Scrofula

spears in varied forms, but is forced o yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sarifies and vitalizes the blood and ares all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a misstep and dured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore seeme worse; I could not put my boot an and I thought I should have to give up st every step. I could not get any relief ax against them. and had to stop work. I read of a cure of similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and all of two bottles the sore had healed and he swelling had gone down. My

reight and am in better health. I cannot ay enough in praise of Hood's Sarsapalla." MRS. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me. This and other similar cures prove that

Hood Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Hood's Pills and liver stimulant. 25c-

WHAT IS POETRY!

R Is Music In the Cathedral of the Humas

Poetry is music in the cathedral of the heart. Deep in the human breast there towers a noble structure. It stands part from the beaten paths of the mind in a silent, hidden valley. The ordinary thoughts and passions hurry past the portal and know it not. They have not learned the "open sesame." Ego him-self, ruler of the kingdom of the intelect, does not know the sacred spot. It is the mission of his life to find it, and having once found it he cannot remember the route by which he journeyed. He cannot return to it at will. Fate guards the way and rarely grants an enrance, yet every man at some time of his life happens upon it, and the fortupate reach it often. Though they are blindfolded by the way, their eager feet learn to tread the labyrinth. They are the poets of mankind, whose fancy gives right to their feet. At some unexpected moment a fair

guide points the way, the doors swing open, and man enters the cathedral of his beart. Sometimes it is a strain of music of searching, thrilling sweetness that points the way. Sometimes it is a royal sunset. Sometimes it is a rapt and elf forgetting prayer. Sometimes it is the hand of love, but oftenest it is gaunt sorrow. It is a stately temple. Its dome is as broad as the heavens, toward which the many fingered spires point. Its windows make of each sunbeam a rainbow. ts aisles are silent. Its priest is peace. With hushed heart and reverential step man enters and is at rest. All that is material of him he leaves behind. Quiet and beauty possess his soul, and he floats in an inspiring dream. He listens, and now for the first time falls on his intent ear an occasional note in the harmony of the universe.

Half lost in distance, he hears the chorus of the morning stars, the birds, the waterfall, the trees. He feels a beauty and a purpose in the universe the mind cannot conceive. He feels above, about, within him a majestic kingdom to which his soul is kin. Almost he grasps the secret of creation. For one swift instant exaltation draws aside the dark, impenetrable curtain that has led skeptic man. "There is the end." He sees beyond a marvel too great for his still human mind. It passes, but it leaves with him awe, peace, hope-He feels that somewhere there is a celestial key that makes of the puzzle of life a kingdom where all is harmony, perfection, satisfaction. The great organ of his soul, tuned into speech by the master hand of beauty, bursts into mel-

And this is poetry .-- Exchange.

Tet Be Gave It the Shake. Uncle Allen had dropped into a cob Mer's shop for repairs. As he rose up after putting on the mended shoe he pulled the chair up with him.

"That lump of wax," said the shoe maker, "seems to have formed a strong attachment for you."

"I don't reciprocate," replied Uncle Allen, "but I confess I'm a good dea-tuck on the chair."-Chicago Tribune

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Condensed Milk "Infant Health," is a little book of reat value that is sent Park on appli-

SIEGE OF LUCKNOW

LEV. DR. T. MACS RELATES THRILL ING E JEES OF HEROISM.

recompanied by a Soldier Who Survived That Awfo Orden', the Embeut Divine Recalls the ferrible Erpsy Rebellion-& Great Cene : d and Devout Christian.

