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EN & STRACHAN.

in the old city, Township of
the south-east quarter of Sec.
10, Township of North York,
City of Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
Will take a small payment
on time to suit purchaser.
Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate
Agent, 100 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

A FARM BARGAIN—100 acres of
good land, lying the south-
east quarter of Sec. 10, Township
of North York, City of Toronto,
Ontario, Canada. Will take a small
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HAPPINESS OF RELIEF.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Christian
Heroes of To-Day.

A despatch from Washington says:
—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the
following text: "I am escaped with
the skin of my teeth."—Job, xix. 20.
Job had it hard. He wished he was
dead and I do not blame him. His
flesh was gone, and his bones were
dry. He cried out, "I am escaped
with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for
Job's body and soul; but there are
thousands of men who make just as
narrow escape for their soul. There
was a time when the partition be-
tween them and ruin was no thicker
than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job
finally escaped, so have they. Thank
God!

I want to show you, if God will
help, that some men make narrow
escapes for their souls, and are saved
as "with the skin of their teeth."

We will admit that it is more dif-
ficult for some men to accept the
Gospel than for others. Some of you,
in coming to God, will have to run
against sceptical notions. It is us-
less for people to say sharp and cut-
ting things to those who reject the
Christian religion. I cannot say
such things. By what process of
temptation, or trial, or betrayal, you
have come to your present state, I
know not. There are two gates to
your nature; the gate of the head,
and the gate of the heart. The gate
of your head is locked with bolts and
bars that an archangel could not
break, but the gate of your heart
swings easily on its hinges. If I as-
saulted your body with weapons you
would meet me with weapons, and it
would be sword-stroke for sword-
stroke; and wound for wound, and
blood for blood; but if I come and
knock at the door of your heart, you
open it, and give me the best seat
in your parlour. If I should come at
you with an argument, you would
answer me with an argument; if with
sarcasm, you would answer me with
sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for
stroke; but when I come and knock
at the door of your heart, you open
it and say, "Come in, my brother,
and tell me all you know about
Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three questions:
Are you as happy as you used to be
when you believed in the truth of the
Christian religion? Would you like
to have your children travel on in
the road in which you are
now traveling? You had a
relative, who professed to be a Chris-
tian, and was thoroughly consistent
living and dying in the faith of the
Gospel. Would you not like to live
the same quiet life, and die the same
peaceful death? I recently received
a letter, sent me by one who has re-
jected the Christian religion. It says,
"I am old enough to know that the
joys and pleasures of life are evanes-
cent, and to realize the fact that it
must be comfortable in old age to
believe in something relative to the
future, and to have a faith in some
system that proposes to save. I am
free to confess that I would be hap-
pier if I could exercise the simple and
beautiful faith that is possessed by
many whom I know. I am not will-
ingly out of the Church or out of the
faith. My state of uncertainty is
one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my
immortality, and look upon the death-
bed as the closing scene, after which
there is nothing. What shall I do
that I have not done?" Ah! sceptic-
ism is a dark and doleful land. Let
me say that this Bible is either true
or false. If it be false, we are as
well off as you; if it be true, then
which of us is safer.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take
it all in all, is about the best book
that the world has ever seen? Do
you know any book that has as much
in it? Do you not think, upon the
whole, that its influence has been
beneficent? I come to you with both
hands extended toward you. In one
hand I have the Bible, and in the
other I have nothing. This Bible in
one hand I will surrender for ever just
as soon as in my other hand you can
put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old-
fashioned religion of your fathers,—
to the God whom they worshipped,
to the Bible they read, to the promises
on which they leaned, to the cross
on which they hung their eternal
expectations. You have not been hap-
py a day since you swung off; you
will not be happy a minute until you
swing back.

