

THE FOURTH OF JULY

U.S. NATIONAL HOLIDAY FURNISHES TEXT FOR A SERMON.

OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION

The Modest Hero—"The Stone Which the Builders Rejected, the Same is Become the Head of the Corner"—Story of Heroism and Self-Sacrifice the Theme of Rev. Dr. Talmage's Patriotic Jubilee Talk.

Adapted according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bailly, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 3.—At this season of patriotic jubilee, when the great ones of our nation's history are recalled, the preacher chooses for his theme the career of Marcus Whitman, through whose heroism and self-sacrifice the great Empire of the northwest was added to our national domain. The text is Matthew xxi, 43, "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

Every Fourth of July it is the custom of patriotic speakers to eulogize the names of George Washington and Samuel Adams and James Otis and Joseph Warren and Patrick Henry and De Witt Clinton and John Adams and John Hancock and Robert Morris and Benjamin Franklin and John Witherspoon and Thomas Jefferson and Nathaniel Greene and Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. These were the mental giants who beamed out of the new world's quarries the titanic stones which became the foundation layers of our national Government. But these were not the only men in those early days of our national history to whom we, as a people, are indebted.

To-morrow we shall celebrate our national holiday. Let me present to you to-day a name that ought to be familiar to us all, but which is seldom placed in the rank it ought to have on the roll of the nation's heroes. While we honor the men who cleared away the debris and dug out the foundation stones of our national capital let us spare, too, a few words of praise for a man to whose daring and perseverance it is due that at least one if not several stars were added to those that glitter on our national flag. I place my wreath of immortality to-day on the grave of Marcus Whitman, who practically, single-handed, saved the States of Oregon and Washington to the Union. I praise the Marcus Whitman of 1842, who placed the despised capstone of Oregon upon the topmost pinnacle of the Washington legislative halls, made up of the stone of many States.

How did Marcus Whitman save Oregon to the United States? First, by heeding the Macedonian gospel cry of helplessness. Like the pilgrim fathers he obeyed the direct summons which came to him in the voice of many thunders to carry Christ's message of salvation even unto the uttermost parts of the earth. His left hand was among the beautiful hills of central New York State, not out of a spirit of adventure as a Chautauque might plunge into the African jungles to hunt big game. He left it not as did John McLaughlin to dangle before the avaricious eyes of North American Indians his prizes which would make the red-skinned hunters more expert in setting their traps and bringing in their piles of furs. He left it not as did the English gentlemen who came to Jamestown, Va., in the hope of becoming land-owning aristocrats in a new world, or as did the Spanish mariners, who, in their conquest of Mexico, stole upon the land what the pirates of old used to steal upon the seas. But Marcus Whitman and Samuel Parker dared cross the American continent because from the far-off Willamette Valley came the story of the bitter need there was for the gospel of peace to be preached to the Indian chiefs, with scalping knives and tomahawks at belts, who, by their actions, said: "We need the white man's book of heaven."

To describe how that Macedonian cry of helplessness came to Marcus Whitman let me transport you in imagination, back to the little frontier town of St. Louis, Mo., and, like the shadow on the dial of Ahas, turn back time until the year of 1832. St. Louis at that time had a population of only a few thousand. There the gambling dens and the dance halls and the low variety shows were in full blast. There were collected many of the dissolute characters, which, always as Satanic emissaries, infest every frontier town with a leprous, immoral infection. We will suppose, in order to make the wild, weird scene we are about to describe more vivid, that the old Indian fighter and territorial Governor, up to 1821, and the United States superintendent of the Indians, from 1821 to 1838, General William Clark, is spending a social evening with two of his old friends, who followed Lewis and himself on their famous journey of the far northwest. Suddenly a messenger raps at the door. In answer to the gruff call, "Come in, there enter four Flathead Indians. Two of them are aged warriors, two young stalwart braves. "Where are you from, my men?" asked the general, eying them from head to foot. "From the murmuring waters of the Columbia?" Impossible. From the Pacific shores? Nay, nay, that cannot be. For what did you come? For the white man's book of heaven? What, didst thou have to travel 3,000 miles to hunt up the white man's book of heaven when the representatives of the Hudson Bay Company have for years been buying your furs?" "Yes," answered the Nez Percés Indians. "We have come 3,000 miles for the white man's book of heaven. Will you give it us?" But though the three wise men, coming to seek the new-born king in the Jerusalem capital, never made more than two younger braves were about to depart for their own faraway wigwams, one of them in Indian eloquence spake these words, which were published in the little frontier paper of that time: "I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people who sit in darkness? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep by your great water and wigwams. They were tried in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles and the book was not there. You showed me the images of the Good Spirit and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people after one more moon in the big council that I did not bring the book no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and die in silence. My people will die in the darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

