

WONDERS OF THE EYE

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the System's Imperial Organ.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL

The Two Great Lights of the Human Face—How God Honors the Eye—Not a Blind Giant Stumbling Through the World.

Washington, Jan. 14.—In this discourse, Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discussed upon in the pulpit and challenges us all to the study of omniscience; text, Psalm xciv, 9, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth. Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivet sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the vast multitude go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientists with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotic and the chiasma of the optic nerve and in plain, common parlance which we all understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are! If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all other in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles and moles and bats are, very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above, the water, but the four insects are not equal to the two human. Man placed at head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they could go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the walls for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palaces of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eye when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye

so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is also the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft of the human eye! The eye is washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 93,000,000 miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

But these best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor of Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant. "What shall I pay you in money or in lands—anything you ask me? I am sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable wall is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down."

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medication to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after while one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness: "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from heaven. Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?"

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the son of the more famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, General Havelock called up his soldier and addressed them, saying, "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hand." Then Havelock said, "It is almost dark, and my eyesight is very poor, and I cannot see your raised hands, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of God and his country, could see across India and across the centuries.

A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horses into the care of the blind groom Late at night the traveling surgeon went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horses, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the surgeon bethought himself that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine! You are 40 years of age. I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not die under the operation." Paying the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said, "Let me look on my friend the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my

WHAT MEN IN HIGH PLACES SAY.

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Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections. When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject

loved ones." Was not that glorious? Only those who have been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight.

To-day I have only hints at the splendor, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses, of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must be to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. "On us eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of the other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to decry them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to decry us. The mole cannot see the eagle, nor the eagle the mole. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scars of our obsequies.

But human inspection and angelic inspection and stellar inspection and lunar inspection and solar inspection are tame as compared with the thought of divine inspection. "Voe converted me 20 years ago," said a colored man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou God seat me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men."

"His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity; so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that point. "The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on our face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. 'He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

You often find in a book of manuscript a star calling attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk, but all the stars of the night heavens are asterisks calling your attention to God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine perspective. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us and God beneath us and God before us and God behind us and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression. It is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation? He sees it. The world knows nothing? He sees it. "The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on our face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. 'He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the malady, and herald to the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the profes-

power of minute observation and does he not possess it himself? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

A legend of St. Protobert is that his mother was blind and he was so sorely pitted for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscurity or were dependent on the hand of a friend or with an uncertain staff felt the way, and for the aged of dim sight, about whom it might be said that "they which look out of the windows be darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in!

What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

To Make Glasses shine.

Tumbler and wine glasses should be washed in hot water and rinsed in cold, and should be dried with a clean cloth as soon as possible, and when perfectly dry rubbed with tissue paper. For cruets, decanters, etc., tear up some clean newspapers into pieces about as big as ten-cent pieces, put into bottles, half-filled with warm water, give bottles a rotary motion. When clean, decant and a little practice throws out the paper. They will be as bright as new. To clean glasses—wine glasses especially—which have become discolored on edges, use cigar ashes, friction and a damp cloth.

Some people are equally as disagreeable as the truth.

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SEVEN YEARS IN BED.

"Will wonders ever cease?" inquire the friends of Mrs. S. Pease, of Lawrence, Kan. They knew she had been unable to leave her bed in seven years on account of Kidney and liver trouble, nervous prostration and general debility; but, "Three bottles of Electric Bitters enabled me to walk," she writes, "and in three months I felt like a new person." Women suffering from Headache, Backache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells will find it a priceless blessing. Try it. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only 50c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

Every marriage of interest is a market of dupes.

sional men no indignity on the "bench," nothing unpatriotic on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good honest things that many of these men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder:—The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of the Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. R. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Honorable George Tait, Geo. H. McDennell, M. P. Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Cargill, M. P., James H. Metcalf, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent public-spirited men.

Too many people have dallied with this dreadful disease, experimenting with worthless, untried and irritat-

ing so-called cures, only to find disappointment and a deep seating of the malady which means years of misery, if not checked. Why not trust the man's testimony whom you think worthy to represent you in the house of parliament—the man you would trust as your spiritual adviser—the man you would trust the education of your son to—to be your adviser in the matter of your health. Take warning, and if there is a hint of the catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you surely, absolutely, and permanently, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes.

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