The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 34.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

When we walk in gladsome sunshine,
When on mountain tops we sing,
When the air is full of music,
And the flowers are blossoming,
We may joy in birds and blossoms,
Yet when summer days have flown
Find that buds and birds have vanished
And we stand bereft, alone.

But when in some gloomy valley
With a fearsome step we grope,
Hearing not a sound of music,
Seeing not a ray of hope;
If then, through the gathering darkness,
Some kind hand should meet our own,
And its firm and kindly pressure
Tells us we are not alone,
Then the step takes on new courage,
And the lightened heart can sing,
Knowing, even in the darkness,
Some bright flowers are blossoming.

—Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., in Union Signal.

SMALL SAVINGS.

"DON'T see how Holmes does it," said John Stetson, with a puzzled expression.

"Does what?" asked his wife, looking up from her sewing.

"Why, save so much money from his salary."

"Then he does save, does he?"

"You know the half-acre lot adjoining his house?"

"Yes."

"Well, he has just bought it for a hundred dollars, and paid for it out of money saved from his salary this year."

"How does his salary compare with yours?"

"He has only $700 a year, while I have $800. Then our families are the same; we each of us have two children."

"Yet I am afraid you don't save nearly that amount."

"No, I guess not. The fact is, if I find myself square at the end of the year, I think myself lucky."

"And yet, John," said his wife, gravely, "it seems as if we ought to lay by something."

"It's easy enough to say that, but the question is, how are you going to do it? There's Mary's music lessons at ten dollars a quarter. That's the only way I can think of, and I shouldn't want to stop those."

"No, of course not; but isn't there any other way?"

"Not that I know of."

"Don't you think, John, the little incidental expenses cost more than you think?"

"Such as what?"

"Cigars, ice cream, oysters, the theater, and so on."

John Stetson winced a little.

"They are mere trifles," said he, carelessly. "A few cents each time. Pooh! they would make precious little difference at the end of the year."

"You know there's an old proverb: 'Many a little makes a mickle.'"

"Pshaw! I hate old proverbs. Besides, these little things are really of very little account. A man doesn't feel the sum he pays out, and if it doesn't go in one way, it would in another."

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?" pursued his wife.

"Three."

"And how much do you pay for them?"

"Five cents apiece."

"That would make 15 cents."

"And what's 15 cents?"

"Not much in itself, but multiplied by a large number, it amounts to something."

"What are you driving at, wife?"

"I am going to made a proposition to you."

"I am all attention."

"You say you don't mind a few cents a day."

"Of course not."

"Then I propose that we get a small box, with a slit in the lid, just like the children's tin saving boxes, only larger; and that for every cent you spend for cigars, ice-cream, theaters or any such little luxuries, you deposit an equal sum in the box."

John Stetson laughed.

"Do you agree?" asked his wife.

"Yes, I have no objection, if you wish it, though I acknowledge it seems a little childish."

"Never mind about that I have your promise, and we'll try the experiment one year. If it doesn't amount to enough to make it an object, then it will be time to give it up."

"You must take all the trouble of it. I can't engage to do anything about it except to furnish the money when it is called for."

"That is all I shall ask of you. But I shall want you to give an account every

"HOW MANY CIGARS DO YOU SMOKE A DAY?"

night of all that you have spent in the ways I spoke of, and to be prepared with an equal amount of change for deposit."

"Very well, I'll try."

"My wife is an enthusiast," thought he, as he was walking down town. "However, her hobby won't cost much, so I might as well indulge her in it."

He stopped into a store and obtained his daily allowance of cigars.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Stetson proceeded to the shop of a cabinet maker.

"I want you," said she, "to make me a [illegible] four inches high. In the center of the top is to be a slit large enough to admit the largest silver dollar."

"A money box?" said the cabinet-maker.

"Yes."

"Pretty large for that, isn't it?"

"Rather," said Mrs. Stetson, smiling; "but better too large than too small."

