A Sermon for Sunday By Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis

OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In response to a letter from a young man who thinks that all is lost because he has committed a great sin.

Text: Psalm ciii., "Like as a father pitieth his children." "For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

The biography of Audubon, the naturalist, holds a page thrilling indeed. Going into the mountains the scientist began to study and paint the eagles. One morning, hidden in a cleft of the rock, he was watching a great eagle and lingered near a cliff. Round and round the bird soared, when suddenly he swooped down with more than an arrow's swiftness; then, curving upward, the flight was slower, for the eagle held a serpent in its talons In his excitement Audubon sprung up just in time to see the serpent throw a fold around the eagle's neck. Now the battle was on. With talon and claw the king of birds fought for its life, and in the fight all but forgot to fly. But that ring about the neck tightened, and suddenly the eagle fluttered with uncertain stroke, and then bird and snake went crashing into the boughs of a tree.

Hastening forward Audubon saw the eagle rend its enemy, and, alarmed, spread its wings for flight. One wing answered and one made feeble response. Since it could not rise swiftly it struck out slowly across the valley above the tops of the trees. But try as it would, the eagle moved in a circle, for if one beat true the other pinion was broken. Soon joined by its companions, the bird found that they brought no help. Curious as to the result, weeks afterwards Audubon visited that spot again. Once more the eagle rose from its cliff; it flew, but the pinion was broken, and it never rose so high again.

In his letter this young man reveals the fact that the soul also can suffer grievous injury. For years he had built the buttresses about his honor and integrity. One by one habits rose, but in a single weak hour, influenced by companions and making haste to get rich, he was overcome. In a careless moment he lost all. Just as the keeper of a castle gate might in a careless mood permit the enemy to enter, to lift the firebrand and ruin the fortress. This letter is typical. We have all known one boy who has dulled his senses and in a drunken hour fallen to break arm or ankle. He needed but one lesson—but nature is pitiless, and that one error has brought lifelong consequences and henceforth he always limps.

Here is the clerk, who owes his position and his every advancement to the generous employer, but the youth is unfaithful and ungrateful—in losing his position through dishonor he has embarrassed his entire future. Here is the man who at 40 wakens up to discover that he is unfitted for business—that he loves professional life. Against all protests from father or mother he left the high school or college, closed his books, played the truant, threw away his chance. Now he would give all but life itself to retrace his steps. But the angel of opportunity has gone forever. No prayers in August will produce a sheaf or shock for the man who did not plow and sow in April. Success in maturity is simply the autumn day where the well-used spring pours forth its rich treasures. In the intellectual and industrial life a mistake may lead to lifelong consequences. For the bird with a broken pinion will never fly so high again.

Not less fatal are other mistakes. Gone the era of Homer, but Circe's palace has been rebuilt, and in New York the sirens sing sweetly. The old poet, speaking to the youth of his day, warned them aginst wasting their offerings on strange altars and gods. Never was the injunction more necessary than today. One of our great books holds a most pathetic chapter. A gifted youth, leaving college and coming to the great city, dwells with his companions in the outskirts of Sodom. The time came when he was mature and successful; when he met a woman whom he loved with all his heart and soul.

"You would have loved me, then, if I had led a different life," he said.

"Yes," she answered simply, "I should have loved you. You were born for me. Why, oh why, did you not live for me?"

"I wish to God I had," he answered.

"You meant to marry always," she said. "You treasured in your heart your ideal of a woman. Why could you not have lived so that you would have been her ideal, too, when at last you met?"

"I wish to God I had," he repeated.

Ah, what a page is that! It is like the opening of the door that Bunyan saw into the hill of fire where Apollyon dwelt. For this man the mistakes are irremediable, the injury is lifelong. The soul rises on wings of love and hope. But the soul's wings may be broken. Any injury to the wings of love and hope and faith means that the bird with its broken pinion will never rise so high again. But even so, there is hope and promise for the fallen one. For it is just here that the evangel of God's love comes in with its hope and promise. The youth cannot forgive himself, others may not forgive him, but God can. Nature is good and nature is God. Physicians have found that a broken finger, if properly set, is sometimes stronger after the break than it was before it. Out of the battle and the enmity and the conflict come the courage and the strength and the victory. Who shall say that in the rebound from sin Paul is not greater and better than the old Saul? And with Saul in mind, why should this youth or any man despair? "A bruised reed will he not break" is God's word. Look at those wrecks of men and women whom Christ turned to heroes and apostles and saints for purity, beauty, sweetness and service!