It was the publication of these words, copied in the eastern papers, that made Marcus Whitman heed the call of the Nez Percés Indians; it was the publication of these words that nerved Whitman to consecrate all his life to giving the Flathead Indians the white man's "Book of Life." It was that resolve to go in the name of Christ to the far northwest which made it possible for Marcus Whitman to save Oregon to the Union.

But Marcus Whitman was a statesman as well as a humble gospel missionary. Like Livingstone in Africa, he saw how much could be done in

that land by the resources of civilization. His prophetic gaze traveled through the centuries, and he longed to have that fair region under Christian influences and prospering under the white man's skill and industry. He could hear the tramp of the oncoming generations, as well as the creaking of his cart wheels by his side. Therefore, when Marcus Whitman, on the famous Fourth of July, 1836, with his young bride, spread the blankets upon the top of the Rocky Mountains, with Mending afar off as guarding sentinels, and dedicated that western soil of God and his native land, like Paul, he was surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses.

He dedicated this western soil in spite of the fact that all could be said to discourage settlers had been said in calumnious disparagement. The Hudson Bay Company wanted it left in the undisturbed possession of the wild animals whose skins they were turning into gold. They wanted it for a perpetual hunting ground. Therefore they declared it to be a land barred by impassable ranges of mountains, a land of undrainable morasses, pestilential and malarial, unfit for the residence of white men, a land given up to barbarism and Indian savagery. So persistent were the falsehoods disseminated by these greedy, selfish capitalists that before Marcus Whitman's advent Oregon had been like the capstone of the Jerusalem temple which the builders rejected, but which afterward became the chief of the corner. All the national statesmen, both trans and cis-Atlantic, cared no more for it than a pearl diver would care to carry around with him a cobblestone, or a diamond merchant would care to preserve an ordinary pebble among his precious jewels. Yet Marcus Whitman at once knew Oregon was the strategic geographical key to the Northwest. He said: "It must be ours. It must be ours on account of its future generations. It must belong to the United States as well as to God."

Why, if useless was this Oregon region, considered in 1842 that Daniel Webster, then premier of President Tyler's Cabinet, was willing to barter off to Lord Ashburton for a whole of the Far Northwest for a few privileges for the American whalers to fish for cod off the banks of Newfoundland in a few years before this, to prove his utter ignorance of the intrinsic value of this land of the Northwest, Daniel Webster, then the most powerful member of the United States Senate, uncontroverted by Clay and Calhoun and Benton, made this astounding speech: "Do we want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these great mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What use ever hope to do with the western coast of 3,000 miles, rock bound, cheerless and uninteresting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote a cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

But Marcus Whitman had more than inspired vision and opened ears. He had a consecrated, noble Christian heart, as the noblest of men. He was a gospel missionary who was ready, if necessary, to die by his death he could only accomplish the work which God had given him to do. In order to save Oregon for the Union, in midwinter, alone, he rode straight across this continent. He defied the warning elements as well as savage tribes, the terrors of the snows and the precipices and colds as well as the Indian tomahawks.

But, as I take a step further in my study of this remarkable nation builder, I find, as with Marcus Whitman, the greatest of men are always the gentlest of men. Furthermore, I find that the seemingly unimportant incidents of their lives, which they of their hearts, have sometimes had the most far reaching effects in their ultimate triumphs.

