REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN

DAY SERMON.

TEXT: "Behold the fowls of the air"-Matthew vi., 26.

There is silence now in all our January forests, except as the winds whistle through the bare branches. Our northern woods are descried concert halls. The organ lofts in the temple of nature are hymnless. Trees which were full of carol and chirp and chant are now waiting for the coming back of rich plumes and warbling voices, solos, justs, quartetes, cantatas and Te Deums. But the Bible is full of birds at all seasons, and prophets and patriots and apostles, and Christ Himself, employ them for moral and religious purposes. My text is an extract from the sermon on the mount, and perhaps it was at a moment when a flock of birds flew past that Christ waved His hand toward them and said. "Behold the fowls of the air! And so in this course of sermons on God everywhere I preach to you this third sermon concerning the Ornithology of the Bilde; or, God Among the Birds.

Most of the other sciences you may study or not study as you please. Use your own for bot study as you please. Use your own judgment, exercise your own taste. But about this science of ornithology we have no option. The divine command is positive when it says in my text, "Behold the fowls of the air?" That is, stuly their habits. Examine their colors. Notice their speed. See the hand of God in their construction. It is easy for us to obey the command of the text, for I was brought up among the race of wings and from boyhood heard their race of wings and from boyhood heard their matins at sunrise and their vespers at sun-

their nests have been to me a fascination, and my satisfaction is that I never robbed one of them any more than I would steal a one of them any more than I would stear a child from a cradle, for a bird is a child of the sky, and its nest is the cradle. They are "almost human, for they have their loves and hates, affinities and antipathies, understand joy and grief, have conjugal and maternal particular work and entertain jealousies. instinct, wage wars and entertain jealousies, have a language of their own and powers of association. Thank God for birds and skies full of them! It is useless to exceet to un-derstand the Bible unless we study natural history. Five hundred and ninety-three times does

the Bible allude to the facts of natural history, and I do not wender that it makes so many allusions ornithological. The skies and the caverns of Palestine are friendly to the winged creatures, and so many fly and roost and nest and hatch in that region that inspired writers do not have far to go toget ornithological illustration of divine truth. There are over forty species of birds recognized in the Scriptures. Ob, what a variety of wings in Palestine!