There is medicine and healing in God's heart. Life is full of recuperative forces. No mistake is fatal; no life is ever hopeless. My answer to this youth is the long line of men, from Saul to Augustine, to Bunyan and Gough, who have risen up to surrender the will to God—to live with the unseen one, who is nearer to man than breathing; who have "climbed" on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, God says: "I will cast all your sin behind my back." What God forgets you should not remember. Once a sin is repented of, once restitution has been made, forgiveness sought and gained, the sin has ceased to be a part of the life. For the soul has sometimes fallen only to plume its pinions for a new and a wider and a higher flight.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Women's Greatest Enemy

Constipation the Cause of Most Women's Trouble An Easy Way to Permanently Cure This Painful Condition.

There are few women indeed who do not suffer with chronic constipation. Nearly all are slaves to some kind of medicine to correct this trouble, and yet they get nothing but temporary relief. One period of constipation is followed by another, and it's physic, physic, physic, year in and year out, till life becomes a burden.

There is now a sure cure for this condition, and a cure that does not have to be repeated. It is Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill.

Dr. Leonhardt, of Lincoln, Neb., is the author of this prescription. He used it for years with wonderful success in his own large practice as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation.

Many ladies who have suffered for years are now enjoying good health, and a perfect freedom from the old constipation, through the use of Anti-Pill.

Mrs. Tabb, 287 Emerald street north, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"I am no longer troubled with constipation. I cannot praise Anti-Pill too highly."

A month's treatment for 50 cents. All druggists, or the Wilson-Fyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont., sole agents for Canada.

Mudbound Burglar.

"Honest John" Corbett, the veteran city jailer, has probably arrested as many criminals in his time and engaged in as many desperate fights as any man in the police department. Recently, while seated in the police station, he told of one of the first burglars he ever arrested in Seattle.

"In those days," said Corbett, "we didn't have any uniforms, or anything like that. I was walking abeat away down where the Grant street bridge is now. I saw a burglar, as I believed, with a bundle under his arms. I took after him, and he ran.

"The tide flats were just as muddy then as they are now, and that thief ran out into the mud. The tide was clear out. I didn't want to get all over mud, so I shot a few times at the burglar. I shot away all the shells I had and missed every time. I quit then. I waited there on the beach, keeping even with the burglar when he moved, until the incoming tide drove him in and I got him. It was either jail or drowning, and that fellow went to jail."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Salvation Army is making marked inroads upon the Chinese colony in San Francisco.

All those suffering with

Boils, Scrofula, Eczema

will find

Weaver's Syrup and Cerate

invaluable to cleanse the blood

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on a double varicocele. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope, but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. He wrote them and got the New Method Treatment for me. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn $12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning $21 and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment.

HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures all blood diseases forever.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

Cor. Mich. Ave. and Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

NEARER AND NEARER.

SHOOTING THE CHUTE WITH A BARK CANOE

LONGEST WAY ROUND WOULD BE THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

In Canadian lumber camps large wooden flumes are occasionally built connected with a small stream, by which a small canal is formed to carry the logs to some main stream which connects with the sawmill.

These flumes or big slides are sometimes carried across valleys at a great height from the ground, and the following adventure, told by Mr. Martin Hunter in "Rod and Gun in Canada," relates a hairbreadth escape from death when running down one of these slides in a canoe.

When I look back, he writes, over the many years I have passed in the wilds of Canada and realize the numerous narrow escapes I have passed through, I call to mind, with vividness, the running of the log slide at the High Falls of the Du Moine, and consider we had a most providential escape from a fearful death.

