THE PHYSICAL PROCLIVITIES WHICH ARE DUE TO HEREDITY.

How They May be Overcome That Our Spiritual Birthright May Be Won, and How We May Become Sons and Daugh ters of Immortality.

Washington, Aug. 2.-Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as his text I. Samuel xvii, Whose son art thou, theu young

Never was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath; David 5 feet high, Goliath 10; David a shepherd boy brought up amid rural scenes, Goliath a warrior by profes-Goliath a mountain of bragge docio. David a marvel of humility; Go liath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons.

There was a regiment of slingers in

the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much accuracy and force as now can be sent t or shell. The Greeks in their arm; ngers who would throw leader plummets inscribed with the irritating "Take this!" so it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat. A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David that in paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking his sling and swinging it around his head two or three times and aiming it at that uncovered forehead crashed it like an eggshell. The battle over behold the tableau: King Saul sitting; little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of the decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David stand ing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such ism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood-good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inherstable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing Great families, regal or literary, are apt through the generations, and what is be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large of the house of Austria is seen in Charles II., witness James I. and James II. and all the other scoundrels of that line: Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition. Celtic blood means fervidity. Roman blood n us conquest. The

Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselish. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations-in all the genera-

Vigorous theology runs down in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses You can see these peculiarities in all generations. Henry and Catherine of Navarre religious, all their families The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici, grandfather, son and Catherine, all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus, all warriors. This law of heridity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometmes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant ward I. a tollgatherer. A descendant of Edward III. a doorkeeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunkmaker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an anestry of hard knuckles and rough ex-

This law of heredity is entirely independent of social or political conditions. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The vio-lent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory founded by worldly philosophy, but by divine authority Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of a chosen generation, of the generation of the righteous, of the genration of vipers, of an untoward gen. eration, of a stubborn generation, of the iniquity of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth ration? So that the text comes to-day, with the force of a projectile mightiest catapult, son art thou, thou young "Well." says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents, we are bound to be good, and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage, we are bound to be evil, and we cannot help ourselves." Two inaccuracies. As much as if you should say, "The centripetal force in nature

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has a tendency to bring every thing to the centre, and therefore all come to the center. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw everything to the periphery, and the everything will go out to the periphery."

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You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal force overme the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome centripetal, as when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evilas in the case of Aaron Burr, the lib ertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society 80 years ago, who had a Christian ancestry-while, on the other hand, some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence. The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show you that, if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious in-heritance, or, if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer, and Christian determination. And you are to find out the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart, "Whose son art

There is something in all winter holidays to bring up the old folks. I think many of our thoughts at such times are set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resources are able to make your sons and daughters. The snow lay two feet above their graves, out they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tone of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree, "Whose son

thou, thou young man?"

art thou, thou young man?" First, I accost those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any per-fect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved and perhaps a litto have the characteristics all down the more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to ackmore perceptible in such families may nowledge. I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at Ilp of the house of Austria is seen in neighborhod obsequies, you know that all the generations and is called the they had invited God into their heart Hapsburg lip. The house of Stuart and their life. There was something always means in all generations oruelty that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about Queen of Scots, witness Charles I. and their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ. That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out in to the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold, and it was "share and share alike."

But there was an unwritten will that read somthing like this: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation. I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil. I bequeath to them the Christian religion, which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be soluce for them. I bequeath to them a beyof reunion, when the partings of life are over. 'Share and share alike' may they inherit eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of God, who made me, and the Christ, who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost, who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness all you hosts of heaven. Witness time, witness eternity. Signed, sealed and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother," You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office, but I take it out to-day and I read it to you. I take it out of the alcoves of your heart. I shake the dust off it, I ask if you will accept that inheritance, or

will you break the will? Oh, ye of Christian ancestry! You have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement. God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hothouse be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great, early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed? A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all the expendi-tures—so much for store fixtures, so must for rent, so much for this, so. much for that, and all the items ag-gregated—and the father expects the son to give an account. Your heavenly Father charges against you all the advantage of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example; so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous ag-gregate, and he asks you for an account of it. Ought not you to be bet-ter than those who had no such ad-vantage? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons

than, with such magnificent inheritance of consecration, to turn out in-

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than the man who can truly say this morning. The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was 10 years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies; the first 20 years of my life I was associated with the vicious, I seemed to be walled in by sin and

