## THE GLORIOUS FLAG.

THE CROSS OF JESUS THE STANDARD OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says He Hates War. But Admires the Proper Spirit-A Glewing and Picturesque Sermon or Ensigns and Flags.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on Suaday from the text: I salm xx, 5, "In the name of God we will set up our banners." He said:

I hate war. In our boyhood we may have read the biography of Alexander or of some Revolutionary hero until our young heart beat high and we wish we had been born over 100 years ago, just for the glory of striking down a Hessian. For rusty swords hung upon the rafters and bullets cut out of log houses in which they were lodged during the great strife we had unbounded admiration, or on some public day, clothed in our grandfather's soldierly accountements, we felt as brave as Garibaldi or Miltiades. We are wiser now, for we make a vast distinction between the poetry and the prose of war. The roll of drums and the call of bugles and the champing of steeds foaming and pawing for the battle, 100,000 muskets glittering among the dancing plumes, "God save the King" waving up from clarinets and trumpets and rung back from deep defiles or the arches of a prostrate city, distant capitals of kingdoms illuminated at the tidings, generals feturning home under flaming arches and showering amaranths and the shout of empires—that is poetry.

Chilled and half blanketed, lying on

and the tidings, generals Februaing home under flaming arches and showering amaranths and the shout of empires—that is poetry.

Chilled and half blanketed, lying on the wet earth; feet sore with the march and bleeding at the slightest touch; hunger pulling on every fibre of flesh or attempting to satisfy itself with a scanty and spoiled ration; thirst licking up the dew or drinking out of fitthy and trampled pool; thoughts of home and kindred far away while just on the eve a deadly strife, where death may leap on him from any one of a hundred bayonets; the closing in of two armies, now changed to 100,000 maniacs; the ground slippery with blood and shattered flesh; falling ones writhing under the hoofs of unbridled chargers maddened with pain; the dreadfulness of night that comes down when the strife is over; the struggle of the wounded ones crawling out over the corpses; the long, feverish agony of the crowded barrack and hospital, from whose mattresses the fragments of men send up their groans, the only music of carnage and butchery; desolate homes, from which fathers and husbands and brothers and sons went off; without giving any dying message or sending a missato the dear ones at home, tumbled into the soldiers' grave trench, and houses in which a few weeks before unbroken family circles rejoiced, now plunged in the great sorrows of widowhood and orphanage. That is prose.

But there is now on the earth a king-

widowhood and orphanage. That is prose.

But there is now on the earth a kingdom which has set itself up for conflicts without number. In its: march it tramples no grainfields, it sacks no cities, it impoverishes no treasuries, it fills no hospitals, it bereaves no families. The courage and victory of Solferino and Magenta without carnage. The kingdom of Christ against the kingdom of Satan. That is the strife now raging. We will offer no armistices. We will make no treaty. Until all the revolted nations of the earth shall submit to King Emmanuel "in the name of God we will set up our banners."

sentation of cherubim, Judah a lign wrought into the groundwork of white, purple, crimson and blue. Such flags from their folds shook fire into the hearts of such numbers as were in the field when Abijah fought against Jehoram, and there were 1,200,000 soldiers, and more than 500,000 were left dead on the field. These ensigns gave heroism to such numbers as were assembled when Asa fought against Zerah, and there were 1,580,000 troops in the battle. The Athenians carried an inscription of the owl, which was their emblem of wisdom. The flags of modern nations are familiar to you all, and many of them so inappropriate for the character of the nations they represent it would be impolitic to enumerate them. These ensigns are streamers borne on the point of a lance and on the top of wooden shafts. They are carried in the front and rear of armies. They unroll from the main top gallant masthead of an admiral's flagship to distinguish it among other ships of the same squadron. They are the objects of national pride. The loss of them on the field is ignominious. The three banners of the Lord's host are the banner of proclamation, the banner of recruit and the banner of victory. When a nation feels its rights infringed or its honor insulted, when its citizens have in foreign climes been oppressed, and no indemnity has been offered to the inhabitant of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the top of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the Church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its Sovereign and determined to get back those who have been carried off captive into the bondage of satan and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long cursed the earth and bent upon the extension of the Saviour's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up its banner of proclamation.

