

SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY HEART THAT
BEATS TRULY ON EARTH.

BLOSSOMS OF HUMAN JOY.

Duties of Parents and Teachers Lovingly
Pointed Out in Eloquent Words by the
Rev. Dr. Talmage—Hints For Their
Training and Culture in the Nurture
of the Lord.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
ada, in the year 1902, by William Talmage, of To-
ronto, at the Dep't. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, June 14.—In this sermon-
ic talk to the children, appropriate
to the day, there is a message to the
heart and life of every boy and girl
and to the parents also. The text
is Matthew xix, 14, "Suffer little
children, and forbid them not, to
come unto me."

The second Sabbath of June is here.
This is Children's day. This is the
morning when the Sunday schools of
America, headed by their superin-
tendents and teachers, have made a
grand charge and captured the pul-
pits and pews and choir lofts of all
Protestant churches for their own
sacred service. This is the day when
the church auditoriums are, for the
most part, fragrant with two kinds
of flowers. Here are the flowers
which were produced in the green-
houses and the back yards and the
front yards and the wild country
hillsides and the meadow lands. Here
are also the human buds which were
gathered out of the nurseries of many
homes. Here they are, these human
flowers, in clusters of many classes.

My, my! Did you ever see so many
beautiful flowers bloom all in one
garden? We know not which to ad-
mire most—the pale lilies in the
cheeks, the red roses in the lips, the
goldenrod dancing among the yellow
curls or the roguish glances of these
"black-eyed Susans." If any one
should ask me what I considered the
most important day in the church
year, without hesitation I would an-
swer, Children's day. This is the
Sabbath morning when parents not
only bring their children to the
churches where Christ is preached,
but when their own thoughts, I be-
lieve, are irresistibly drawn toward
the divine teachings. It is a father
not feel his affections stirred with
love toward God when his little girl
is singing her Saviour's praise in the
holy sanctuary, his heart must be in-
duced as dead as a stone.

This is Children's day. I would
talk to the children a little while
about one of the sweetest scenes in
all the Bible. There was a great
crowd jostling and pushing about
Jesus Christ. It was the time of the
Saviour's earthly popularity. Among
other things were in that crowd sur-
rounding Christ a great number of
fathers and mothers who had chil-
dren by their side and wanted Jesus
to bless them, so that their boys and
girls might grow up to be good as
Christ was good.

But in the crowd surrounding
Christ there were also a lot of un-
sympathetic men and women. They
belonged to that great class of people
who think that children are a born
nuisance and that they should never
be seen and never heard in public
places. They think, if they go and
visit a married friend, that friend
should have his children eat in the
kitchen while they are there, or else
have the children wait until the older
folks are through and then go to the
table. Now, I do not believe
that is the right way to bring up
the children. If my friends who
boys and girls are not willing to eat
visit my home, I will with my babies
at the same table and visit me as
they need not come enough to
all. I am just headstrong enough to
believe that what is good enough for
my children is good enough for my
friends.

There were some men that day, too,
who followed Jesus wherever he went
and were called his disciples. They
knew how precious every word he ut-
tered was and how many sick and
blind and deaf people he was curing,
and they did not want his time taken
up with little children. So these dis-
ciples told the fathers and mothers
not to bother Jesus with their chil-
dren. They said: "Here, fathers and
mothers, what are you bringing these
children here for? Why do you not
take them home, where they belong?"
But Jesus, hearing the commotion,
stopped and asked the cause. Then
when Christ heard that these men
were driving the babies from his side
he turned and practically said: "Ah,
that is not right. Do not push those
little ones away. Open a path there
and let the children come to my arms
and be blessed." Then he uttered the
sweet words of my text, "Suffer little
children, and forbid them not, to
come unto me, for of such is the
kingdom of heaven."