Now, my brother, ought you not-I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing as you do betwee the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of plety in that ancestral ine, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah, that cannot be possible—it cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that! You are very careful about the life insurance, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mort-gage, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no pro-vision that they shall get grand-father's or grandmothen's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I own, but I distaherit them, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldiness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils, and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, July, 1896."

Oh, ye of highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and responsibility I think there must be an old cradle or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight sup-plication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sick-ness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? We beg you to turn over a new leaf this very day.

Oh, the power of ancestral piety,

well illustrated by a young man of New !York who attended a prayer meet-ing one night and asked for prayer and then went home and wrote these words: "Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I eyer go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took my hand in hers and turned her gentle loving eyes on me, and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that ight meet if I ever shall? My mother's prayers! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever a boy have mother as I had? For 25 years I have not heard her pray until to-night. have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed tonight—so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Chirstian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is my mother's Bible. I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me! How did she cause me to kneel by my little bed and put my little hands up in the attitude of prayer! How has she knelt by me and over me, and I have felt warm tears, raining down upon

my hands and face! "Blessed mother, did you pray! in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah, no, no; it shall not be in vain! I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instruction as I have—against so many pre prayers put up to heaven for me by cre of the most lovely tender, plous, confiding, trusting of mothers in her heavenly Father's care and grace? She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience! I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek Him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No ahchor, no rud-der, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them away from Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish!" Do you wonder that the next day he arose in prayer meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness. Forever bless ed be His holy name! All I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus, my Saviour, and my God." Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! hear it! But I turn for a moment to those who had evil parentage, and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphe and the brightest crowns will be for

those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered—con-quered. As good, as useful, as splendid a gentleman as I ever knew had for a father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers to their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrat ed and useful Christian ministers of to day was the son of a drunken horse jockey. Tide of evil is tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara rapids, and yet men have clung to ock and been rescued.

There is a family in New York

whose wealth has rolled up into many millions, that was founded be a man who, after he had vast esta e, sent back a paper of tacks because they were 2 cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation, I'suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth gen-

eration. The thirst of intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity on comi ativeness characterizes other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. It may be resisted; it has been resistd. If the family frailty be agarice. cultivate unselfishness and charity and teach your children never to eat an without offering somebody else half of H. Is the family frailly combativeness, keep out of the company of quick tempered peorle and never answer an impertinent question until unted a hundred ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up. Is the family frailty fimidity and cowardies. cultivate backbone. Read the bicgraphy of brave men like Joshua or Paul and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frality is and set body and

AND METATOR TO THE ASSESSMENT TO BE THE THE PERSON OF PERSONS

mind and soul in battle array. quer your will. I think the genealogi-cal table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament not only to show our Lord's pedigree but to show that a man may rise up in an ances tral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa was born of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustri-eus Being hat ever touched our world, ar ever will touch it, had in their an-cestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Rahab and Thamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenizedand it will be all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated and will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogi-There will be some Joseph to arise

in the line and reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary to arise in the line and reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the hadine that to put down the brakes and stop that long line of genealogical tendencles and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will ise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words, "More than conqueror." But whatever your heredity, let me say you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead, come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is king; our Brother is king; we may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps back-ward; let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the world! And when first text sweeps forward let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever Whose son art thou, thou young

tality, take your inheritance! The World's Newspapers A statistician has lear annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to he 12 000 000 000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number (12,000,000;-000) represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this ar rangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these, and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the aver age man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occu py time equivalent to 100,000 years