The church makes no assault upon the world. I do not be

ineaments. Though tossed and driven by the storms of 6000 years, she sails stavely yet, and as at her launching in false in friendship, hypocritical in profession—against all this Christ makes onset. From false profession He would tear the mask. From oppression He would snatch the rod. From pride He would rend off the plumes. From revenge. He would exorcise the devil. While Christ loved the world so much He died to save it. He hates sin so well that to eradicate the last trace of its pollution He will utterly consume the continents and the oceans. At the gate of Eden the declaration of perpetual enmity was made against the serpent. The tumult roundabout Mount Sinai was only the roar and flash of God's artillery of wrath against sin, Sodom on fire was only one of God's flaming bulletins announcing hostility. Nineveh and Tyre and Jerusalem in awful ruin mark the track of Jehovah's advancement. They show that God was terribly in earnest when He announced Himself abhorrent of all iniquity. They make us believe that though nations beliigerent and revengeful may sign articles of Latest News in THE WEEKLY SUN. Latest News in THE WEEKLY SUN. | Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

peace and come to an amicable adjustment, there shall be no cessation of hestilities between the forces of light and

ment, there shall be no cessation of hasfilities between the forces of light and
the forces of darkeness until the kingdoms
of the world have become the kingdoms
of the Lord. Affrighted by no opposition, discouraged by no temporary defeats, shrinking from no exposureevery man to his position, while from
the top of our schools and churches and
seminaries and asylums "in the name of
God we will set up our banners."

Again, it was the custom in ancient
times for the purpose of gathering armies
to lift an ensign on the top of some high
hill, so that all who saw it would feel
impelled to rally around it. In more
modern times the same plan has been
employed for the gathering of an army.
Thus it is that the Church of Christ lifts
its flag for recruits. The cross of Jesus
is our standard, planted on the hill of
Calvary. Other armies demand that persons desiring to enter the lists of war
shall be between such and such an age,
lest the folly of extreme youth or the
infirmity of advanced age be a clog rather than an advantage. But none is too
young for Christ's regiment; none can be
too old. The hand that is strong enough to bound a ball or trundle a hoop is
skilled enough to fight for Christ, while
many a hand trembling with old age has
grasped the arrow of truth, and, with
a dim eye close to it, taking aim, has
sent its sharp point right through the
heart of the King's enemies. Many
of you have long ago had your names
written on the roll of celestial troops,
and you like the service well, although
you now bear the scars of multitudinous
conflicts and can recount many a long
march and tell of siege guns opened on
you that you thought never would be
spiked. But there may be some who
have not yet enlisted. Your being here
implies that you are seriously thinking
about it, and your attention makes me
hope you are only looking for the standard to be hoisted. Will you not, 100 of
your, with all the aroused enthusiasm of
your hanters?"

Through natural modesty do you hold
back and say: "I will be of no advantage

the step of the host, or to be of any service in the shock of battle?" To you I make the reply, Try it. One hour under Christ's drill, and you would so well understand His rules that the first step of your march heavenward would make the gates of hell tremble on their hinges. We may not be as polished and trim as many Christians we have known, and we may not as well understand sharpshooting, but there is rough work which we can all accomplish. We may be axmen and hew a pathway through the forests. We but there is rough work which we can all accomplish. We may be axmen and hew a pathway through the forests. We may be spadesmen and dig the trenches or throw up the fortifications. We do not care where, we do not care what—if we can only help in the cause of our King and shout as loudly as any of them at the completion of the conquest.