Christ gave this sweeping invita-
tion to all children to be brought to
his arms. Therefore I shall try, chil-
dren, in a few plain, simple words to
tell why it is important—very im-
portant—for you to come to Christ
while you are young. And when I
show you that it is important for
you to come to Christ I would also
try to show you that Christ is the
best friend a little child, a young
boy or girl, can ever have. Yes, he
is even a better friend than your
father or mother, sister or brother.
He is a friend whose love is beyond
your mental grasp, whose love
"passeth all human understanding."

Let me tell you what Jesus Christ
can do for you. In every child's na-
ture there are two kinds of seed.
One of these is capable of growing
into a tree of righteousness, and the
other is capable of growing into a
tree of wickedness and sin. Now,
when Jesus takes charge of a child's
nature it is the good seed that
grows, and then the child's life
starts well, and when the child be-
comes a man or woman that life is a
happy one and a blessing to the
world. Children, these words may
be very hard for you to grasp, but
I think I can explain my meaning by
a very simple illustration. I hold in

my hand an apple. Where did it
come from? "Oh, I know," says a
young boy sitting in that class be-
hind his teacher. "My mother last
summer took me to the country.
While I was there I used to visit a
farmer who had a farm just back of
our hotel. There in his field he had
a great big apple orchard. The far-
mer used to let me climb those trees
and pick the apples which grow upon
the branches. They were awfully big
trees. Some of them were so big
that after I had climbed them I
found four or five birds' nests in the
same tree."

That answer is right, my boy. An
apple grows upon a branch in an
orchard. But where did those big
trees come from which produced the
apples? "Oh, I do not know," an-
swered the boy. "I suppose they have
always been there. Why, mother said
that some of those apple trees were
forty or fifty years old. Some of
them were as old as my grandfather
and grandmother, and they are aw-
fully old." Yes, my boy, you are
right again. Some apple trees live
to be very, very old. But those trees
did not just grow. Every tree had a
beginning. If you cut open the ap-
ple which I hold in my hand you will
find in the centre of it an apple
core. Right in the centre of the ap-
ple core you will find a little brown
seed. Now, children, if you will take
this apple seed and plant it in the
ground in the springtime that seed
will burst open and begin to grow.
The little roots of that seed will
begin to grow down. A little green
shoot like grass will begin to grow
up. Then the green grass will
change after awhile into a stem.
The stem will change after awhile
into a tree trunk. From that tree
trunk will grow the branches. From
the branches will grow the leaves
and the blossoms. From the bloss-
oms will afterward grow the ap-
ples. The apple tree does not come
forth from nothing. The apple tree
first grows from the little seed like
that which I hold in my hand.

Now, a little child's life can be
compared to a seed. How? Because
you know a seed does not grow un-
less it is rightly planted in the right
kind of ground. Weeds will grow
anywhere without any care. So if the
good seed I spoke of just now does
not get cared for and looked after it
will not grow, but the bad seed will
and your lives will become like
weeds. The apple tree does not come
forth from nothing. Now, if you
ask Jesus to look after you and take
charge of you, out of your nature
can grow the great trees of right-
eousness which will bear forth good
fruit if you will only let the roots of
your heart grow about the rock of
Calvary, upon which once stood the
Saviour's cross. Do you not see,
children, how important it is that
you give your life to Christ now if
from your little selves must come
all that is good or all that is bad?

Little children should come to
Christ soon, very soon. The Chris-
tian fathers and mothers will not be
able much longer to shield them from
the evil temptations as they have
been able to do. When my little
boys and girls were at home I could
do what I pleased with them. I
could say "Susanna," "Gertrude," or
"Thomas De Witt," or "Frank," for
I have four children—"I wish you
would not associate with that little
boy you were with this morning."
And if one of my little girls should
say, "Why, papa?" I would answer:
"I do not think he is a nice little
boy. I heard his mother call him to-
day to come into the house, and he
answered, 'I won't come.' And
when his mother went after him he
lay right down in the street and be-
gan to kick and scream and bite.
Now, no good little boy will ever
act like that, and I do not want
you to go with him."