To reach the frontier of civilization from the headwaters of the Ottawa, we came down the River Du Moine. Besides myself, there was a youth of seventeen and a big, burly Iroquois. The Indian was the guide, having in previous years worked in shanties on the Du Moine and boated up supplies in the fall as far as the Big Lake, but the young half-breed and myself had never gone down this river.

The Iroquois, being the guide, was in the bow of the canoe and I steered for him, the boy paddling in the middle.

The canoe (a bark one), was really large enough to require a crew of four, but as we expected to have two extra men on the return trip, we undertook to go down shorthanded.

The day before we got to High Falls we had run numerous rapids, in passing through some of which we shipped considerable water. We would go ashore occasionally and bail out the canoe, but being wet so continuously, made the canoe heavy. We camped that night at the head of the falls near an old abandoned mill, that had been erected in the first place to saw the deals whereof the slide was built.

The Iroquois, although a big man and very strong if he liked to exert himself was, if circumstances would permit, very lazy, and that night about the camp fire already anticipated the trouble and hard work we would have on the morrow to carry our heavy canoe across the portage, which, he said, was three-quarters of a mile long, with the trail along the side of a burnt mountain all the way.

He said if I was not afraid we would send the boy over the portage and we would run the slide. Somehow, from the way he spoke, I gathered there was considerable danger, and I asked him if he had ever run. "Oh! yes," he said. "I run a boat here once with a barrel of pork in her and I was alone."

In those days I considered what another man had done I could do, and his saying if I was not afraid nettled me to the point of taking almost any chances, so before we turned into our blankets it was settled we should go by the slide, instead of carrying the canoe over the portage.

At the head of the slide was a gate, as it is called, with grooved sides, and the depth of water was regulated by taking out so many planks of nine inches high each. The Indian took out two of these, and while water was running out and into the slide we carried our canoe to the edge outside the mill and started the boy on the portage.

The slide was built of 3-inch deals throughout, bottom about six feet wide with two planks high on each side. For the first couple of hundred yards we were running almost on the level of the ground, and we went along splendidly. I was just thinking what fools people must be to carry over a long, tiresome portage, when they had such an easy route as the slide; but in the same minute as these thoughts were passing through my mind the Indian turned a scared face as we shot round the spur of the hill and said, "The water is jumping the side of the slide, hang on to the upper side with your paddle for your life." We were, in a moment, running down a steep at lightning speed, and that across a chasm on the level of the pine tops.

The water had forced off a plank at the most dangerous part of the slide, where there was a very decided crook and exactly in the middle of the gorge, and here the water was foaming over with force enough to carry the canoe and us with it. The Indian called back to me in the stern to hang on with all my might to the upper side of the slide with my paddle. It was a frightful moment, the taking of that turn. I actually felt the stern of the canoe lift towards the break as we swept around the bend, but the weight of the Indian and three-parts of the canoe prevented it from going over, but of that wave of water. I looked down with a sickening feeling to the rocks over one hundred feet below.

We breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness for the danger we had passed, but neither the slide, nor all the excitement, was yet passed. Clear of this high trestle work we shot around the spur of another mountain, always at railway speed, across another gully, and then a straight length ahead of us. We lost the contour of the slide by a foam of water ahead of us, and the Indian, whose nerves were strung to the highest tension, called out, "A log across the slide, keep her straight!"

There was nothing else to do. To stop the canoe was impossible, to jump over the side was death, and ahead of us looked like death; still, there is always a chance in the unseen, and, besides, there was no time for further thought, we were on it. As we rushed to the inevitable, we saw the water was passing over not only the obstruction in the slide, but over both sides also.

The canoe jumped the log safely, and we were running now in slower water and almost on a level again with the earth. Ahead I could see the river and knew that the end of the slide must be near.

The river at that season being low, the lip of the slide was fully seven feet from the water. We shot out into the air for a few moments and struck the river with a sound that echoed on the surrounding hills like a cannon shot.

The force with which the canoe struck the water was so great that the bark split from side to side in the middle, and she began rapidly to fill. Luckily, the beach was close, and we managed to paddle ashore before she sank.

