ROYAL WEDDING FEAST

UNLIMITED INVITATIONS TO THE GREATEST SINCE WORLD BEGAN

NO EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE

Some Refuse, But a Great Host, Including Our Great Men to a Number That Transcends Belief, Accept the Invitations to Be Christians—Intellectual Giants Present—There Are No Classes In the Church.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Diver, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, July 15.—The familiar parable of the King's wedding supper is presented by the preacher in this sermon in a new light and is made the basis for unlimited invitation to all classes. The text is Matthew xxii, 10, "The wedding was furnished with guests."

Some people are born ascetics. They love to travel the rough roads instead of the smooth. They profess to despise every form of comfort and ease. Like John the Baptist, they would clothe themselves in skins and banquet upon locusts and wild honey. They believe that primitive man in his dugout, eating his raw meat and herbs as he hunts them day by day, is a better type of the human race than is the modern man living in a hothouse and sleeping upon a feather bed and protecting himself from the rains of summer and the colds of winter with umbrellas and rubbers and storm overcoats. Like Emperor William I. of Germany, they believe that, though they may live in a palace, yet the body rests better upon the hard camp cot, the relic of many battlefields, and the coarses the food they eat the more physical and mental strength they will have.

The banquet hall may have a bad name on account of the gourmets and gluttons who make out of its table a shrine, yet one of the most important political, social, ecclesiastical, financial and literary factor of the world has been the banquet hall. When a Gladstone, a Disraeli, a Salisbury and a Balfour wanted to explain the state policy of the British Government, where did they utter their manifestoes? They again and again spoke to the British Empire and to the world over the banquet table, which was spread to celebrate the induction of a new lord mayor of London into office. When Henry W. Grady wanted to bind the new north to the new south with the golden cords of love, where did he do it? At the New England banquet held in New York city in 1886 to celebrate. Forefathers' day. How did New York and America honor the electrical triumphs of the inventor of the telegraph, Samuel E. B. Morse? By a public dinner on Dec. 7, 1863. How did New York honor the cable triumphs of Cyrus W. Field? In the same way, by a public banquet three years later. And how did the American pulpit honor one of its greatest theologians a few years ago —Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, than whom there was not at that time a more powerful personality in any professorial chair in the west. By a public banquet given in Chicago in January, 1903. The brainy men of this country do not gather in the banquet hall for a great feast of material viands nearly as much as for a feast of intellectual, moral and spiritual foods. Thus I am glad today that this symbol of my text is found in a banquet hall. Furthermore, it is found in the most fascinating of all banquet halls—namely, at a wedding feast.

You know this parable without our going into details. The King wanted to make a great feast to celebrate the wedding of his son. The loving father invites many guests to the wedding, but they all refuse to come. Then the King says to his servants, "Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come." Then the servants go and bring in the new guests. Now, it is my purpose to talk to you about this banquet hall and point out for you the different characteristics and the social status of the guests. In thinking over this parable we often dwell on the direct lesson of the wide gospel invitation it conveys without noticing the characteristics of the men, the women and the children who were finally persuaded to sit down at the wedding feast of the royal Son of God, Jesus Christ.

Let us find a vantage ground to stand on. Let us, in the first place, learn how we can best study the personal characteristics of these wedding guests. Shall we do this by entering the brilliantly lighted banquet hall and watching the actions of the guests who are gathered about the table? Nay. You cannot tell what a man is like when he is dressed up and out for an evening entertainment. In order to find out what he truly is you must go and talk with him at his work. His Sunday clothes are not the true index of his life. Many a man has gone to an evening reception in a borrowed dress suit. Many a woman who is most elaborately appareled for a party is a slattern when in her own home. Thus in order to find out the different characteristics of the wedding guests we should follow one of the servants' who goes forth by the King's command to gather in the guests for the wedding.

Now, what did the King say? "Go ye, therefore, into the highways and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage." That means: "Oh, servant, as soon as you get into the street, give this wedding invitation to the first men and women and children you meet. Make no exceptions to this rule. Slight no one. Ask all who will to come." Now, who do you suppose the servant naturally first accosted? Probably the most conspicuous person in the street. It was doubtless the rich merchant or the military chieftain, astride his war charger, or it was the royal prince driving in his chariot. These men were naturally the most conspicuous in that crowded thoroughfare, therefore they were the first to whom I think the servant went and said: "Come! The King bids thee to come to the marriage of his son. Come, and come now!" But many of these rich men, the intellectual leaders, refused to come. Very likely they were among those whom the King had invited and who may have already refused the invitation. Some of all classes refused to come. But there were many of the intellectual world who did come, and thousands of the intellectual leaders of the world are coming to-day.