But, children, though I may have
been able to guard and shield, and
protect my little girl while she was
at home, there came a momentous
day when she went beyond my direct
care and guiding influence. That day
first came when we sent her to
school. It was a sad time for the
parental heart when our oldest child
had to pack her little school books
and leave home.

Her mother took
her up to a great big room filled
with her, and girls and left
her there. In that room, as well as
that there were bad boys as well as
good boys, bad girls as well as
good girls, and she had to sit there
and associate to some extent with
them all. Now, who is going to
look after my little girl when she
goes to meet the temptations of
school unless Christ, who loves little
children, goes along and takes her
by the hand?

Some grown up people do not
think that little children have any
big temptations. But I know that
some of the greatest temptations we
ever have in life come to us when we
are young, very young. I knew of
one little boy who did not take
Christ along with him to school. One
day his playmates were teasing him.
Then, because he did not have Christ
with him, he lost his temper and
picked up a stone and threw it at the
boys, and he hit an eye of one of
the boys and put it out. That little
boy, who afterward grew up to be a
big man, had to go through life with
his eye blinded. I knew of another
little boy who, because he did not
have Christ with him, wanted to
frighten a playmate, as bad boys
sometimes do. He pushed him from a
bank into the river and the little boy
was drowned. I saw his poor little
body after it was taken out of the
water and I heard the broken hearted
mother weeping over it. Ah,
children, you cannot afford to go to
school and meet the temptations of
the playground unless you take
Christ along as your divine protec-
tor.

Then, after awhile you must go
still farther away from the protect-
ing care of your parents. As young
men and women you must go out
into the great wide world and live
entirely away from home. You must
be like your father and mother and
earn your own living. Then, if you
do not have Jesus by your side,
there are many, many temptations
which will beset you and trip you
up. Are you not going to drive
Christ away from your heart any
life? Remember he is your chief pro-
tector. I once read a beautiful story

about a St. Bernard dog which was
killed by the hand of the man he was
trying to save. It was on the fam-
ous St. Gothard pass, a road lead-
ing over the tall mountains of Swit-
zerland, which most of the year is
covered with snow. Travelers going
over that pass often become so be-
numbed with the cold that they fall
down and are frozen in the snow.
The monks of a monastery which
was built among those mountains
used to send out great big shaggy
dogs and hunt out the travelers and
save them. Around the necks of
these dogs was tied a little box fill-
ed with food and wine, which the
travelers could eat and drink when
the dogs found them. Among those
dogs was one so intelligent and
strong that he had saved sixty-eight
persons who had been lost in the
snow. But one night this intelli-
gent dog found among the snows a
traveler nearly frozen to death, and
so to warm him and bring him back
to life the great dog stretched his
big body upon the dying man, as
your mother might cover you up
with a fur lap robe when you go
sleighb. After awhile the traveler
awoke. He thought the big dog lay-
ing upon him was a big bear or
wolf. He took out his knife and
drove it into the heart of the dog,
and killed it. Then the monks,
missing the dog, went out in search
for him and found the dog and the
man both dead in the snow. If the
man had only known that the dog
was trying to save him he would
have been thankful to him instead
of killing him, and his own life
would have been saved. But, you
see, he did not know what a friend
the dog was. Now, I do not want
you to make such a mistake as that.

I want you to understand that
Christ is your friend, the best friend
you can have, for he can save you
from dying eternally. So I want
you to welcome him and cling to him
when he wants to help you and save
you, not only from the sins of the
schoolroom, but also from the sins
of the great wide world at large.