Here we lost the rest of the day, having to go back into the green country for a bark patch, gum and roots to sew the canoe. It was late at night before we had her fit to voyage again, and again I had it brought forcibly before my mind that sometimes the "longest way round is the shortest way there."

Yes, we had indeed shot the chute, but what foolhardy risk had we not run? They told us at the mouth of the river (the oldest inhabitant), that it had never been done before in a bark canoe, and I have never heard of anyone emulating our exploit.

By questioning Mr. Sweezy, the boommaster, I found the slide is one and a half miles long, and where the break occurred in the chasm the trestle work from the rocks below is 110 feet high.

I am pretty "nervy," but no money would induce me to again "Shoot the Chute."

Where Dogs Wear Shoes

In Alaska even dogs wear shoes, at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in the country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily, until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolflike teeth and eats them up.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell from $75 to $200 each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when the camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they won't get under the blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.—New England Farmer.

Cascara bark peeling has become an active industry in the forests of Western Washington. The bark is taken from the barberry and chittimwood trees that grow profusely in the Gray's Harbor district. It has a commercial value of 8 cents per pound. An ordinary tree yields from 50 to 100 pounds of the dried bark.

A CEMETERY FULL OF PETRIFIED INDIANS

GOVERNMENT GAVE $14 50 FOR EACH CORPSE EXHUMED.

Joe De Champ, a backwoodsman living in the Thief River Falls region, in Northern Minnesota, has lately been engaged in removing the remains of Indians from their graves in the lands soon to be opened to settlement. The bodies he reburies in places outside the ceded lands. Among the stories of his experiences in the former cemetery of the aborigines is one regarding the finding of several perfectly petrified bodies, and the uncanny feeling which one has when he listens to the account is intensified at the end, when it is related that one of the petrified aborigines was used as a hitching post, while another served as a cigar sign. Eight men worked with Joe digging for the bodies of the dead Indians. Joe receives $14 50 for each corpse from the Government; therefore, he is exceedingly industrious. The moonbeams, filtering through the branches of the pines, shone down on Joe one night as he labored with pick and spade. About him the razed fence that had been built about the final resting-place of a tribal leader formed a decorative festoon.

Dig, dig, dig, stopping only to wipe the perspiration from his brow, Joe labored on. He heard not the croaking of the frogs in the pond nearby, nor paid he any attention to the echoing calls of the animals that roamed abroad in their nocturnal search for food. Encountering what appeared to be a stone, Joe laid aside his shovel, mopped his sweaty face, and then set to work with a pick. Joe is a callous man, used to looking composedly on grinning skulls and heaps of bones, but when he saw there, in the uncertain light, the grim countenance of a real red man, sticking up in the hole he had made, he fled for his assistants, roused them from their sleep, and enlisted their services in calming his perturbed mind and in completing the removal of the body. Finally the report reached the Chippewa village, and then there was more trouble for De Champ, who had various heart-to-heart talks with inquiring red people.

The upshot of it all was that the cigar sign and the hitching post have been decently buried—if, indeed, the bodies were ever used for that purpose. The petrified bodies, almost perfectly preserved, were removed from the shallow grave with difficulty. Nearby another body was encountered in the same condition, and laid aside while the work of removing the other mortal remains progressed. It so happens that De Champ is a great joker, and when the story of the petrified cigar Indian and the aboriginal hitching post got around, his friends began to ask about his resurrection operations with mock seriousness. Altogether, Joe has taken up 113 Indians. Of this number, 26 were of the Catholic faith and were reburied at the agency. The remainder, who were old-time pagans, were taken across the Beltrami County line for burial. The Catholics when taken up were found to be incased in wooden coffins, but those who remained loyal to the old Indian faith were wrapped in pitch bark. Thus far only two petrified bodies have been found.—Anaconda Standard.

ERRONEOUS NOTIONS AS TO SPIDER BITES

LITTLE INSECT SELDOM DOES SERIOUS INJURY.

