

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

many exquisite spirits have gone into it? If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now do you not suppose they have enlivened the society? Have they not improved heaven? You will of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship and add to them till the glorious and beautiful souls that for 500 or 1,000 years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved. Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into your society circle on earth.

A CHANGE OF DEGREE ONLY. But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes, but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and He never changes—the same yesterday, today and forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last 70 years. For the most of you within 40 years, within 20 years, within 5 years, within 1 year—in other words, by the accessions from your own household.

Again, I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul it now rejoices over 100 or 1,000. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible, it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence—and we see only the secular relation, but spirits before the throne look on and see the vast and eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is an arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world, that world that rebelled but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfringed? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life, to find out whether you were in an especial peril that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gates. Glad news! Victorious news!

THE FUTURE HEAVEN. But the vivacity and sprightliness of heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the wound of early pain is healed, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in heaven! You and I will be in the procession, you and I will thum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in heaven since the day when the first block of jasper was put down for the foundation, and the first hinged pearl swung. If there is a difference between heaven now and heaven as it was, oh, the difference between heaven as it shall be and heaven as it is now! Not a splendor or stuck fast, but rolling on and rolling up and rolling up, forever, forever.

Now, I say these things about the changes in heaven, about the new improvements in heaven, for three stout reasons. First because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about

which you have been thinking, praising and talking so many years. Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven and the new improvements in heaven is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and unenterprising good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished a century ago. After you have been active 40 or 50 or 60 years it would be a shock to stop you suddenly and forever, but here is a progressive heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting idleness. Oh, busy men, I tell you of a heaven where there is something to do. That is the meaning of the passage, "They rest not day nor night," in the lazy sense of resting.

THE OLD FASHIONED HEAVEN. I speak these words on the changes in heaven and the new improvements in heaven also because I want to cure some of the delusion that your departed Christian friends have gone into dulness and silence and unconsciousness. They are in a stirring, picturesque, radiant, ever accumulative scene. When they left their bodies they only got rid of the last hindrance. They are no more in Oakwood, Laurel Hill or Mount Auburn than you in holiday attire, having seated yourself at a banquet, can be said to be in a dark closet, where you have left the old apparel that was not fit to wear to the banquet. A soldier cannot use a sword until he has unsheathed it, and the body of your departed was only the sheath of a bright and glittering spirit which God has lifted and is swaying in the heavenly triumph. According to what I am telling you at present your departed Christian friends did not go so much into the company of the martyrs, and the apostles, and the prophets, and the potentates of heaven as in to the company of grandfather and grandmother and the infant sister that tarried just long enough to absorb your tenderest affection and all the home circles. When they landed, it was not as you land in Antwerp or Hamburg or Havre, wandering up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a strange hotel. They landed amid your glorified relatives, who were waiting to greet them.

Oh, does not this bring heaven nearer? Instead of being far off it comes down just now, and it puts its arms around our necks, and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of the conventional heaven into a domestic scene. It comes very close to us. If we had our choice in heaven, whom would we first see? Rather than look at the great potentates of heaven we would meet our loved ones. I want to see Moses and Paul and Joshua, but I would a great deal rather see my father, who went away 30 years ago. I want to see the great Bible heroines, Deborah and Hannah and Abigail, but I would rather see my mother than to see the archangel. If you had the choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God and not seeing your departed ones, and on the other hand dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland and without sceptre, yet having your loved ones around you you would choose the latter.

AT THE FINAL DAY. I enter heaven one day. It is always empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshippers. I walk down the street and there are no passers. I go into the orchestra, and I find no instruments are suspended from the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say: "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the judgment. This morning all the chariots and the cavalry and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel I looked over the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with the blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and the plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by the vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. MAKE BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS AND GIVE PERFECT HEALTH.

Any Girl Can Tell.

A physician who makes the test, and who is honest about the matter, can tell you that in many cases, the number of red corpuscles in the blood is doubled after a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. That this means good blood



may not be entirely clear from the doctor's statement, but any girl who has tried the pills can tell you that it means red lips, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, a good appetite, absence of headache, and that it transforms the pale and sallow girl into a maiden who glows with the beauty that health alone can give.

Mothers whose daughters grow debilitated as they pass from girlhood into womanhood should not neglect the pill which is adapted for this particular ill.

See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every package you buy. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

SLOWLY WASTING AWAY.

Mrs. Geo. Annis, who resides near Orillia, Ont., says:—"I thought at one time we were going to lose our eldest daughter. She was run down, weak, and had no ambition. She did not suffer pain, but appeared to be slowly wasting away. She was under treatment of two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit her, and for nearly two years this condition of affairs went on. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended, we decided to try them. Two months' treatment worked wonders. She gained so much strength that she is now able to do any work about the house, and her cheeks once so pallid, now present a rosy glow of health. I gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to mothers whose daughters may be feeble."

PALE AND EASILY TIRED.

Miss Mionie V. McNeill, St. Peter's N. S. says:—"It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sincerely believe but for their use I would be in my grave. My health was completely broken down. The least work or exertion would fatigue me, and I was subject to headache and palpitation of the heart. I was very pale and my appetite was poor. I had heard of many good words spoken of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial, and after using four boxes I began to feel as well as ever I had been. In recommending them to others I feel that I am doing a service to our common humanity."

