

Dr. W. J. Barnes on

World-Wide Evangelism.

In the Church of the Evangel, Leonard street, near Moser's avenue, the pastor, the Rev. William J. Barnes, preached Sunday morning on "World-Wide Evangelism; or, The Master's Great Commission to His Disciples." The text was from Matthew xxviii, 19: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Holy Ghost." Dr. Barnes said:

The boldest thought ever suggested to the human mind is Christ's proposition to convert the world. For originality of conception, simplicity of method and certainty of result, it has no parallel in the world of thought. Bolder than the dream of the Macedonian to conquer all kingdoms by his sword, than the purpose of the Roman to unify all governments in one; than the hope of Leibnitz to create a universal language for his babbling race, it stands forth sublime in its isolation to excite our admiration, inflame our zeal, invite our co-operation and inspire our faith in the future of mankind.

What this conversion implies may be inferred from the prophetic promises of the Scriptures, "when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ," by the universal prevalence of truth, righteousness, justice and kindness; when all learning shall be sanctified by the realization of those memorable words: "Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ;" when all commerce, from simple barter to complicated banking, shall exemplify the teaching of the Golden Rule, and fulfill the apostolic injunction: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" when every home shall be a type of heaven, the father the priest, the mother the priestess, children and domestics the worshippers; when Christianity shall supersede all other forms of religion, and Christ shall be esteemed the only and all-sufficient Saviour of men from personal sin, social impurity and national wrongs.

Such was the ineffable vision of the Son of God when He issued the great commission to His church: "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations." Before the inspired mind of the illustrious prisoner in the Mamertine dungeon at Rome that vision assumed, if possible, a larger horizon, embracing the confession of every tongue, and the worship and reverence of every knee.

Nineteen centuries have passed and the prophecy is unfulfilled. The promise remains a promise. The vision lingers. Hope defers. The unbeliever doubts. After nineteen centuries of Christian history the fact remains that out of a population of over 1,500,000,000 there are only about 15,000,000 on the earth who really know the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and 1,485,000,000 still unconverted, of whom 1,000,000 are without even the knowledge of the Gospel. During the last century there has been an actual increase in the heathen population of the world of about 200,000,000; that is to say, in 100 years only 2,000,000 of heathens have been saved, as against 200,000,000 who have been added to the population of the globe.

If we look at the map of the world with intelligent discrimination, we shall see that, if we expect the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Norway and Sweden, almost all the other countries of the world are under the practical dominion of Romanism, or heathenism, or some false religious system. Whole nations are without a single Protestant missionary. Four hundred tribes in Africa; nine hundred walled cities in China; several countries in South America; such lands as Anam, Tibet, Turkistan, Arabia, Persia and many of the islands of the sea, beside the mighty Sudan and many vast sections of countries partly evangelized, are almost wholly without the Gospel.

Why is this? What excuse can the church of God give for such a picture as heathenism shows today? Is it because she is weak and poor? No, for her numbers exceed any previous period, and her wealth is enormous. One out of every four of the ministers of the Gospel in America only would stop you at the gate and, if you had a five cent Testament in your valise, they would take it out and keep it until you came back, and then give it to you again. But now there is a great building in the very heart of Rome, almost under the shadow of the Vatican, and that building is five stories high, 155 feet long and 95 feet broad and it has in it 16 different rooms, and one of these rooms will seat a congregation of over 600 people. That building was erected by a Protestant missionary society.

Thirty-five years ago you could not get into Mexico, but now you can, and Protestant mission stations are springing up all over the country. Thirty-five years ago you could not preach a sermon anywhere in Mexico without being arrested. But that glorious man, Diaz, who five times has been elected president of the republic in opposition to the mandates of the priesthood, that man says to the missionaries: "Bring more, build more schools, build more churches, come on with your Christianizing and your educating influences. We need them in Mexico."

But if there be a dark side to the subject of evangelizing the world, there is also a bright side. The whole tide of thought has turned in the church since William Carey first offered to go and grapple with the Goliath of heathenism. The wave, at its lowest ebb a century ago, now touches a flood mark never before reached and is still rising. England is prouder of Carey today than Athens was of Pericles, or Rome of Cicero, and lifts the statue of Livingston to its lofty pedestal in the metropolis of the world, to inspire Christian colonies to push into the heart of the dark continent. American churches hurl their columns against the ranks of pagan and papal superstition and erect missionary lecture ships in the foremost institutions of learning to train our youth to imitate the devotion of David Brainerd, Robert Moffat, Henry Martyn and Alexander Duff.