John Stetson fell in with a companion on the afternoon, with whom he had a social chat. As they were walking leisurely along, they passed an oyster saloon. Stetson was particularly fond of the bivalves, and he proposed that they should go in and take some. His friend did not demur, and they entered. Two plates of oysters came to 30 cents. Besides this they took a glass of soda each, which made 10 cents more. This brought up the bill to 40 cents, which Stetson paid. Accordingly, adding to this 15 cents for cigars, he deposited 55 cents in his wife's hands that evening.

"I might as well make it 60," said he, smiling.

"No," said she. "Not a cent over. I want the savings to represent exactly what you spend on these little luxuries, and no more."

The next evening he had nothing to deposit, except the usual amount for cigars.

"It won't mount up very fast at that rate," said he, triumphantly.

"Never mind," said his wife. "I don't want you to increase your expenditures on my account. I am inclined to think they will not often be as small as this."

She was right.

The next day being Wednesday, John Stetson brought home a couple of tickets for the theater. It was a benefit night, and he was anxious that his wife should go.

"Certainly," said she. "I shall be glad to go; but you remember our compact."

"What?"

"How much did you pay for the tickets?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"That will make a dollar. Please hand me that amount for our fund."

"Was the theater included?" said John, a little reluctantly.

"Certainly, that was expressly mentioned."

"Oh, well, then, so let it be. Here is a silver dollar."

The dollar was at once dropped into the box.

The next day, in passing a shop window, Stetson noticed some fine oranges.

"Just what Mary and the children would like," thought he. "I'll go in and inquire the price."

They were four cents apiece. He bought half a dozen, at a cost of a quarter, which, with his cigar money, left him 37 cents to deposit.

The succeeding day he spent nothing

HUSBAND AND WIFE COMMENCED COUNTING.

except for cigars. On Saturday he stepped into a confectionery establishment with a friend and had a lunch.

When his wife added up the daily sums, she found, to her own surprise, even, that she had received from her husband two dollars and sixty-two cents. He would have been astonished to hear it, but she thought it not best to say anything about it. He would have alleged that it was a special case, as they did not go to the theater every week. This was true, but then something else was sure to come of equivalent cost, such as a ride or a concert.

So time slipped away. The necessity, according to the compact, of giving his wife as much as he spent for incidental expenses, no doubt contributed to check him somewhat, so that probably he did not spend more than two-thirds as much in this way as he had done before the agreement. Still he kept up to the average of the first week.

The year had glided by. John Stetson came into the room with a preoccupied air.

"What are you thinking about?" asked his wife.

"About the half-acre lot adjoining the one Holmes bought last year."

"Did you want to buy it?"

"Yes, I should like to; but of course I can't."

"How much do they ask for it?"

"Holmes paid a hundred dollars for his. This is, on some accounts, preferable, and they hold it at one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Perhaps you could raise the money, John," said his wife, quietly.

"By borrowing? I shouldn't want to do that."

"You remember our fund?"

"Pshaw! That may possibly amount to thirty or forty dollars."

"Suppose we count it, as the year is up to-day."

"Very well."

The box was opened, and husband and wife commenced counting. They soon reached and passed forty dollars.

"Bless my soul," said John Stetson, "I had no idea there was so much."

What was his astonishment when the total proved to be one hundred and twenty-nine dollars and forty cents!

"You see you can buy the lot."

"But haven't you swelled the amount from your own allowance?" he asked, somewhat bewildered.

"Not by a cent; and don't you see, John, that if you had refrained from even one-half of the expenses we spoke of, we might have had in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars?"

John Stetson did see and he was determined that the lesson should be a serviceable one. The half-acre lot was bought, and now, at the end of five years, it is worth double what he paid for it. He has also laid aside two hundred dollars a year during this period, and all by small savings.—Woman's Journal.

A Fantastic Ceremony.

When two Negritos, a people of the Philippine islands, are united, the whole tribe is assembled, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing near each other; the elders then bend the branches until the heads of the couple meet. When the heads have thus become into contact, the marriage is legally accomplished, and great rejoicings take place, a fantastic dance completing the ceremony.—Chicago Chronicle.

PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA.

Their Power and Influence Have Completely Passed Away.