Again, when a grand vioctory has been won, it is customary to announce it by

Again, when a grand vioctory has been won, it is customary to announce it by flags floating from public buildings, and from trees, and from the masts of ships. They are the signal for eulogy and rejoicing and festivity. So the ensign which the church hoists is a banner of victory. There was a time when the religion of Christ was not considered respectable. Men of learning and position frowned upon it. Governments anathematized its supporters. To be a Christian was to be an underling. But mark the difference. Religion has compelled the world's respect. Infidelity in the tremendous effort it has made to crush it has complimented its power. And there is not now a single civilized nation but in its constitution or laws or proclamations pare homoge to the religion of the cross. In the war in India, when Sir Archibald Campbell found in an hour of danger that the men he ordered to proclamations pays homage to the religion of the cross. In the war in India, when the time when David wrote the they were in use. The hosts of displayed them, the tribe of Bencarried a flag with the inscription e wolf, the tribe of Dan a repretion of cherubim, Judah a light into the groundwork of white, are never drunk, and Havelock is al-ways ready." That Christianity which gathered its first trophies from the fish-erman's huts on the shores of Galilee now has Samsonian strength thrown up-on its shoulders and has carried off the gates of science and worldly power. We point not to fortresses and standing armies and navies as the evidence of the church's progress. We point to the men

church's progress. We point to the men whom Christ has redeemed by His blood. We are mighty in this cause, for we have the help of the pious dead. Messengers of salvation from high heaven, they visit the field. They stand behind us to keep us from ignominious retreat. They go before us to encourage us in the strife. The McCheynes, and the Paysons, and the Martyns, and the Paysons, and the Martyns, and the Prainerds, an uncounted multitude of the glorified, are our coadjutors. Have you heard the Swiss tradition? The herdsmen say that three great leaders of the Helvetic nation, though seemingly dead, are only lying down under the ground in their old time dress, refreshing themselves with sleep, and that if at any time the liberties of their country are in danger they will immediately spring to their feet and drive back the enemy. May I not have the thought that if ever the church of the blessed Christ shall be threatned with destruction by foes which seem too great for the strength, the Lord Himself will not only come to the deliverance, but those great ancients who have seemed to be sleeping among the dead shall immediately hear the trumpet blast of the church militant and full armed spring back to their old positions in the ranks of God with the battle cry, "More than conquerors through Him that loved us." Although we have already much to encourage us in the work of the world's evangelization, yet we must confess that much of our time has been consumed in planting our batteries and getting ready for the conflict. We have not yet begun to pray. We have not yet begun to pray is the world's evangelization, yet we must confess that much of our time has been consumed in planting our batteries and getting ready for the conflict. We have not yet begun to pray is a promote the field. We have not yet begun to

we shall have glittering on our swords the words of David to the giant, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, who thou hast defied."

Now the church goes forth bearing precious seed, but after awhile it will be the sheaf binding, and reaper angels shall shout the harvest home. Now it is tents and marching and exposure, but then, in the ranks of prostrate iniquity and on the very walls of heaven, "in the name of God we will set up our banners."

The earth sends up its long, deep

banners."

The earth sends up its long, deep groan of pain and clanks the great chains of its bondage and cries by the voice of sea and land and sky, "How long, O Lord, how long?" There was a tradition on the other side of the water that the daughter of Lir was transformed into a bird of the air, and that she wandered for hundreds of years over river and lake until the arrival of Christianity, and that at the stroke of the river and lake until the arrival of Christianity, and that at the stroke of the first cathedral bell her spirit was freed. Uncounted millions of our race, by the power of sin and satan, have been transformed into a state of wretchedness, and they wander like the poor daughter of Lir, but they shall after awhile be released. When the great church of Christ shall in those darkened lands from its tower ring out the glad tidings of the gospel, then millions of wandering souts shall find rest in a Saviour's pity and a Saviour's love, transported from the kingdom of satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

My subject has taught you that in this contest we are not without ensigns and

God's dear Son.

My subject has taught you that in this contest we are not without ensigns and colors. All we want now is men to carry them. Before I sit down I must prepose to each of you this great honor. Becoming a Christian is not so ignoble a thing as many have thought it. "It makes a man stoop," you say. I know it, but it is only the stoop of an heir of royalty, who on his knees is to receive a crown of dominion. We want standard bearers in all pulpits, in all places of business—everywhere. I do not ask you how old you are, nor how young, how weak or how strong, how dull or how sharp, nor what your home, nor who your ancestors. Without any condition, without any reserve, in the name of the God of Israel, I offer you the honor of carrying the church's ensigns. Do not be afraid of the assaults of a world whose ranks you desert, nor of devils who will oppose you with infernal might. It were more blessed to fall here than stand anywhere else. It were more of an honor, engaged with Christ, to be trampled underfoot with this army of banners, than, opposing Christ, to be buried, like Edward I., in Egyptian porphyry.

