ON OUR OWN GENERATION.

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE FEB. 10.

Text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, After He Had Served His Own Generation by the Will of God, Fell on Sleep."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—Before an audience gathered from all parts of the earth the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded passages of Scripture descriptive of stirring scenes in David's life. Led by organ and cornet the multitudes joined in singing:

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text that has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern Hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

SHE COULD NOT LEAVE HIM OUT.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into hermother's face said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God, that I had a good father once so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, perhaps a thousand generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eight generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes (what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the doctors and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a reckleness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?"

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends.

I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table, and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanist, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the market, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviation.

THE GREATEST BATTLE FIELD.

I have read that the battle field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic, 160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread. Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred millions, fifteen thousand fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there in is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourth of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-forths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rage. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks room the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for the transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderful mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you cannot see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter as well as summer shall not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before his cold?"

HOW MAY WE SERVE OUR GENERATION?

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph, and telephone, and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them it would be found we have now living in this year 1889 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in north and south were developed than in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood, to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory: on the north side Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you and your friends and associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than ourselves have.

BEHAVE WELL OURSELVES.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went west and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentleman, I vote for the observance of the Christain Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We cannot stop. They cannot stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns, it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixty-five wheels turn twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation; not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has all its terminus, acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was! Untilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head and all the weariness out of the limbs and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

AWAY WITH IT.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our own generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend writing me from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest college, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is. I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture, and stepped back again, but after a while went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveler had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angles' wings! Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like heaven! It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm most be John and Paul the one so gentle and the one so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom, must be John Hess and Hugh Latimer.

A HOUSE NOT BUILT WITH HANDS.

But I must not look any longer at these gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! never more to part!" the arches, the aloves, the hallways echo and recho the words, "Never more to part. Never more to part." Then our glorified friends says: "Come out with us and see heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of heaven I cry out, "Who is he?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

Terribly annoying—to read a sensational story down a full column of a newspaper and find, after all, it ends by saying "Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is the best article known for curing chapped hands." Ask your druggist for it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"RED-NOSED MIKE" ON TRIAL.

He Tells the Story of the Wilkesbarre Tragedy—His Accomplices Arrested.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 10.—The trial of "Red-Nosed Mike" Rezullo was continued yesterday and the murderer took the stand. His story was the narration of one of the most terrible crimes ever conceived in the brain of man and executed by human hands. His bearing on the stand at times was indicative of that bravado and confidence that must have belonged to his guilty heart from the start, but when he came to the shooting of the two innocent men in the mountain fastness he completely broke down. His swarthy complexion, burnt by an Italian sun, became pale as death and tears coursed in a steady stream down his cheeks. His voice was choked. He managed, however, to say that he took no part in the killing.

"I held back," he said, "when Beverino and Villella shot the paymaster and Flannigan. I was standing about 20 feet behind them. Beverino said: 'Mike (letting out a terrible oath), if you do not hurry and help us we will kill you.' I then raised my gun and fired four or five shots in the air, this is all I did."

It was learned yesterday that the accomplices of "Red-Nosed Mike," Beverino and Villella, have been captured in Italy. They will be brought here as soon as possible.

—Caswell, Massey & Co's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Pepsin and Quinine, is recognized as the best preparation known. Prescribed by the leading physicians. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

The British Ministry at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—No information has been received at the State Department in regard to the appointment of a British Minister to this country. The department has, however, been informed that Mr. Edwards, first secretary of legation at Washington, who has been in London for some time, has sailed for this country. On his arrival here he will assume charge of the affairs of the legation. His return at this particular time is understood by certain officials to mean that there is no immediate prospect of the appointment of a successor to Sackville.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing value as a blood medicine. Nothing in the whole pharmacopœia effects more astonishing results in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.

The U. S. Diplomatic Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The conferees on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill have reached an agreement and will report early next week. The House representatives accept the Senate amendment of $500,000 for the maintenance of American rights in Samoa, while the Senate conferees agree to allow the provision of $100,000 for the naval station at Pago Pago to go into the naval appropriaton bill.