When in doubt, charge it to a spider. That slight creature has been held responsible for deaths and illnesses wherewith he had nothing more to do than the United States has to do with brigandage in Morocco. Yet the familiar newspaper announcement, "Killed by a Spider," is before us again, and we read how the suffering Mrs. Wilson, of Knoxville, died in 24 hours as a result of a spider bite, her body being swollen to twice its normal size before she resigned consciousness. If we were to believe the entomological authorities in Washington, who are paid by the Government to know, we have only one kind of spider that is really poisonous enough to hurt, and that is a little fellow, marked with red and black, and not all black, as the Knoxville alarmists declare. Until last year the total number of deaths actually traceable to spider bites in this country was one. Possibly it may now be enlarged to two.

We cling to our superstition, and that of the deadliness of spider venom is one of them. A spider has enough of this acrid chemical to kill a fly, when the web is not strong enough to hold it, but the human subject has on various occasions — sometimes without knowing it—been subject to her surgery without other result than an irritation considerably less than is inflicted by a mosquito. When death results from so slight a cause it does not signify that the spider is dangerous. It means that the subject was in so perilous a condition of health that a pin scratch would have served as well to end life as the spider's trifling wound has done. Not many years ago the tarantula was regarded as sure and sudden death. The southwestern miner who turned in without his boots and who found that half a dozen of these giant spiders had got into bed before him made his will on becoming cognizant of this fact. Now he merely brushes them off, uses a little language and goes to sleep again. Even the rattlesnake has his apologists.

And it is well to know these facts, not merely because we permit some useful animals to live who are doing their share to rid us of insect pests, but because we can amble about the world with a freer mind than our fathers could who suspected death in every moving form to which they were not accustomed. The spider has killed, we will say, two out of the many millions of human creatures that have inhabitated this country, and has destroyed countless hosts of flies and mosquitoes, bearers of germs, which, but for her interference, might have poisoned 100,000 of us. Observe the spider, then, with equanimity. She will not harm enough to hurt.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

A school to accommodate from 120 to 125 children is to be built in the depth of the Junfernheide Woods, near Berlin, and the children will remain there the whole day, special arrangements being made to supply them with their meals. They are only to receive from two to three hours' instruction daily, and are to spend the rest of the day in taking healthy exercise in the forest.

THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS

"THE LIGHT OF THE KITCHEN"

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical SOLD IN ALL SIZES.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

FERROVIM TRADE MARK

A Tonic Wine, pleasant to take.

Gives strength
Makes new blood
Builds up the system
Throws off all weakness

A boon to those recovering from wasting fevers and long illness.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The Oldest of Birds.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes, so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas, or South American ostriches.

The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrich-like, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck, and a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and the feet are strong and powerful, and provided with sharp claws.

The kiwi is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the forepart of the head and sides of the face are straggling, hairlike feelers.—Chicago Chronicle.

FATAL CATARRH

It Causes the Weak to Die Young and Invariably Leads to Incurable Consumption.

Catarrh has at least one fortunate feature—it can be cured by Catarrhozone. In every case this remedy gives instant relief. Never was it known to fail in curing thoroughly.

Mr. Archibald Bass, of New Harbour, writes: "Catarrhozone proved a remarkable remedy in my case. I suffered terribly from catarrh in the throat and nose, and was so stuffed up every morning I could hardly draw my breath. The mucous dropped back into my stomach, upset my digestion, and kept me sick all the time. Catarrhozone relieved in a short time and cured perfectly."

The Pyramid of Cheops is the largest permanent structure of any kind ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at its base were 764 square feet, and its perpendicular height at the apex is 488 feet. It covers about 4¼ acres of ground, and an English architect estimates its cost at $150,000,000.

WORMS CAUSE feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Willis & Hicks, of Auburn, Me., are at work upon a unique souvenir, a napkin ring made from a piece of the brass speaking-tube used upon the flagship Olympia, which was in the engagement in Manila Harbor.

Peterborough Cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320, and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel.

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THE "QUALITY" RUBBER THAT COSTS NO MORE

THE STANDARD FOR "LOOKS AND WEAR"