WEAK AND LOST FLESH.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reep live in the township of Caradac, Middlesex Co., Ont., and their home has been the scene of one of the most remarkable cures which follow the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Reep says:—"My daughter Dora, became weak and gradually lost flesh until she was merely a living skeleton. She was so weak that she could not walk across a room without the most serious effort and her heart would beat so rapidly and violently that we feared she would die. After trying a number of medicines without benefit, we gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and five boxes completely restored her health, and I can assure you we are grateful for what your medicine has done for her. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood by supplying it with the elements which enrich it, and strengthen the nerves. In this way they cure all diseases having their origin in poor and watery blood."

in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery judgment day on earth was jubilee in heaven, and I cried: "Doorkeepers of heaven shut the gates; all heaven has come in! Doorkeepers shut the 12 gates lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

GENERAL LORD KITCHENER.

A History of The Life of The Hero Of Omdurman. Horatio Herbert Kitchener, who was born on June 24, 1850, is the son of the late Col. H. H. Kitchener (formerly of the 9th Regiment), of Cossington, Leicestershire. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 he saw some service on the French side as a volunteer, and in the following year entered the British army, being gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. Three years later he joined the survey of Western Palestine under Major Conder. The party was attacked by natives at Safed in 1876, and several of his members were wounded. Returning to England, Lieut. Kitchener was engaged on the Palestine Exploration Fund's map until 1877 when he again went to the Holy Land, and made a survey of the sea and country of Galilee. In 1878 he was sent to Cyprus to organize the native courts; served for a time as Vice Consul at Erzurum, and then was occupied in making a survey of the whole island of Cyprus. After the suppression of Arabi Pasha's rebellion in 1882, Sir Evelyn Wood was entrusted with the task of organizing a new Egyptian army. Lieutenant Kitchener applied for employment, and was appointed a major of cavalry, being pro-

moted captain in the British service in 1883. During the Nile campaign of 1884-85 he acted as Deputy assistant adjutant, and quartermaster-general, was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, the medal with clasps and the bronze star. During the operations around Suakin in 1888 he had under him an Egyptian brigade, and was in command at the battle of Handoub, where he was severely wounded. Later on, in the 1888-89 campaign, he was present at the victories of Gemazish and Toski, was several times mentioned in despatches and received other clasps. Colonel Kitchener was for some time Governor of the Red Sea littoral, and, in 1892, succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar of the Egyptian army. In 1896 commenced the advance towards Khartoum with the recapture of the province of Dongola, for which service Colonel Kitchener was made a K. C. B., and was promoted to the rank of Major-general. Next year Sir Herbert pushed on his forces still further towards his goal, and took Abu Ham d and Berber; and his victory at the Atbara on Good Friday last paved the way for the brilliant success at Omdurman, that has just been rewarded with a peerage, besides being a K. C. B. Sir H. Kitchener is also a K. C. M. G. (1894), and possesses the Turkish orders, of the Medjidie and the Osmanieh.

The craving for Alcohol, Opium, Cocaine, Tobacco, Cigarettes can be cured at the Eclectic Institute in Portland, Maine. No can Nourishment, Nerve Exhaustion and that always tired feeling, seldom at ease condition, and the system restored to its normal condition. Write for particulars.

Why, Freddy, how dirty you are, and only yesterday you wrote a verse for papa's birthday, promising always to wash your hands clean.

"Well, mamma, that was only a poetical sense."

Rheumatic Sufferers

"I have tried Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and find they do all that is claimed for them. I cannot say too much in their favor." A. Swift, 199 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ont.

"Marie, it is said that women tell more lies than men." "No, William, they're not so skilful, and they get found out."

Minards, Liniment Cures Distemper.

"You must have felt awful cheap." "Cheap? I felt like a Friday remnant!" The other woman looked at her with understanding eyes.

Sick Headaches, however annoying and distressing, is positively cured by Laxa-Liver Pills. They are easy to take and never gripe.

Judge—have you any visible means of support? Victim—No, sir I'm a trance medium.

Hagard's Yellow Oil is prompt to relieve and sure to cure coughs, colds, sore throat, pain in the chest, hoarseness, whooping, etc. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"One fool makes many" is an old adage of truthfulness of which is demonstrated by the success of the first diet in securing followers. Instant Relief guaranteed by using Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, No depressing aftereffect.

Jasper—Well, Well! The Cuban insurgents had a very exciting football game last week.

Stuck to Low's

"We have tried a good many worm medicines but during the past five years have stuck to Dr. Low's as it proved to be the best." Samuel T. Sargent, Brookville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Judson—Good heavens! What infernal plot will these diabolical Spaniards hatch next?

Laxa-Liver-Pills cure Constipation and Biliousness. They work without a grip or gripe and never fail to do good. Price 25c.

Mrs. David Labor, Waterford, Ont., says: "I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil for pains of any kind. It cured me of a distressing pain that the doctor could not cure."

"Aren't you glad the war is over?" "Yes; it was so monotonous—all the victories on our side."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

Weak Lungs.

"I was troubled with a Sore Throat and Weak Lungs and was completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup." Frank Jennings, Coldwater, Ont.

It's so Pleasant to take that children cry for it; but it's death to worms of all kinds. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. Price 25c. All dealers.

The average age at which women marry in civilized countries is 23 1/2 years.

Balls Banished.

Mr. O. J. Murray, Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: "About six months ago I was troubled with painful boils and got one bottle of B. B. B. which completely cured me."