The dove, the robin, the eagle, the cormo-rant or plunging bird, hurling itself from sky to wave and with long beak clutching sky to wave and with long beak clutching its prey; the thrush, which especially dis-likes a crowd; the partridges; the hawk, toold and rathless, hovering head to wind-ward while watching for prey; the swan, at home among "the marshes and with feet so constructed it can walk on the leaves of water plants; the raven, the lapwing, malodor-ous and in the Bible denounced as inedible, though it has extraordinary headness; the stork; the ossifrage, that always had a habit of dropping on a stone the turtle it had lifted and so killing it for food, and on one occasion mistook the bald head of "Eschylus, the Greek poet for a white stone, and dropped a turtle upon it, killing the famous Greek; the cuckoo, with crested head and crimson throat and wings snow tipped, but too lazy to build its own nest, and so having the habit of depositing its eggs in nests 'elonging to other birds; the buejay, th' rouse, the plover, the magpie, the single er, the pelican, which is the carithe single er, the perical, which is the cari-cature of all the feathered creation, the owl, the goldfinch, the bittern, the harrier, the bulbul, the osprey; the vultare, that king of scavengers, with neck covered with repulsive down instead of attractive feathers; the quar-releome starling; the swallow, flying a mile a minute and sometimes ten hours in succession; the heron, the quail, the peacock, the os trich, the lark, the crow, the kite, the bat, the blackbird as many others, with all colors, all sounds, all styles of flight, all habits, all architecture of nests, leaving nothing wanting in suggestiveness. They were at the creation placed all around on the rocks and in the trees and on the ground to screnade Adam's arrival. They took their places on Friday, as the first man was made on Saturday. Whatever else he had or did not have, he should have music. The first sound that struck the human ear was a bird's voice. Yea, Christian geology—for you know there is a Christian geology as well as an in-fidel geology—Christian geology comes in and helps the Bible show what we owe to the bird creation. Before the human race came into this world the world was occupied by reptiles and by all sorts of destructive monsters-millions of creatures, loathsome and hideous. God sent huge birds to clear the earth of these creatures before Adam and Eve were created. The remains of these birds have been found imbedded in the rocks. The skeleton of one eagle has been found twenty feet in height and fifty feet from tip of wing to tip of wing. Many ar-mics of beaks and claws were necessary to clear the earth of creatures that would have destroyed the human race with one clip. I like to find this harmony of revelation and science, and to have demonstrated that the God who made the world made the Bible. Moses, the greatest law yer of all time and a great man for facts, had enough sentiment and poetry and musical taste to welcome the illuminated wings and the voices divinely drilled into the first chapter of Genises. How should Noah, the old shipcarpenter, 600 years of age, find out when the world was fit again for human residence after the universal freshet? A bird will tell, and nothing else can. No man can come down from the mountain to invite Noah and his family out to terra firma, for the mountains were submerged. As a bird first heralded the human race into the world, now a bird will help the human race back to the world that had shipped a sea that whelmed everything. Noah stands on Sunday morning at the window of the ark, in his hand a cooing dove, so gentle, so innocent, so affectionate, and he said: "Now, my little dove, fly away over these waters, explore and come back and tell us whether it is safe to land." After a long flight it returned hungry and weary and wet, and by its looks and manners said to Noah and his family: "The world is not fit for you to disembark." Noah waited a fit for you to disembark." Noah waited a week, and next Sunday morning he let the dove fly again for a second exploration, and Sunday evening it came back with a leaf that had the sign of just having been plucked from a living fruit tree, and the bird reported the world would do tolerably well for a bird to live in, but not yet suffi-ciently recovered for human residence. Noah waited another week, and next Sun-Noah waited another week, and next Sunday morning he sent out the dove on the third exploration, but it returned not, for it found the world so attractive now it did not want to be caged again, and then the emigrants from the antediluvian world landed. It was a bird that told them when to take possession of the resuscitated planet. So the human race were saved by a bird's wing, for, attempting to land too soon, they would have perished. Aye, here comes a whole flock of doves Aye, here comes a whole hock of there-rock doves, ring doves, stock doves-and they make Isaiah think of great revivals and great awakenings when souls fly for shelter like a flock of pigeons swooping to shelter like a nock of pigeons swooping to the opening of a pigeon coon, and he cries out, "Who are these that fly as doves to their windows?" David, with Saul after him, and flying from cavern to cavern, com-pares himself to a desert partridge, a bird which especially haunts rocky places, and which especially haunts rocky places, and boys and hunters to this day take after it with sticks, for the partridge runs rather than flies.

oursuers, says, "I am hunted as a partridge on the mountains." Speaking of his foriorn condition, he says, "I am like a pelican in the wilderness." Describing his loneliness, he says, "I am a swallow alone on the house-top." Hezekiah, in the emaciation of his sickness, compares himself to a crane, thin and wasted. Job had so much trouble he could not sleep nights, and he describes his insomnia by saying, "I am a companion to owls." Isaiah compares the desolations of bamshed Israel to an owl and bittern and

cormorant among a city's ruins. Jeremiah, describing the cruelty of pa-

ents toward children, compares them to the ostrich, who leaves its eggs in the sand uncared for, crying, "The daughter of my peo-ple is become like the ostriches of the wilder-Among the provisions piled on Solo mon's bountiful table he speaks of "fatted fowl." The Israelites in the desert got tired of manna and they had quails-quails for breakfast, quails for dinner, quails for sup-per, and they died of quails. The Bible re-fers to the migratory habits of the birds and says, "The stork knoweth her appointed time and the turtle and the crane and the swallow the time of their going, but my peo-ple know not the judgments of the Lord."