The Senators also agree to restore the status of the consular representative at Montreal, whom it was proposed to reduce in rank from consul-general to consul.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive today if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.

Murders in the Wyoming Gold Fields.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—A Cheyenne special says: It is reported that eight Mexican prospectors, who succeeded by means of an ancient chart in locating a gold mine which was worked by Spaniards over 200 years ago, have been murdered by American intruders. The latter secured the chart after a desperate fight in which the Mexicans were killed.

"What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." CHAS. E. PORTER.

TOPICS OF THE PULPIT.

THERE ARE MANY VOICES IN THE CHURCHES.

And None of Them Without Signification—Special Pleadings With Young Women—A Sermon on the Devil—The Polymath Thinks Woman Suffrage Would Checkmate the Jesuits.

In a dozen pulpits yesterday the claims of the Young Women's Christian Guild were ably advocated. In aid of missions, Dr. Hulburd, an eloquent New York divine, held forth twice in Carlton-street Methodist Church; Rev. G. H. Sandwell, the English Congregationalist, added to the number of his admirers at Zion Church; Rev. George Batchelor of Boston, Mass., expounded the Unitarian views on Retribution and Affirmations. Rev. George L. Allbutt clearly stated the Swedenborgian belief on cardinal points. Rev. Isaac Tovell of St. Catharines preached anniversary sermons for the Berkeley-street Methodist Church; Rev. John Langtry justified Canon Knox Little's teaching by the prayer book. Beverley-street Baptists were edified by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart of Rochester, while Shaftesbury and other halls, including Bay-street Firehall, echoed with the glad sidings of great joy. Most of the "watchmen" fought shy of the Jesuit question and its pregnant issues, notable exceptions being Dr. Wild, who thought female suffrage would be a grand set-off to the Jesuits in Quebec.

THE GALLANT DOCTOR.

Women Franchise as a Grand Set-off to Quebec Jesuitism.

Should Women Have the Franchise? was Dr. Wild's subject last evening. He had not proceeded very far with the lecture before he emphatically proved that he is an advocate of woman suffrage. He said: I had a mother in whose hands the ballot would have been as sacredly handled as in the hands of my sainted and honored father. I am not going to go back on my mother and make her inferior to any living man. I have a wife who has as much a right to vote as I have. I don't say that she would vote exactly the same tickets as I do, but that has nothing to do with her privilege of voting. I have two grown-up boys and a daughter, and I am not sure that my daughter is not as competent and as capable in every way to be entrusted with the franchise as the two boys and they think they are good.

We men have been wont to shout: "Taxation without representation is despicable." So say I. But what do we say when one-half of the human family is without the franchise and yet taxed?

The Doctor then said that to meet the argument of those who modestly assert that our political contests are not fit for women to take part in, we should remint the existing evil and reform the elections and make the polling booths such that our wives and daughters and sisters shall not blush to go in and cast their votes.

I trust that the Parliament of Ontario will grasp the privilege and crown themselves with everlasting fame by granting parliamentary as well as municipal franchise to the women of our country. It is a grand opportunity for them. It will be a grand offset to Quebec with its Jesuit Bill.

A New York Divine Discourses on the Devil.

Yesterday morning and evening, Rev. Dr. Merritt Hulburd of New York preached at Carlton-street Methodist Church and on both occasions there was an exceptionally large attendance, for the congregations rightly anticipated an eloquent sermon. In the evening the rev. gentleman spoke of Christ's temptation on the Mount and defined it as a real temptation. He said; I believe in the devil. On Beacon Hill a man would lose caste who believed in the devil. The devil is a personage fallen from his high estate, a real person, a power in the world of darkness, whose emissaries are almost countless and whose personal powers are great in this world. He did not charge that every sin in this world came directly from the great spirit of evil. There is a great deal of evil the devil does not have much to do with. "I believe," he said, "there are men who have lent themselves to evil and who do not require any great inspiration or assistance." There are those who sit outside saloon doors and lure to ruin the rising generation. They resemble huge bloated spiders. "I sometimes think," the preacher continued, "the devil is ashamed of that business and has delegated it to people meaner than himself." [Applause.] Christ's temptation was a real temptation, a real solicitation to evil, and there could be no evading the fact that it might have been successful and the hopes of the world have been swept away in the desolating power of the spirit of evil. The temptation was no farce played upon an elevated stage. The rest of the sermon was an exhortation to extend sympathy to one another in this world, and the rev. gentleman added force to his words by some touching illustrations of the value of sympathy in the hour of need.