Again: There may be some of you
who, in the attempt after a Chris-
tian life have been so cheated,
powerful passions and appetites. Per-
haps it is a disposition to anger that
you have to contend against; and per-
haps, while in a very serious mood, you
hear of something that makes you
feel that you must swear or die. All
your good resolutions heretofore have
been torn to tatters by explosion of
temper. Now there is no harm in
getting mad if you only get mad at

sin. You need to bridle and saddle
those hot-breathed passions, and with
them ride down injustice and wrong.
There are a thousand things
in the world that we ought
to be mad at. There is no
harm in getting red hot if you only
bring to the forge that which needs
hammering. A man who has no pow-
er of righteous indignation is an im-
becile. But be sure it is a righteous
indignation, and not a palsy that
blurs, and unravels, and depletes
the soul.

There is a large class of persons in
mid-life who have still in them ap-
petites that were aroused in early
manhood, at a time when their pride
themselves on being a "little fast,"
"high livers," "free and easy," "hale
fellows well met." They are now
paying in compound interest for trou-
bles they collected twenty years ago.
Some of you are trying to escape, and
you will—yet very narrowly, "as with
the skin of your teeth." God and
your own soul only know what the
struggle is. Omnipotent grace has
pulled out many a soul that was
deeper in the mire than you are. They
line the bench of heaven—the multi-
tudes whom God has rescued from the
thrall of suicidal habits. If you this
day turn back on the wrong, and
start anew, God will help you. Oh
the weakness of human help! Men
will sympathize for a while, and then
turn you off. If you ask for their
pardon, they will give it, and say
they will try you again; but, failing
away again under the power of tem-
ptation, they cast you off for ever.
But God forgives seventy times seven;
you, seven hundred times; yet, though
this be the ten thousandth time, he
is more earnest, more sympathetic,
more helpful this last time than when
you took your first mis-step.

If, with all the influences favor-
able for a right life, man make so
many mistakes, how much harder is
it when, for instance, some appetite
thrusters its iron grapple into the
roots of the tongue, and pulls a man
down with hands of destruction! If,
under such circumstances, he break
away, there will be no sport in the
undertaking, no holiday enjoyment,
but a struggle in which the wrest-
lers move from side to side, and bend
and twist, and watch for an oppor-
tunity to get in a heavier stroke, un-
til with one final effort, in which the
muscles are distended, and the veins
stand out, and the blood starts, the
swarthy habit falls under the knee
of the victor—escaped at last as
"with the skin of his teeth."

There are others who, in attempt-
ing to come to God, must run between
a great many business perplexities.
If a man go over to business at ten
o'clock in the morning, and comes
away at three o'clock in the after-
noon, he has some time for religion;
but how shall you find time for re-
ligious contemplation when you are
driven from sunrise to sunset, and
have been for five years going behind
in business, and are frequently dun-
ned by creditors whom you cannot pay,
and when, from Monday morning
until Saturday night, you are dodging
bills that you cannot meet? You walk
day by day in uncertainties that have
kept your brain on fire for the past
three years. Some, with less business
troubles than you, have gone crazy.
Now, God will not be hard on you. He
knows what obstacles are in the way
of your being a Christian, and your
first effort in the right direction he
will crown with success. Do not let
Satan, with cotton bales, and kegs,
and hogheads, and counters, and
stocks of unsaleable goods, block up
your way to heaven. Gather up all
your energies. Tighten the girdle
about your loins. Take an agonizing
look into the face of God, and then
say, "Here goes one grand effort for
life eternal," and then bound away for
heaven, escaping "as with the skin of
your teeth."

In the last day it will be found that
Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, Huss
and Ridley, were not the greatest
martyrs, but Christian men who went
up uncorrupted from the contaminations
and perplexities of the exchange, the
market, the courts and from busi-
ness. On earth they were called
brokers, or stock-jobbers, or retailers,
or importers; but in heaven, Christian
heroes. No fogs were heaped about
their feet; no inquisition demanded
from them recantation; no sol-
dier aimed a pike at their throat;
but they had mental tortures, com-
pared with which all physical consum-
ing is as the breath of a spring morn-
ing.

