

The Yale Expositor.

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A good character is more easily lost than gained.

To the pure all things are more or less adulterated.

Somehow business is far more contagious than goodness.

Habit is a sort of chattel mortgage on a man's individuality.

Perhaps the good die young because the young always die good.

More good intentions would be carried out if they didn't live forever.

A candidate never discovers the good points of his opponent until after his defeat.

A contortionist may be completely wrapped up in himself without being concealed.

It's a good thing theatrical "angels" have no wings, otherwise they might get too fly.

Probably the most difficult man in the world to please is the one who doesn't know what he wants.

Many a man who poses as an architect of his own fortune has to plan a large addition for his son-in-law.

The reform movement that doesn't interfere with the rights of a number of people usually dies in its infancy.

The New York Telegram has an editorial headed: "As to Liars." Rather a dangerous headline to spring in that town.

Evil wins now and then, not because it is stronger than good, but because good does not realize its own strength, and does not use it to the best advantage.

Readers of the Transvaal war dispatches may have failed to note that a good-sized revolution is now in progress in Colombia, S. A. Up to date the "rebels," as they are called, have had the worst of it. Should the revolution prove successful the present president doubtless will follow the example of the recent president of Venezuela in resigning and taking an extended tour in Europe for the benefit of his health.

The Viscountess Harberton, in a recent speech before the English sanitary institute, ascribed woman's tendency to grow old fast to the worry of holding up skirts. A costume appropriate for the street as a scarlet coat and white helmet of a soldier on parade would be in a Transvaal battleground. The new uniforms of British soldiers in South Africa are scarcely distinguishable from the dry grass of the fields. The person who, by dress, speech and manner cries out, "Here am I, I shoot me!" usually gets wounded, at least, for his pains.

The latest thing in surgery is a voice made to order. Actual operations have demonstrated that the larynx, or vocal box, can be successfully removed, and the patient may not only survive the shock, but recover. In order to restore speech to the patient an artificial larynx and vocal cords must be provided. This larynx is made of pure silver, and consists of a tracheal tube of larger size, with rings at its lower end, permitting a slight motion, corresponding to the natural flexibility of the trachea or windpipe. Through the front plate of this tube and through an opening on its upper curvature passes a second tube, also flexible, with an opening on its lower curved surface. This is so placed that a stream of air may play freely through both tubes, even though the external outlet be closed. The upper end of the second or pharyngeal tube—the tube which takes the place of the pharynx—lodges behind and below the base of the epiglottis—the leaf at the base of the tongue which covers the larynx in the act of swallowing—or behind and below the base of the tongue, as the case may be. Around it the esophagus, or gullet, granulates and closes, so that after the healing process is complete the only passage from the pharynx to the larynx is by way of the metal tube. In order that fluids and solids may not pass through this a device is provided which, while cutting off the connection, enables the patient to breathe freely. But a substitute has also to be provided for the vocal cords. This takes the form of a metal strip, which is so inserted as to vibrate under the influence of the articulating parts. The voice is incapable of inflexion, but, although it is a monotone, the patient is perfectly able to carry on a conversation.

An old resident of New York recalls the time when he saw on adjoining buildings in Burlington three signs: "Daniel F. Tiemann, paints and oils;" "Peter Cooper, glue;" "Cyrus W. Field, rags." Tiemann became mayor of the city; Cooper founded Cooper Institute; Field organized the Atlantic Telegraph company. Three more witnesses to three trite truths: It is worth while to have a business, whatever it may be; it pays to mind one's business; and the man who keeps stepping gets somewhere.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"SALVATION" THE SUBJECT OF LATEST DISCOURSE.

"Seek and Ye Shall Find, Knock and It Shall Be Opened Unto Ye"—"Seek the Lord While He May Be Found"—Isaiah 55:6.

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Savior's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all his grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophesies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing, and anxious that all men might know him; his voice rings down the ages: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer, if you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in New York, or in St. Petersburg, or Venice, or Rome, or Melbourne, or Calcutta, you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age, or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help, the help comes: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come today with no halcyon theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition; but with an urgent call to personal religion. The gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine: it either kills or cures. There are those who say "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come," and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany you go to the Grand Central depot, or to the steamboat wharf, and, having got your ticket, you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot; you get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in this city, and there is a matter of \$10,000 connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but you cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think, perhaps, he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street, and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and months.

You say: "It is a matter of \$10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one half that persistence you would long ago have found him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the spirit of God would help me, while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the second place, when to seek him.

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne, with his arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee, and get his kiss and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would go no farther up than the shout of a plow-boy at his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird, affrighted, darts into the window and wheels about the room. You seize it. You

smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and he catches it, and he feels its fluttering pulse, and he puts it in his own bosom of affection and safety. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is an electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God! It is the diving-bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of the Gennesaret solid as stone pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless thou shalt help us! Oh, Lord, throw the lap of thy cloak over these poor things!" And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving, and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to him and say: "Oh, Lord, I know thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come to your place of business, as he confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances! And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany, and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health?

Oh, that you might begin to seek after God with earnest prayer. Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray, and pray, and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. Oh, you say, "It was made hundreds of years ago," and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by his blessed spirit, retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

Oh, my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism"—it will be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven, search the scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls, there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Phillip Dodridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate: "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said: "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible," and his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we live! Blessed book when we die!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with a trivial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the

crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis.