Not only do we admire Marcus Whitman as a patriot and a hero, but success was in no small degree due to the qualities he displayed in his private life. Do you ask how the one could contribute to the other? I answer by rapidly drawing three verbal pictures. Scene the first: We are now standing in the little village church of Prattsburg, in the central part of New York State. It is in the winter of 1836; February is the month. A rather short, heavily built man of reddish hair and beard, with determination marked upon every lineament of his face, is the bridegroom. Dr. Marcus Whitman is his name. A sweet faced young lady, Narcissa Prentiss, daughter of Judge Prentiss, is the bride. In the presence of their village friends the young couple become one. The congratulations are spoken. The words of farewell are now said. The bride and groom turn their faces west and the long bridal trip of 3,000 miles commenced.

Scene the second: We are now at the frontier station of Fort Laramie, of the Platte River. The little caravan of transcontinental travelers are here told that they must unload their wagons and strap all their goods upon pack-mules and horses. No wagon had ever yet crossed the mountains, and no wagon could. Up to this year no white woman had ever crossed the continent. There were two brides in that party. The one was the young wife of Marcus Whitman; the other was the bride of his missionary associate, Rev. Samuel Parker by name. "I tell you that wagon cannot go through," I hear one of the rough members of the caravan say. I now see a set of look upon the face of Dr. Whitman. His jaws snap shut with the grip of a steel trap. Then a glint comes into his eye as he says: "But I tell you that wagon will go through. These ladies, my wife and Mrs. Parker,

must not be compelled to ride horse-back all that way." The muttered oath comes from the lips of the rough man at the fort as he says: "All right. We will try to pull it through." And pull and push and lift that wagon through those men did. They dragged it over the mountains and across the prairies to lighten the journey of two young women who as brides accompanied their husbands to faroff missionary fields.

Scene the third: It is the year 1843. We are now standing in the White House of our national capital. The president of the United States is John Tyler. He is smooth faced, tall and spare of frame. The second member of this notable group has a huge, massive box, a leonine face. He is one with looks expressive of the description given by a famous English jurist: "He is the most magnificent physical as well as mental specimen of his day and generation." He is the questioner. He is Daniel Webster. The third member of the group looks like a rough mountaineer. He is clad in skins. His hair is uncut. But he is one of the immortals of his day. He is Marcus Whitman.

As we stand in the corner of the room I see a strange scene. Tyler and Webster, the two leaders of the American Government are being driven back and back from their old positions of statescraft by this seemingly untutored man of the backwoods. Then, like Paul before Agrippa, I see Marcus Whitman step forward, and hear him say: "Mr. Secretary, you know not what you are doing. Better, far better, barter away all the wealth and the sovereignty of the New England states for a few Newfoundland cod, than surrender to England the priceless treasures of Oregon and the strategic position of the Far Northwest."

"Bah," answered Daniel Webster with scorn, "what is the use of Oregon to the Union? That land is wholly inaccessible. A wagon road could never be built across those mountains." Then, as Richelieu turned upon his king, I see Whitman turn, and hear him triumphantly say: "Mr. Secretary, that is a grand mistake that has been made by listening to interested persons. Six years ago I was told that there was no wagon road to Oregon, and it was impossible to take a wagon there, and yet, in spite of pleadings and almost threat, I took a wagon over that road, and have it now." "Is that so?" said Webster. "Then Oregon must be saved to the Union." And so I find in these few words that the devotion which Marcus Whitman gave to his wife by compelling the men to carry his wagon over the Rocky Mountains was one of the mighty means of helping to save Oregon to the Union. It proved that the Far Northwest and the east were not separated by impassable barriers. And it furthermore proved that all men's greatest and truest successes are always dependent upon their faithfulness in the common duties of ordinary life. Marcus Whitman's love for his country is today associated with the pure love which he bore Narcissa Prentiss. The true successes by which we will be benefited are those that are dependent upon how we fulfill the little duties of everyday domestic existence.

To treat a sprain place the member in very warm water.

JUST ONE MORE REMARKABLE CURE

Diabetes is Again Vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Donat Lafamme, of St. Marguerite, Que., the Man Cured—Further Proof of the Far Reaching Power of the Great Kidney Remedy.