I find in the community a large
class of men who have been so cheat-
ed, so lied about, so outrageously
wronged, that they have lost their
faith in everything. In a world where
every thing seems so topsy-turvy,
they do not see how there can be any
God. They are confounded, and
frenzied, and misanthropic. Elabora-
ted arguments to prove to them the

truth of Christianity, or the truth of
anything else, touch them nowhere.
Hear me, all such men. I preach to
you no rounded periods, no ornamental
discourse; but I put my hand on your
shoulder, and invite you into the peace
of the Gospel. Here is a rock on which
you may stand firm, though the waves
dash against it harder than the At-
lantic, pitching its surf clear above
Eddystone Light-house. Do not
charge upon God all these troubles
of the world. As long as the world
stuck to God, God stuck to the world;
but the earth seceded from his govern-
ment, and hence all these outrages and
all these woes. God is good. For many
hundreds of years he has been coaxing
the world to come back to him; but
the more he has coaxed, the more vio-
lent have men been in their resistance,
and they have stepped back and step-
ped back until they have dropped into
ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the
blood-hounds after you, and who have
thought that God had forgotten you.
Try him, and see if he will not help.
Try him, and see if he will not pardon.
Try him, and see if he will not save.
The flowers of spring have no bloom
so sweet as the flowering of Christ's
affections. The sun hath no warmth
compared with the glow of his heart.
The waters have no refreshment like
the fountain that will slake the thirst
of thy soul. At the moment the rein-
deer stands with his hip and nostril
thrust in the cool mountain torrent,
the hunter may be coming through
the thicket. Without cracking a
stick under his foot, he comes close by
the stag, aims his gun, draws the
trigger, and the poor thing rears in its
death-agony and falls backwards, its
antlers crashing on the rocks; but
the panting hart that drinks from the
water-brooks of God's promise shall
never be fatally wounded, and shall
never die.

This world is a poor portion for
your soul, oh business man! An East-
ern king had graven upon his com-
b two fingers, represented as
sounding upon each other with a
snap, and under them the motto, "All
is not worth that." Apicius Coelius
hanged himself because his steward
informed him that he had only 80
thousand pounds sterling left. All of
this world's riches make but a small
inheritance for a soul. Robespierre
attempted to win the applause of the
world; but when he was dying, a wo-
man came rushing through the crowd
crying to him, "Murderer of my kin-
dred, descend to hell, covered with
the curses of every mother in France!"
Many who have expected the plaud-
its of the world, have died under its
Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make
one strong pull for heaven. Not half-
way work will do it. There sometimes
comes a time on shipboard when ev-
erything must be sacrificed to save
the passengers. The cargo is nothing.
The captain puts the trumpet to his
lip and shouts, "Cut away the mast!"
Some of you have been tossed and
driven, and you have, in your effort
to keep the world well-nigh lost your
soul. Until you have decided this
matter, let everything else go. Over-
board with all those sails of your
pride, and cut away the mast. With
one earnest cry for help, put your
cause into the hand of him who help-
ed Paul out of the breakers of Melita,
and who, above the shrill blast of the
wrathiest tempest that ever blacken-
ed the sky or shook the ocean, can
hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

Heaven grant that some of you, who
have considered your case as hopeless,
will now take heart again, and that
with a blood-red earnestness, such as
you have never experienced before,
you will start for the good land of
the Gospel—at last to look back say-
ing, "What a great risk I ran! Al-
most lost, but saved. Just got
through and no more! Escaped by the
skin of my teeth!"

Four men blown to sea on the
yacht Alaris, at New York, have re-
turned safely to New York from
Jamaica.

The proposed Philippine traffic
schedule is ready to be submitted to
the War Department, says a Wash-
ington despatch.

Rossy H. Ferrell, found guilty of
the murder of Express Messenger
Lane, failed in an attempt to smother
himself in the jail at Marysville, Ohio.