You know in ancient times elephants

this army of banners, than, opposing Christ, to be buried, like Edward I., in Egyptian porphyry.

You know in ancient times elephants were trained to fight and that on one occasion, instead of attacking the enemy, they turned upon their owners, and thousands were crushed under the stroke of their trunks and the mountain weight of their step. These mighty opportunities of work for Christ may accomplish great things in overthrowing the sin of the world and beating to pieces its errors, but if we do not wield them aright these very advantages will in unguarded moments turn terribly upon us and under their heels of vengeance grind us to powder. Rejected blessings are sevenfold curses. We cannot compromise this matter. We cannot stand aside and look on. Christ has declared it, "All who are not with me are against me." Lord Jesus, we surrender.

The prophecies intimate that there shall before the destruction of the world be one great battle between truth and uprighteousness. We shall not probably see it on earth. God grant that we may see it, leaning from the battlements of heaven. On the side of sin shall be arrayed all forms of oppression and cruelty, led on by infamous kings and generals; the votaries of paganism, led on by their priests; the subjects of Mohammes danism, following the command of their shieks. And gluttony and intemperante and iniquity of every phase shall be largely represented on the field. All the wealth and splendor and power and glory of wickedness shall be concentrated on that and decisive and and maddened wealth and splendor and power and glory of wickedness shall be concentrated on that one decisive spot, and, maddened by 10,000 previous defeats, shall gather themselves up for one last terrible assault. With hatred to God for their cause and blasphemy for the battle-cry, they spread out over the earth in square behind square and legion beyond legion, while in some overhanging cloud of blackness foul spirits of hell watch this last struggle of sin and darkness for dominion.

Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's nostrils, plunder and sin and satanic force shall quit the field. As the roar of the conflict sounds through the universe all worlds shall listen. The air shall be full of wings of heavenly cohorts. The work is done, and in the presence of a world reclaimed for the crown of Jesus, and amid the crumbling of tyrannies and the defeat of satanic force, and amid the sound of heavenly acclamations, the church shall rise up in the image of our Lord, and with the crown of victory on her head and the seepter of dominion in her hand in the name of God shall set up her banners. Then Himalaya shall become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah, and the oceans the walking place of Him who trod the wave crests of Galilee, and the great heavens become a sounding board of exultation to the earth till it rebound again to the throne of the Almighty. Angel of the Apocalypse, fly, fly! For who will stand in the way of thy might or resist the sweep of thy wing? Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's

An Extraordinary Migration.

One of the greatest mysteries to scientists, one for which there seems to be no reasonable explanation, is that concerning the migration of the lemming, or Norway rat. Instead of taking place once a year, these migrations occur only once in every eleven years. When the time comes for the exodus, the little animals journey westward from Scandinavia, allowing nothing to stop their movements, which virtually amount to a headlong flight. They swim the lakes and rivers and climb the highest countains in incalculable numbers, devastating the whole country through which they travel. Naturalists attribute the movement to some inherited memory of a flight to scape an expected cataclysm, but this seems somewhat far-fetched.—Pittsburg Dispatch. An Extraordinary Migration.

One Chance of Affecting a Cure One Chance of Affecting a Cure.

A nervous young lady called a physician for a slight aliment, but one which she magnified, in her own estimation, into a serious one.

"Rum," said the doctor to a servant, giving him a prescription, "to the nearest drug store and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can,"

"Is there much danger?" replied the young lady, in alarm.

"Yes," said the doctor, " if your servant is not quick it will be useless."

"Oh, doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient.

patient.

"There is no donger of that," said the doctor, "but you may get well before John returns."—Boston Traveler.

Had Something on His Mind. Gibbs—What are you loafing about town at this time of night for?

Dobbs—Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was.

Gibbs—It wasn't groceries, was it?

Dobbs—No. ibbs-Raby food, tacks, or theatre

No: but I've thought of it. Dobbs—No; but I've thought of Gibbs—What was it? Dobbs—She wanted me to ren d come home early.—London Ti Subscribe for THE WEDKLY SUN VISITED THE QUEEN.