St. Marguerite, Dorchester Co., Que., July 4.—(Special).—That all varieties and stages of Kidney Disease yield readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills has been proved almost daily for years, but when another victory over the deadly Diabetes is scored it is always worthy of mention. Such a case has happened here.

THE NOBLE NATURE. It is not growing like a tree In bulk doth make man better be; Or standing long an oak three hundred year, To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and here: A lily of a day Is fairer far in May, Although it fall and die that night; It was the plant and flower of Light, In small proportions we just beauty see; And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

CORNS GROW BETWEEN THE TOES.

But can be cured without pain in one day by Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. This standard remedy never burns the flesh,—it is entirely vegetable in composition and does not destroy the flesh. Use only Putnam's as it's the best.

Lady—How dirty your face is, my little boy! Boy—Yes'm; we ain't had no company for more'n a week.



OUT OF ORDER

The great evils which are often wrought by small ills can be no more clearly and effectively demonstrated than by the troubles of an automobile driver. How well he knows the disastrous effect of negligence or failure to give proper care to each and every detail. A single small part out of order affects the entire mechanism.

And so it is with the infinitely more delicate and intricate mechanism of the human frame. Affected kidneys put the entire system out of order. They are the direct cause of lame back, sick headache, sallow or deathly pale complexion, loss of memory, loss of ambition, dyspepsia, melancholy, tired feeling, swollen joints, puffed face, rheumatism in any of its various forms, loss of appetite, and many more troubles. Have you any of these symptoms?

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, will set you right. It will cure you. Begin today. Bu-Ju is for sale by druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.



Central Drug Store,

HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Fly Pads, Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Hellebore, Paris Green, Bug Death, etc.

C. H. Gunn & Co.

Corner King and Fifth Streets.

Phone 105

MAPLE CITY CREAMERY

BUTTER, CREAM AND ICE CREAM Family Trade a Specialty.

Buttermilk delivered with Ice Cream or Butter Orders. Excursion and Picnic Party Orders for Ice Cream filled promptly. Sample our quality and get our prices.

Corner ADELAIDE and KING STS. Phone 242

ROSES

And all High-Class Flowers, Floral Designs and Sprays a Specialty.

Tuson

Floral Artist, Windsor

Orders taken at Tschirhart's Music Store, opp. the Market, Chatham, Ont., where will be found at all times a large assortment of Cut Flowers at lowest prices.

FLY TIME

This is the season of the year that you are bothered with flies.

Protect yourselves against the Pest by letting us take your order for Screen Doors and Windows.

Leave word at our Office or phone 52 and we will call and take measurements and have Screens placed in position promptly.

BLONDE Lumber and Manufg. Co. Lumber Dealers and Builders and Contractors.

NOW

Is the time to get fine PHOTOS of yourself. Fine work in this line at the

GIBSON STUDIO, Cor. King and Fifth Sts.

Upholstering

Geo. E. Embrey can be found in future at C. Austin & Co's. Dry Goods Store. Orders for Upholstering and Carpet Laying will have prompt attention.

Geo. E. Embrey

Parrott & Son,

Real Estate bought, sold or exchanged. Money to loan at low rates. No commission charged borrowers. Houses to rent. Collections made. Fire and Life Insurance in safe companies. Call and see us. Office King St. North wood Block, West of Big Clock.

Chatham, Ontario.

This is the Season for Paris Green, Hellebore, Vermin Destroyer of all kinds.

WE HAVE THE BEST. RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

F. B. Proctor, Commission Broker.

N. Y. Stocks, Grains, Provisions, Cotton....

No better service anywhere. Why don't you trade at home? Information free.

Telephone 240.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

With ordinary soap a woman has to work so hard and so long on wash day she has no time for preparing any of the family meals. Wash day is a trial, and the good wife faces each with a sigh of despair. Sunlight Soap makes all the difference in the world. No toiling—no rubbing—no boiling—less than half the labor with much better results. Most women are all through their wash by twelve o'clock when they wash with Sunlight Soap the Sunlight way. It makes child's play of work.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.