Would the prophet illustrate the fate of fraud. he points to a failure at incubation and says, "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool." The partridge, the most careless of all birds in choice of its place of nest, build-ng it on the ground and often near a frequented road or in a slight depression of ground, without references to safety, and soon a hoof or a scythe or a cart wheel ends all. So says the prophet, a man who gathers un ler him dishonest dollars will hatch out of them no peace, no satisfaction, no happiiess, no security.

What vivid similitude! The quickest way to amass a fortune is by iniquity, but the trouble is about keeping it. Every hour of every day some such partridge is driven off the nest. Panics are only a flutter of partridges. It is too tedious work to become rich in the old fashioned way, and if a man can by one falsehood make as much as by en years of hard labor, why not tell it? And if one counterfeit check will bring the And it one counteriett check with oring the dollars as easily as genuine issue, why not make it? One year's frau't will be equal to a half a lifetime's sweat. Why not live solely by one's wits? A fortune thus built will be firm and everlasting. Will it? ria! build your house on a volcano's crater; go to sleep on the bosom of an avalanche. The volcano will blazs, and the avalanche

will thunder. There are estates which have been coming together from age to age. Many years ago that estate started in a husband's industry and a wife's economy. It grew from gen-eration to generation by good habits and high minded enterprise. Old fashioned in-dustry was the mine from which that gold was dug, and God will keep the deeds of such an estate in His buckler. Foreclose your mortgage, spring your snap judgments, plot with acutest intrigue against a family prop-erty like that and you cannot do it a per-manent damage, Better than warrantee deed and better than fire insurance is the deed and better than hre insurance is the defense which God's own hand will give it. But here is a man to-day as poor as Job after he was robbed by satan of everything but his boils, yet su ddenly to-morrow he is a rich man. There is no accounting for his sudden affluence. He has not yet failed often enough to become wealthy. No one

pretends to account for his princely ward-robe, or the chased silver, or the full curbed steeds that rear and neign like Bucephalus in the grasp of his coachman. Did he come to a sudden inheritance? No. Did he make fortune on purchase and sale? No. Every-The devil suddenly threw him up, and the devil suddenly threw him up, and the de¹ will suddenly let him come down. The him the first cc.ibuition of the plot. That partridge, sv builsaster will shoot it down, and the hi, C. it flies the harder it falls. The proph-

hi, U. it flies the harder it falls. The proph-etant, as you and I have often seen, the i ... mistake of partridges. ... ut from the top of a Bible fir tree I hear the shrill cry of the strork. Job, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, speak of it. David cries out, "As for the stork, the fir tree is her house." This large white Bible bird is supposed, without alighting sometimes to wing its without alighting sometimes to wing its way from the region of the R! to Africa. As winter comes all the storks fly to warmer climes and the last one of their n umber that arrives at the spot to which they migrate is killed by them. What havoc it would make in our species if those men were killed who are always behind! In oriental cities the stork is domesticated and walks about on the street and will follow its keeper. In the city of Ephesus I saw a long row of pillars, on the top of each pillar a stork's nest. But the word "stork" ordinarily means mercy and affection, from the fact that this bird was distinguished for its great love for its parents. It never forsakes them, and even after they become feeble protects and provides for them. In migrating the old storks lean their necks on the young storks, and when the old ones give out the young ones carry them on their backs. God forbid that a dumb stork should have more heart than we. Blessed is that table at which an old lather and mother sit; blessed that altar at which an old father What it is to have a mother they know best who have lost her. God only knows the agony she suffered for us, the times she wept over our cradle and the anxious sighs her bosom heaved as we lay upon it, the sick nights when she watche i us long after every one was tired out but God and herself. Her lifeblood beats in our hearts, and her image lives in our face. That man is grace-less as a cannibal who ill treats his parents, less as a cannibal who ill treats his parents, and he who begrudges them daily bread and clothes them but shabbily, may God have pa-tience with him; I cannot. I heard a man once say, "I now have my old mother on my hands." Ye storks on your way with food to your aged parents, shame him! But yonder in this Bible sky flies a bird that is speckled. The prophet describing the church cries out, "Mine heritage is unto about are against her." So it was then; so it is now. Holiness pickel at. Consecra-tion picked at. Benevolence picked at. Usefulness picked at. A speckled bird is a peculiar bird; and that arouses the antippeculiar bird; and that arouses the antipathy of all the beaks of the forest. The church of God is a peculiar institu-tion, and that is enough to evoke attack of of the world, for it is a speckled bird to be picked at. The inconsistencies of Christians are a banquet on which multitudes get fat. They ascribe everything you do to wrong motives. Put a dollar in the poor box and they will say that you dropped it there only