The first to come were the men of Portugal, then in the fresh springtime of its power, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Storms, as he called it, in 1486; and after Vasco Da Gama, in 1497-'98, had traced the southeast coast as far as Sofala (a little to the south of the modern port of Beira), the Portuguese established settlements at that place, and farther to the north of it, and thence carried on a considerable trade with the natives, chiefly in gold brought down from the mines of Mashonaland. However, the unhealthiness of the flat country which lies between the coast and the interior plateau checked their projects of exploration and conquest. Individual traders and sometimes missionaries also penetrated far into the interior, and articles which the Portuguese must have brought to Africa, such as fragments of Indian and Chinese pottery, and even, in one or two instances, small cannon, have been found many hundreds of miles from the seaboard. But, on the whole, the Portuguese exerted little influence on the country and its inhabitants.

The white population remained very small, and it became degraded by intermarriage with the Kafirs; for in Africa, as in Brazil, the Portuguese have shown little of that contempt for the native blacks, and aversion to the mixing of their blood with the latter, which has been so generally characteristic of the Dutch and the English. During the 17th and 18th centuries the colonizing force of Portugal declined with the decline of her European power. She made no further efforts to explore, and even abandoned some of her stations on the Zambesi. She remained, however, undisturbed in her possessions till a few years ago when a question arose between her and Great Britain regarding the right to Delagoa bay, a port the value of which as the only deep water harbor fit for large vessels along the whole coast south of Beira, was now generally perceived. President MacMahon, to whom as arbitrator the controversy was referred, decided in favor of Portugal. Subsequently Germany appeared as a formidable neighbor on the north, while boundary disputes arose with the British settlers who in 1890 had occupied the inland country to the west.

Thus the Portuguese frontier, which had been very uncertain, has now become defined. It includes a vast area, but in that area the number of white men, or even of semi-civilized half-breeds, is so small that, although some fitful efforts have been made by the Mozambique company, little or no progress in occupying or improving the country can be recorded. Portugal sends no emigrants to Africa. Her government, now hard pressed for money, cannot find the sums needed to develop her African territories, nor is there private capital in Portugal to supplement the weakness of the government. The Beira railway and the Delagoa Bay railway (of which more anon) have both been built by foreign companies. Practically Portugal may be looked on as an extinct force in South Africa.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

MUSKRATS AND OWLS.

One Breathes Under the Ice and the Other Sees Long Distances.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Scientific society C. J. Maynard spoke of muskrats and other animals which he had caught and studied. Mr. Maynard's paper was largely from his own observation. He spoke quite at length about the muskrat, which, although a very common animal, is little understood by naturalists, who need much further observation to clear up certain obscure points.

In the winter time the animal builds for itself houses which are low domes and have a floor above the surface of the water, the only entrance being below the surface of the water. Sometimes the houses are built upon the ice at a distance from the shore. It has been quite a puzzle to know how the animal could reach its home, since it must swim for a long distance under the ice, with no chance to breathe. Dissection of the animal shows that its left lung is divided into several lobes, which are in reality air reservoirs, and which give it a very large air capacity. Then it has been discovered that the rat, after swimming as far as he can without breathing, stops and lets out a bubble of air, which comes in contact with the lower surface of the ice. This contact purifies the air, and after a little the rat draws it again into its lungs and proceeds on its journey.

The muskrat is very deficient in sight and many experiments are quoted to show the fact. A tame one which Mr. Maynard watched, if driven through an open door, would, at the first opportunity, return over the very same track and if the door had been closed in the meantime it would apparently not see it at all, but would bump against it. In the same way the animals in their wild state would hit against him if he remained perfectly still, apparently not being aware of his presence. But the hearing of rats is exceedingly acute. Points in their anatomy were noted, the development of the bones of the ear, the curious valve which closes the nostrils when the rat is under water and the structure of the tail, which is much flattened on the sides, so that it serves as a rudder and propeller when the rat is swimming.