Son of God, heir of imn

reading the papers.—Buffalo Commer cial. How He Strikes Back. The editor of the St. Augustine, (Fla.) News, who presumably has had his pet corn stepped on, tells the truth after the following fashion: "Suppos a newspaper man, every time he hears of a man who severely criticises him or his paper in public, should retaliate by holding up to the puble gaze the faults' and shortcomings of said fault-finder. what would be the result? Why, the criticiser would think himself terribly outraged and would thirst for gore. Then the poor quill driver would get shot or shoot somebody. The patient beast of burden, the country journalist, never does this except under great provocation. It isn't because he is afraid to do it, but because he isn't mean enough. He allows men to so around trying to destroy his business. He hears his paper called a worthles sheet because the editor in doing his duty has stepped on somebody's toes. Such worthless scoundrels should receive no mercy at the hands of the

An Odd Conceit. Hans Schliessmann, the well-known Vienna caricaturist, has sent half a dozen letters to artists and authors of his acquaintance, writing on the envelope only. "Mr." and then adding a tiny sketch of the person in question and the designation of the quarter of the town in which he lives.

The Mystery Unveiled. He They tell me Greeder kisses that wealthy affianced of his. She-You've never seen her, have you?

Domestic Cruelty. "So Mrs. Bilker has got a divorce?" "Yes, she discovered that Mr. Bilker had been hiding his small change every night under a flower pet in the back vard."

Her Sacrifice. "Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?" "No; but her pug dog wouldn't come

near her when she had them on." Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN THE WEEKLY SUN \$1.00 a year.

AT THE CROSSROADS.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES, THIRD QUARTER, AUGUST 16.

Text of the Lesson, Psalm xxxii, 1-11-Memory Verses, 1-5-Golden Text, Psalm li, 10 - Commentary on the Lesson by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Oh. the happiness of the one who has heard the Lord say, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out my transgressions for mine own sake and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. xliii, 25). A part of His name is "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin" (Ex. xxxiv, 5-7). Instead of studying the story of David's great sin as recorded in the chapters in Samuel, following our last lesson, our attention is in this lesson called to David's penitence and forgivene While God hates sin and cannot look upon it, He is ever ready to forgive the true penitent and urges him to come in such words as Isa. I. 18 : Jer. iii, 12; Hos. xiv, 1, 2. This Man still

receiveth sinners. 2 "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity and in whose spirit there is no guile." was, in Christ, reconciling the world into Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them (II. Cor. v, 19). Abraham believed God and it was imputed unto him consistency of the control unto him for righteousness, and he was called the Friend of God (Jas. ii, 3). This righteousness came not through any good works of Abraham, but wholly of grace (Rom. iv, 3-8). Transgression is a going beyond or do-ing what we should not do; sin is a coming short of what we should do, while iniquity is the root of the matter, but God for Christ's sake puts away the guilt of the whole business, for every true penitent who is without guile—that is, who sincerely turns to

3. "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long." Unconfessed sin, like a gathering wound, swells and torments He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and for-saketh them shall obtain mercy (Prov. xxviii, I3). When our iniquities separ-ate between us and our God and our sins hide His face from us (Isa, lix, 2), it is indeed dark with our souls, but what a comfort there is in this word. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (i. John i. 9).

4. "For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me. My moisture is turn-ed into the drought of summer. Selah." It was the loving hand of a loving God longing for the fellowship of His child who had turned away from Him. Whatever God does, it is to lead us to Himself, for He willeth not the death of a sinner (II. Pet. iii, 9). He does everything possible to deliver from the pit and to give life and peace (Job xxxiii, 23, 24, 29, 30). The word selah suggests that here we pause and meditate.

