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to take advantage of the lowest rate ever made to St. Paul and Minneapolis, on the occasion of the thirtieth annual encampment of the G. A. R., the first week in September. Only one cent per mile for the round trip is the rate made, fought for and established by the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) for the "boys in blue" and their friends, while the tickets are good for return at any time within thirty days. This is your opportunity to visit the "Twin Cities" and the Great Northwest. The Chicago Great Western offers every luxury on the journey—Compartiment Sleepers, Free Chair Cars, Dining Cars on the European plan. Take your family with you and remember the road that deserves your patronage is the Chicago Great Western. Full information as to rates, sleeping car reservations, special trains, etc., will be furnished by F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**This Year's Crop.**  
"Oh, thank you," she said, sweetly. "Yes, I should feel much safer about it if you would drop it in the letter-box each morning. Yes." She returned then blithely to her household duties and left the leeman to say nothing or swear at his horses as he chose.—Detroit Tribune.

### HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitivity in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone.

Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands.

Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

### The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

### KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pastures a remedy that cures every disease from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over seven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it.

Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. CENTRAL ROUTE**  
Double Daily Service  
**ST. LOUIS CHICAGO**  
NEW DAY TRAIN  
**DAYLIGHT SPECIAL 20¢ EACH**  
Lv Chicago 9:35 am Ar St. Louis 7:04 pm  
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The University of Notre Dame  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
Full Courses in Classics, Letters, Science, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.  
Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

**Rooms Free to all Students who have completed the studies required for admission into the Junior or Senior Year, of any of the Colleges Courses.**

A limited number of Candidates for the Ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates.

St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 13 years, is unique in completeness of its equipments.

The 10th Term will open September 8th, 1893.

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REV. M. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

**PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tonic, Good. Use  
PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

#### THE PREACHER TELLS A TOUCHING BIBLE STORY.

**The Beauty of Childhood—Its Power Over the Parental Heart—Its Blissful Transition from Earth to Heaven—The Loved and Lost.**

#### A Harvest Shadow.

While the reapers are busy in many parts of the land and the harvests are being gathered the scene brought before us in this subject is especially appropriate. The text is 11. Kings, iv., 18, 19, 20: "And when the child was grown it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, 'My head, my head!' And he said to a lad, 'Carry him to his mother.' And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon and then died."

There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the angel of life brings a new soul to the poor man's but a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence had passed away. Days of boyhood had come, days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of stirring questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house the brightest was the boy. One day there the shout of the reapers heard afiel. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. Not long since the harvesters cut a swath across the field that the lad joins them, and the swiftness of reapers young again as they roll down at that, a bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaning after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him.

I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles, and they rush out to see what is the trouble. And when they ran him, and they had to cool his head, but all of no avail.

In the instant of consciousness he puts his hands against his temples and cries out, "My head, my head!" And the father said, "Carry him to his mother," just as my father would have said, for our head is too rough, and our sole is too harsh, and our foot is too hard. A doctor a sick child if there be in our house a gentle voice, and a gentler hand, and a willing footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field there came a stronger reaper that was with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one shoot, but, oh, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not know to say more about that heart-breaking scene than what I have in just this one pathetic sentence, "He sat on her knees till noon and then died."

Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy was plucked to the harvest field, and was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood—its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from

#### Child Life.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her even under her destitution. You have forgotten a great many persons whom you met, of finely cut features and with erect posture and with faultless complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said, "Please give me a penny?" Ah, how often we have walked on and said, "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism!" but after we got a block or two on we stopped and said, "Ah, that is not right!" and we passed up that suffering hand as though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard-heartedness.

With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the playground or in the school, and we clasp our hands most involuntarily and say, "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground self-sufficient. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredemptive solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the east, throwing its gold on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the world, but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life. There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture represents any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burden of our back. Oh, what a great state, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of childhood! When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child how unexpectedly attractive! When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation, how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than consolation. Indeed, there are some people that seem marked for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The hues of heaven are in the petals.