Evangelist Schiveren at the Christian Institute.

The Young Woman's Christian Guild meeting in the Christian Institute was well attended on Saturday night. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Goodsham and beside him on the platform was Rev. W. F. Wilson, who opened the meeting with prayer. Bro. J. E. Wolfe was the first speaker and he ably discoursed of the well-known story of Nicodemus. The address was exemplified by numerous biblical illustrations. Mr. Ferdinand Schiveres followed with a short earnest appeal. This well-known evangelist spoke of the success of his mission in Guelph, and he hoped to bring many souls to Christ during his labors here. Mr. Schiveres spoke yesterday afternoon and evening to large audiences, and for the next two weeks he will remain in the city and conduct daily service. The Saturday and Sunday night services will be open to the public, but the others are for women only.

For the Outward and Inner Man.

Richmond Hall yesterday morning contained the largest number of breakfasters since the free meal was established. The number was 225, all of whom had their keen appetites satisfied with tasty yet substantial food. The choir sang their choicest songs, the men and women joined in all the choruses and sang several hymns by themselves, whilst Mr. Thompson, a student from McMaster Hall, aptly told the story and explained the meaning of the Marriage Feast. At night Mr. Dixon and his band of workers were in their place to give a second greeting to their guests of the morning, nearly all of whom came for the evening's service. This was of an interesting and hearty character conducted by Mr. Dixon. Funds are still needed for the clothing and breakfasting of the destitute, and as the work is purely undenominational the contributions of any evangelical Christians will be thankfully received.

Nothing Like Beefsteak and Potatoes.

The Temperance Reformation Society held their regular service in Temperance Hall yesterday afternoon, the president, Mr. Malcolm Gibbs, in the chair. The speaker of the afternoon was Rev. W. J. Hunter of Carlton-street Methodist Church, who gave the opinions of a number of eminent medical men as to the evil effects of distilled and fermented drinks on the human system. He contended that alcoholic beverages are not a necessity, and that the best stimulant we can have is beefsteak and potatoes. The choir discoursed sweet music during the afternoon, after which a number signed the pledge.

This is a shocking tale, it is true, but still there is comfort left for you. Some houses sell you the very worst class of shoddy ready made clothing, very poorly cut and thrown together in the most ordinary way, and at the same time charging the price of the genuine article. Take comfort, try the Army & Navy stores, where you can get the latest styles in first-class goods at as low or lower prices than the imitation article. The Army & Navy have revolutionized the clothing trade in Toronto with their marvelous low prices for first-class goods.

Arrested 131 Times.

Not long ago a man was before a New York judge, who asserted he had been arrested 131 times. We believe there is one disturber of society who has broken this record. We refer to the insidious disease, consumption, which, when taken in time, is always arrested by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has an unparalleled record as a cure for coughs, colds, and all forms of pulmonary diseases. It is a reliable tonic and alterative, or blood purifier; to be found at every drug store, and should be kept in every house.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

John Boyle O'Reilly says that Lecharon is a phenomenal liar.

Seven white and four black convicts were flogged at the public whipping post at Newcastle, Del., Saturday.

A dispatch from Granite, Mont., says: The ravages of pneumonia in this city are terrible. The doctors seem unable to control the disease.

Edward C. Breck, assistant cashier of the Commercial Bank, St. Louis, committed suicide Saturday by shooting. Cause unknown.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurley, the abductors of little Annie Redmond of Chicago who was returned to her parents last week after a year's absence, have been arrested.

Elias H. Dormaul, of Furst & Dormaul, manufacturers of straw hats, New York, shot himself in the forehead Saturday while cleaning a revolver. The wound is mortal.