5 "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah." Spurgeon has said that confession is the la which relieves the festering wound. Confession is deeper than merely asking forgiveness; the latter may be through fear of consequences, but the former shows true penitence. If we have wronged any one, confession and restitution must be made to them. restitution must be made to them if possible, but first and always to God and as in His sight, for all sin is against Him. "Thou forgavest"—what a word to consider! Are you this mo-ment rejoicing that God for Christ's sake has forgiven you? (Eph. iv, 32;

I. John 11, 12). 6. "For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found." Every rejoicing forgiven one encourages others to come (Ps. li, 12, 13). There is a time and way to find Him and a time when He may not be found. See Isa. Iv. 6; Jer. xxix, 13; Prov. i, 28, 29. In the city of refuge the man who otherwise might have been put to death was perfectly safe. In Christ there is no condemnation for the base how delivered domnation, for He has been delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, and the sins cannot be found which by His blood have been blotted out (Rom. iv, 25; viii, 1).
7. "Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." See the three

deliverance. Selah." See the three "Thous" in this verse. He is our Refuge, Preserver, Deliverer. It is Himself, not anything nor any one else, God is our refuge and strength; the Lord of Hosts is with us (Ps. xlvi, 1, 7). Rejoice in the Lord; bless the Lord; wait on thy God continually. My soul wait thou upon God (Ps. xxxiii, 1; xxxiv, 1; lxii, 5; Hos. xii, 6). 8. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." Not only are there forgiveness and safety, rest and peace, for all who turn to Him also sure guidance in all the affairs of life for all who are willing to be guided. The marginal reading, "I will counsel thee, mine eye shall be upon thee," tells that not only will He direct us, but He will watch us to see that we

assurances of guidance in Isa. xxx, 21; xlviii, 17; lviii, 11. 9. "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." The R. V. says, "Whose trap-pings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee." As to these animals being guided by bit and bridle they are often more easily guided than their masters. but the thought of their coming near only as compelled by the circumstances of bit and bridle is very suggestive of many people who will not come near to God except as compelled by circum-

get there. See also the very precious

10. "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord mercy shall compass him about." This reference to the wicked must be This reference to the wheel must be taken in the light of all Scripture, which tells us elsewhere that sometimes the wickel prospereth in his way and bringeth wicked devices to pass. They are not in trouble as other men; have more than heart could wish (Ps. xxxvii, 7; lxxii, 5, 7). But they shall perish, they shall be cut off. Then their prosperity ends and their their eyes stand out with fatness, they their prosperity ends and their sorrow begin and shall never end.

stances.

11. "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice ii. "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart." No good thing is withheld from them that walk uprightly (Ps. lxxxiv, 1i). He who spared not His own Son will with Him freely give us all things (Rom. viii, 32). It becomes us, therefore, to say that though all else fail, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation" (Hab. iii, 18). The Lord Himself is our unchanging and unfailing portion. There is nothing that Hecannot and will not do for those who trust in Him. Rejoice in the Lord al-

WOY-Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN. NOT A MOB BUT AN ARMY.

A mob of strong men wouldn't make an army, would they? To be sure not, we all say. An army is a great number of men trained and disciplined to act together under orders and for one purpose.

Similarly, a promiscuous crowd of

bricklayers, carpenters, etc., would not be able to build a house. No, not even

if every one of them were skilled in his

own trade. Such a helter-skelter sort

of business wouldn't do. There must be organization and direction. At the

head of the army, a commander; at the head of the workmen, a master-builder So with the human body. It is not a collection of organs; it is simply a machine, all the parts of which are vitally connected and work together to one end. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, bowles, kidneys, muscles, skin, etc., must have one another's aid to remove waste and to avoid dangers. Otherwise they would be a mere mob On this basis we may talk about the case of Mr. Edward Hepher. Nearly four years ago (dating from this writing) his health fell away. What ailed him he didn't know; he simply knew how he felt, and that was badly enough. This was in January, 1890. Yet there were certain things that he remembers, these among them: He lost his appetite and yet had a craving for food. This sounds like a confradiction, but it isn't. When a man is hungry his whole body is hungry, yet it doesn't necessarily follow that the stomach will accept food when you offer it. In health it will, but in some complaints it will not. In Mr. Hepher's