With regard to the subject of missions and vision of world conquest, I am not a pessimist by any means, but an optimist of the optimists. We might divide the church into two classes;

after they happened. I am afraid that those that believe things before they happen and those that believe things after they happen. The former class always has been and is in the minority. Two out of twelve was the proportion in the year 1850 B. C., and at the commencement of the twentieth century the proportion is about the same. It makes such a change in life to believe things before they happen, I think that I was born that way. I believe that the Saviour's vision will have a glorious fulfillment. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

If such a faith as that be fanaticism, I am in the line of a glorious succession of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors, reaching through the ages and animated with the anticipation of final triumph, and I propose to cherish that fanaticism until the end of my life. I am going to hold on to the belief that wrong is mortal and must die, and that every right is immortal and must live; that every wrong on the throne is on its way to defeat and death, and that every right in the dungeon is on its way to victory and coronation. I believe that just as sure as you sit here this morning we will catch up by and by; the joy will overtake the sorrow, the light will overtake the darkness, and the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper will mingle together in joy by and by.

WARM WELCOME IN STORE FOR PRESIDENT LOUBET.

Military Honors Due to a Reigning Monarch Will Be Accorded to Him in London.

LONDON, June 29.—Arrangements for the reception and entertainment of President Loubet during his three days' stay here, beginning July 7, are complete. All the military honors due to a reigning monarch will be accorded to the chief executive of the French republic. It will be the first time that a President of France has been in England and also the first time that a President of France has officially visited this country.

Up to a comparatively recent date no provision was made in the regulations of the guards for according honors on a royal basis to republican presidents.

During his stay in London M. Loubet will reside in York House, St. James' Palace, until recently the town residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This residence is distinct from the part of the palace in which are the state rooms.

By the King's commands York House is being being thoroughly renovated and redecorated, and it will also be newly furnished.

Most of the details of the luncheon which is to take place at the Guildhall have been decided upon. The 300 guests, or thereabouts, who are to be invited, will tax the capacity of the ancient City Hall almost to the full.

As a complement to the distinguished guest, red, white and blue will form the color of the floral decorations on the tables, to carry out which scarlet carnations, white orchids and cornflowers have been chosen. Elaborate designs for international floral emblems are being prepared. The cost of this function will be about \$7,500.

M. Loubet will drive through the streets from St. James' Palace to the city, accompanied by the King, and arrangements are being made to cope with the vast throngs.

An escort of Life Guards is to be detailed for duty with the president, and a full royal guard of 100 men mounted at York House. The guard will carry the King's regimental colors, and guards of honor of the Foot Guards will be posted at places to be visited by the president, who will always be greeted by the royal salute of presenting arms and the playing of the French National Anthem.

After the president's arrival in English waters has been announced by a naval salute, his entry into the city will be signified by another greeting from the batteries of the coast.

Soldiers lining the route are to present arms as the presidential carriage passes, and it is probable that the president will inspect a gathering of the Home District troops and a musical band.

On the night of July 7, a state opera performance will be given at Covent Garden in honor of M. Loubet. The prices will be enormously increased. For the grand tier and pit tier boxes, which ordinarily cost 8 guineas, 60 guineas are already asked.

It has now been decided that the decorations shall follow the scheme prepared for the coronation, and the house will resemble a tower of roses, all of delicate shades of pink.

The court will occupy practically the whole of the grand tier, and if precedent is followed, the diplomatic corps will be seated in the boxes on the right and the ministers of the crown in those on the left.

Excerpts from three operas will be given. In all likelihood, Calve, Melba, and Alvarez will be seen in the principal parts.

NEWS FROM DAWSON.

More Gold Brought Out and News of a Rich Find in the North.

News from Dawson, SEATTLE, Wn., June 30.—The steamer Senator has arrived here from Nome, Alaska, bringing \$40,000 in gold and several passengers.

The Lawrence Hotel at Nome was destroyed by fire just before the departure of the Senator, entailing a loss of \$25,000.

A special to the Post-Intelligencer, from Dawson, says:

The first news since March from the vast stretch of 2,000 miles down the Yukon basin, from Eagle to St. Michael and Tanana, Koyuk and Rambarat Camps and Kusokwin Water Shed, came today on the steam Rock Island from Andreaski. The steamer has passengers from all camps mentioned, mostly from Tanana. A big strike has been made on Hog Creek. In the Koyukok and from five to twenty dollars is being made daily to the man.

Chronic Constipation surely cured or money back. LAXA-CARA TABLETS never fail. Small, chocolate coated, easy to take. Price 25 cents. At drug stores.