Boys and girls, if you have a father
who never goes to church, what a
good thing it would be if you
could bring him! Suppose you should
go home from this service and clam-
ber up into his lap and say: "Papa,
why do you not come to church?
Why do you not love Jesus?" How
good a thing it would be if he
should put his arm around you and
should say, "Yes, darling, for your
sake I will go to church and learn
to love Jesus." Boys and girls,
what do you think your mother
would do if you would climb up in-
to her lap and put your arms about
her neck and ask her why she did
not have family prayers? I tell you
what she would do. Perhaps she
would get down on her knees and
put her arms about you and then
and there consecrate her life and
yours to the Saviour. Oh, chil-
dren! Oh, little children, this is one
reason why I want you to respond
to Christ's invitation, "Suffer the
little children to come unto me." I
want you to come to Christ to-day
to be saved, that you may also ask
your big brothers and sisters, your
fathers and mothers, and all your
little playmates to come along by your
side.

Having talked perhaps already far
too long to the children, I would
like to speak a few words in closing
directly to the parents and the
grown up people here assembled. Es-
pecially, oh, little children, all your
fathers and mothers are you to let an
opportunity for your own salvation
like this go amiss? When your lit-
tle children are ready to surrender
their hearts to Christ, are you not
willing to consecrate your lives to
his service as never before? You
know that the strongest ties we have
on earth are those which bind us to
our children. Are we to be a spir-
itual stumbling block in their way?

Men and women, you know you
love your children better than your
lives, therefore will you not consec-
rate your lives for their sakes to
Jesus Christ? In all your earthly
existence you will never be brought
nearer to Jesus than now by any
plan. It is not myself that begs you
to give your heart to the Master. It
is the object lessons which are before
you this Children's day of your own
little ones commingling in yonder
class.

A beautiful incident lately recount-
ed in the German papers sets forth
in strongest terms that the parental
love might not only be in the Royal
palace, also in the palace. Emperor Wil-
helm II. was inspecting some of the
famous industrial establishments of
his kingdom. In one of the most expen-
sive kind of thin lace dresses were
being made. The proprietors, desir-
ing to give the Emperor a present in
recognition of the honor, wished to
have conferred upon them the most
sent the Empress one of the lace
costly expense of gold, and the
Emperor looked at it a moment, and
then laughed. "Oh," he said, "that
gown is not appropriate for my
wife. It is too thin and delicate.
It would not last a day. My
wife never moves unless she has two
or three babies pulling at her skirts,
and they would tear that gauze lace
to pieces." Beautiful picture that!
And yet it is the picture which is
seen in every true parent's life. We
always should have our babies hang-
ing upon us. And the way we go
into the kingdom of Jesus Christ
will often decide the way our chil-
dren will follow. Fathers and moth-
ers, will you start for heaven to-
day as a grand climax to this chil-
dren's day festival? Standing amid
this beautiful human flower garden
of little children, I have one more
word to speak. I congratulate this
church because it places so much
emphasis in the place where it be-
longs. Next to the prayer meeting
the most important of services is the
Sunday school session. May God
bless the Sunday school superinten-
dents and teachers and the Sunday
officers. May God bless the scholars,
and may every Sabbath be a chil-
dren's day. No Sunday should be
allowed to pass in any Christian
church without some boy and some
girl being led to seek Jesus Christ,
the one who always has loved and
always will love little children.

What The People Have Found Out.

When Malta-Vita was first brought out, a laboring man
was heard to say, "It tastes good and I like it but I want
something substantial. I don't mind if I do feel a lump in
my stomach after a meal, I must have something solid that
will help me to lift big stones and that will put steam behind
my hammer." But—there's always a "but"—experience has
shown the fallacy of his first conclusion and to-day thousands
of laboring men find that Malta-Vita, eaten twice a day, gives
abundant strength for the heaviest work.

The office man said—"I think that I must eat meat
to give me life. I have to think quickly and my brain must
be alert. Meat, I believe, will give a man stamina and grit.
I know I feel heavy and sleepy after my meals but"—that but
again—"that wears off after a while." After eating Malta-
Vita for breakfast and supper for a week, he said to his wife,
"Do you know, I find I feel brighter and can do more work
on Malta-Vita than I can when eating anything else."

Malta-Vita contains all the food properties of wheat,
combined with the tonic and digestive qualities of barley
malt. It is palatable and nourishes both body and brain.