The black brown of its back, and the white of its lower feathers, and the fire of its eye, and the long flap of its wing make glimpse of it as it swings down into the va!glimpse of it as it swings down mab, or a child ley to pick up a rabbit, or a lamb, or a child and then swings back to its throne on the second the swings back to be forgotten. Scatrock something never to be forgotten. Scat-tered about its eyrie of altitudinous solitude are the bones of its conquests. But while the beak and the claws of the eagle are the terror of all the travelers of the air, the mother eagle is most kind and gentle to her mother eagle is most kind and gentle to her young. God compares His treatment of His people to the eagle's care of the eaglets. Deuteronomy xxii., 11, "As an eagle stir-reth up hernest, flattersth over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did cardie for the beaution."

The old eagle first showes the young one out of the nest in order to make it fly, and then takes it on her back and flies with it and shakes it off in the air, and if it see like falling quickly flies under it and takes it on her wing again. So God does with us

Disaster, failure in business, disappoint-Disater, failure in business, disappoint-ment, bereavement, is only God's way of shaking us out of our comfortable nest in order that we may learn how to fly. You who are complaining that you have no faith or courage of Christian zeal have had it too easy. You never will learn to fly in that comfortable nest.

Like an eagle, Christ has carried us on His back. At times we have been shaken off, and when we were about to fall He came under us again and brought us out of the gloomy valley to the sunny mountain. Never an eagle brooled with such love and care over her young as Gol's wings have been over us. Across what oceans of trouble we have gone in safety upon the Almighty wings! From what mountains of sin we have been carried and at times have been borne up far above the gunshot of the world and the arrow of the devil!

and the arrow of the devil! When our time on earth is closed on these great wings of God we shall speed with in-finite quickness from earth's mountains to heaven's hills, and as from the eagle's cir-cuit under the sun men on the ground seem small and insignificant as lizards on a rock, so all earthly things shall dwindle into a speck, and the raging river of death so far beneath will seem smooth and glassy as a Swiss lake. Swiss lake.

It was thought in ancient times that an age could not only molt its feathers in old age, but that after arriving to great age it would renew its strength and become en-tirely young again. To this Isaiah alludes

tirely young again. To this Isaiah alludes when he says: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings of eagles." Even so the Christian in old age will renew his spirit-ual strength. He shall be young in ardor and enthusiasm for Christ, and as the body fails the soul will grow in elasticity till at death it will spring up like a gladdened child into the bosom of God. Yea, in this ornithological study I see that Job says, "His days fly as an eagle that hasteth to his prey." The speed of a hungry eagle when it saw its prey a score of miles distant was unimaginable. It went like a thunderbolt for speed and power. So fly our days. Sixty minutes, each worth a heaven, since we assembled in this place have shot like lightning into eternity. The swift rush of days and months and years and ages. "Swift as an eagle that hasteth swift rush of days and months and years and ages. "Swift as an eagle that hasteth to his prey." Behold the fowls of the air! Have you considered that they have, as you and I have not, the power to change their eyes so that one minute they may be tele-scopic and the next microscopic, now seeing something a mile away and by telescopic eyesight, and then dropping to its food on the ground, able to see it close by and with microscopic eyesight? nicroscopic eyesight?

