

BIRDS FOR SACRIFICE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Blood of Christ.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field." Leviticus xiv. 5-7.

The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house, strewn with the blood, and the bones, and horns, and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character; coming nearer, we can discern the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of Heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wild wood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of heaven. He was the favourite of the land. He was the King's son. Whenever a victory was gained, or a throne set up, he was the first to hear it. He could not walk incognito along the streets, for all heaven knew Him. For eternal ages He had dwelt amid the mighty populations of heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when He was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace heralded by a troop of clanking horse-guards. No; He was greeted everywhere as a brother, and all heaven was perfectly at home with Him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion, and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say, "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tribute to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the prince, the King's son; and I see Him push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten Him, and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over His dying head, and shut the sun out. The Hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head, and breast, and feet ran blood—until, under the flocks and beaks of darkness, the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified Him who came down from heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be His glorious name for ever!

I notice also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text; and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although He spent His boyhood in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into His ear enough to have poisoned any one else, He stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII. was unclean, William III. was treacherous; but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys, who knew Him on the streets of Nazareth. Answer me, ye miscreants who saw Him die. The sceptical tailors have tried for eighteen hundred years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The ment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day, in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says, "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with thy innocence!

But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away, until we have

him my hunger on the mountain; I bid for him my aching head; I bid for him my fainting heart; I bid for him all my wounds." A voice from the throne of God says, "It is enough Jesus has bought him." Bought with a price. The purchase complete. It is done.

"The great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine, He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine."

Why is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone; the sins of action gone; the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago; for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man he pardons him, and there is no half-way work about it.

The next thing I notice about this bird, when it was loosened, and this is the main idea, is that it flew away. Which way did it go? When you let a bird loose from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up. What are wings for? To fly with. Is there anything in the suggestion of the direction taken by that bird to indicate which way we ought to go?

I wish, my friends, that we could live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's whole life-object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will be running against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, now change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

Oh ye who have been washed in the blood of Christ—ye who have been loosed from the hyssop-branch—start heavenward. It may be to some of you a long flight. Temptations may dispute your way; storms of bereavement and trouble may strike your soul; but God will see you through. Build not on the earth. Set your affections on things in heaven, not on things on earth. This is a perishing world. Its flowers fade. Its fountains dry up. Its promises cheat. Set your affections upon Christ and heaven. I rejoice, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that the flight, will after a while be ended. Not always beaten of the storm. Not always going on weary wings. There is a warm dove-cote of eternal rest, where we shall find a place of comfort, to the everlasting joy of our souls. Oh, they are going up all the time—going up from this church—going up from all the families and from all the churches of the land—the weary doves seeking rest in a dove-cote.

Oh that in that good land we may all meet when our trials are over. I beseech you, by the God of your sister, for who has not a sister in heaven,—by the God of your sister, I beseech you to turn and live. We cannot go into their blessed presence, who are in glory, unless we have been cleansed in the same blood that washed their sins away. I know this is true of all who have gone in, that they were unloosed from the hyssop-branch. Then they went singing into glory. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh, for if they escaped not who refuse him that spake on earth, how much more shall not ye escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven?

REMARKABLE PILGRIMAGE.

Story of the Almost Incredible Energy of an Old Woman.

An almost incredible story comes from France of the resolution and energy of an old Alsatian woman who was determined to see the Exposition. She was found, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, on a road in the department of the Marne. When her strength had been restored somewhat by medical treatment and food she told the following story:

She was born in Alsace on January 2, 1797, and is therefore 103 years old. Seized with a burning desire to see the Exposition, she had left Alsace two weeks before, intending to walk all the way to Paris, for she had a horror of railroads, and besides, was poor.

She had accomplished more than half the journey and had walked more than 150 miles. On her shoulders she carried her luggage, two bundles weighing fifty-nine pounds. Her money, which she carried in a handkerchief, was a trifling bar, as it consisted of one 2-franc piece.