A Foughkeepsie, N.Y., district farm-
er, invented a scheme to guard his
chicken-coop. John Mitchell, his
neighbor, is dead. He had a wife
and three children.

Girls employed in a silk mill at
Hazelton, Pa., are on strike, the com-
pany having refused to discharge a
forelady whose father, a miner, work-
ed during the coal strike.

Mrs. Anna L. Adamson, a well-
known editor, daughter of the late
E. J. Huling, editor and publisher of
the Saratoga Sentinel, was found
dead at her sister's home in Chicago
recently, suffocated by gas.

Lieut.-Col. J. B. McLean, of Wool-
wich, Eng., and Miss Anna Perkins
Slade, daughter of Daniel D. Slade,
were married in Boston recently. The
bride wore what was once the court
dress of the Queen Regent of Portu-
gal.

AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT WAS LED BY QUIXOTIC DR.
STEIN OF SWEDEN.

To Explore Ellsmere Land—Unique
Methods for Saving Funds—Doubt as
to the Success of the Expedition.

Since years ago when two young
and inexperienced Swedish explorers,
Bjorling and Kallstenius, sailed north
in a crazy tub of a schooner, no such
rash and remarkable Arctic voyage
has been projected and carried into
execution as the one known as the
Stein expedition. The two young
Swedes who passed into the great
Arctic silence in their ill fated craft
have never since been heard from.
It is now a question whether the same
fate has not befallen the ill-equipped
and inexperienced Stein expedi-
tion which started on Peary's
relief ship, the Diana, to ex-
plore Ellsmere Land in July, 1899.

Were it not for this shadow of a pos-
sible tragedy the Stein expedition
could only be viewed from the stand-
point of pure and unadulterated
comedy. Never before has such a
quixotic party started forth to ques-
tion the silent Sphinx of the North.

Dr. Robert Stein had long been
known as an Arctic enthusiast. He
was dubbed an Arctic crank. He had
projected several expeditions to the
North, but had formerly failed to get
the necessary backing.

About four years ago he originated a
remarkable circular. This he sent to
a number of possible contributors to
a proposed Arctic expedition. It offered
curious rewards to contributors.
For instance, for \$1,000 a mountain of
a certain elevation would receive the
name of the donor; for \$500 a lesser
height would be christened, and for
\$100 one still more moderate. This
offer of geographical distinction did
not, however, result in sufficient
funds, and not until last year did the
Stein expedition take definite form.

In 1897 Stein made a trip to the Ar-
ctic regions with the Peary expedition
in the Hope. He remained in the
neighborhood of Wilcox Head and
Devil's Thumb while the ship was
making her month's cruise in the
North waters and collected a few
geological and botanical specimens.
He came to lower latitudes filled
with Arctic enthusiasm. By mortgag-
ing a farm which he possessed, Stein
succeeded in getting together a small
fund, and with this organized an ex-
pedition to explore Ellsmere Land.

Just before Peary left for the North
in the summer of 1898 Stein arranged
with him the terms upon which his ex-
pedition and its supplies would be
landed at Cape Sabine, Ellsmere Land,
on the Peary relief steamer of the fol-
lowing year. These conditions having
been complied with, Stein and his
party, with their outfit, assembled at
Sydney, Cape Breton, in the early part
of July, 1899, and sailed for the North
in the Peary relief ship, the Diana.

On his way to embark at Sydney Dr.
Stein passed through New Cario, and
here he remained for a couple of days
adding to his equipment. Among
the articles of his outfit were about a
dozen clocks.

"On the morning fixed for the depar-
ture of the Diana from Sydney," said
Mr. Herbert L. Bridgman, command-
er of the Peary relief ship, "trouble
began. Stein's stores had been stow-
ed, but no coal for him had been put
on board, nor had any been purchased.
It was obviously impossible to take the
expedition for a winter beyond the
Arctic Circle without coal, and the ship
was delayed for two hours while some
coal was secured for Stein. In order
to land his coal Stein proposed bags,
each holding a hundred pounds, and he
purchased in Sydney material suffi-
cient for two hundred bags.