But what a senseless passage of Scripture that is, until you know the fact, which says, "The sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God!" What has the swallow to do with the altars of the temple at Jerusalem? Ab, you know that swallows are all the world over very tame, and in summer time they used to fly into the win-dows and doors of the temple at Jerusalem and build a nest on the altar where the priests were offering sacrifices.

These swallows brought leaves and sticks

THE CRIP

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All the disagreeable ef. Geo. W. Cook. fects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is

ood's CURES п surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to

all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt. HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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Dict for the Nervous.

Eat freely of all nutritious, easily digested foods, but more important than food in such cases is good brain work; physical labor will also be of advantage. Interest yourself in the work so that you will entirely forget yourself, and in a few months you will be surprised to find yourself entirely free from nervousness. While in such a disease the stomach is weak and must not be overtaxed, there is no strict line of diet to be followed; rare meat, well cooked cereals, vegetables, as little bread and butter as possible, and never fried articles; sweets aro bad at all times and are particularly so if you have nervous indigestion, but one can always find at the ordinary family table food to fit this disease. Work is of greater importance .- New York

A Combustable Table.

World.

"Speaking of queer names, and their till more queer collocation," writes a ady from Easton, Penn., "I am reminded of a table of which I once sat, which mentally I named the combustable table. The boarders' names were Brush, Bush, Hay, Wood and Cole. All that seemed acking was a match."-New York Trioune.

A Mine of Ice.

Wonders will never cease. Tom Kirby has discovered that he possesses a veritable mine of ice. In a large fissure in the steep wall of rock facing the railroad track on Bear Creek, on Kirby's land, ice is being taken out for family use by every one in the neighborhood. Mr. Kirby made a trip to the place and brought back a sack full of clear, hard ice. He informed a Gazette reporter that there were hundreds of tons of ice between the rocky walls that must have been there for centuries .- Hendrick (Cal.) Gazette.

STATE OF UHIO, UITY OF TOLEDO, A. LUCAS COUNTY. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of \$100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 2886. A. W. GLEASON, SEAL

SEAL

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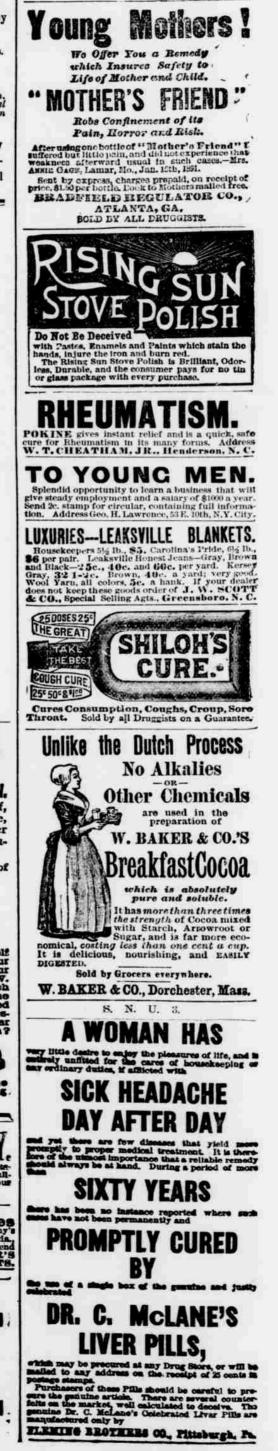


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David, chased and clubbed and therried of

that you might hear it ring. Invite them to Christ and they will call you a fanatic. Let there be contention among Christians, and they will say, "Hurrah! The church is in decadence "