BROOKLYN Nov. * 2. - Pev. Dr. Telmage today began his series of round the world serizons through the press, the first surject selected being Lucknow, India. The text chosen was Douterememy we, 19, "When then shall besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not that clambered up on my knees and destroy the trees thereof by forcing an

ment, for to the work of deadly weapons not get angry, insisted upon knowing similar case by it. Before I had taken it adds hunger and starvation and why I didn't have family prayers. essary, but my text commands mercy I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merciless besiegement of "my child, my dying child, with wan the ages, and I proceed to tell you that and wasted finger, pointed that way. you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace, to show you what genuine Christian character s under bombardment, to put a coronayou how splendidly good people die. As our train glided into the dimly lighted station I asked the guard, "Is

this Lucknow?" and he answered.

which proper name strong emotions

rushed through body, mind and soul. An Eyewitness. The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for 85 years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside the residency, which was a cluster of buildings making s fortress in which the representatives of the English government lived and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which poetry and painting and history things that are not to bring to naught and secular and sacred eloquence have things that are." Oh, do not despise been trying to depict. Our escort not the prattle of little children when the only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to re-

hearse the tragedy. In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English gov-

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout ministry of Christian children. India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindoos the loading of the guns would be an

aronsed. Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British empire. and thousands of officials in the employ of the king of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble making.

Another cause was said to be the bad government exercised by some English officials in India.

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too into the room to make the bed, and to many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in governmental shelf, and to throw open the shutters, employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English government flying, and to accomplish it dagger and sword and firearms and mutilation and slaughter must do their worst.

Horrors of the Slege. It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were-military and noncombatants, men, women and children

-in number about 1,692. I suggest in one sentence some of the shiof woes to which they were subjected when I say that these people were in the residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies and all a-squirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; smallpox, scurvy, cholera, adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born; less and less food; no water charioteer says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles?" Then they whip well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of up the lathered and fagged out horses.

Namuan's got the 1 prosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her p round sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

Pointed In the Right Direction. And how often it is that the finger of shildhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction! O Christian soul. how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the divine physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Amie or Fred or Charley looked into my face and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, all The awfulest thing in war is besiege- the time stroking my cheek, so I could plague. Besiegement is sometimes nec- There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandeven in that. The fruit trees must be children. There are hundreds of Chrisspared because they afford food for man.
"Thou shalt not destroy the trees there-first called to Jesus by their little chilof by forcing an ax against them." But dren. How did you get rid of the leproin my recent journey round the world sy of sin? How did you find your way story for four great rensons-to show Oh, I never shall forget," you say "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard, but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ tion on Christian courage, and to show I den't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday, and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and 'Lucknow," at the pronunciation of

toward heaven. Years ago the astronomers calculated s certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatorie were pointed in vain, but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and the admira tion of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people can not see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus "Not many mighty men, not many wis men, are called, but God hath chose the weak things of the world to con found the mighty and base things and are speaking about God and Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing. Will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will becken you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving

A Sick Man. No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement. Goodby, Nasman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by is unclean, and to bite these cartridges | the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he stagoffense to the Hindoo's religion. The gers out to the charlot. Hold fast the leaders of the Hindoos said that these fiery coursers of the royal stable while greased cartridges were only part of an the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet attempt by the English government to and pain struck limbs into the vehicle. make the natives give up their religion; Bolster him up with the pillows and let hence unbounded indignation was him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamen tations of an admiring nation. Goodby, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gen tly over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go

after the world renowned invalid. Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again alive." Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed, and you went remove the medicine vials from the so that the fresh air might rush into the

long closed room. Goodby, Nasman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battlefields where Naaman in the days of his health used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of clive and cleander, and General Naaman so sick, so

very, very sick! How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments, but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive! Poor

man!" General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a waysider, "How far miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip

the prospect of speedy agrival. They cave seld: "Cood for them. I'm glad drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out. You have company. The grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are epend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice.

in his house and does not go out. After of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling enigmatical passes over my wounds. the Shunamite woman came to him, he that there must be a world hanging at rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with He is a Christian, his wife a Christian won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha, ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan -the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here-the beautiful river, the jasper paved river of Pharpar. Besides that we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of