A No:folk Farmer's Quaint Description of His Reception.

(From an English paper.) Mr. Smith of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a fine old Me-thodist farmer, and a simple-minded, earnest Christian, who had lived through those times for the British farmer, when Napoleon turned all Europe into one vast battle-field, and wheat was selling at from fifteen shillings to a pound a bushel. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough which was a great improvement on the cumbrous implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with the plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor-no light undertaking in those days, when the only public conveyance were the postchaise. the stage-coach, and the carrier's cart. He reached Windsor in the twilight of a summer's evening, and reported himself at the castle. A gentleman of the household—a colonel whose name we forgot-told him that he would have to present himself at ten o'clock on the following morning for his interview with the Prince. "Yes, that's all right," said the farmer, "but what am I to do for a

bed ?" "A bed !" said the colonel. you'd better go to an inn," and he mentioned one where he would made very comfortable for the night, but Mr. Smith did not take kindly to

the suggestion. "Why, here now cunnel," he said, "that dew seem mighty quare, that raly dew. 'Goo to an inn,' he says! That's very ill convenient and costly. I didn't come here because I wanted to come. I come because you axed me, and I had to come, and the laste you can do is to give me a bed. If you was to come to Dickleborough, my missus, she'd find you a bed. I know right well she would, 'specially if we's axed you to come; and if you was as hungry as I be. I warrant she'd find you suffen to ate into the bargain."

Old Smith said this in his pleasant way, and the colonel was taken by storm. He brought him up to his own rooms, had a good supper put before him, and gave orders for his accom-

modation for the night. "After I'd suffen to ate," Mr. Smith used to say in telling the tale, "the cunnel he axed me if I smoked tobacco. I said, 'I dew,' and he offered me a cigar. But I told him I worn't used to them things, and could he find me a clay pipe? So he rung the bell, and that was browt, and we had a rale pleasant talk. 'Tworn't long, however, afore I got sleepy; I was fair beat out with the jounce (jolting) of them stage cutches, and I wanted to go to bed. The cunnel, he say, 'I'll ring for your candle, Mr. Smith, and the man, he'll

show you to your room.'
"Thank'ee, cunnel,' I made reply; Will you let's have yar Bible, if

The cunnel he says, 'O, certainly, Mr. Smith!' and he put it on the table, and I say to him, 'Well, now, will you rade and pray, or shall I rade and you pray?" He made answer and say, 'I think I'd better do the reading, Mr. Smith.' So he read a Psalm, he did-a beautiful Psalm that was, tew, tut that was one of the shortest in the Book, and arter he'd done we knelt down, and I prayed and asked the Lord to bless him and the Queen and the Prince of Wales and the dear

"Well, in the morning I had a rare good breakfast, and at 10 o'clock I was took to see the Prince. He shook hands with me quite friendly, and we got a-talkin' about my plough, and I showed him how that worked. Arter we'd bin a-talkin' for a bit, the door opened, and a big man with his hair powdered, and a uniform on, he say, 'Her Majesty,' in a loud voice, and in come the Queen. When I saw her come in I was right stammed (astounded.) I thewt she'd have a goold sceptre in the hand, and her gownd all a-tralin' ahind, same as we see in the picters. But there she plain, simple woman, with a kind look on her face. She spoke to me quiet and friendly like, and said she was very glad to see me, and what a long way I had come to show them my plough, and she hadn't spoke only them words afore I was no more afraid of her than I am of my nabors' wives-not half as much as I am o' some o' them. She was just as simple and kind as if she warn't no more than nobody; there warn't no mock pride about her. But when I had to spake to her I let her see that I know'd who she was, and that I re-

spected of her.
"Well, we had a right pleasant talk arter we'd done with the plough. The Queen had asked me a lot a' questions about the farmers in our parts, and the poor folks, what wages they got, were their cottages comfortable, did they go to church reg'lar, and all manner o' what, and I told her the best I