"By dint of continuous work the in-
termittent work on the bags was
carried on, with the result that when
Cape Sabine was reached, two weeks
later, the explorer had fifty bags and
100 stipes of cloth. The remaining
four-fifths of the coal was poured in
bulk on the rocks, involving inevitably
a considerable loss in the seams and
crevices.

"The day before Disco was reached
I remarked to Dr. Stein that there
was an impression current about the
ship that he had not sufficient food
supplies, and I asked him for definite
information, that the matter might be
clearly settled before departure from
the last port of supply. I did not pur-
pose to return to the States and in a
year or two have it said that I had
left a party without sufficient food to
winter to starve at Cape Sabine.

"Dr. Stein," continued Mr. Bridg-
man, "was most positive that his food
supplies were ample, saying that of
some items, particularly condensed
milk, he had three times as much as he
wanted. 'To be sure,' said he, 'since
I have learned that Dr. Kann re-
quires tea every day, I am not cer-
tain that I have enough. We brought
five pounds of tea and ten pounds of
coffee for the three of us for a year,
and it may be we shall want a little
from you.'

"To this I immediately replied that
not only tea and coffee but any other
supplies necessary, to a reasonable
amount, to round out his assortment
and make everything complete, would
be furnished cheerfully.

"At Disco Dr. Stein, waiving the
usual routine invitation from the Govern-

nor for the ship's party to land, pro-
ceeded to visit the town and prosecut-
ed his quest for dogs, under permission
of the Royal Greenland Trading Com-
pany. Ten dogs in good condition
were brought on board, and for their
support a cask of capelin, about half a
barrel, perhaps one meal for five
hungry dogs. This was the sole food
supply for these ten animals except a
small package containing about twenty
pounds of seal meat. At Upernavik
a few minor supplies were purchased,
and so the expedition left civilization.

"On the evening of August 4 the
Diana met at Etah Henson, Peary's as-
sistant, and learned from him that
Sverdrup and the Fram had wintered
just beyond Cooked Hat Island, not
fifteen miles from Stein's proposed
base of operations at Cape Sabine.
What Sverdrup had done of course no
one knew, but there was every reason
to believe that he anticipated much of
the work that Stein proposed for him-
self.

"Stein's first impulse was to change
the scene of action, and he made a
proposition to be landed at Jones
Sound. But as this would involve at
least five hundred miles of steaming,
with no certainty that the landing
could be made, the proposition was
declined.

"On the following morning the Diana
pushed out from her anchorage at
Etah for Cape Sabine," continued Mr.
Bridgman. "During the morning
Stein said to me: 'Doubtless you are
aware that I have embarked in this
enterprise all that I have and more;
that the other members of my party
have also put their entire means into
the work, and we are all specially
desirous that if it is in any way pos-
sible we shall be landed at Cape
Sabine.'

"The assurance was given that
every effort would be made, and that,
so far as safety to ship and life per-
mitted, the Diana would force her way
through the ice and effect a landing.
The Diana rounded the point of Cape
Sabine to the southward, and just be-
hind Brevoort Island a small sloping
moraine was selected by Stein as the
site of his future base. Among the
rocks and ice foot the ship was moored,
and during the afternoon every one
was busily engaged in discharging the
effects of the Stein party. By eleven
o'clock at night the last of the coal
had been deposited, the last dog swung
on shore, the final words said, and Dr.
Stein, after a personal inspection of
the ship, declared that everything be-
longing to him had been landed.

"The equipment of the party was in
the highest degree unique. Kites,
umbrellas, cameras, bicycle wheels,
hats in bales and sawdust in barrels
were included; also a large quantity of
lumber, from which a house was to be
built, and a miscellaneous assortment
of all kinds of tools and utensils, some
adapted for farmers, others for lum-
bering, and for almost every zone and
purpose." Grave tears are now enter-
tained as to the safety of the Stein