A movement is on foot in Chicago to secure the pardon of Oscar W. Neebe, one of the Anarchists tried for the Haymarket conspiracy, and who was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

The employes at all the blast furnaces in the Mahoning Valley were notified Saturday that their wages would be reduced 10 per cent. commencing Feb. 15. Last November an advance was given of 10 per cent.

W. W. McLellan, Lyn P. O., writes: "I was afflicted with Rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

CANADIAN NOTES.

Work has been commenced on the extension of the Lake Erie, Essex and Detroit River Railway to Leamington.

The census of Essex Center has just been completed and the result shows that there is the required number for incorporation as a town.

Miss Jane McNinch sued Wm. Merrit of Morsea Township for breach of contract and seduction. The jury has returned a verdict in her favor of $1000.

Henry Dieckmann, the St. Louis defaulter, is at the Crawford House, Windsor. He declines to say anything about his affairs, but it is understood he is arranging a settlement.

Galt has a paid fire brigade of thirteen members at $25 per year. The Fire and Water Committee have discharged 6 of these and there is a complaint that it looks like penny-wise and pound foolish.

The Pope has raised Ottawa College to the dignity of a fully established university. Laval and the new university at Washington are the only other canonically erected universities in America.

Welcome ever smiles and farewell goes out sighing. Yes, this is the way at the Army & Navy stores. We make you all welcome with a smile, and after you have carefully looked through our immense stock of ready made clothing and made your purchase, either large or small, and are taking your departure we almost sigh to say farewell, but it will be only for a short time as those who once buy at the Army & Navy stores always return again and increase their purchases.

CHAT ACROSS THE CABLE.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to Amalfi.

The British bark Gen. Grant, Capt. Critchley, from Pensacola, has been wrecked in Holyhead. No lives were lost.

The St. Petersburg Viedomosti states that the Ameer of Afghanistan has collected 20,000 men on the frontier with the intention of pursuing Ibsak Kahn.

The gale in England and Scotland still continues. Telegraphic communication has been interrupted and a number of houses have been blown down.

W. H. Smith, Government leader, has issued a circular to the supporters of the Government urging their attendance at the opening of the British Parliament on Feb. 21, when, he says, business of grave importance will come up.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The Hotel Hanlan.

It is quite likely that the Hotel Hanlan at Hanlan's Point will be run next season by Mrs. Durnan.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed / *A Coat Colored* / *Garments Renewed* — FOR 10 CENTS.

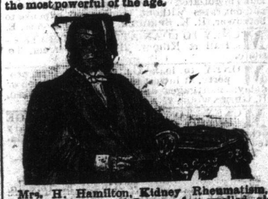
A Child can use them!

At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Strange and Mysterious Power. Healing through the Laying On of Hands By PROF. LEMON,

Esoteric Physician and Magnetic Scientist, the most powerful of the age.



Mrs. H. Hamilton, Kidney Rheumatism, Bright's Disease and Dropsy, feet swelled almost to bursting, made very little water, eyes very dim, sight going, dyspepsia, sleepless, obstinate constipation. Treated 7 times, now on the road to renewed health, swelling greatly reduced, kidney action returned.

Mrs. R. R.—Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Black Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, feet badly swelled, Dropsy, sleepless, could not bear solid food at all, lived chiefly on baby food, comparatively well in six treatments.

TESTIMONIAL FROM A LADY.

DEAR DR. LEMON.—I have great pleasure in thanking you, and bless the Lord for the great benefit which I have received from your treatment. It is sixteen years since my leg first began to be bad. Slow fever left it so weak that it used to give way and let me down at any time, and I have been trying first one doctor and then another, until I was completely tired out, and not one of them either strengthened or gave any relief of pain; for it got weaker all the time, and it was impossible either to kneel or lift one foot over the other without help. And the first treatment I got from Dr. Lemon (it was at Shaftesbury Hall), and my leg fell to be as light again as it was when I went on the platform, and ever since then it has got stronger every day, and I hope wherever Dr. Lemon goes the Lord will bless him. Yours truly,

MRS. DARWENT, 205 Clinton-street, Toronto.

Mrs. D. had four treatments since Shaftesbury one.

Consult free at Revere House, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Treat those at a distance by the "Silent Way," or "Absent" system. Enclose postage.

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparil