

LOST TIME.
 Newton, Ill.
 From 1863 to 1885—about
 22 years—I suffered with rheu-
 matism of the hip. I was cured by the use of
 St. Jacobs Oil.
T. C. DODD.
 "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

A GOODLY CEDAR.
 CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE FOR
 PEOPLE OF EVERY SORT.

Sermon Preached by the Rev. T. De Witt
 Talmage, D. D., at the Tabernacle in
 Brooklyn on Sunday, March 6—Text,
 Ezekiel xvii, 5.

Brooklyn, March 6.—The congregation
 at the Brooklyn Tabernacle
 this morning sang with fervor the
 hymn beginning:

My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary.

Dr. Talmage's subject was the ref-
 uge offered by the Christian religion
 to the people of all ages and every
 variety of character. His text was
 Ezekiel xvii, 5: "A goodly cedar, and
 under it shall dwell all fowl of every
 wing."

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal
 tree. It stands six thousand feet
 above the level of the sea. A mis-
 sionary counted the concentric cir-
 cles and found one tree thirty-five
 hundred years old—long rooted,
 broad branches, all the year in lu-
 riant foliage. The same branches
 that lent in the hurricane that David
 saw sweeping over Lebanon rock, to-
 day over the head of the American
 traveler.

This monarch of the forest, with
 its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of
 a thousand years and sprinkles them
 upon its own uplifted brow, as though
 some great hallelujah of heaven had
 been plaited upon Lebanon and it
 were rising up with all its long armed
 strength to take hold of the hills
 where it came. Oh, what a fine
 place for birds to nest in! In hot
 days they come thicker—the eagle,
 the dove, the swallow, the sparrow,
 and the raven.

There is to many of us a complete
 fascination in the structure and habits
 of birds. They seem not more of
 earth than heaven—ever vacillating
 between the two. No wonder that
 Audubon, with his gun, tramped
 through all of the American forests
 in search of new specimens. Geolo-
 gists have spent years in finding
 the track of a bird's claw in the new
 red sandstone. There is enough of
 God's architecture in a snipe's bill or
 a grouse's foot to confound all the
 uncreative Musicians have, with
 deaf and ears, tried to catch the
 sound of the nightingale and robin.

Among the first things that a child
 notices is a swallow at the eaves;
 and grandfather goes out with a
 handful of crumbs to feed the mow-
 birds. The Bible is full of ornithologi-
 cal allusions. The birds of the Bible
 are not dead and stuffed, like those
 of the museum, but living birds, with
 fluttering wings and plumage. "Be-
 hold the fowls of the air," says
 Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself
 as the eagle, and though thou set thy
 nest among the stars, thence will I
 bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah.

"Greatest thou the goodly wings unto
 the peacocks!" says Job.

David describes his desolation by
 saying, "I am like a pelican of the
 wilderness; I am like an owl of the
 desert; I watch, and am as a sparrow
 alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the
 stork in the heaven knoweth her ap-
 pointed time; and the turtle and the
 crane and the swallow observe the
 time of their coming; but my people
 know not the judgment of the Lord."
 —so says Jeremiah.

Ezekiel in my text intimates that
 Christ is the cedar, and the people
 that lodge among the branches. "It shall
 be a goodly cedar, and under it shall
 dwell all fowl of every wing." As in
 Ezekiel's time, so now Christ is a
 goodly cedar, and to him are flying
 all kinds of people, young and old,
 rich and poor, men high soaring as
 the eagle, those fierce as the raven
 and those gentle as the doves—"All
 fowl of every wing."

THE YOUNG MAY COME.
 First, the young may come. Of
 the eighteen hundred and ninety
 two years that have passed since
 Christ came, about sixteen hundred
 have been wasted by the good in mis-
 directed efforts. Until Robert Raille
 came there was no organized effort
 for saving the young. We spend all
 our strength trying to bend old trees,
 when a little pressure would have
 been sufficient for the sapling. We
 let men go down to the very bottom
 of sin before we try to lift them up.
 It is a great deal easier to keep a train
 on the track than to get it on when
 it is off. The experienced reinman
 checks the fiery steed at the first
 jump, for when he gets in full swing,
 the swift hoofs clicking fire from the
 pavement, and the bit between his
 teeth his momentum is irresistible.