could. "By-an'-by I began to get a bit onaisy. 'Smith,' I said to myself, 'you're browt afore kings and princes and you must testify.' I said, 'I will,' and I looked to the Lord for an open', and 'twaren't long afore 't co The Queen she says to me, 'Mr. Smith.' she say, 'howiver did you come to think o' this clever invention o' yourn?" "'Well, your majesty, mum,' says I, I had that in my head for a sight o' days afore that come straight. I see what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to get at it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I better thowt, but that wouldn't come celar nahow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, an' one morning that come into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model.'
"'Why, Mr. Smith,' she say, 'do you

pray about your ploughs?' "'W'y, there, now, your majesty, mum,' says I, 'why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven He knowed I was in trouble about that, and why shouldn't go an' tell Him? I mind o' my boy, Tom-he's a fine, big man now, keep- bank were floated at an enormous pre-

ing company along o' my nabor Stebns' darter, he is, an' a rale good gal I know she is-but when he was a teeny little mite of a boy 1 bowt him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with that. Well, he come to me one day cryin' as if his little heart was bruk. He'd bruk that whip, he had, an' he come to me with that. Well, now, your majesty, mum, that whip that worn't nothin' to me-that only cost eighteen pence when 'twas new but it was suffen to me to see the tears a-runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him up on my knee, and I wiped his tears with my handkerche and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. 'Wy don't you cry, Tom, boy,' says I. 'I'll mend that whip. I will, so that'll crack as loud as iver, and I'll buy you a new one next market day.' 'Well, now, your majesty, mum, says I, 'don't you think our Father in heaven He care as much for me as I care for my boy Tom? My plough worn't o' much consekence to

Him, but I know right well my trouble

"Well, now-would you believe itwhen I said that, the rrince he tarned away, and he blowed his nose with pocket-handkercher, and the Queen she had tears in her eyes, and I see one on 'em a-rollin' down her cheek. 'You're a good man, Mr. Smith," she say, 'and I am thankful I have subjects su31 as you." Them were her words! I'm proud of 'em; I have told my son Tom he's rever to forget 'em! and he's to tache 'em to his children, if so be as Gcd gives him a family. When the Queen say them words to me, I say to her, "your majesty, mum,' I say, 'I hain't got nothing good about me, but what comes from God,' and she say, "No more hain't one of us, Mr. Smith. The prince he jined in, and we had a rare good talk; that was for all the world just like a band meetin'. Folks may say what they like, but it ain't no use of them sayin' it to John Smith, o' Dickleborough. He know, and he say to all the world, Queen Victoria is a right good godly woman, and Prince Albert he's another-leastways-well, you know

what I mean. "It was getting nigh on to noon by this time, and at last the Queen she said to me, 'Mr. Smith," she say, 'you will find lunch provided for you, and the man who waits on you will take you over the castle if you wish There are some very fine paintings and other things you might like to 'Well, now, your majesty, mum,' says I, 'I ain't much of a judge of picters, but there is one thing I should rarely like to see.' 'What is it, Mr. Smith?' she say, and I say, 'If I, might see the dear babes.' Queen she laughed and she looked right tickled, and she say they was out a-walking in the park, and some one should go with me and show me the way. So she bid me good-day, and so did the Prince, and a man and took me away.'

Mr. Smith was taken to the park and met there the children who were extant. His conductor 'said suffen' to the lady in charge of them, doubtless telling her of her majesty's com-mand, and the good old man talked to the children in his kindly way for "Thank'ee, cunnel, I made reply,
but there's one thing I allays do
after goin' to bed—I have family
prayer. I know my missus is havin'
it at Dickleborough, and it won't do
for her master not to have it because
he happen to be away from home.

By the standing bareheaded in the sunshine, he prayed that the blessing of
God might be upon them and abide with them. Then he turned his face a year I was in this condition. I conhomeward, and went back to the simple, every-day life of a Norfolk far-

> Not long afterwards he received a box which had been brought from London by the carrier and in it he found a most beautiful family Bible, with a note explaining that it was a present from the Queen and Prince Albert. Mr. Smith carefully packed it up again, and returned it with a letter to the Queen, asking her "if she would be so good as to write her name on it." The Bible came back in due time, with the autograph signature, not of her majesty only, but of the prince also, and of all the dren-even the babe's little hand had een guided to write its name and under the signatures the Queen had written with her own hand, "A me-mento of the visit of a good man." Mr. Smith had a large glass case made to cover the Bible, and on certain days he used to show it to sight seers at three pence a head. The noney thus earned was dropped into a missionary box, together with the contributions of his family; and when the annual missionary meeting came round, the box and the story were always produced to the great satisfac tion of the audience, who never grew tired of hearing the good old man tell the tale of his interview with the Queens.

