

FILTHINESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Violence of the Unregenerated Heart.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached the following text: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26, 27.

There is a dearth in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salary; millions of dollars for choirs; millions of dollars for church buildings. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think in trying to adopt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel. Starting with the idea that the people will not come to church, if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel, namely the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart. The inference in many of our churches is, "Now, you are a very good set of fellows; not as good as you might be and in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong; but, then we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion; and so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out. We have harped on the theory of development, and hoped that man, who according to the scientists, began as a monkey, will go on improving until, after a while, under each arm will be felt sprouting the feathers of an angel's wing. There is nothing but a little pimple on the soul, which needs a piece of court-plaster.

My friends, depend upon it that is all wrong. It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—the rottenness of the human heart. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me that there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all I need is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip tea, when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

The Bible is either a truth or a lie. If it be a lie, cast it out and shut up your churches. If it be true, listen to Paul in Ephesians, where he says, "We are by nature children of wrath;" to Jeremiah, who says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" to Moses, who says, "The imagination of a man's heart is evil from his youth;" to the Psalmist, who says, "They are all gone aside; they are altogether become filthy."

Ah! sin is no half-and-half thing. The human heart is not in a tolerable condition. It is unclean. "From your filthiness will I cleanse you." Sin is not like wine, that gets better by being kept; it gets worse and worse. All the impure thoughts of your life have left their mark on your soul. The text is not too strong when it speaks of the filthiness of the heart. Your soul is vilely, terribly unclean. It is loathsome in the sight of God. I only take the Bible imagery when I say that your heart, unchanged, is a sepulchre, reeking and stenchful with corruption. Sin has cursed you through and through. It is a leprosy. People who had that disease in the olden time put bandages over their mouths as they walked in the street, and cried "Unclean!" And if we could realize our moral defilement as we advance, we would cry, "Make room for the leper's room!" Sin comes into the heart farther and farther, until it takes full possession. It is a black, a horrible, a damning thing. It is not satisfied until it has pushed the soul into an eternal prison-house, and slammed and shut the door, and shoved the bolts, and turned the locks of an everlasting incarceration. A heart under such unclean sorcery, how it must appear to God's all-searching eye! He sees it through and through. Think of the Holy One before whom seraphic purity is sullied—the One in whose quiver are all the thunder-bolts of an omnipotent God—watching a soul unclean, and wilfully unclean.

Again; the text represents the heart as idolatrous. "From all your idols will I cleanse you." From our very nature we must worship something. If we do not worship the God in heaven, we worship something on earth. This man worships pleasure; this one, applause; this one money; this one his family; that to which a man gives his upmost thought

and affection is his idol. How often it falls down, crushing its worshipper! God will have no rivals. Amid fire and darkness, thunder and earthquake, the command went forth, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." If there is anything on earth that you think more of than you do of God, then you are an idolater.

Again; the text represents the heart as stony or insensible. If we had any appreciation of our unclean and idolatrous nature, could we be as unmoved as we are? No; before God's universe we have been indicted. The law has pleaded against us. This night may be announced our condemnation or our acquittal. We are insensible. I saw men walking the Louvre Gallery in Paris half-asleep; no flash came to their eyes, no flush to their cheeks, no exclamation to their lips, amid the most thrilling triumphs of painters' pencil and sculptor's chisel. And so, until grace touches our soul, we walk through the great picture-gallery of the Gospel, and the wonders of Christ and the glories of heaven strike no thrill through the heart. Ah! there are people who acknowledge that their heart is hard; they carry it about like a cake of ice in their bosom; and they wish it would melt; they say, "I cannot feel; I want to, but cannot." The text is true. Cold as a stone; hard as a stone; dead as a stone. A company of persons suspected of crime were brought before a judge; only one of them was guilty, but how to find out which one was the question. The judge put his ear against the heart of each one and listened; when he came to the guilty one, he heard, in every thump of his heart, the acknowledgment of the crime. And so, although all may seem fair in our case, if we could listen at the door of our own hearts, every pulsation would confess, Guilty! Guilty!

But I will not leave you here. I have told you of the disease. Hear now of the healing process that God proposes for every one of you; "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

Ah! it is no insignificant process. This change of heart. It is a change from black to white, from down to up, from the highway to hell to the highway to heaven—the whole nature made over again.

Scene the first; Paul, the persecutor. He says, "Kill that man; he loves Christ. Whip that woman; she believes in Jesus. Open the prison doors, and get ready the sharp knives, and we will put an end to Christ's religion. Bring up my horses—fetch up a troop of horses, and let us dash down to Damascus and exterminate this religion. Mount and away!" I hear the quick clatter of the swift hoofs as they dash off.

