Subject: "The Chieftain.

There can be seen to be story steps out upon the platform. The finger which diamond with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of cycle of the finger of prophecy, the finger of cycle of the finger of pointing in ohe direction. Christ is the overlopping figure of all time. He is the "over humans" in all music, the gravefulest line in all seculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acmod all climance, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all language. The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself all the spiendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the fetters between them. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. "What does like the court from above is above all?" It means that after you have piled up all Alpha and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its whurs and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pellon, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the glants warred against the gods they piled up those three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the glauts—Isalah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic girants. Rephaei and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; heave and made and michael Angelo, artistic giants; cheruin and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Olinits' glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to cell Christ "the Chieftian," and so-d-day I half limb, and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national, There is no reason why we should ring the endle

cal seminaries into our services, and are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited re-source. You only have to present Christ in

Fource. You only have to present on the your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color comsospet themes. Sumest sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt, Sweetest comfort for ghatillest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death Grandest resurrection for derkest spulcher. Oh, what a gospiel to preach! Ohrist the Chief. His blitth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His teans; His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what indirects active. glorious themes! Do we expresse attith? Christis its object. Do we love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was 80 Octiv. So heautiful that size he had not runner. The royal robe of Demetrius was as costity, so beautiful, that after he had put it es more ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weekest, and the worst may wear, "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

more abound,"
"Ob, my sine, my siner" said Martin Luther
to Stannia, "my sine, iny, sine!" The fact is
that the brawny German student had found
a Letin Blutz that made him quake, and
actions.

It he mercy of God, bet he such very awful sinners to the more note that we have been been a such very awful sinners to despend the following solutions that you feel yourself in hest rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immediate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalytic trumpets. After all other candles have been sauffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldy enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of free carrier look the Christian, from cups of granite lity-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul. I remark that Christ is chief in dy-

been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the efernal rook the Christian, from cups of grainte lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of bis soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dyng alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about the tombatone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniscal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanlinese and worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Salsdin, the great conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states heconquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, tothing in a miner's death. On mission of mercy lin hospital; and broken bouses and recking leprosies and reging leprosies and we may die a miner's death. But, after all, the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the ground context, we may die a philanthropist's death.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want wall want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you want your fold still, you do not want any curious str

children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the widdenness far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes. "I will never leave thee. I will never leave thee.! I will never leave thee! I will never le never leave time. I will never forsake cities. From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said. "Glory to Thee,

and across the solitude and the solitude should come the sweet notes of heavenly ministrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Milierforce say to his wife? "Oome and sit beside me, and ist ustalk of heaven. Inever knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Rinnah More say? "To got o heaven, think what that 18! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ, the love of Christ." What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hours? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my sou!! I shall soon be gone, for strely—no—one—can—live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my sou!!"

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall sacribe ptches, and honor, and glory, and mejesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamh." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus, and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciplee that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that store while he said. "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But removed than that was the testimony of the vorn out first missionary, when, in the Mamertine danged, and the time of my department and the one of the first of the first

Ohrist is chief in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly redicence was respecding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One day less to live," When I see the pring bloseoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever," When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another season gone forever," When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever. What nimble feet the years barel. The receivable shad the lightnion run, not so fact. From decade to decade, from say to say, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with sleem tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, It is KROWN in the word in the same of the canada of the same of the canada of the canada of the same than a banquetting hall through which the light feet of the canada of the same when the the sepulces through whose rifts the kely light of heaven when the count of trumpers will be the sepulces through when the dight feet of the data of the same when the same was the same results of the same when the same was the same when the same was the same when the same was th

angels to guard your slumbering dust until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the

stone.

So, also, Christ is chief of heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial asortotton, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubin to cherubin, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly seartified.

Stand on some high all of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The marty's, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happler for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus who which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His sams and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the benefit will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from tood and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say. "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from tood and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say. "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered olear off from tood and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say. "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts off it from tood and hen, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the volces will come together into a great chorus, which will make the srches echo and re-eche with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was compiled with. But there are hundreds to day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a gilmpse of that place, and in h

MR. CORBETT ON EXERCISE.

He Prescribes a Regimen For Women Who Want to Be Healthy.

Who Want to Be Healthy.

Mr. James J. Corbett, whose physical achievements entitle him to consideration when he speaks of exercise and training, tells what he thinks women ought to do to attain health and beauty. He has not too high an opinion of the development of modern women, and he compares them with the women of Greece and Rome, greatly to the advantage of those ancient dames.

greatly to the arranges of the dames.

A cold dip is the first feature of Mr. Corbett's regimen for women. He admits that it may require some courage on a morning in winter, but he utimates that after a few trials women will become wedded to the practice. It will waken and invigorate them as nothing else can; it will clear their skin and strengthen their muscles, the great champion says.

ear; it will teast their sain and sterenger en their muscles, the great champion says.