In the financial condition it is needless to add that the courageous old woman had resolved at the outset not to enter an inn or restaurant, during her journey. She subsisted entirely on bread and cheese, slept in barns when she could, or in default of shelter passed the night under the trees by the wayside.

As soon as she had recovered her senses for she was unconscious when found—she wished to resume her journey, and it was difficult to make her understand that Paris was yet a long way off. At last she understood and seemed resigned to her failure.

LIVERPOOL'S GREAT DOCKS.

EVERY PRECAUTION IS TAKEN TO PREVENT FIRE.

No Such Calamity as Recently Occurred in New York Could Take Place There—Mile After Mile of Solid Granite Docks—A Constant Watch is Kept Day and Night.

The thousands of travellers who go to Europe by way of Liverpool every year pass along several miles of the finest docks in the world. The tide at this seaport ranges from seven to nine feet, according to the season, and system of berths for vessels in which a uniform depth of water can be maintained is absolutely necessary. This is one reason why the Liverpool docks were constructed of stone. Another important reason, however, was to prevent loss by fire, and although they extend along the waterfront, a distance of six miles a person cannot find a single beam or other support made of wood. For mile after mile the walls of granite extend above and a foot or so below the water ebb tide. The walls rest upon a solid foundation of stone masonry. They are divided into sections each connected with the river by a massive water-gate. These gates are operated by steam and hydraulic power and are only opened at high tide to allow the movement of vessels inward and outward. Some of the gates shut in a series of berths large enough to accommodate a fleet of forty of the largest steamships. The piers in each dock are also built of stone as thoroughly and carefully as the wall which bounds the river front. The lumber ships go into one section of the docks, the grain vessels have a space allotted to them, while general cargo is distributed in four or five of the principal ones. Altogether there are

Twenty-seven docks in Liverpool and Birkenhead, which is just across the Mersey, bearing such names as Coburg, Brunswick, Princess, Waterloo, Trafalgar, Victoria and other titles dear to the English heart. Probably the most elaborate system of fire protection in the world is provided at Liverpool. It is absolutely necessary on account of the inflammable nature of much of the cargo which is discharged. In spite of the construction of the Manchester Canal thousands of bales of cotton are unloaded at Liverpool weekly to be shipped to the Lancashire shipping district. This cotton is taken immediately from the ship's side into warehouses built of steel framework, supported by metal girders and covered with corrugated iron. The only wood about the place is the floor, which is composed of heavy planking supporting railroad tracks. Coils of hose are placed on each side, also attached to hydrants so that merely a turn of the wrench brings the water through the pipe to any spot desired. In addition chemical extinguishers are placed at frequent intervals and 200 feet away from the cotton dock is a detachment of the Liverpool fire brigade, including several engines, trucks and hose carts. No loose cotton is allowed to remain over six hours in or around the warehouses and its contents are taken away as rapidly as trains can be made up for the cargoes of a cotton ship. One of the dock regulations imposes a fine upon the owners of the cotton if it is left longer than eighteen hours after being discharged.

THE LUMBER PIERS are constructed entirely of stone, the logs, beams and planking being piled upon a dirt surface with which the piers are filled. Here also are hydrants with hose attached and in proximity is another section of the fire brigade. Like the cotton wharves, the lumber piers are so far apart that a ship 500 feet long can be turned between two of them, thus preventing the flames from leaping from one side to the other as in the case of the Hoboken fire. At the Waterloo docks is unloaded much of the grain and flour. The breadstuffs are transferred from the ships to a series of huge brick buildings, supported on stone foundations with merely open spaces for windows so that at all times the air has a constant circulation preventing the heating of their contents. Each corn house, as it is called, is divided into sections from 50 to 100 feet square by brick partitions, 2-1/2 feet in thickness with double doors of sheet iron. The various floors are supported by heavy arches of brick and are composed of steel girders filled in with masses of concrete. Even the receiving troughs for the grain are of metal and there is not a particle of wood about any of the houses. Should the contents of one section ignite, it would not affect the others as was shown by a fire which occurred several years ago. The corn houses are absolutely fireproof.