Did you ever try to estimate how many of our great men are Christians? Their numbers almost transcend human belief. Just study them in a political or governmental sense. A few years ago the editors of The Christian Herald sent forth a letter to all the governors of this country and, I believe, to all the members of the United States Congress and to the leaders both of the army and the navy, also to the justices of the supreme court, the President of the United States and his Cabinet and to distinguished educators and notable persons of both sexes. The letter, which was addressed to all alike, read: "Are you a friend of Christianity? Do you believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind? Does your belief extend to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the divinity of Christ and to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence?" The answers came back by the scores and hundreds. They showed that from the President in the White House down to the humble executive of the western territory nearly all the governors, nearly all the senators and congressmen, nearly all the great leaders of our army and navy, were either out and out members of Christian churches or respecters of the same. I kept those replies in my scrapbook. I could quote many of them now if I had the time. However, from memory I can say this—that nearly all of our great leaders in governmental life were ready to confess that their only hope for eternal salvation was the cross of Jesus Christ. And what is true of statecraft I believe will also be found true of medicine and of every other department of professional and business life if the statistician would only compile for us the records.

Do not talk to me about there being no intellectual giants in the banquet hall of the Divine Bridegroom. Why, there you can see the intellectual leaders everywhere around you. Agassiz once said that the greatest feast he ever attended was when he visited the great German naturalist, Oken. Lorenz Oken was rich in brain, but poor in pocket. Therefore he placed before Agassiz but two dishes—one of potatoes boiled and one of potatoes roasted. But while the young naturalist sat by the side of the great scientist Oken unfolded for him his investigations in natural philosophy. "Never before," wrote Agassiz, "were such potatoes grown on this planet, for the mind of the man seemed to enter into what we ate socially together, and I devoured his intellect while munching his potatoes. I repeat it—I never ate such a dinner before or since." As Agassiz, the great naturalist, was feasting because he was sitting at the table of Oken, so many of the great intellectual giants are feasting because they are sitting at the marriage banquet of Christ. They seem to care not what they eat or what they drink as long as Christ sits at the head of the table and they see him and hear his words. When a famous English writer lay ill a few years ago the nurse heard him talking. She went to his bedside and heard him feebly murmuring the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "I beg your pardon," said the nurse when she knew that he was praying. "I thought you wanted something." "I do," faintly replied Rudyard Kipling. "I want my Heavenly Father. He can care for me now." Yea, that Heavenly Father is not the hope of Rudyard Kipling alone. He is the hope of thousands of leaders of the world in almost every department of life. Am I wrong in asserting that the intellectual man is to be seen among the guests at the King's banquet which he gives for his Divine Son?

But no sooner does the messenger of the King give the invitation to the merchant prince and to the military chieftain or to the member of the sanhedrin than methinks I see him put his hand upon the shoulder of the servant who is holding his master's horse and say: "Won't you come to the King's marriage feast? The King bids me ask you to come also." "Ah, no," answers the servant; "I cannot come. My master would not allow it. He would not hire me a day if I did not keep in my social place. I can harness up his chariot and drive him to the temple, but I would not dare stand by his side in that temple of worship. This bridegroom's banquet is only for the aristocrat. It is spread for kings and queens. It is not for the plebeian. If there was a servants' table adjoining the King's banquet hall I might come, but you would not have me sit down with the bridegroom on one side of me and my master on the other. Nay, this invitation is not for me." "Yes, it is, my friend," answers the King's messenger. "This invitation is for the kitchen as well as for the parlor, for the slave as well as for the mighty potentate."

Some people who are trying to build class churches do not believe this. They seem to think that the banquet hall of the Royal King can be controlled by a syndicate of capitalists or by social classes, even as a syndicate of real estate men can buy up a section of land and lay it out in building lots and decide who will live there and who will not. You know, of course, how this is done. It is by imposing "building restrictions." After the land has been laid out in building lots, the owners say to the buyers: "Now, this lot is worth $5,000. But you cannot buy it and build any house upon it worth less than $8,000. We do this in order to protect the neighborhood, so that only the wealthy can come in. We do not want the poor here. Neither do we want those who cannot move in our social set." Thus some class churches would bar the humble and poor out of the house of God where they worship. But, my brother, the gold lace of a king and the silk robe of a princess are not essential factors for entering into this banquet hall of the King's son. God does not say, "You can come if you are able to build a house worth $10,000"; or, "You can come if you are a university graduate"; or, "You can come if your family has a coat of arms." But God does say, "You can come, whether you wear a King's coronet or a King's livery, as long as you came in the name of Jesus Christ." Oh, servant, holding thy master's horse; oh, humble man, working as clerk in the store; oh, nursegirl, rocking the baby to sleep in the nursery, the King's messenger bids thee come to the marriage feast of his Son.