It is said that the young must be
 allowed to sow their "wild oats." I
 have noticed that those who sow
 their wild oats seldom try to raise
 any other kind of crop. There are
 two opposite destinies. If you are
 going to heaven, you had better take
 the straight road and not try to go
 to Boston by the way of New Orleans.
 What is to be the history of this mul-
 titude of young people around me to-
 day? I will take you by the hand
 and show you a glorious sunrise. I
 will not whine about this thing, nor
 groan about it; but come, young
 men and maidens, Jesus wants you.
 His hand is love, his voice is music;
 his smile is heaven. Religion will
 put no handcuffs on your wrist, no
 napkins on your feet, no brand on
 your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snow-
 storms I have ever known to see a

young girl. Her cheek on the pillow
 was white as the snow on the esu-
 ment. Her large, round eye had not
 lost any of its luster. Loved ones
 stood all around the bed trying to
 hold her back. Her mother could
 not give her up, and one nearer to
 her than either father or mother was
 frantic with grief. I said, "Fanny,
 how do you feel?" "Oh," she said,
 "happy, happy!" Mr. Talmage will
 make them happy. As I came out
 the room, louder than all the sobs
 and wailings of grief I heard the
 clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying
 girl, "Good night; we shall meet
 again on the other side of the river."

The next Sabbath we buried her.
 We brought white flowers and laid
 them on the coffin. There was in all
 that crowded church but one really
 happy and delighted face, and that
 was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish
 that now my Lord Jesus would go
 through this audience and take all
 these flowers of youth and garland
 them on his brow. The cedar is a fit
 refuge for birds of brightest plumage
 and swiftest wing. See, they fly!
 they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

THE OLD MAY COME.
 Again, I remark that the old may
 come. You say, "Suppose a man
 has to go on crutches; suppose he
 is blind; suppose he is deaf; sup-
 pose that nine-tenths of his life has
 been wasted." Then I answer: Come
 with crutches; come, old men, blind
 and deaf, come to Jesus. If you
 would sweep your hand around be-
 fore your blind eyes the first thing
 you would touch would be the cross.
 It is hard for an aged man or woman
 to have grown old without religion.
 Their taste is gone. The peach and
 the grape have lost their flavor.
 They say that somehow fruit does
 not taste as it used to. Their hearing
 gets defective, and they miss a great
 deal that is said in their presence.

Their friends have all gone and ev-
 erybody seems so strange. The world
 seems to go away from them and they
 are left all alone. They begin
 to feel in the way when you come
 into the room where they are, and
 they move their chair nervously and
 say, "I hope I am not in the way."

Alas! that father and mother should
 ever be in the way. When you were
 sick, and they sat up all night rock-
 ing you, singing to you, administer-
 ing to you, did they think that you
 were in the way? Are you tired of
 the old people? Do you snap them
 up quick and sharp? You will be
 cursed to the bone for your ingrati-
 tude and unkindness!

Oh, it is hard to be old without reli-
 gion—to feel this world going away
 and nothing better coming. If there
 be any here who have gone far on
 without Christ, I address you defor-
 mally. You have found this a
 tough world for old people. Alas!
 to have aches and pains, and not
 Christ to soothe them. I want to
 give you a cane better than that you
 lean on. It is the cane that the Bible
 speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and
 thy staff they comfort me." I want
 to give you better spectacles than
 those you now look through. It is
 the spiritual eyesight of divine grace.
 Christ will not think that you are
 in the way.

Does your head tremble with the
 palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's
 bosom. Do you feel lonely now that
 your companions and children are
 gone? I think Christ has them. They
 are safe in his keeping. Very soon
 he will take you where they are.
 I take hold of your arm and try
 to lead you to a place where you can
 put down all your burden. Go with
 me. Only a little while longer, and
 your sight will come again, and your
 hearing will come again, and with
 the strength of an immortal athlete
 you will step on the pavement of
 heaven. No crutches in heaven; no
 sleepless nights in heaven; no cross
 looks for old people. Dwelling
 there for ages, no one will say:
 "Father, you know nothing about this
 Step back. You are in the way!"
 Oh, how many dear old
 folks Jesus has put to sleep! How
 sweetly he has closed their eyes!
 How gently folded their arms! How
 he has put his hand on their silent
 heads and said, "Rest now, tired
 pilgrim. It is all over. The tears
 will never start again. Hush! hush!"
 So he gives his beloved sleep. I think
 the most beautiful object on earth is
 an old Christian—the hair white, not
 with the frosts of winter, but the
 blossoms of the tree of life. I never
 feel sorry for a Christian old man.
 Why feel sorry for those upon whom
 the glories of the eternal world are
 about to burst? They are going to
 the goodly cedar. Though their
 wings are heavy with age, God shall
 renew their strength like the eagle,
 and they shall make their nest in the
 cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Have you ever thanked God for your
 home? Have you children? "Yes."
 "Have you ever thanked God for
 your children? Who keeps them
 safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes."
 "Who made you well? Have you ben-
 efit every day? Who feeds you? Put
 your hand on your pulse. Who makes
 it throbb? Listen to the res-
 piration of your lungs. Who helps
 you to breathe? Have you a Bible in
 the house, spreading before you the
 future life? Who gave you that
 Bible?"

Oh, it has been a story of goodness
 and mercy all the way through! You
 have been one of God's pet children.
 Who fondled you and caressed you
 and loved you? And when you went
 astray and wanted to come back did
 he ever refuse? I know of a father
 who, after his son came back the
 fourth time, said, "No; I forgive
 you three times, but I will never for-
 give you again." And the son went
 off and died. But God takes back
 his children the thousandth time as
 cheerfully as the first. As easily as
 with my handkerchief I strike the
 dust off a book God will wipe out all
 your sins.

There are hospitals for "incur-
 ables." When men are hopelessly
 sick they are sent there. Thank
 God, there is no hospital for spiritual
 incurables! Though you had the
 worst leprosy that ever struck a soul,
 your flesh shall come again like the
 flesh of a little child. Oh, this mercy
 of God! I am told it is an ocean.
 Then I place on it four swift sailing
 craft, with compass and charts, and
 choice rigging and skillful navigators,
 and I tell them to launch away and
 discover for me the extent of this
 ocean.

That craft puts out in one direc-
 tion and sails to the north; this craft
 to the south; this to the east; this to
 the west. They crowd on all their
 canvas and sail ten thousand years,
 and one day come up the harbor of
 heaven, and I shout to them from
 the beach, "Have you found the
 shore?" and they answer, "No shore
 to God's mercy!" Swift angels, dis-
 patched from the throne, attempt to
 go across it. For a million years
 they fly and fly, but then come back
 and fold their wings at the foot of
 the throne, and cry, "No shore! no
 shore to God's mercy!"

Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! I sing
 it, I preach it, I pray it. Here I
 find a man bound hand and foot to
 the devil, but with one stroke of the
 hammer of God's truth the chains
 fall off and he is free forever. My
 Mercy! Mercy! There is no depth
 it cannot fathom, there is no height
 it cannot scale, there is no infinity
 it cannot compass. I take my stand
 under this goodly cedar and see the
 flocks flying thither. They are torn
 with the shot of temptation, and
 wounded and sick and scarred. Some
 fought with iron beak, some once
 fished on carcasses, some were felled
 of eye and cruel of talon, but they
 came, flock after flock—"All fowl of
 every wing."

ALL THE DYING.
 Again, all the dying will find their
 nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel
 to destroy a bird's nest, but death
 does not hesitate to destroy one.
 There was a beautiful nest in the
 next street. Lovingly the parents
 brooded over it. There were two or
 three little robins in the nest. The
 scarlet fever thrust its hot hands into
 the nest and the birds are gone.
 Only the two are safe who have their
 nests in the goodly cedar. They
 have over them "the feathers of the
 Almighty." Oh, to have those soft,
 warm, eternal wings stretched over
 us! Let the storm blast, and let
 the branches of the cedar toss on the
 wind—no danger. When a storm
 comes, you can see the birds flying
 to the woods. Ere the storm of death
 comes down, let us fly to the goodly
 cedar.