In the space provided for miscellaneous cargo, the same care is taken to guard against fire, all of the piers being equipped with hydrants and hose as well as automatic extinguishers. The warehouses are mostly built of brick with iron roofs, although some of the piers recently constructed have the steel-clad warehouses, already referred to. In the entire system comprising thirty-three miles of

pier front not a wooden structure can be found with the exception of the abattoirs at Birkenhead. These buildings, however, are covered with corrugated iron and have iron roofs. They are separated from the other portions of the Birkenhead docks by heavy stone walls and are

• PRACTICALLY ISOLATED.

The rules regarding fires at Liverpool are so strict that workmen are not allowed to carry matches in their pockets. If detected they are immediately discharged. Smoking inside the dock limits is practically unknown. It is made a criminal offence by the laws of Liverpool and Bootle which includes a considerable section of the waterfront. A man caught with a lighted pipe in his mouth would be liable to get six months in the city prison, but an arrest of this kind has not been made for several years, although over 10,000 men are employed as stevedores and in other occupations. When a vessel is docked the officers and crew receive strict orders not to smoke on deck. Smoking must be confined to their own quarters.

The steam plants which supply power for operating the gates and running the transferring machinery are enclosed in brick and stone houses with iron roofs and all of the chimneys have spark arresters. They are located from 100 to 200 feet away from the cargo space and the entrance to the boiler rooms are generally closed, when fires are lighted, by heavy iron doors. Hydraulic power, however, is being substituted to a great extent for steam power and it is calculated that within a few years very few steam engines will be in operation inside the dock limits.

In order to cut off the docks from the rest of the city a stone wall extends along the land side of the entire six miles. The entrances are provided with heavy iron gates at which watchmen are constantly stationed. In case of a fire in the neighbourhood of any section of the docks, these gates are immediately closed and the dock fire department placed in position to prevent the fire from spreading, to their side of the wall. The general fire brigade attends to the fire outside no matter if it is but 300 feet away.

DAY AND NIGHT

a constant watch is kept for fire, especially at the lumber and cotton docks. Men cover every portion of the cotton warehouses at intervals of fifteen minutes. The watchmen do not merely walk around and press the button of the time indicator, but are obliged to climb upon the pile and look between the bales to see if any fire has been caused by spontaneous combustion. The same system is followed among the long rows of lumber piles and as a result no fire can gain more than ten or fifteen minutes' headway before it is discovered. Each watchman has a map showing the location of every section of hose and hydrant, also the nearest alarm box. To send an alarm it is only necessary to pull a handle. The fire department immediately responds and if the battalion chief or lieutenant thinks the fire is to be a large one, another pull brings a section of the city fire brigade from outside the walls. The alarm boxes are very generously distributed, being attached to the side of nearly every large warehouse. They are conspicuously indicated by red and white poles planted by their side and it is a criminal offence to dump cargo where time might be lost in reaching them.

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT SCORED.

A correspondent, who is at present a church dignitary, but who was formerly an officer in her Majesty's service, tells an anecdote of his father's which, though it may not represent the feeling of the army-to-day, is one of those stories which explain the title "Cheesemongers," as applied to one of her Majesty's regiments.

First Lieut. F., to Second Lieut. S.—I say, S., is it true that your father was only a shopkeeper?

S.—Quite true. What of it?

F.—Oh, nothing; only it was a great pity, I think, that he didn't make you one!

S.—You think so? Well, opinions differ. But, let me ask you, what was your father?

F.—My father! Why, my father, of course, was a gentleman.

S.—(Ah—and what a pity he did not make you one.)

PEOPLE WHO EAT NO MEAT.

In India, China, Japan, and adjacent countries are about 400,000,000 people, strong, active and long-lived, who eat no meat. The Turkish porter on a daily ration of rice and dates will jog along with bent back, under a load that would crush a western man. Darwin tells us that the Andean natives do a day's work of 400 foot tons, nearly twice the work of an ordinary laborer on a diet of bananas.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

I don't understand that Miss Clarissa Skiggs at all. Why don't you? She has such a kittenish manner and such a stately walk.