## "BARNEY" BARNATO. Barney Barnato, the diamond king

of South Africa, who destroyed him-

self by jumping into the sea while on his way from Cape Town to Se ampton, was one of the two men who in the development of South Africa secured a world-wide reputation. Cecil Rhodes was the other, Begin-ning life in a humble way in London es the son of an English Jew, Barnate went to South Africa about twenty-five years ago and within three years had accumulated enough money to buy a claim in the great Kimberley diamond mines, then just beginning to beco productive. Five years later his holdings had become very large, and when the Transvaal gold fields were discovered he had profits to invest them. Success followed success, he touched turned to gold, until he became the Monte Cristo of the century. Some years ago, when the De Beers company had 220,000 carats to sell, Barnato made Cecil Rhodes, the head of the company, an offer for the lot in one parcel. Mr. Rhodes replied: "Yes, you shall have them on condition that you let me see a sight no human eye ever saw yet." "What's that?" inquired the puzzled Barney. "Why," said Mr. Rhodes, "a bucketful of diamonds in a heap." "Done," exclaimed the delighted dealer. And, says the chronicler or inventor of the story, they poured the diamonds all together into a bucket and emptied the bucket in a heap and gloated over the sight. Two years ago Barnato made his

advent in London and at once became a notable figure. He made the Kaffir market dominate the whole world. The shares of the Barnato mium. When a slump was threatened he avoided it by a most audacious move. He spent \$15,000,000 in one day in bracing the South African shares, with the result that the total market value of the shares of the Barnato bank reached \$45,310,000, although their par value was but \$12,500,000. At the summit of his career Barney was estimated to be worth between one hundred and one hundred and forty million dollars. Unlike Cecil Rhodes, who used wealth only as a means to political control, Barnato took little interest in political affairs and apparently aspired only to such control of men as comes from the possession of fabulous riches. His taking off was a dramatic ending to a phenomenally dramatic life.

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

QUEENS CO.

Hampstead, June 22.—The Foresters of Court Woodville, No, 1,842, met at the hall at Hibernia on Sunday afternoon, clothed themselves in uniform and marched to church, where they listened to Rev. George W. Foster preach a sermon for the occasion from ist Corinthians, xiii., 13. His theme was love.

Mrs. S. A. Palmer of Sussex is here visiting her friends. Miss Bertie Worden and sister of Sussex are also here, the guests of Mrs. J. W. Stults.

REASONS ON BOTH SIDES.

There are plenty of reasons for taking our meals regularly. Everybody can tell what they are. It's as easy as counting the peas in a pod. But did you ever think there might be reasons against it? There stands a glass of fresh, pure water, for instance. It is fit to drink, and ready to your hand. But you are not thirsty, and so you don't touch it. You don't even consider the matter in your mind; you don't want it and you let it alone. That's all; the condition of the body decides the question without argument.

But is it so with eating? No; it sn't. The meal is there on the table; there won't be another for some hours. The family sit down to it. It is a sort of a function; it represents a habit. Thus people are continually eating when they ought to fast. They eat against nature's protest, and she serves them out for it. Take an illustration:-"I was strong and healthy," says

Mr. W. J. Harding, "up to the spring of 1891. Then I fell ill. At first I felt heavy, tired and sleepy. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and in the morning I was very sick. My appetite was poor, and after meals I had great weight and oppression at the chest. I was also troubled with a strange fluttering of the heart, and sometimes Illuttering of the heart, and sometimes I feared it would stop beating. At such times I could scarcely get my breath, and after the attack passed off it left me weak and trembling. As time went on I got weaker and weaker, and was often at work when I ought to have been in bed. For over sulted three doctors in all, but they did me no good. No medicines helped me. In July, 1892, my wife persuaded me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a short time was greatly relieved; my breathing became easier and I gradually gained strength. Whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint the Syrun never fails to relieve them. (Signed) William John Harding, Westeria Cottage, Bursledon, near Southampton April 6th, 1893."