Passing to other matters, Mr. Maynard spoke of his owls. He mentioned in particular the structure of the bones surrounding the eye whereby the organ can be made telescopic or microscopic at will. His owl could distinguish the smallest insect crawling along near at hand, and a moment later it would attract his attention to a cow on a hill at a distance—a distance so great that he himself could barely distinguish it as an animate object. Owls are afraid of cows, and whenever this one saw a cow he made a peculiar noise which attracted the attention of his human master. This ability to have both near sight and far sight Mr. Maynard traces to a bony structure of the socket, which is capable of compressing the eye and forcing the lens into one form or the other.—Boston Transcript.

Hard to Please.

Servant—I come to give notice that I am going to quit.

Mistress—What is there about this place that you don't like?

Servant — Your husband. — Texas Siftings.

PUBLIC HOUSE RUN BY A CITY.

Results of an Experiment Made in Birmingham, England.

The experiment was made by the secretary of the water department of the Birmingham corporation. According to instructions, a public house was opened in September, 1894, at Elan Village for the purpose of catering to the wants of several hundred men and families. "The rules of management," continues the story, "were decidedly stringent, and the success of the public house is, therefore, more important. The public house is opened daily between the hours of 12 and 2 p. m. for one and one-half hours only, and for the whole time in the evening between 5:30 and 9 o'clock. On Sundays it remains closed all day, but on Saturdays it remains open from 1 to 9 o'clock.

"Women are not allowed in the bar at any time, under any pretext whatever, men only over 18 years of age being permitted to drink at the bar. No woman under the age of 21, or boy under the age of 16, years is served with beer at the jug department. No person is supplied with more than one quart of liquor at the morning hour, while but two quarts may be consumed on the premises in the evening. Only village inhabitants are allowed to freely enter the public house, but strangers may do so with a written order, which is easily obtainable. It will be at once conceded that the municipal public house was started at a great disadvantage, there being an ordinary establishment conducted on the usual lines a few hundred yards off.

"Mr. Lees conferred with men of experience in the 'trade' before the house was duly established, and a qualified public house manager was appointed to conduct the business on behalf of the corporation. He has fully entered into the spirit of the municipal experiment, and quite understands that he is thought no more highly of if his sales are high than if they are low, whereas, should there be any drunkenness or disturbance, he is held responsible for it. There has, however, been no difficulty of this description, and saloonkeepers themselves admit the satisfactory nature of the undertaking. The takings, of course, have varied considerably, from $50 to $350 per week.

"The trade of the other public house has fallen off very considerably since the establishment of the municipal public house, by far the greater part of the drink now consumed in the village being purchased from the corporation house. The net profits for the first half-year were as high as $700, and they have since been increasing. The profits are devoted to the maintenance of a reading and recreation room, which is distinct from the public house, and this has proved to minimize the drinking—one of the principal objects of the experiment. There are bagateile tables and various methods of amusement to be had, and the public house is now regarded with considerable friendliness by almost every inhabitant of the village.

"Much good has been done for the social benefit of the inhabitants out of the profits, which is greatly appreciated. This public house is being conducted on lines similar to those advocated by the bishop of Chester, and is the only one in the country.. In concluding his report on the result of the experiment, Mr. Lees says: 'Individually, I am a total abstainer, but I am perfectly certain that we are serving the interests of temperance far better in providing wholesale liquor, under proper regulations, than we should did we attempt to prohibit the traffic altogether, leaving it to be conducted in the usual way.'"—Westminster Gazette.

SIBERIA'S FROZEN DEAD.

Czar Nicholas Will Mitigate the Horrors of Investigating Foul Play.

Though no throb of pity for the wretches that have been and are to-day sent to bleak, frozen Siberia by the "administrative process" has yet moved the heart of the great white czar of all the Russias, that monarch has, with a flash of humanity, started in to accomplish a reform of one of that territory's greatest horrors. So secret have been the doings over the whole extent of this vast storm-swept torture chamber of the most autocratic government of the world that only now has this outrage against civilization leaked out.

While sufficient machinery may not be at the czar's hand to abolish the horror utterly, the reports that come from the winter palace say that he will mitigate it and strip it of its present ghastliness. Custom is hard to break, and change in the Russias and this grim practice has come down from Tartar times. The dead, whenever there is a suspicion of foul measures, are frozen stiff, packed away in a convenient cellar in a building in the center of the district, and left there for months to await the coming of the government clerk of the province.

