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative nowers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that the Adures.

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are immediated to val to "heart" I doethe had a large doman nose, rather

more bent than usual in the type.

Dr. Klimer's Swamp Root cures, it hidden and finded to tables. Paraphet and consultation free. Laboratory, the hand too. S.Y.

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AN INVITATION.

It Gives I's Pleasure to Publish the following Ammunicement,

All wearen suffering from any form of illness peculiar to their sex are requested to communicate promptly with Mrs. Pinisham, at Lynn, Mass, Ali letters are re-read and an swered by women only.

A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a WORKER thus has been established the eternal cum fis dence between Mrs. Pinklam and the women of America. This confidence has induced more than 100,000 women to write Mrs. Pinkham for

advice during the last few months. Think what a volume of experience abe has to draw from! No physician living ever treated so many cases of female ills, and from this vast experience surely it is more than possible she has gained the very knowledge

that will help your case. She is glad to have you write or call upon her. You will find her a woman full of sympathy, with a great desire to assist those who are sick. If her medicine is not what you need, she will frankly tell you so, and there are nine chances out of ten that she will tell you exactly what to do for relief. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands.

Surely, any ailing woman, rich or poor, is very feelish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

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"I am sixty years of age and from thood have been familiar with "A Word in Season"

The season is Spring,-Spring when you call on became stronger, gained flesh, and your body for all its ener-

gy, and tax it to the limit of effort. Does it answer you when you call? Does it creep unwillingly to work? It's the natural effect of the waste of winter. So much for the season. Now for the word. If you would eat heartily, sleep soundly, work easily, and feel like a new being, take

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