CORSICAN MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

Many of the old-time customs of Corsica have fallen into disuse except in mountain districts and in villages remote from the sea. One of the most interesting among them is the Travata, a kind of barrier which stops the bride's procession as she is being conducted to her husband's village. The whole of her attendants must succeed in passing this barrier without touching it, or she must pay a tribute.

Early in the morning of the wedding day a crowd of relatives and friends assembled in the market place of the bride's village; the youths armed, their guns loaded, pistols charged and belts well furnished with ammunition. They arrive by all the mountain paths, most of them on horseback. The bridegroom is led forward by his father, he enters the village, receives his bride, and leads her off; but at the end of the village there is a triumphal arch, and under it the passage is obstructed by a belt of ribbons stretched from one side to the other. When the bride reaches the arch one of the elders of the village stands on the other side of the ribbon barrier and delivers a speech.

"Why do you leave us?" he says to the bride. "Were you not happy with us? Had you not your father to protect you and your mother to love you, fertile fields in which to feed your flocks, as well as a healthy habitation in the winter season, and a holy church for the feast days? Again, young woman, why do you leave us?"

The bride, leaning on the barrier, insists and gives her reasons; then she places a small purse in the orator's hand. This contains an offering for the church and for the necessities of the village.

The ribbon is then detached, the bride passes, and at the same time all the young people of the wedding party start off, spurring on their horses in their effort to be the first to reach the bridegroom's village, in which will be the residence of the bridal pair. The first to arrive has the right to take the keys of the house, present them to the bride, and do honors of the wedding feast.

During this time the procession slowly advances. At the entrance to the village is another arch and another barrier. Another orator also appears. He first of all addresses the armed youths, asks who they are and whence they came, whether as friends or enemies, and demands the usual tribute. One of them answers that they come as friends, and as proof of their friendship escort a bride, whose beauty will delight the village, and whose affection will gladden the heart and home of one of the bravest among them. The orator then turns to the bride and demands what she intends to partake, and what is the family whose tenderness she expects to share.

The bride responds, not without emotion, speaks of her affection, of her duties, of the friends she has and of those she hopes to have, and joins the orator in the wish that her coming may be a blessing to herself and the community. A second time the purse is given, a second time the barrier is lowered. The procession enters the village and proceeds to the house, where the winner of the keys is waiting to present them; the bride is at home and the festivities commence.

BOWS ON DRESS HATS.

A new method of facing the brim of a dress hat, to be worn at a lawn or garden party, is to do away with the usual underbrim facing which was once conventionally supplied in velvet, silk or lace. This new facing does not go all the way around the brim, but manages to frame the face in a manner even more becoming than the old-style flat facing. It is nothing more nor less than a ribbon bow, voluminous as to loops, and stretched out sideways so as to face the front and side of the hat, always intervening between the head and the straw brim and crown. Neither is it a flat lining, for loops of ribbon are superimposed one upon the other, the ends pulled out softly and stretched to hide the straw brim, as well as to overlap the under loop, just as a rose petal rests on petal, yet more opened in a freshly-opening flower.

COATS NAMED FOR MEN.

The Cardigan warm, close-fitting, knitted, woolen jacket, or waistcoat, was named after the Earl of Cardigan. He was born in 1797, and died in 1868, being a British general. A topcoat was named for the Earl of Chesterfield, who died in 1773, and was the most distinguished courtier and politician of his time. Lord Raglan, who lost his right arm at the battle of Waterloo, and was commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimean war, gave the name to this loose overcoat with cape sleeves, which have been worn more or less since 1855.

HE HAD NOT.

Have you been out since you came in last, Mr. Simkins? asked the absent-minded employer of his book-keeper.

Mr. Simkins replied that he had not, but the questioner could not imagine why everybody smiled at the answer.

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