But while we follow the King's messenger down the highways or the public streets and hear him say to men on the right and to men on the left, "Come, come, come to the marriage of the King's son," I see him dart off to the side. He is about to disappear in the doorway of an adjoining house. "Where are you going, messenger?" I cry. "The King did not bid thee go into any homes! Thy command reads, 'Go ye, therefore, into the highways.' That is a private home. That is not the public street. Every man's home is his castle, and you have no right to enter there." "No right!" answers the guide. "Why, if I did not enter some homes there would be thousands of invalids who would never be invited to come to the King's banquet. Did you not see the pale cheek of that tired sick woman at the window? I am going to tell her to come to the marriage banquet of the King's son."

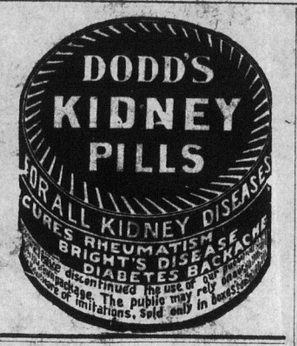
We enter the house and go into the sickroom. The nurse meets us at the door and says: "Hush! Don't make a noise. She is very sick to-day. She is failing very rapidly. She has been an invalid in this room for five, ten or even twenty years. Her time of departure is now not far off." "I know it," says the King's messenger. "I know it. She has had too many pains here. She has suffered enough. She must get up out of this bed and put on the bloom of eternal youth. She must renew her strength. She shall mount up with wings as eagles. She shall run and not be weary. She shall walk and not faint." "But," says the nurse, "she cannot even move a limb. See, she is paralyzed." "I know it," says the messenger, "but remember I have not come to bid her crawl around on a crutch. Remember I have come to ask her to attend the banquet of the King's son. If my lord is willing to ask her to come, surely he will give to her the needful strength with which to walk to his banquet hall and attend his son's feast." "Would you like to come, suffering invalid?" asks the messenger. "Well, rise up and come now."

What a blessed and glorious time that will be when all the sick and the helpless who for months and years have been counted among the "shutins" shall attend the banquet of the King's Son! When one of the greatest ministers of the world a few years ago was dying in the east his poor sick suffering grandchild, a lifelong invalid, was sobbign in the hall. As a friend of my mother was passing into the sickroom she stopped and spoke to the invalid child. "Is grandpa better?" the little girl asked. "No; he is dying," was the answer. "Oh," she said, "why did not God take me and leave him? I am of so little use in the world, and he is of so much use." Aye, when the King's banquet is to be spread God's messenger will come and get thee, weak, invalid grandchild, as well as grandmother. You have been praying enough in that dark room. God has heard your prayers. God's messenger will come soon, and when he comes you will not have to go into the banquet hall on a crutch. You shall not have to be carried there on a litter. You will walk there; you will leap there even as the lame man whom Peter spoke to at the the beautiful gate went into the temple leaping and singing and prasing God. The banquet, the banquet of the King is spread for God's suffering ones of the sick chambers.

Thus as I go to that banquet door and push it a little open I find the strangest assortment of people. You would not believe those people are there unless you come and look for yourself. But as we are to-day following the King's messenger around and as we hear him saying to this man and to that, "Come to the marriage, come to the divine wedding feast," methinks he suddenly turns to us and says, "Friends, will you come also to the marriage banquet of the King's Son?" "Oh," some of us answer, "do not worry about me. I am all right. I know what it is to be a Christian. I was born in a Christian home. In a few years I will come, but not now. I expect to be saved; but, like the thief on the cross, I expect to be saved at the last moment. All that I have to say on my deathbed is, 'Lord, save me,' and it will be all right."

