TALMAGE TALKS PLAINLY

WHAT THE CHUPCH IS AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

Music on Earth According to the Eloquent Divine is a Rehearsal for Music in Heaven—Those Who Intend to Take Part in That Great Orchestra Should Be Stringing and Thrumming Their Harps.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 15—The character of the hymns given out by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon, called for the unusual power of congregational singing, organ and cornet, and the voice of the thousands of worshippers made the place resound with music. The subject was, "Helpful Churches," the text being Psalms 20, 2, "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

If you should ask fifty men what the Church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine disposition devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musicel warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say "It is the best place on earth except my own home. If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the Church is, my text tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send the help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The Church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes, he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off, and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send the help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing; I am only practicing for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here? But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music.

No, I am no worshipper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be? All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to do this, we must only have a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after centuay. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, and Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in this audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred songs, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in brigades, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart. When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. O, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy.

"Mythology tells us of Amphion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies. I tarried many nights in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and after they were done striking the hour of night then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of Heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours of heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across Heaven from eternity to eternity.

> Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God;
> But children of the Heavenly King
> Should speak their joys abroad.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just one thousand who need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse headaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four, and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortation in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the Gospel, these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailor's Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt that they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high stations.

Again, I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put on your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home. The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of Church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stagecoach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal boat, or do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of Church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the Church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. We have no objection to bands and surplice, and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—make no more impression on the great masses of people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from his saddle-bags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new Church, but a Church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy, and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the Church are to be set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the Church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the Church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and shivering when we go away from this world; we want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch. We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "The path is narrow?" she answered, "The path is narrow; it is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead, and he says, 'Mary, follow.'" Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder; but now they have no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk going back; if a man reaches his heaven he had better stay there.

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted splendor.

> When the shore is won at last,
> Who will count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree four hundred years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles, that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree twenty feet in circumference, and the remains of it are there to this day. My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted to become the out-branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

> When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
> And pearly gates behold,
> Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

Romantic Women.

Most women are inclined to be romantic. This tendency is not confined to the young or to the beautiful, to the mentally gifted or to the refined—it is a part of the nature of all women capable of strong feeling, and in moderation is one of the most potent charms of feminine character.

Were more of it in man's make-up, the world would be better and nobler, for when defined it is that exquisite poetry that imparts to everyday happenings something above the ordinary, something that is beautiful in the truest sense of the word.

Mawkish sentimentality, however, arouses only contempt and makes its possessor appear feeble of mind and dwarfed in the best of worldly knowledge. Therefore women, fearing to be regarded as silly, endeavor to repress their real feelings and build up about themselves a wall of reserve, endeavoring to stifle all emotion, lest the world should think them weakly sentimental. They are ashamed to show that they do feel; they blush for the glistening tear or half-stifled sigh, that are evidences of a depth of nature that is appealed to through the medium of music or poetry, and little by little they close their hearts to the atmosphere of romance hovering over even the most prosaic duties of life and become callous and indifferent.

What would life be without its illusions? Where would happiness exist if the halo of sentiment was forever destroyed! It is not necessary that every woman should be a heroine, or that every individual history should read like a novel, in order to impart to the routine of our existence a poetical flavor that softens the rough edges and helps us over the barriers in our pathway.

It need not be an ideal world, this one where romance and sympathy grow to the fullest fruition. Look at life in its long perspective, watching the variety of its light and shade, but keep up the enthusiasm of youth, do not let the poetry die out of your soul, and wherever rugged reality can be turned into tender romance do so, for life in this way is made better and higher, and far more worth the living.—Philadelphia Times.

They Could Not Remember.

"What was the name of that man you pointed out to me yesterday?" signalled one deaf mute to another.

"Let's see," the latter signalled back. "Oh, dear, it's odd I can't remember it, for I have it at my finger-ends."

family.

That race and that nation will win which takes the best care of the family. It is the heart of the whole social system. It has in it the law of continuity and perpetuity, and you can find it nowhere else in society. Make the family true to its nature, defend it from the inroads of vice, educate it, keep it out of squallidness, save it from the extortions of the rich, guard it with wise and holy laws, train it in the virtues suggested by itself and which are native to it—obedience, love, kindness, consideration, purity, truthfulness, reverence, self-sacrifice, fidelity, regard for the common good—make these virtues growths and parts of family life, and they will send vital blood into society so long as such family life continues; nor can social permanence come from any other source. The nation lives only as the family flourishes. Let us thank God for whatever deepens and strengthens and sweetens family life. Here is found not only the joy of life, but also its safety. Here not only are children saved and parents saved by saving their children, but society is saved and carried on to its destiny. A true family is the leaven which God puts into the world that it may sanctify it into its own likenesses, and so make the world one great home in which God is the Father and all men are brethren. May God give us wisdom to see the great design as it is disclosed in [illegible] ity, and as it is revealed by His [illegible] Rev. T. S. Munger, D. D.