Scene the second; Paul's back bared to the scourge, and the blood running. For whom? For Jesus. Paul on the floor of the Mamertine prison, his feet fast, and the cold shivering through his agonized body. For whom? For Jesus. Paul standing before the rulers, making a speech that would have thrilled another audience into tumults of approval, yet interrupted, scoffed at, coughed down, charged with being crazy, and sentenced to die. For whom? For Jesus. There are men who once rejected the Bible, cared not for God, talked against high heaven, and now all their hopes are hung on one strong nail—the nail of the cross. One form is to them more glorious than any other—the form of the Son of God. "I take him," they cry, "through joy and sorrow, through fire and flood, for time and for eternity. None but Jesus! none but Jesus!" They have a new heart—new in its sentiments, new in its hopes, new in its affections, new in its ambitions.

"Well, you say, 'how queer a man must feel to turn around like that.' The change is wonderful. If now, you hate somebody with a perfect hatred, one of your first desires would be, after such a change, to go and shake hands with him. If, now, your chief aim is to gain dollars, then you would be more anxious for a fortune in the skies. Now you shudder at the thought of eternity; then the word would chime like wedding-bells in your soul.

Water has sometimes worn away the rocks; but if that stone of a heart were placed under the water that drops from the eternal fountain, the hardness would not wear away. God says in the text, "I will put my spirit within you." God's holy, gracious, quickening, arousing, rekindling, omnipotent Spirit only can do it. That Spirit comes to every one of

your hearts at some time. There a man says, "Oh for something better!" That is a stroke of God's Spirit. Here a man says, "I wish I could be like my old father and mother before they died." That was a stroke of God's Spirit. Here is a man who says, "I wish I could get over these perplexities about the future world." That is a stroke of God's Spirit. Yonder is a man who looks all unconcerned, but he trembles. He knows that eternity is all around him, and that one step may plunge him beyond all rescue. Oh eternity! eternity! eternity! How many here feel that they are not ready for it! They know that they are keeping their old nature, and that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Oh that God's Spirit would strike harder to-night and that each one of these citadels might be captured! Forward, ye troops of light. Wheel round the thundering field-pieces of God's law. Charge! charge! Up! on the parapets with the standards of Emmanuel! Surrender, oh immortal man! Surrender, oh immortal woman! You want a new heart. Why not get it right away? Have you not postponed it long enough? I would with both hands lay hold and rattle the gates of your soul. For this work you and I must answer when the earth is burning, and God is coming, and the trumpet is sounding, and the song of the righteous shall rise into a perpetual anthem, and the wail of the wicked drop into the groan of unending pain.

Oh man and woman of many broken resolutions, when you were on the sea in that storm you vowed; when you had that great sickness you vowed; when that last child was born you vowed; when you were bending over the grave of some loved one you vowed; when in some great revival, you vowed. These vows have been broken. Here you are, getting older. You have marched many a mile on toward the end of your earthly journey, and the opening of your eternal destiny. No pardon, no peace, no prospect of heaven. O, Lord God, lay hold of that man! If this be his last chance, tell him so. Let him not plunge off where there are no soundings. I have no sympathy with that cowardice that dare not speak of future punishment without apology, and that thinks the word "hell" too vulgar to be used in polite assemblies.

The storm is coming; the cloud that was only a speck of darkness on the sky has become a squadron of black sails, and the port-holes of the thunder are opening for the cannonade in which all those who reject God shall go down. Canst thou contend with him whose arm upholds the universe, and whose voice shall announce the doom of all the dead? I tremble to offend him. Rather would I have all heaven and hell arrayed against me than to stand one moment in the darkness of his frown. Tremble, oh unforgotten soul, tremble before him. The God in whose hands is thy breath is angry with thee. Wilt thou defy him any longer? Who will bail thee out of the prison-house of despair? Who will help thee ashore from an eternal shipwreck? I take the words of the prophet and cry out, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"

The gate of refuge is open—it is wide open. The Spirit of God, with flying feet, will bear thee within if thou wilt. Let not the bells of eternity toll the death-knell of thy soul. Escape for thy life, lest thou be consumed.

A CAT THAT TRAVELS.

Thousands of people have heard of railway dogs, which travel so extensively, and really seem to know as much about trains and time tables as a guard does. But there is a cat in Colorado which is certainly as remarkable in its fondness for railway riding.

It was a pet of the wife of the engineer of a locomotive, and now it accompanies the engineer on every trip that he makes. When the train has to make a long wait the cat goes off in search of mice, always returning when the whistle sounds, and at some of the stations it is quite a pet. When the engine is running the cat sits in the cab or on the coal, and, as its fur is jet black, its beauty is not greatly impaired by its grimy surroundings. Pussy must have traveled many thousands of miles, for it has been doing duty for several years, and has never been known to miss a trip.

That cats care little for persons and are attached to places and to their environments was seen in the case of this cat last year. The engineer was badly hurt in a collision and was laid up for three months. Instead of the cat following him as a dog would doubtless have done, she stayed about the sheds until the engine was repaired, and then she once more resumed her rides with the substitute engineer.

NEIGHBORLY CRITICISM.

Biggs—Your new neighbor is a man of means, is he not?

Diggs—Oh, yes, he's undoubtedly the meanest man I ever met.

The Croup

Any of the children ever have it? Then you will never forget it, will you? Don't let it go until midnight again, but begin treatment during the evening, when that dry, hollow, barking cough first begins.

