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cated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toticl soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in Ont bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complex-ion scap, and the BEST toilet and baby scap in the world.

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Encouraging Thoughts for the Christian Worker.

GENERATIONS RISE AND VANISH

The Righteous Shall be in Everlasting Remembrance" - Into the Grave of Oblivion Will Go All Our Sins When the Lord for Christ's Sake Has Forgiven Them.

Washington, Sept. 29.-In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak

to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of ecns, That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery : f the hu-man race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not

come armed in the strength of the eternal God, on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it. Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and tality. going to establish their homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographes devoured of bookworms or read of the rising generations. the signs of the stores and wareand the standard of the standard of

houses of great firms have changed, an advantage to keep the old sign day are only morgues, in which dead up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough, and you come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been unless the grandsons think that it is deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and so down still farther, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to day, but dig down deep enough, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of a third second on the top of a third. Many that many people did was to die, of the ancient cities are buried thirty their cradle a misfortune and their feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and vaves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough

the present Washington and New York and London will have on top | and New of them other Washingt Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets dur present American and Euro-

pean cities. Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and

the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nine-teenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born lest night in a village in Pateborn last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That ountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying

Not a day passes but there is chis-eled off a piece of that granite. why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a school boy's india rubber ball rolls down to boy's india rubber ball rolls do hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a mon-ument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of com-memoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axietree of the constellations will break and let



To physical warnings will often prevent a serious illness. When there are oppressive fullness after eating, bitter risings, belching, headache, dizzi-ness nervousness with nervousness. with and nutritive syster a Not all these symptoms will occur at once or in any single case, but any one of them indicates a disordered condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and mutrition.

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by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It heals dis-ease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, perfectly and permanently. Many diseases, seemingly re-mote from the stomach, here their origin in a

mote from the stomach, have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach diseases which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach diseases which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and hence diseases of liver, lungs, heart and other organs are cured by use of the "Discovery." It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, or other narcotic. It is a true temperance medicine.

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fiesh and strength, was not able to do a good
day's work. I commenced taking Dr. Pierde's
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taken one bottle I could sleep, and my appetite
vas wonderfully improved. I have taken five
vas wonderfully improved. I have taken five

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation by curing the cause. They do not beget the pill habit.

worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mor-Oblivion! It can swallow then they part, some by marriage and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes

down a frog. Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of was a merciful epidemic. the state and national libraries towere still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 the ancient cities are deep or 100 grave a boon. This world was hard-deep what was the matter? Any ly a comfortable place to live in beof the eighteenth fore the middle century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a

ew straggling facts. Now, I have told you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously emembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be

done and will be done. We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and per-"Everlasting remembrance! Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man isleased from press

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to get nonest work? Did you up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the

street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that pictures of you with me. They are for him was near by a layer in which he might wash and a corenet of eterhe might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some

things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one They cannot forget of them. an earthly kindness done. The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gites of heaven stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be

found, in the character of those whom

we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear. but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a and go home discouraged, as though

nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down. There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil rule and compass the architect' sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the ar itect's name may be chiseled. the storms do their work, and ti

take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. story There are no storms in that and there is no water. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone is your name, either the name you have on earth or name by which celestials shall call you. I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who

that takes down everything, will ; t

vorship some other god A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled or a toy ship your child hewed out or recite noble deed your child accomplished, and God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace and your self bnegating utterance will be, ."Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one ord of your earthly fidelity methinks Christ would take one of the nails of is own cross and write somewhere on the crystal or the amethyst or the jacinth or the chrysoprasus your name and just under it the inscription of my text, 'The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have en a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed, You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly

when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!" It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to halp "I cannot open my hand to help but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad my hands to bless, think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand its billows shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that being remembered by the and most affectionate mightiest in Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God ! The heart of God! The most beautiful pulace in the universe. Let the archangel build a palace as grand as he can and then you enter this palace of archangelic construction and see poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God and into which all the music and all the prayers and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain Lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clap-ping hands of a great joy. The re-quiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the eternal triumph.

Poor Country for Milliners. Few women, even of the wealthy classes, wear bonnets in Mexico.

Teeth and Dyspepsia. German physician declares that 72.5 per cent of dyspeptics have un sound teeth.

The Fastest Swimmer. The dolphin is said to be the fastest swimmer in the seas. It is often seen swimming round and round a vessel

which is steaming at its highest speed. The refining of sugar was invented

in Antwerp in the sixteenth century.

The Income Tax. It was William Pitt who originated the income tax in Great Britain in 1798 as a war tax. The Napoleonic wars were fought with it. From that time to this it has been the resort of all ministers to meet war expenditures.

Licorice. Licorice is said to be one of the best sweeteners of the breath. It possesses

the advantage of having but little odor British Life Savers.

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Moth Killers. The following powder is useful to prevent moths from destroying clothes, etc.: Take one dram of lupulin, two ounces of Scotch snuff, one ounce of powdered camphor, one ounce of black pepper and four ounces of cedar tandus. Mix thoroughly and sprinkle on the articles required to be protected.

Vienna's Herbarium. The herbarium of the Natural History museum in Vienna now has over a million dried plants mounted on sheets of paper. It took a century to make

A Light Sleeper. In spite of its capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four or occasionally five

A Sheep's Wool. The average wright of wool from sheep's fleece is The pounds.

Canadian Waters. From the Atlantic ocean to the head of Lake Superior a vessel may sail in Canadian waters a distance of 2,260

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