AT THE LONDON HOUSE

THURSDAY, JULY 4TH.

Ladies' July Washing Neckwear.

All at one 39c. Each. price,

Repeat orders just received.

A great lot new designs.

Considered the most popular neckwear shown.

The same designs are having a wonderful sale all over the continent.

All sold at one price,

39c. each.

For Cosy Corners, Country Houses, &c.

New Tapestry Portiers, \$2.75 pair.

New Chenille Portiers, \$3.50 pair.

Small Table Covers, 50c. and 75c. each.

New Art Demins, Turkish designs, for cosy corners, 18c. yard.

Popular Poppy Draperies, 36 inch, 17c. yard.

New Wash Goods That Are Most in Demand and Hard to Get.

Navy Blue Muslins, 20c. yard.

Soft Cotton Muslins in Blue, Pink, Green, &c., 20c. yard.

New White Ground Dress Muslins, 20c. yard.

Cadet Blue, Plain Zephyr, for shirtwaist suits, 18c. yard.

Cadet Blue Twine Matting for Shirt Waist Suits, 28c. yard.

Black and White Matting for Shirt Waist Suits, 17c. 30c. yard.

36 inch. Rough Linen Suitings in Blue, Green, Dark Grey, &c., 40c. yard.

New 3-4 Raincoats

with three small capes.

\$6.75 \$9.25

Black Silk Medals

for trimming.

18c. each.

Very Neat Cambric House Gowns, Reduced.

Fine Printed Cambric Washing House Dresses or Wrapper Gowns, all made from perfectly fast color cottons. Very neat, light designs. Reduced to \$1.49 each.

BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS. Regular

\$1.25.

For 79c.

CINCHAM WASH UNDERSKIRTS, 89c. each.

Half-Price Sale of All Ladies' Costume Straw Hats and Children's Muslin Sun Hats.

\$12.50 Pattern Hats for	\$6.25
11.50 Pattern Hats for	5.75
8.25 Pattern Hats for	4.13
2.75 Costume Hats for	1.58
\$2.65 Costume Hats for	1.33
2.25 Costume Hats for	1.13
2.75 Children's Hats for	1.38
2.25 Children's Hats for	1.13

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH RUFFES, many in cape effects, linen color, ecru, black and white or black \$1.75 to \$12.50.
WHITE WASHING KID GLOVES, 90c. pair.
WHITE SOFT KID GLOVES, \$1.00 pair.
VELVET BOWS FOR THE HAIR, 25c. each.
WHITE DUCK BELTS, 15c., 18c. each.

1,000 Yards Special Washing Ribbons for Neckwear or Sashes.

A large purchase fine Duchess Ribbon in twenty colors. The most popular make of ribbon for this season. Washes perfectly. All one price, 25c. yard.

F. W. DANIEL & CO.

London House, Charlotte St.

AMERICAN PATRIOT.

TO the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle: For several days past the Methodists throughout the country have been doing honor to the memory of John Wesley and the professional politicians have been falling over each other in a mad dash for votes by outgunning before audiences this enemy of the patriots of 1776.

It is proper at this time to expose to the public view some of the writings about the fundamental laws of the country, but the happiness of being protected by laws and the duty of obeying them.

"Your rights are no more violated than mine."

"Be warned in time. Stand and consider before it is too late."

"You have, therefore, exactly what your ancestors left you, not a vote in making laws nor in choosing legislators; but the happiness of being protected by laws and the duty of obeying them."

"After all the vehement cry for liberty, what more liberty can you have?"

"Should any man talk or write of the Dutch government as every cobbler does of the English he would be laid in irons."

"What liberty do you want, either civil or religious?"

"You profess yourselves to be contending for liberty, but it is a vain and empty profession, unless you mean by that threshold word a liberty from obeying your rightful sovereign and from keeping the fundamental laws of your country. And this undoubtedly it is which the confederated colonies are now contending for."

"Comfort yourselves, therefore, about General Washington's huge army that melts away like the snow in harvest. The English forces now in time are in perfect health (about sixteen thousand) and have plenty of all things."

"The king and parliament have the power of disposing, without their consent, of both their lives, liberties and properties."

"The supreme power in England has a legal right of laying any tax upon them."

"As soon as I was convinced they sought independence, I knew they were in the wrong."

"I have just received two letters from New York. . . . They inform me that all the Methodists there were firm for the government, and on that account persecuted by the rebels."

"I made an offer to the government of raising some men."

"His worthy conduct (George III.) has been worthy of an Englishman, worthy of a Christian and worthy of a king."

In the face of all this should an American venerate the memory of John Wesley? I think not.