Another man: "In September, 1887, I began to feel unnaturally tired and drowsy. As I had heretofore been strong and healthy, I didn't know what to make of it. I had a foul taste in the mouth and a poor appe What I did eat gave me pain tite. and tightness at the chest times so bad I could hardly After awhile the shortness of breath got worse and worse and as I went to my work I had to stop and rest. Often I had to fight for my breath, and it seemed as if I should suffocate I was a year this way, all the time getting worse, nothing that I took doing me ary good.
"One friend after another spoke to

me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying what benefit they had derived from it. At last I concluded it must be a good thing, and in October, 1888, I got a bottle from the Co-operative Stores in Alma street. Before I had taken half the bottle I felt better, and when I had finished it I was cured and have enjoyed good he alth ever since. I have recommended the rem-edy to my mates in the dockyard. (Signed) R. Sweetingham, 10 Albion Place, Sheerness. December 8th, 1892." Mr. Sweetingham is a joiner in the

One moment, please. These two letters are merely examples of thousands received by us, all saying the samething, and most of them in almost the same words. All say this: "After eating I suffered, etc.,"

Then, we say, these people should not have eaten. But, answers the reader, what would they do-starve to death? We reply to that That is what they were already doing—slowly starving to death. Indigestion and dyspepsia, continued, always ends that way. But, you say once more, that is a dilemma. If they don't eat they starve. If they do eat they suffer

and then starve.

Exactly. That's the truth; no man can make it otherwise. The thing to do is to cure the disease by the same means these gentlemen employed. Don't suffer; don't starve. This is written to show you how to avoid

Bridegroom (wealthy)—"I wonder, how you came to marry an ordinary f like me?" Bride—"I haven't the least Mamma managed the whole affair."

Haskell-"What's Bobby crying for?" Mrs. Haskell-"Oh! the poor boy cought his finger in the pantry door." Haskell-"H'm! ne evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time."

CASTORIA

A GR

Purchas were v Our sale the hou orders w

CHEAPSIL

**60 CENTS** 

the Is WIRE

A J. MACHUM, M

TELEGI

QUE Montreal, June 24 today, although the confirmed, that Lo the near future res ceeded by the pres Hon. Geo. A. Drur Montreal, June ceived here today t had decided to throment all the land v Tache had receive and which belonge

St. Boniface. Mrs. Henri Legan committed suicide ing over the bridge street tunnel, Notr The minister of the pilots that if t will give them a quiry during recess Montreal, June says: London, June ing day with the C colonial troops. Le racks in martial or band of the Grena an escort of Londo they proceeded to the hearty cheering The Lyceum was casion, with the Un Standard specially

veteran of the So Doyle's play, A S duced into the p the old corporal Boers were lording

"Ah." said the c ro have done for This brought do cially as it was kn In the interval th the colonials for ch

The . colonials bowed in response

In the second par The Bells, Irving Tiece, was presented Montreal, June 27.—pilot committee wired sloners that he would and as Sir Louis Davi mission of enquiry into are inclired to accept, minister authorizes the strike continues, the required buoys to Quebec, which will those to navigate ships. The pilots below Queb declared that they will find their fat job. It is stated here the for Richelieu, will so deputy minister of in members of the committee that there is no one in versant with the Frem Mgr. Paul Bruches from Quebec and wathe clergy. The arconsecrated in the Cathering of Quebec official signal of the committee of the co riece, was pres

Admiral and Lady Dumb Institution

Halifax, June 28

ident occurred at institution in this There are eighty ool, whose pul held on Saturday. Erskine were prese hour today Sir Erskine dropped again. After supp addressed by the Lady Erskine them and gave twenty-five cent they scatter for t of the deaf mute Burin, Nfld.; had r have to remain in other scholars wer take the child w house and allow h tion with her own a playmate for The offer of cours ed, and Bessie M

If you have a want to get even giving his boy a