Get out your Vapo-Cresolene (for you surely keep this in the house), put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the child breathe in the quieting, soothing, healing vapor. There will be no croup that night. If it's midnight, and the croup is on, inhaling the vapor will break the spasm and bring prompt relief.

For asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, coughs and colds, it is a prompt and pleasant cure, while for whooping-cough it is a perfect specific. Your doctor knows, ask him about it.

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

"The apparatus is simple, inexpensive, and I believe, unequalled in the treatment of whooping-cough. The vapor is not injurious to healthy persons. It has a beneficial effect in allaying the irritation and the desire to cough in bronchitis. I earnestly recommend it."

JOHN MERRITT, M.D., of Brooklyn, in the N. Y. Medical Record.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 130 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Recommended and sold by J. E. RICHARDS, Aylmer.

HER IDEAL HOME.

When Arthur Moreton asked Laura Willis to be his wife, she answered him. "Yes," and began to make preparations for their early wedding. Often she paused in the midst of her delightful tasks to say to herself, "Now I shall have a chance to make a home just according to my ideal, and Arthur will be so fond of it." Then followed in her mind the details: Pretty, soft easy-chairs, music, books, bright and tasty draperies, and—oh yes, of course, flowers and a canary bird, and so on till her castle rose high in the air.

They were married in October, and proceeded at once to furnish their house on Clifton street in an inexpensive but cozy way, and November found them fully settled in their new home.

One stormy evening five months later Mr. Moreton was kept at his office a little longer than usual. When released he hurried to his home, looking to it with a sense of pleasure and pride, just slightly marred by an uneasy feeling of something not exactly comfortable. As he entered and began laying aside his damp hat and overcoat his wife came to meet him with the usual caress, saying:

"I'm glad you've come at last, Arthur. Oh, don't touch me! This dress spots so easily," looking down at the pretty, delicate gown she had donned, with wifely pride in appearing well in her husband's eyes.

A few months ago he would not have minded, but to-night he wanted to say, like any other man, "Why do you wear a dress so easily spoiled?" but he said nothing, as he proceeded to hang up his coat and hat.

"Won't they drip on the floor?" asked Mrs. Moreton. "Perhaps you had better take them to the kitchen." So the cold, tired man took the only slightly dampened garments away.

Seated at last in the cheery sitting-room, he stretched his feet to the fire to wait comfortably for his supper. Presently his wife came bustling in from the dining room.

"Oh, Arthur you do upset everything so when you come home. I just get neat and tidy and you put the chairs out of place, and kick the rugs up, and throw your traps around everywhere!" All of which, though said in a half joking manner, jarred unpleasantly upon the husband's thoughts of rest and comfort.

"But come now, tea is ready. I meant to have made the cakes you like so much, but I wanted the time to finish embroidering the table scarf. You will say it is beautiful, I know."

Somewhat man-like, he didn't feel as much like admiring something ornamental for the centre table as much as he did something more inviting on the table before him, so the meal passed rather silently on his part.

When they were again seated for the evening and the table scarf had been much admired and the work praised, for Arthur Moreton was quick to put down unpleasant thoughts, he said to his wife:

"Laura, won't you play me something lively? I am in the mood for music to-night."

"I would like to. Can't you wait just a minute till I put the rest of these tassels on?"

He waited ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and still seeing no chance of amusement, drew a low chair to him and put his feet across its linen-covered seat.

"How vulgar you do look! Why, I wouldn't have thought it of you, Arthur," laughed Mrs. Moreton; then half reprovingly, "You'll get it all dirty. I can't keep anything nice."

She expected him to laugh at her old-maidish ways, as he usually did when thus spoken to. But instead there came a little pucker in his forehead and presently he arose and said:

"I must go out again, Laura; I have forgotten to see Holman to-day about fixing the piazza. It doesn't storm much yet?" and he was gone.

When she heard the outer door close behind him she laid her head upon the table and burst into tears. "He didn't want to stay, I know. I thought he couldn't help liking his home, I tried so hard and it seemed so pretty to me. What is the matter with it?"

What was the matter with it? Why did not Laura Moreton's home realize Laura Willis' ideal?

First, because everything was too good to be used, and the housewife over-particular to the husband's discomfort. Also, because pleasant furnishings were made to receive the time and care due to body and soul of a human being.

HOW TO CARE FOR RINGS.

Don't wear your rings under gloves unless you remember to have them thoroughly examined twice a year. The constant friction wears out the tiny gold points that hold the stones in place, and unless strict attention is paid to them they become loose in a very short time. Small purses of suede leather are made on purpose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin or chamolins may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry them about. They should never be put into the ordinary pocketbook, as the rubbing against coins is bad for them. Diamonds can be cleaned at home to look as well as when done by a jeweler if only a little trouble is taken. They should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and then polished with boxwood sawdust. Pine sawdust is too oily for this purpose.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A fool always has plenty of fool admirers.

The elevator may be lowered, but the boy who runs it is hired.

Shortly after the wedding march many a man discovers that he is an April fool.

Do what you think is right and don't worry about what other folks say.



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