"His whole conduct (George III.) has been in its early stage has been judiciously relegated to the rear, and of it, probably, not one Methodist in ten thousand is aware."

His Methodism, which is simply a case of religious hair-splitting, cuts more of a figure than "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to some people, and yet a Methodist will admit that a Baptist or even a Roman Catholic will go to heaven (wherever that is) if he behaves himself, which means if he does not "pound" Methodism.

At the time the Americans were fighting for their independence there lived another Englishman by birth who wrote a series of pamphlets which were afterward put into book form and called "The Crisis." It opens as follows:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered."

He writes again:

"Oh, ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Ye that are not possessors of independence, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny."

"Expel from the continent that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and negroes to destroy us."

"The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries 'Tis time to part!'"

"The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth."

The pamphlets were read to each regiment of the army by order of General Washington and were written by Thomas Paine, affectionately called by the clergy to this day "Tom" Paine.

Thomas Paine was a volunteer under the committee on foreign affairs, clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature, originator of a private subscription by which \$200,000 were raised to feed and clothe the continental army, agent in and a loan of \$100,000 to live in France to carry on the war, member of the American Philosophical Society, etc.

I have yet to learn of a scramble among the pious of this country to see who will be the first to speak at the one hundred and sixty-seventh anniversary of his birth on January 23 next, and yet they, as well as heathens like myself, can never be rid of gratitude that can him be paid.

We are now enjoying the benefits of his work, and the best words in the mouths of the church-going element for this noble man are "anathema," "drunkard," etc.; but for the man who sought to keep us in a state of "taxation without representation" and to place us in the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" we hold meetings for the purpose of honoring him and compel our representatives to pump us full of hot air concerning his worth under pain of voting for the other fellow when election time comes around.

"The world is my country, to do good my religion," said Thomas Paine. I have yet to learn of a sentiment so noble ever having been uttered by John Wesley.

W. H. R. Brooklyn, June 29, 1903.

CANAL DOVER, Ohio, July 2.—Dr. James Dixon has been shot and instantly killed by his son, Burt Dixon. Dr. Dixon was ill with smallpox, having contracted the disease while helping a daughter to escape quarantine. The son was confined in the house with his father under quarantine. The fact that the son, when arrested, was taken to the city prison, caused great excitement and indignation.

CANADA'S PRIDE!



It is a matter of pride to Canadians generally that the best wheel made anywhere is made in Canada—That wheel is the Cleveland.

It has style to its lines—is built by skilled artisans from the best procurable material. Every bolt, every link receives such attention as might be demanded by a modern watch wheel. The newest thing is Hygienic

Cushion Frame.

It is to wheeling what the "Pullman" is to railroading. Write for our new booklet, "IN BICYCLEDOM."

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

W. H. Thorne & Co., St. John, N.B.
The CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO., Ltd., Toronto.

HI, THERE!

Get Into the Sylm and Play Calabash.

Ring out the merry ping pong, ring in the calabash. Ping pong is as dead as last year's millinery styles. Calabash is in the first flush of youth and popularity. It is not a new vegetable or a breakfast food. It's a game, a ball game for the drawing room, the front lawn, the back garden, the roof or the cellar, as you please. It has come to town, a rival to tennis and the last sod on ping pong's grave. The weird name strikes one from the windows of every shop that keeps pace with the rapid forward stride of sporting. It is affixed to an implement of weird design, strung and canted into a pure cross between a fishing net and tennis racquet.

That's the calabash bat. Calabash promises to oust ping pong. The tremendous vogue enjoyed by the epitomized tennis will probably stand as an unequalled record, but it came on slender merit, and even without a rival in the line of indoor diversion would have passed into the history of fads. It had the good fortune to come under a happily euphonious name, and introduced itself just at a time when the public was in the mood for something new. The favor of the social autocracy put it before the rest of the world with the force of an edict, which was quickly obeyed. Calabash, however, comes out of the obscurity of the far west, where it was developed last winter and is making its way eastward across the continent.

An implement somewhat smaller than a tennis racquet, and of about half the weight, it is all there is to calabash. It is used to throw, catch, bat or pick up the ball, and out of these operations come the variations of the game. These bows of rattan are bound together to form a triangular shell and handle. The shell is about six inches in diameter at its widest point. Two of the sides are laced with cord like a tennis racquet, the third being provided with two flexible gates.

The end of the shell has an opening slightly larger than a tennis ball, which is used in the play, and this opening is guarded by a hinged lip controlled by a button under the thumb on the handle.