That official has a great extent of territory to cover, the steppes so broad and spreading that he can only get around them three or four times a year. In the meantime the corpses lie shrouded in frost, kept for his official examination. He comes accompanied by his corps of dirty moujiks and the surgeon of the province. A roaring fire is built in the center of this building, which has but one room. As the flames curl up merrily from the heap of fagots, the bodies, one by one, are dragged from their subterranean resting place, tied to stakes close to the fierce heat, and thawed out—literally and precisely—while the czar's representative looks on.

Then each of the unfortunates, long since passed away, has the last word of the law said upon him, the surgeon ripping open, disemboweling, carving up each and all of them, that he may detect the evidence of supposed crime.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Scrap Iron Yard.

A scrap iron yard is a curious place, where almost every conceivable article of iron finds its way. Iron spoons, kettles, frying pans, tea trays, locks, keys, horseshoes, nails, nuts, bolts, hinges, window frames, steam boilers and thousands of other things besides. About two years ago the scrap yard with which I am connected had about 20,000 bayonets, which were quite bright, lying in the yard at one time. They had been made at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, and had never been used, so they eventually found their way into the scrap yard.—Chambers' Journal.

—Neutrality in things good or evil is both odious and prejudicial; but in matters of an indifferent nature is safe and commendable.—Bishop Hall.

PITH AND POINT.

—"They say she rules him with a rod of iron." "Iron, eh?" I thought it was oil that made her father's pile."—Detroit News.

—"How do you feel?" asked the sheriff, with morbid curiosity. "Who, me?" said the star performer in the hanging. "I feel just about ready to drop."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Merchant—"You say you are an orphan?" Applicant for Position—"Yes; I haven't a living relative." Merchant—"Well, I'll take you. I ought to get a lot of work out of you during the baseball season."—Philadelphia Record.

—Bacon—"I see they've put a sounding-board back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for?" Egbert—"Why, it is to throw out the sound." "Gracious! If you threw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left in the sermon."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Mulligrubs is inclined to be in low spirits at times. In one of these spells he grumbled the other day: "This is a dreary world. That's the reason I hate doctors. They helped to bring me into it." Here he stopped, but, brightening up a moment later, he added: "However, they help us out of it in the end; so they aren't so bad, after all."—Boston Transcript.

—The cab drivers were exchanging anecdotes and opinions. "We see er ter'ble lot o' human nature," remarked one of them. "That's right. I kin tell whether a man's a gentleman er not just by lookin' at 'is face." "I kin judge better by 'is voice. W'en I git to the end of a trip I listen sharp, and if the party says: 'Here's a dollar extra fur yer-self,' I know then an' there that he's a gentleman."—Washington Star.

—"Must be a awful lot of birds used on the wimmern's hats, nowadays," said Uncle Abner, as he removed his best suit of clothes. "Why, Abner?" asked Aunt Sophrome. "Wal, they was a feller set in front of me on the train thet was dressed to kill—short coat, a diamond big as a shellbark hickernut, an' a plug hat; an' I heard him tell the feller he was settin' with thet he'd made over $4,000 this year skinnin' jays."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MAKES WOMEN CLOSE FRIENDS.

Independence Develops New and Binding Ties of Companionship.

The healthy latter-day independence of women is more closely connected with their friendship than most people recognize. The latter part of this age has seen many unexpected developments of the sex. There is the bachelor woman, the club woman, and the bicycle woman, not to speak of many others, who, by reason of varied occupations, and interest in some calling or profession by which they maintain themselves, have learnt to look on matrimony as a beautiful incident, which occurs in some lives, not necessarily theirs, nor need it be demanded for their happiness, prosperity, or general contentment.

Falling marriage, many clear-headed girls have found a cordial friendship for one of their sex, if not a substitute, an excellent institution. Such friendship has something exhilarating and healthy in it. Each acts as a stimulus to the other. There is companionship without the ties that bind the wife and mother so firmly—some one who can be consulted, and yet whose advice need not be followed; some one who can sympathize with daily struggles and with unceasing aspiration. Verily, the healthy, cheerful woman, who dwells with her friend, who thinks naught of going alone with her to the theater or reception, who earns a pleasant livelihood, and is neither "cribb'd nor confin'd" by household duties, is not a being to be tenderly pitied, even if she is living her life without the highest joys of the deep, trusting love of husband, and the passionate pleasure at the touch of baby fingers, the grasp of a little one who is all her own, her contribution to the great human race.