After the cold dip be recommends some simple exercise with one-pound dumbbells to bring the muscles of the upper part of the body into action, loosen the part of the body into action, loosen the sirews, reduce superfluous flesh and develop muscular tissues. Then a rub down with a Turkish towel follows and the body is prepared for its day's work. Mr. Corbett also recommends hot water drunk some time before breakfast, or hot tea. Coffee bears the weight of his disapproval. He believes also in mild milk punches and advises the seeker after strength to drink two a day, one between breakfast and luncheon and one between luncheon and dinner. He does not add whether or not he takes this form of nourishment when he is in training.

Mr. Corbett believes thoroughly in lawn tennis, but he does not believe at all in the way women act after they have been playing. They should not stand around, often in draughts, the great man says, and run the risk of taking cold, but they

playing. They should not stand around, often in draughts, the great man says, and run the risk of taking cold, but they should speed at once to their rooms and take a sponge bath, followed by a vigorous rubbing down. A cold bath, he thinks, should end the day.

Smallest Cyclist in the World,

In San Francisco there may be seen any bright day a tiny figure on a tiny bioycle, scurrying along the roadways of the park of that city. This is little Laurine Devany, who is the smallest bicyclist in the world. She is only three years old, a dear little girl, with fluffy yellow hair and big blue eyes. She rides a wheel that had to he made sepecially for her, of course, and it She rides a wheel that had to he made especially for her, of course, and it weighs only twelve pounds. The picture of her which is given here shows what a roguish little face she has, and what a chubby little sprite she is in her blouse and bloomers. Those who have seen her ride say it is



THE BABY DICYCLIST

something to remember, as those twinkling legs churn the pedals and the bright curls toss back from beneath the Tam o' Shanter as she races before the wind.

Immense Gold Fields.

The Goolgardle and Murchison gold liet of Western Australia cover an any Miferous area of 100,000 square miles, of four times the size of Ireland. Over these delds about 20,000 men are sent tered, and something live size, 000,000 of British capital is invested in the mines

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منته ۱۳۰۶ تاکین

NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

Herself. Toilette Not a Poem Field New to Women. Don'ts. Miss Peck Climbs Matterhorn.

NOT A POEM HERSELF.

Nora Hopper, whose wonderfully melodius verses-have attracted so much attention recently, is said to be not the rare, exquisite young woman, herself a poem, whom her admirers have imagined, but a stout, comfortable motherly middle-seed mirers have imagined, but a stout, comfortable, motherly, middle-aged body.

- TOILETTE DON'TS. Don't wear a diamond brooch on a shirt—you might as well wear yel-low gloves with a crepe bonnet.

Don't wear a diamond brooch on a shirt-waist, believing it an ornament
—it's a horror!

Don't ask any nice girl to take care of your husband while you are away for the summer. Maybe she'll like the occupation and maybe she won't. Maybe he'll not like it, and maybe he will—and the last is the worst of

A FIELD NEW TO WOMEN.

An American woman who is gaining honor and wealth in a field new to women is at the head of a large manufacturing firm that makes colors and all sorts of art appliances. She is herself a skilful potter, who ground her first clay in a coffee-mill, and rolled it with her pastry-roller. Since that time she has invented a kiln that is widely-used, written a text-book on ceramic art that is used at the South Kensington Museum, and discovered how to apply water color to china with unique and pleas-

MISS PECK CLIMBS MATTERHORN

Annie S. Peck, a famous mounraines of reck, a lamous mountaineer, cables from Zermatt, Switzerland, that she has climbed to the peak of the Matterhorn, a feat for which she had been in training for which she has been in training for years. It is said that only two other women have done this—Miss Brevoort, of New York, and Miss Carrel, daughter of a Swiss guide. The top of the mountain is 14.705 feet above es level, and is most difficult of ac-

Miss Peck is a native of Providence, and a graduate of the University of Michigan. She is widely known as an archaeologist. For years she has been an enthusiastic mountain-climber. In 1885, while studying at Athens, she ascended Hymethus and Pentilicus. Two years later, during a trip to the Pacific, she rode 4,000 feet up to the snow line of Mount Shasta, and then climbed the remaining 14,000 feet to the summit. This ascent, it was said, was the first made of that mountain by a woman. made of that mountain by a woman. Her subsequent ascent of the Clouds' Rest Peak, in the Yosemite Valley, also attracted attention.

THE PRETTIEST ENGLISH PRINCESS. | Waist. A new excitement has been provided for those interested in Court news in the report that there is a possibility of a marriage being arranged between the Princess Maud of pensive. This mohair is of light Wales and the Archduke Franz Ferdi weight and sufficiently wiry to see your desired pensive to the lune. mand, heir-presumptive to the Imperial throne of Austria. "St. Paul's" does not attach much importance to the rumor, as the difficulties with regard to religion would appear, at the first glimpse, to be insuperable. The dislike, also, of the Princess to settle in any place which would re-move her far from her mother is well known. Still, any suggestion
as to the marriage of the royal
lady in question is worthy
of notice, as Princess Maud Maud is one of the prettiest and, most fas-cinating members of the courts of Europe. She is far better looking now than when she first came out,

now than when she first came out, and, as one of the Mariborough House party remarked lately, she grows more charming every day.