A Singular Suit.
 Nine months ago a popular actress,
 the wife of a comic actor named
 Pauly, committed suicide, and a
 newspaper published an account of
 the private life of the couple, alleging
 that the unfortunate woman shot
 herself in sheer despair at the ill
 treatment she had received at her
 husband's hands. Copies of the ar-
 ticle were laid on the grave of Mme.
 Pauly and were there found by her
 husband. He brought an action for
 defamation of character against the
 owner of the newspaper, but before
 the case came up for trial M. Pauly,
 through grief, committed suicide by
 shooting himself.

His mother, anxious to clear his
 memory from any suspicion of stain,
 asked permission to carry on the case
 in the place of her deceased son, and
 the editor had to defend himself
 against accusations which were prac-
 tically raised by a man who had been
 dead for several months. He was
 found guilty and sentenced to three
 months imprisonment.—Vienna Cor-
 New York World.

The Weight of a "Grain."
 The smallest measure of weight in
 use, the grain, has its name from
 being originally the weight of a grain
 of wheat. A statute passed in Eng-
 land in 1286 ordained that thirty-
 two grains of wheat, taken from the
 middle of the ear, or head, and well
 dried, should make a pennyweight,
 twenty of which should make an
 ounce, while twelve ounces were to
 make a pound.

The pound therefore consisted then
 of 7,680 grains. Some centuries later
 the pennyweight was divided into
 twenty-four grains, which make the
 Troy pound, now used, 5,760 grains.
 The pennyweight was the exact
 weight of the old silver penny.—St.
 Louis Republic.

The Question of Pockets.
 The question of a pocket in the
 glove fitting skirts of the moment is
 one which distracts the woman who
 insists upon one. Some women do
 not put their faith and put their
 hands in their chestlaine
 bags. Even these have a disadvan-
 tage, worn too constantly. They
 will rub and leave a new fresh look-
 ing place when they are taken off.
 A suggestion is to make separate
 pockets of the skirt material and tie
 about the waist before the gown is
 put on. An opening in the seam ad-
 mits the hand.—New York Times.

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 Dr. J. C. Vicks' seeds are the best
 for all ailments. They are sold
 everywhere. Price per lb., 30c.
 Wholesale, 25c. per lb. For sale
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 Write for circular.

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John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes:
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 past six years, for Sore Throat,
 Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest
 and Lungs, and let me say to any-
 one wanting such a medicine—
 German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn.,
 writes: I have used your German
 Syrup in my family, and find it the
 best medicine I ever tried for coughs
 and colds. I recommend it to every-
 one for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of
 Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying
 scores of prescriptions and prepara-
 tions I had on my files and shelves,
 without relief for a very severe cold,
 which had settled on my lungs, I
 tried your German Syrup. It gave
 me immediate relief and a perma-
 nent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
 Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The Mining Industries.
 The mineral industry of the United
 States grows apace. In 1890 the value
 of its chief items at the place of produc-
 tion exceeded \$650,000,000, and though
 the cash value of these products in 1891
 was probably less than in 1890, owing to
 the lower market prices of most of them,
 yet the quantities produced were, with
 very few exceptions, much greater than
 in any previous year.

Augustus Piton has purchased the
 American rights in Paul Ferrier's
 "L'Artic 210," which, put into English
 by Frederick Horner as "The Last
 Straw," will be produced by the Piton
 company at an early date.

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 by the regular practice. Physicians are
 recommending this medicine more than
 ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says:—
 "Several years ago, my daughter broke
 out with large sores on her hands,
 face, and other parts of her body. The
 case puzzled the doctors. My daughter
 was so much afflicted that she could
 not do her school duty. Her blood seems
 to have been thoroughly purified, as she
 has never had so much as a pimple
 since taking this medicine."

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