case it would not. "I could not touch food when it was placed before me," he says. By this he doesn't mean that he ate nothing at all; only that the sight repelled him. After meals (very light ones at that) he had intense pain at the chest and sides. That was nervous action. The stomach was inflamed and sensitive. and the extra stimulus of the food irritated it. just as a draught of mustard and warm water would upset a healthy one. The constant gnawing pain, of which he also speaks, was due

to the same state of things. He goes on to add (we quote from his letter of June 15th, 1893) as follows: "I lost a deal of sleep and night after night used to toss about the bed all night long. After awhile I got so drsadfully nervous that I couldn't bear the least noise; I was startled if anybody merely knocked at the door. Presently I was so weak I could hardly get about, and the least exertion made the sweat fairly run off me. I saw a doctor who gave me medicine but I got no better.

"In February, 1890, it was that I ob-

tained a letter of recommendation from

Mr. T. Carter, of Swavesey, and went to the Addenbrookes hospital, Cambridge, where I was under treatment as an indoor and outdoor patient for a year and seven months: but no real benefit came of it. The doctors said I was suffering from a weak heart and general debility. I took pailsful of medicine, growing weaker all the time. "In the autumn of last year I took to stopping in the house and was not able to leave it for twenty-two weeks. I had no pleasure in living and often wished myself dead. In March of this year I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle and began taking it, and in a few days felt relief. In three weeks sleep returned and my nights were restful. My appetite im proved, my food agreed with me, and I gained strength. Soon I was better than I had been for years. Not long after I was well, and have since kept in the best of health. You may publish these facts and I will answer inquiries. (Signed), Edward Hepher,

Boxworth End, Swavesey, near Cambridge." How clearly this shows the wonderful unity of the human body. The stomach was first attacked-our old and bitter enemy it was-indigestion and dyspepsia. General debility resulted from the want of nourishment. The nerves weakened like violin strings when the screws are turned back-All the other organs were strained from lack of food and from overwork. The heart beat feebly and the oxygen inhaled by the lungs found no food to act upon so as to make heat. And so the trouble increased and became complicated-all from one source,

the stomach. Treatment addressed to the symptoms failed, of course; but when Seigel's Syrup set the digestion to rights, health came back as vegetation does under the spring sunshine.

PRIVATE DOIG WINS.

The competition for the prize offered by Lieut. Tilley for the best drilled member of the Rifle company took place at the drill shed last night. The inspecting officers were Majors Magee and Sturdee, and the competitors fifteen members of the company who showed the same proficiency at the annual inspection. The fifteen were divided into two squads and were put through manual and firing drill, marching to front and rear, file marching, forming four and salute by their commanding officers, Lieuts. Perley and Tilley. Seven men were picked from the two squads and again inspected. From the seven Corp. Doig, Pte. Doig and Pte. H. J. Powers were selected for the final test. most careful examination the prize was awarded to Pte. F. Doig. The choice was a good one, and in making it the officers subjected the men to the closest examination as to clothing and accoutrements.

BBOTT'S BOD RECOVERED.

Winnipeg, Aug. 6.-The body Phillip Abbott, solicitor of the Wisconsin railway, killed while attempting to climb to the summit of Mount Lefroy, near Laggan, N. W. T., was recovered today after much difficulty. There will be an inquest at Banff on Friday, and the body will be sent to Boston, Mass., Saturday.

JUST LIKE A MULE.

(Detroit Free Press.) "Did I hear that your mule was struck by lightning, Eph?" "Ya-as, sah, dar was a powahful bolt hit de mule right ahind his eahs." "Did it kill him?"

"No, sah, but it done broke up de

Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN.

Ottawa. Bowell left Last night Charles Ti coming s pects to be house, but opposition termined, very kenzie's ly drop out sequently Matters circles to of the cor wright arr morning. rheumatist Mr. Pate He will ac

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