In catching, the player presents toward the ball the side of the calabash having the cloth gates or face, which yield inward when struck by the ball, permitting it to enter the shell, from which it can be discharged at once through the end opening in the operation of throwing. The ball is picked up from the ground by placing the end opening over it and sliding back the button under the thumb, which draws in the hinges, lips and pushes the ball within the shell.

In play the ball is not touched with the hands. It requires but a few minutes to learn to handle the implement, which is very simple in operation. The player quickly acquires skill, and finds that he can throw more accurately and farther than with the hand and with much less exertion, and the operation of catching is simplified to the matter of getting the ball into the face, which is about ten inches by six, in front of the ball.

A variety of games, to adapt calabash to conditions of space, number of players and degree of skill, have evolved, and as the implement is attractive in appearance and graceful in its operations, it appears to have an excellent prospect of popularity. Calabash is the invention of E. S. Wharton, a newspaper man who is well known on the Pacific coast, having been until lately the editor of the Everett (Wash.) Herald.

IN A CORNER OF SIBERIA.

How the People Look at the Prospect of Death.

I know a case where a man, after a violent quarrel with his five sons, announced aloud his wish to die. The next morning he thought better of it and retracted his words; but—so I was informed in all seriousness—the revengeful spirits shortly afterward inflicted the hoof disease on his herd and took away three of his sons, one after another.

Usually, however, the man who has proclaimed his wish to die remains apparently ill, but his zest for life firm until the end. I met, in 1886, at the Anti Fair in the Kolyma country, a man by the name of Katuk, who said that he wanted to get rid of the troubles of this world. He had no apparent illness, but his zest for life had completely vanished, and he intended to start for the land of his forefathers. He was as eager for death as if it meant for him a pleasant journey to a distant but very interesting country. The vicinity of the Russian fort was no place for the fulfillment of his wish, so he had to delay it for a

couple of months; but when next I met Katuk's wife, early in the fall, she was already a widow. She told me the details of her husband's death in a very simple way. He was strangled with a lasso. She held his head in her lap and two of his sons pulled the ends of the rope. Katuk's wife told me also that he was cheerful to the last and even joked the very moment his face was covered with the hood of the death coat to prevent those present from seeing his last struggle.—Waidman Bogoras, in Harper's Magazine.

A NEW STYLE.

English sportsmen (taken to the Japanese style of wrestling, as introduced by Tani, the Jap. The match takes place in a circle, twelve feet in diameter, laid out on a raised platform. The victory is won by the man who first succeeds in ejecting his opponent from the circle. The wrestler wears a light-fitting waistband, which is for the purpose of obtaining a hold. A man offers any man \$500 that he cannot defeat. Thus far, all of his opponents have not lasted on an average of over three minutes.

The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Chicago Tribune.

THE FALL OF THE TENDERFOOT.

He Forged a Raging River to Show Nerve and Got the Laugh.

"When I struck the Snake River country," said the old ranchman, "I was as green as a tenderfoot as ever left the states. And the boys used to lay it all over me in their days of glory that was riling. One cold winter day, I remember, me and Dave Orcutt and Hank Timms was riding our ponies over to the Stawson ranch. I had only been in the country two weeks, and this was my first trip out to Stawson's. There was a sharp wind blowing straight out of the north. We humped along pretty lively, till suddenly the boys pulled up sharp at the edge of a wide creek.

"Great buffaloes," says Hank Timms, "but the Little Cimarron is on a tear. I wouldn't try to ride across her for a thousand."

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"How far is that?" I asked.

"Thirty-six miles and a blamed pore read all the way," says Dave.

"How deep is that?" I asked.

"Too dang deep for comfort," says Hank. "Your clothes would freeze to your back in two minutes if you got 'em soaked."

"Well, appeared to me that here was my chance to show what I was dead game, even if I was a tenderfoot. 'I'm going to ride across right here,' I says.

"Don't you do it," pleads Hank. 'You're new in the country yet, you know me and I've got to look after you. You'll be foolish if you try it. Do you want your clothes froze to you?'"

"I'll take my clothes off," I says, "and stand up on my saddle."

"But the people over to the ranch'll see if you strip that way," says Dave.

"I'll fix it so they won't," I says, and with that I strips to the skin in the cold wind and puts on a new turn of steel that I had in my kumby sack.

Then I ties up my clothes and hitches them around my neck climbed up on top of the saddle and starts down the bank.

"Say, how the wind did whistle around my bare legs! And stand up in the saddle like I was, it had a mighty good show at me. That liner duster wasn't much protection either. It was about ten inches by six, in front of the ball."

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