Damascus, better than all the waters of I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out, "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learnthat when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain. Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. Obey and live; dis-

undergirding, stupendous alternative! A Dead Fallure. Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whir of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great com mander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has he been doing? Only trying to core their death dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage. So, after all, it seems that this health

obey and die. Thrilling, overarching,

excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you go ing away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophhelped him. As the chariot winds out et had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day nayhow, and in this elihills of Naphtali and Ephraim look mate it is so het that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic "Well," he says, "to please will do as you say." The retinue flanks. General Naaman, assisted by comes to the ankle and goes on deeper now standing so far down in the stream into the flood and contest up and shakes his attendants look at him and say, Why, general, how much better you wild stare is gone out of his eye. He

was so homesick?" Then, flushing up | The whole procession brightens up at bows the third time into the flood and got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and omes up, and the hearseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and tick and the Lord wants you to get be bows the seventh time into the flood, well, he always tells the dector how to and he comes up, and not so much as a treat you, and the reason we have so fester or a scale or an eruption as big as many bungling doctors is because they the head of a pin is to be seen on him. His Wonderful Cure.

He steps out on the bank and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look Come out, Elisha, and attend to your and say, "Is it possible?" And as with the health of an athlete he bounds back General Naaman and his retinne wait- into the chariot and drives on there ed and waited and waited. The fact goes up from all his attendants a wild was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy. The one was as hard to get back to pay and thank the man of God rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, awbile, when he thinks he has humbled they went off mad. They have come back this proud man, he says to a servant, glad. People always think better of a 'Go out and tell General Naaman to minister after they are converted than bathe seven times in the river Jordan, they do before conversion. Now we are out yonder five miles, and he will get to them an intolerable nuisance because entirely well." The message comes out. | we tell them to do things that go against What!" says the commander in chief the grain, but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us with an animation which it had not that once they were angry at what we shown for weeks and his swollen foot preached, but afterward gladly received stamping on the bottom of the charlot, the gospol at our hands. They once regardless of pain. "What! Isn't be called us fanatics or terrorists or ene coming out to see me? Why, I thought mies. Now the geall as friends. Youder certainly he would come and utter some is a man who said he would never come cabalistic words over me or make some into the charch again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family Why, I don't think he knows who I shall never come here again if such docam. Isn't he coming out? Why, when trines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And will he flousehold Christians, and you shall treat a poor unknown woman like that dwell with them in the house of the and let me, a titled personage, sit here Lord forever. Our undying conditions in my chariot and wait and wait? I are those who once heard the gospel and "went away in a rage."

> Now, my hearers, you know that this General Nasman did two things in order to get well. The first was, he got out of his chariot. He might have staid there with his swollen feet on the stuffed offense, seated on that embroidered cushion, catil his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to gut down out of the charlot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cros among all the spangles. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be comwith a coach and four and be saved plimented by your coming. Oh, no, you poor, miserable, scaly, leprous sinner, get down out of that. We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never antil we get down on our knees will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, uncharioted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self righteonsness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our uncleanness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing

The True Remedy.

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st 'And I'in a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe thy grace is free.
Oh, magnify that grace in me.

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "Oh," you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than any that pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of par don and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not feel like wading into it? Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper! Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, wash and be clean!

Nasman's Cure. I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Nasman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband. He was so wonder fully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did be cure you?" Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tap estry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might min gle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, you I will do as you say." The retinue the feet went up and down in the dance, drive to the brink of the Jordan. The and all the streets of Damascus that horses paw and neigh to get into the night echood and re-echood with the stream themselves and cool their hot news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that his attendants, gets down out of his it would be if your soul should get ourchariot and painfully comes to the brink ed of its leprosy. The swiftest white of the river and steps in until the water horses hitched to the King's charlo would rush the news into the eterna until the water comes to the girdle, and city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your just a little inclination of the head will children on earth, with more emotion thoroughly immerse him. He bows once than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the the water out of nostril and eye, and change in your manner and would put their arms around your neck and say: neral, how much better you "Mother, I guess you must have be And he bows a second time come a Christian. Father, I think you into the flood and comes up, and the have got rid of the leprosy." O Lore wild stare is gone out of his eye. He God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

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