Man's Advance.

According to D[illegible] takes a monkey [illegible] make a man of him [illegible] make a monkey of [illegible] We lead the world.—D[illegible] News.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be *guaranteed.*

If the "Discovery" fails to benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure. The "Discovery" does this, as nothing else can. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, are completely cured by it.

ALWAYS OPEN—the offer made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a reward of $500 cash for an incurable case of Catarrh. The only question is—are you willing to try it, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Rose Mme. G. Bruant is a hydrid between Rugosa and Sombreuil, a vigorous tea scented rose. It is a capital rose for the garden. The flowers are white, loosely double, of good size and produced in many budded branches.

A Professional Opinion.

Rev. F. Gunner, M. D., of Listowel, Ont., says regarding B. B. B., "I have used your excellent Burdock Compound in practice and in my family since 1884, and hold it No. 1 on my list of sanative remedies. Your three busy B's never sting, weaken, or worry."

Sow seeds of perennials, such as pansy, hollyhock, delphinium, dianthus, aquilegia, canterbury bells, digitalis, lychnis, myosotis, perennial poppy, lobelia cardinalis, antirrhinut and others.

"It is a great public benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

The dwarf phloxes are of value for producing rich effects in color.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure headache and dyspepsia.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc, Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by J. Gayfer.

The average weight of a male infant at birth is 7.55 pounds.

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Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure, for outward and internal use.

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Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. Gayfer, druggist.

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Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrapper bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a man") to Lever Bros., Ltd., 53 Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market and it will only cost 1c. postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

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Is That not the best way to decide the matter? First by enquiring what the experience is of those who already use it. Secondly, by a fair trial yourself. You are not committed in any way to use the soap; all we ask is: Don't Delay, try it the next washing day.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

COURT OXFORD NO. 12, CANADIAN Order of Foresters, meet in their hall, Norsworthy's Block, on the first and third Tuesday nights of each month at eight o'clock. Visiting members always welcome. F. E. ALDRICH R. S.; J. A. BARR, C.R.

SONS OF ENGLAND—IMPERIAL Lodge, No. 176, meets in the A. O. F. hall, Norsworthy's block, every 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month. Visiting brethren welcome. JOSEPH GIBSON, President; W. H. JONES, Secretary.

SAMARITAN LODGE, NO. 35, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday night at 7.30 o'clock in Oddfellows Hall, Thames St. Visiting Bros. always welcome. F. E. ALDRICH, Secretary; J. ADAIR, N. G.

UNITY ENCAMPMENT, NO 21, meets at the Oddfellows hall, Thames, street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Visiting members always welcome. WM. BRETT, Scribe C. L. HENDERSON Ch Pat.

MASONIC. The Masons' Lodges, of Ingersoll, will hold their regular meetings in the following order at 7.30 p. m.

King Hiram, No. 37, on the first Friday in each month. W. A. SUDWORTH, Sec.

St. John's Lodge, No. 68, A. F. & A. M., meets on the third Friday of each month at 7.30 p.m. J. H. HEGLER, W.M., WM. EWART, Sec.

Harris Chapter, No. 41, on the second Friday in each month. JAS. E. BOLES, Scribe.

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Capital Authorized -	$2,000,000
Capital Paid Up, -	$1,950,790
Rest, - - -	1,100,385

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT in connection in which interest is added to the principal semi-annually.

DRAFTS ISSUED on the Branches and Agencies of the Bank in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

COLLECTIONS receive special attention.

A General Banking Business transacted.

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Manager Ingersoll Branc

Traders Bank of Canada.

Authorized Capital	$1,000,000
Rest, - -	75,000
Paid Up -	607,400

HEAD OFFICE, TORNOTO

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.
WM. BELL, Guelph, President

Savings Bank Department.

Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum allowed thereon. Interest compounded half yearly.

NOTES DISCOUNTED AT LOWEST RATES.

American and Sterling drafts bought and sold. Drafts issued on all points of Canada. Special attention paid to collections.

A. B. ORD,
Manager Ingersoll Branch

Merchants Bank of Canada.

Capital Paid Up -	$6,000,000
Reserve - -	2,900,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

This Bank transacts a general banking business, buys and sells exchange on England and the United States, and ssues drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

Allows interest on deposits, which can be withdrawn at the pleasure of of the depositor. Deposit receipts issued at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received, and current rates of intere allowed thereon.

Particular attention paid to. collections for tomers and banks, and special care given to farmers sale notes.

A. M. SMITH, Manager.