There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property, they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing was offered them. They refused them. After a large village or city sprung up on those acres of ground, and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance; if you let that go perhaps it never comes back. Certainly, that one never comes back.

A gentleman told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life; now one army seeming to triumph and now the other. After awhile the host wheeled in such a way that he knew that in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time today with you. The forces of light on one side, the forces of death on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity.

There is a time when mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that, you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts, a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until heavenly bills is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, oh, my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? That it will evaporate? That it will relax its grasp? That you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the deeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me now whether in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters, they have become any nearer God or heaven. I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the gospel, in regard to the matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. The throne of judgment will soon be set; and, if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation, you had better do it now, for the redemption of your soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever.

Oh, if men could only catch one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love him! Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the sun of righteousness rises behind Calvary, and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Savior. Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ he pronounces him "chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

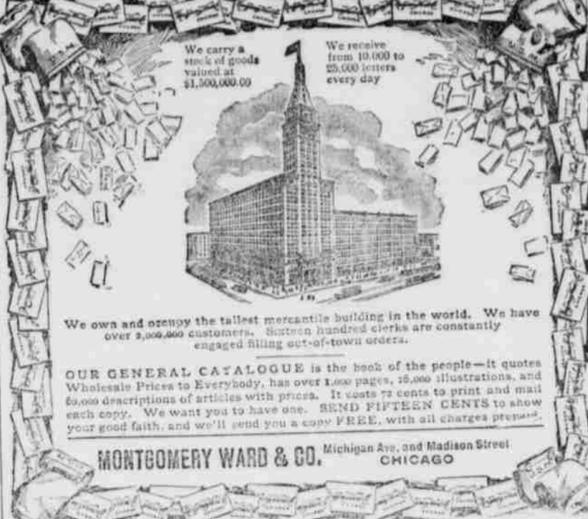
FASTING FOR INVALIDS.

It is a strongly implanted idea that when a person is ill feeding up must be necessary, and all the more so when no appetite for food exists. This is quite an error in many cases, for it may be that abstinence is needed so that the digestive organs should have rest in order to do their work as well as ever again. Nature may generally be trusted not to lead one astray, so when there is a lack of appetite or even a feeling of repulsion for food it is, as a rule, wise to abstain from eating until the desire for food returns.

A person suffering acutely from indigestion cured himself by a fast lasting several days, during which he satisfied his thirst with water, but took nothing else. On the second day he experienced the pain of hunger, but he persisted in his fast, and though it lasted six days he was able to do all his work as usual, and without the slightest inconvenience. Then when he took food again he found that his dyspepsia had vanished and he was able to digest ordinary food, which he had not done for a long time.

The man simply applied the treatment advocated by Dr. Emmet Densmore, who says: "The more serious the attack of illness, the longer duration of fast needed. From three to six days will be found usually the time indicated; but one, two or even three weeks' fasting will be found advisable in extreme cases. Let nature be absolutely trusted. When the patient has been denied food long enough to overcome the inflammation, which is liable to be mistaken for appetite, then give nourishment as soon as and no sooner than the patient craves for food."

We may smile as much as we choose at Scripture, yet every word that God has spoken will be fulfilled. There will be compensations and adjustments. And there will be opportunities for growth.—Rev. A. A. Jennings.



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Women Have Been Called Upon to Shoulder Men's Sins.

There is nothing on earth that makes one more provoked than the tendency of some persons to lay the blame for every misfortune that occurs to a man on the shoulders of his poor wife, who has no possible means of retaliation, but must just simply bear the odium that does not rightfully rest upon her, says the Philadelphia Times. There is another phase of this question equally prone to rouse my indignation, and that is when persons assert no man would dare to speak to a woman on the street unless he received some encouragement from her. That is all nonsense. I know at least a dozen pretty, modest young women, who have never even so much as looked at a man they did not know, who have been addressed in the most familiar fashion by some well-dressed loafer who thought his personal charm so great that he could with ease break down the barriers of conventionality and good breeding and be forgiven by the feminine object of his admiration. That many such have received the punishment they deserve goes without saying, but many more are merely ignored. The girl is too refined to create a scene, and thus when he has received only the silent snub, hardly noticeable to the passers-by, he goes on his way to tackle another one who has not encouraged him a whit more than the first, despite all masculine assertions to the contrary. Men can fall—men do fall—in business without having their failure caused by their wives' extravagance. Men do drink without being driven to it by the coquetries of their wives with other men or an absence of congeniality in their homes, and men do speak to women on the street without being in the least bit encouraged to do so. They take a chance, and it is a pity that they are let down so easily when that chance is not in their favor. But even if they were caught in the very commission of their act of effrontery they would probably brazen it out and lay the blame on the innocent woman. Ever since the day when Adam, the coward, wriggled out of the responsibility for his misdoing by saying, "The woman tempted me and I did eat," men have been inventing lame excuses for their failings, and are glad enough to saddle the blame on the opposite sex, though they know in their hearts they are taking refuge in the most palpable subterfuges that deceive very few women at least, whatever they may make men believe on the subject.

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