There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying, "Let this one come to me, and let it come to me soon." While one tarried in the room, and you thought that every, sickness would be the last, and when finally the winds of death did scatter the leaves you were more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night, for you had often said to your companion, "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I see that the idea that good children always die. Samuel the lion boy became Samuel the great prophet. Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day children who love God and keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians, and the philanthropists, and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malaris floating up from the

river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a superlative beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her works are peace."

#### Susceptibility of Childhood.

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is the determination of soul that so often drives back the gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and skepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems to fall against God's battleax. But childhood—how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record, "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob," for when religion starts in a family it is apt to go all through. Jezebel a murderer, and she had learned it, and in a perfect ecstasy of soul in his last hour cried out:

"In the Christian's home in glory

There is a land of rest.

There my Savior's gone before me

To fulfil my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for you.

There is rest for the weary."

"Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,

Show your triumphs as you go!

Zion's gates are open for you.

You shall find an entrance through

There is rest for the weary."

"There is rest for you, papa; there is rest

for you, mamma." And then putting his hands over his heart, he said, "Yes, there is rest for me." And then he asked them to read "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures and leadeth me beside still waters," and he cried out: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Only 10 years old. And then he said, "Now I wish you would just turn this bed so I can look once more on the foliage and see the stars." And they turned the bed. And he said, "I do so wish that Jesus would come and take me." They said to him, "Why, are you not willing to await the Lord's time?" "Yes," he said, "I am; but I would rather Jesus would come and hurry and take me." And so, with a peace indescribable, he passed away.

**The Lord's Will.**

Oh, there is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart! You see the little ones go right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles! Children dead are safe. Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart, but children dead are safe—safe forever. Weeping parents, do not mourn too bitterly over your child that has gone. There are two kinds of prayers made at a child's sick bed and says: "O Lord, spare this little one. He is very near to my heart. I don't want to part with him, but they will be done"—that is the kind of a prayer the Lord loves. There is another kind of prayer which I have heard men make in substance when they say: "O Lord, this isn't right. It is hard to take this child. You have no right to take this child. Spare this child. I can't give him up, and I won't give him up." The Lord answers that kind of a prayer sometimes. The child lives and lives on and travels off in paths of wickedness to perish. At the end of every prayer for a child's life say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could only name the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once, you love them now, and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it. It has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heartstrings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms and through summer harvests and across autumnal leaves and through the wintry snowbanks we are passing on. Oh, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out, "Where are our loved and lost?" And then how shall gather them up! Oh, how we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain We only meet to part again.

But when we reach the heavenly shore We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day

Should chase our present griefs away.

When these short years of pain are past

We'll meet before the throne at last.

**Short Sermons.**

Secret of Success.—The secret of mastering life is to come at close quarters with the facts which surround us, to grasp them resolutely and strongly and to make the most and the best of them.

Success is not achieved by thinking about it or waiting for it, but by refusing to be disheartened and by pushing through obstacles as if obstacles were the most natural things in the world and to be taken as a part not only of the discipline but of the joy of life.—Rev. Dr. Freeman, Presbyterian, Denver.

The Christian Ministry.—The Christian minister should be afame with earnestness and shun not to declare the word of God and be pure from the blood of all.

Practical clearness ought to characterize his work.

He is to teach every man in all wisdom.

The minister's work is not the sad, gloomy,

pitiful and discouraging thing some

people think it to be, but it is full of

hope, joy and divine encouragement.

He works for the future. The ages of

eternity will bear witness to the part

he took in the realization of the grand

plans of God.—Rev. E. M. Jones, Presbyterian, Pittsburgh.

The Lost Soul.

There is not a large family, or hardly a

large family, that has not at some

time or other lost a child.

There is no such thing as a child

that does not grow up.

It is the teaching of the Bible that

there is a life beyond the grave.

More than that, we will carry our consciousness with us into the other world.

The whole world to-day agrees that progression is written over everything.

It is not destruction, but construction.

There is a vast difference between contentment and satisfaction.

We can persuade ourselves to be contented,

but satisfaction is never reached this side

of the grave.

Heaven may be very

different from what we expect it to be,

but it will give satisfaction to every