She is bright and clever, and, without being really witty, is most amusing in conversation. Although it would not be fair to say the Prince prefers her to his two more quiet daughters, he certainly finds more pleasure in her society, and whenever he rejoins his family at Sandringham, it is Princess Maud to whom he at once turns to learn all that has been goling on, and she may whom he at once turns to learn and that has been going on, and she may be seen for an hour at a time hang-ing on her father's arm as they stroll up and down the terrace together.

MARRIED IN BLOOMERS.

George W. Clarke, the high diver, and Eva Mae Christian, the century rider, rode into double blessedness on their bicycles a few days ago at Chicago. George W. Clarke, the high diver

hicago. Shortly before noon two bicyclists Shortly before noon two bicyclists trundled their wheels into County Clerk Knopf; soffice. The costumes of the two were exactly allke, both of gray material. One was arrayed in tweed knickerbockers, a white sweater and golf stockings. The coller was attired in gray bloomers made of serge, with leggings of the same color and material, a short, tight fitting daylight.

FOR THE FAIR SEX. jacket over a shirt waist and flying necktie, the whole topped of with a

peaked cap.

They stacked their wheels in front

peased cap.

They stacked their wheels in front of Marriage License Clerk Salmonson's desk and advanced upon that official. They asked for a marriage license. Mr. Salmonson peered over the edge of his desk and asked:

"Where is the lady"

"Oh," he said, as he jerked his head back and went to work filling out the necessary blank. Clarke swore he was 21 years old and in all respects eligible for the license. Miss Christian toyed with a long string of century badges and acknowledged to 19 years.

Justice Murphy, who performs marriage ceremonies on short notice, was an interested spectator at the issuing of the license. As soon as the document had been secured the bloomer marriage party was joined

document had been secured the bloomer marriage party was joined by Miss Rogers, in short skirts, shirt waist and sailor hat, who acted as bridesmaid o Miss Christian. Justice Murphy stepped up to the peple and asked if he could assist them nany way. They followed to his little office, and there Miss Christian was married to George Clarke. was married to George Clarke.

was married to George Clarke.
Justice Murphy apologized profusely for his apparent hesitancy,
during the ceremony, saying it was
the first time he had been asked to
officiate at a wedding where it was
difficult to distinguish the bride from
the groom. He assured the couple
that in any future cases he had of
the kind he would not be troubled.
The bride in reply to the apologies The bride in reply to the apologies of Justice Murphy laughingly replied that she desired to be the first new woman to be married in bloomers.

woman to be married'in bloomers.

After the ceremony the bride's attendant, Miss Rogers, confidentially informed Justice Murphy she was soon to wed and was having an elaborate pair of bloomers fashioned for the occasion. The bridal party mounted their wheels immediately after the ceremony and went bowling down toward Michigan avenue. down toward Michigan avenue.

FASHION NOTES.

Butcher's linen, in a sort of medium blue, is one of the new materials for outing suits.

Grass-green, emerald, letture, mig-nonette and myrtle are all much worn shades of green.

A poppy shaped hat of rose pink straw is trimmed with rose gauze and silk rose pink poppies.

A black silk parasol with yellow lace figures inserted in it and a bor-der of yellow lace is very much liked.

Mais or corn color cowslip and the vivid Spanish yellow light up well and are much used for evening toilets.

Pique is still the rage, and, although stiff and not always becoming, possesses a certain style of its own in its crisp, natty freshness.

Among the simple gowns for young girls is one of silk crepon for afternoon wear trimmed with an insertion of lace around the full skirt and between the box plaits on the

Changeable mohair is the latest out the dress.

China crepe shawls are among the most beautiful of wraps. The gen-uine shawls are expensive, and this, in a measure, adds to their elegance in the opinion of some.

Dainty parasols of Dresden silk ar sold to match frocks of the same ma terial.

A taffeta silk gown of deep apricot green is cut square at the neck and the sleeves are draped with chiffon.

The golf skirts are rather shorter than the cycling skirts, those of the imported gowns reaching only a listle below the knee.

Plain ribbon chokers have a large bow in the back and another under the chin, and any novel way of plac-ing the ribbon bows is in favor.

English women are wearing a red straw sailor hat, with a black band. It has a high crown, narrow brim and is as unbecoming headgear as the Shaker's poke.

A pretty toque is trimmed with bows, the loops of which are directed backward, and with two bows upheld by a bunch of poppies placed on the

A hat loaded with corn flowers, marguerites and yellow poppies is worn with a black silk gown, with the skirt of accordion platting and the bodice of mousseline de sole

A pretty blue crepon gown shows the bodice smoothly covered with white embroidered "grace linen." This, just now, is far more fashionable than guipure lace. It is fine linen lawn in string color, wrought in open work embrodery. With the

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