Christ intended that His church should Christ intended that His church should always remain a speckled bird. Lat birds of another feather pick at her, but they cannot rob her of a single plume. Like the albatross, she can sleep on the bosom of a tempest. She has gone through the fires of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace and not got burned; through the waters of the Red sea and not heap drawnad; through the ship. and not been drowned; through the ship-wreck on the breakers of Melitia and not been foundered. Let all earth and hell try to hunt down this speckled bird, but far above human scorn and infernal assault it shall sing over every mountain top and fly over every nation, and her triumphant song shall be: "The church of God! The pillar and ground of the truth. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

But we cannot stop here. From a tall cliff hanging over the sea I hear the eagle calling unto the tempest and lifting its wings to smite the whirlwind. Moses, Jere-miah, Hosea and Habakkuk at times in their writings take their writings take their pen from the eagle's wing. It is a bird with fierceness in its eye, its feet armed with claws of iron and its head with a dreadful beak. Two or three of them can fill the heavens with clangor. But generally this monster of the air is alone and unaccompanied, for the reason that its habits are so predaceous it requires five or ten miles of aerial or earthly dominion all. for itself_

s on the altars of the ter ple and hatched the young parrows in these nests, and David had seen the young birds picking their way out of the shell while the old swallows watched, and no one in the temple was cruel enough to disturb either the old swallows or the young swallows, and David burst out in rhapsody, saying, "The swallow hath found a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God!" What carpenters, what masons, what weavers, what spinners the birds are! Out of what carpet burgers the birds are!

of what small resources they make so exquisite a home, curved, pillared, wreathed. Out of mosses, out of sticks, out of lichens, out of horsehair, out of spiders' web, out of threads swept from the door by the housewire, out of the wool of the sheep from the pasture field. Upholstered by leaves actually sewed together by its own sharp bill. Cushioned with feathers from its own breast. Mortared together with the gum of trees and the saliva of its own tiny bill. Such symmetry, such adaptation, such conveni-

symmetry, such adaptation, such conveni-ence, such geometry of structure. Surely these nests were built by some plan. They did not happen just so. Who drafted the plan for the bird's nest? God! And do you not think that if He plans such a house for a chaffinch, for an oriole, for a beholink for a comprom. He will some to it bobolink, for a sparrow, He will see to it that you always have a home? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Whatever else surrounds you, you can have what the Bible calls "the feathers of the Al-mighty." Just think of a nest like that, the warmth of it, the softness of it, the safety of it—"the feathers of the Almighty." No flamingo outflashing the tropical sun-

set ever had such brilliancy of pinion; no robin redbreast ever had plumage dashed with such crimson and purple and orange and gold—"the feathers of the Almighty." Do you not feel the touch of them now on forchead and check and spirit, and was there ever such tenderness of brooding—"the feathers of the Almighty?" So also in this ornithology of the Bible God keeps im-pressing us with the anatomy of a bird's wing.

wing. Over fifty times does the old Book allude to the wing—"Wings of a dove," "Wings of the morning," "Wings of the wind," "Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," "Wings of the Almighty," "All fowl of every wing," What does it all mean? It suggests uplifting. It tells you of flight upward. It means to remind you that you yourself have wings. David cried out, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" Thank God that you have better wings than any dove of longest or swiftest flight. Caged now in bars of flesh are those wings, but the now in bars of flesh are those wings, but the day comes when they will be liberated. Get ready for ascension. Take the words of the old hymn, and to the tune unto which that hymn is married sing:

Rise, my soul and stretch thy wing; Thy better portion trace.

Up out of these lowlands into the heavens of higher experience and wider prospect. But how shall we rise? Only as God's holy spirit gives us strength. But that is coming now. Not as a condor from a Chimborazo how. Not as a contact from a connectably peak, swooping upon the affrighted valley, but at a dove like that which put its soft brown wings over the wet locks of Christ at the baptism in the Jordon. Dove of gentleness! Dove of peace!

Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come shed abroad a Savionr's love, And that shall kindle ours.

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