Is that so, my brother? I doubt that. I believe if you and I, who have grown up in Christian homes, are not willing to be saved now in all probability we shall never be saved at all. I like the interpretation which an old minister gave to a gentleman he was visiting. He said: "My friend, you expect to be saved, like the thief on the cross or like the man who was asked to go to work in God's vineyard at the eleventh hour, but did you ever stop to think that when those men were asked to go to work at the eleventh hour in all probability that was the first invitation they had ever received to go to work for Christ? Did you ever stop to think that in all probability the thief upon the cross had spent a whole lifetime with thieves and robbers and had never before been asked to come to Christ until he was on his own dying bed of a cross?" Oh, yes; at the eleventh hour men can be saved who have never heard the gospel invitation before, but for the most part those men who, like ourselves, have been born in Christian homes and who in their youth and young manhood have heard the invitation to come to the marriage banquet of the King's Son and have refused will in all probability never come at the eleventh hour.

Dare we refuse the King's invitation which the messenger is giving to us now?



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When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed) JOHN COSTIGAN.

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† 7 a. m. daily ex. Sunday	*1.03 a. m
*3.18 a. m. Express	*1.13 p. m
*3.32 p. m.	*9.50 p. m

† This train runs daily except Sunday. Starts from here and remains over night.

WABASH

GOING WEST	GOING EAST
No. 1—6.25 a. m.	No. 2—12.25 p. m
3—1.07 p. m.	4—11.19 p. m
5—1.25 p. m.	
7—9.38 p. m.	6—1.32 a. m
9—1.13 a. m.	8—2.49 p. m

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† 8.30 a.m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations, except Sunday.
* 12.52 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
† 4.18 p.m. for Windsor and Detroit.
* 9.9 p.m for Detroit, Chicago and west. International Limited, daily.
† Mixed 2.30 p.m.

EAST

8.37 a.m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto and Buffalo.
† 2.00 p.m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.
* 5.18 for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
† 9 p. m. for London and intermediate stations
† Daily except Sunday. * Daily.

CHATHAM, WALLACEBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILWAY. ELECTRIC SERVICE

Time Table No. 5. In effect Wednesday, May 4th, 1906.

CHATHAM		WALLACEBURG	
LEAVE	ARRIVE	LEAVE	ARRIVE
*6.00a.m	*8.10 a.m	*7.10 a.m	*7.00 a.m
9.00 a.m	11.25 a.m	10.15 a.m	10.10 a.m
11.30 a.m	1.40 p.m	12.30 p.m	12.30 p.m
2.15 p.m	4.30 p.m	3.20 p.m	3.15 p.m
4.30 p.m	6.55 p.m	5.45 p.m	5.40 p.m
5.45 p.m	*8.10 p.m	7.00 p.m	*6.55 p.m
7.00 p.m	*9.25 p.m	*8.15 p.m	*8.10 p.m
9.50 p.m	12.00 p.m	11.00 p.m	11.00 p.m

Extra cars on Saturday leave Chatham 7.15 a.m., 1.10 p.m. Leave Wallaceburg 9.00 a.m. and 2.15 p.m.
*Except Sunday all other cars daily.

PERE MARQUETTE

BUFFALO DIVISION

Leave Chatham FOR	Express	Express
Blenheim and West	8.20 a.m.	5.15 p.m
Blenheim and East	a.m.	6.10 p.m
Sarnia	9.35 a.m	6.10 p.m
Arrive in Chatham From		
Walkerville	10.15 a.m.	7.25 p.m
St. Thomas	9.35 a. m.	6.30 p.m
Sarnia	8.55 a. m.	6.10 p.m.
RONDEAU.	RONDEAU ARRIVING	
Leaving 6.40 am.	8.20 a.m.	
10.30 a.m.	4.00 p.m.	
4.30 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	
6.59 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.
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Aug. 22, 1906 From all points Toronto and east to and including Sharbot Lake and Kingston, and north of Toronto and Cardwell June. on North Bay and Midland Divisions.

Full information at Chatham offices, E. FREMLIN, City Ticket Office, J. DOWNEY, C.P.R. Depot, or write C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

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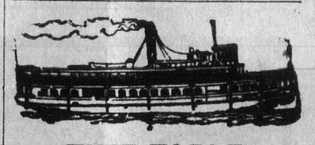

TIME TABLE

THE STEAMER CITY OF CHATHAM

Will make her regular round trip from Chatham to Detroit every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, leaving Rankin Dock, South Chatham, at 7.30 a.m., and returning leaves Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 3.00 p.m. Detroit time. or 4 p.m. Chatham time

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street, at 8 a.m. Detroit time or 9 a.m. Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 p.m. Detroit time or 4 p.m. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 p.m.

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