No work, no heat, just cream—then eat.

Shake Hands with Fate

'Tis a sad old world and a bad old
world,
It is scarce worth while at all;
Its sorrows cling and its friendships
sting,
And even its joys will pall.
But dear is life for all its strife,
And love is better than hate—
You'll find a grace in the surliest
face
If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right
in your glance
And your lips in a curve to the sky;
A spring in your walk and a ring in
your talk;
Sure, hope will not pass you by;
The path that you walk winds over a
hill
But it leads to an open gate;
So trill you a song to lure love along,
And just shake hands with fate.

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf,
'Tis in yourself is God;
And you'll never stray from yourself
away
God's light on the devil's prod.
Whatever your mind you'll meet in
a kind;
And what is yourself create;
The world will view what is really
you—
Therefore, shake hands with fate!
—Leslie's Weekly.

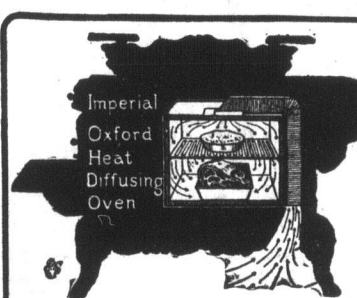
I tell you, said the curbstone mor-
alist, this is a tough world.
That's so, the busy man took time
to reply; and very few of us will get
out of it alive.

GOOD WORDS FOR MUNYON

Robert Bunkali Cured of
Rheumatism by the
Great Doctor.



"I received one vial of Munyon's
Rheumatism Cure, and it has been of
untold benefit to me. I could not
move my arm, it pained me so much;
now I can move it freely. I have no
more shooting pains, and I believe I
am cured. I recommend this wonder-
ful remedy to everybody afflicted with
Rheumatism."—Robert Bunkali, 1109
King street east, Toronto.
If you are sick, if you have indiges-
tion, if you are nervous, if your liver
or blood is out of order, if you have
kidney disease, if you have piles, or any
other ailment, ask your druggist for "Mun-
yon's Guide to Health." It is free and
will tell you how to cure yourself for
50c. Thousands of testimonials. 125



The secret of the excellent
baking and roasting quali-
ties of the Imperial Oxford
oven is found in the dif-
fusible flue—an improve-
ment which no other range
possesses.

This flue draws fresh air
from the floor, superheats
it and delivers it into the
top of the oven through perforations which diffuse it evenly to front,
sides and back. This gives a uniform heat throughout the oven, re-
sulting in uniformly cooked food.

Imperial Oxford Range

When your oven is at baking heat block up the inlet and you will find
the temperature of the oven will drop immediately, just like an or-
dinary range, unless the fire is stirred and more fuel added.
The fuel economy and cooking perfection of the Imperial Oxford
Range is equalled by no other range on the market.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

Montreal Toronto, Canada Vancouver

NOW READY FOR New Business—More Business—Better Business

Having our new mill machinery fully adjusted we
are now prepared to offer our customers **Beaver
Flour** better than ever before.

Farmers can now get their chopping done to their
entire satisfaction as heretofore and with the greatest
despatch.

Call and inspect our new plant. It will convince
you that we have the equipment and facilities to turn out
all products to the entire satisfaction of the most particular
WHEAT WANTED. Highest prices paid.
Buy **Beaver Flour**. It is the cheapest be-
cause the best.

The T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited
Cor. William and Colborne Sts.

The Hot Wash Tub.

For a lady to stand and drudge over a
wash tub hot clothes this weather is both
disagreeable and unhealthy. Call up
phone 120, and we will call for your
washing and deliver it back in as good
order as we receive it, and cleaned as
cheaply as you can do it yourself.
CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY.

Horses Wanted.

Until further no-
tice, HAROLD
W. SMITH, of
Toronto, will be
at Wm. Gray
& Co.
Factory...
EVERY SATURDAY
to purchase horses.
The highest cash
prices will be paid.