



JOB'S ESCAPE.

Ancient Dentistry and Job's Knowledge of Anatomy.

A Peculiar Homily From a Singular Theme—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage's sermon for last Sunday was from the subject, "Narrow Escapes," the text being taken from Job xix, 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found today with gold fillings in their teeth.

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer in your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you; you drop into it; you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off, "saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escapes for their souls and are saved "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what might have been expected. He always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

In other words, we all admit that it is easier for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be addressing some people who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have at present no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on, and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you hear the end, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in their nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursions today. The water is full of fish; the wind is in the right direction; the gospel net is strong. O Thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us today how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I received a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says,

"I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest."

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise?

Behold, then, the great unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples! We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church, as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off.

Again, there may be some of you who in the attempt after Christian life will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer: "I cannot swear at you myself for I am a member of the church, but down stairs my partner in business will swear at you."

If, with all the influences favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he breaks away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get a heavier stroke, until with one final effort in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last with the skin of his teeth.

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Huss and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street. Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, Third street, Lombard street, and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers or stockjobbers, or retailers or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet, no inquisition demanded from them recantation, no soldier aimed a spike at their heart, but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged that they have lost faith in everything. In a world

where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything else touches them nowhere.

Hear me, all such men, I preach you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but I put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the place of the gospel.

Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic

pitching its surf clear above Eddy stone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God God stuck to the world, but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to Him, but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him and see if He will not help; Try Him and see if He will not pardon. Try Him and see if He will not save.

The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul.

At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket.

Without cracking a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks, but the panting hart that drinketh from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

Injun Too Big for His Coat.

Morning Oregonian.

There is trouble on the Umatilla Indian reservation because the cells in the calaboose are too small.

The other day Swichlich, one of the tallest of the Government wards on the reservation, was arrested, and he could not enter the door of the guard house erect, and in the morning

was found curled up like a spiral spring because the cell was not long enough for him to lie straight in.

The Indian is seven feet tall, and the Indian police think the Government should build a new jail there.

An Insurmountable Obstacle.

Brooklyn Life.

"So you feel you cannot marry him?"

"Yes, I am fully decided."

"Why, don't you like him?"

"Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."

and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're always ready for you. They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. With Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a lasting cure.

Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases—will cure you.

Says an exchange: If there is one feature of farm life that gives promise of a most excellent and promising future it is that of the mutton industry. To this there is no possibility of damage for a score of years to come unless it is done by those who are the most interested in promoting it. There is no more luscious or tasteful meat known to man, and we except none, than the well-fed, early-matured mutton; and the American people are very fast finding it out. They will pay more for it as the years pass than less, but it must be as described—well fed, young, tender.

Helen Gould is entertaining at her home, Woody Crest, at Tarrytown, thirty homeless girls from the Five Points mission. The children are at liberty to roam over the broad acres of close-cropped lawns and enjoy themselves to their heart's content.

Woman's Best Friend

It is the greatest of all rewards to receive such letters as the following from:

Miss Louise Muller, who lives at 44 Michigan Ave., in Evanston, Ill.

She says:—

"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and have thereby become entirely well, I am recommending all my lady friends to use it. I am sure it will help them in all cases of womb trouble, leucorrhœa, irregular or painful monthly periods."

"I am sure it is our best friend. I am so thankful to Mrs. Pinkham for the good she has done me that I wish every sick woman in America would write her at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice, or get her Vegetable Compound at any druggist's."

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.
Dissolves Gravel
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Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion, gout.

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