In the rush and fret of life, the woman who is one of a large family, each member of which has a claim on her, has scarce opportunity to form one of those elevating, steady friendships which serve to broaden and develop on each side. The single woman, the recognized "bachelor woman," who in our mental fancy is distinct from the slightly-described "spinster," makes the best friend and confidante. She it is who stands by her friend "in sickness and in sorrow," helps her through the dark days, enjoys her triumphs, and believes in her aspirations, and loves as Jonathan loved David. Happily, there is an extensive law of compensation in this world, and the women who never wear the crowns of household queens, but love one another with an ever-steady devotion, which nothing can diminish, have enjoyed one of the beautiful things of this life.—Chicago Tribune.

Spirits as Oil Prospectors.

Two thousand dollars has been raised in Belmont to put down an oil well on the Parker Lellous farm, two miles east of the village. William Robinson, who is a spiritualist, claims he has had direct communication from the spirit world, and that persons there, who when on earth were considered good judges in matters pertaining to oil, have indicated to him exactly where the well should be located. Twenty years ago within 100 rods of this same spot a test well was put down which yielded both oil and gas in small quantities. There were, however, at that time no such facilities for shutting off the salt water, which continually filled the well, as at the present, and as neither oil nor gas was produced in paying quantities, the well was shortly abandoned, and the matter has been almost entirely forgotten until recalled by the present excitement. Some of the leading spiritualists in the community have contributed large sums of money toward the fund raised for carrying on the work.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

That Was Different Again.

"Have you heard about young Mollard? He has just walked off with 30,000 francs of his employer's money."

"Ha! ha! the lucky rascal!"

"Besides he has bolted with your umbrella."

"Oh! the infernal scamp!"—Le Papillon.

Extenuating.

Judge—What extenuating circumstances can you give?

Counterfeiter—Please, your honor, I made the money to pay for my lodgings.

"Very good; it will pay for your board and lodging for the next five years."—Tit-Bits.

CHRISTIAN WEAPONS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Warfare on Sin.

The Christian's Assaults on Vice in Its Various Forms Likened Unto the Persistent Pursuit of Game by the Hunter.

The following somewhat unique discourse was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage before his Washington congregation. It was based on the text: He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.—Genesis x., 9.

In our day, hunting is a sport; out in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed birds on the flats, when Pullux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and Heaven. The Lord Jesus in His sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when He said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man to-day who will begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after awhile, be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters; at the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is cracking an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to to the most practical religous truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood Him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the Evangelists who went through this country years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told the story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the Other sheep were.

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise. How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery; and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

It the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long-bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down 400,000,000 souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bowstring, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theaters, and through the court room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying: "O, Galilean, thou has conquered!"

In the armory of the earl of Pembroke there are old coronlets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of body and soul, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Jesus—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I belive more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do any thing like this Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a siroccs of the desert covering up the cold with dry sand; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing nothing; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied, and helped, and contented in his skepticism, and I will take the car to-morrow and ride 500 miles to see him. The full power of the Gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this Gospel after awhile catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday schools, the lay preaching stations and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of Heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim. Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly! And may the slain of the Lord be many!

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only why to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar; yonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hands. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid gloves, and put on the hunting shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes.

There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the moonlight they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands upon thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless, that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day, surging up from the lower depths, a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and, the plunge of those great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, missionary church, that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Cnaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther crouches within 20 paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!"

Courage, O spiritual archers! There are great monsters in iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not of the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God, that it should fear to look in the eye of any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a 100 years it has been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds 2,500,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 200,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform. I think it was in 1799 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode, and loyal ladies, under exquisite housing, and 500 coaches waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, the deer and elephant fell under the stroke of saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 80,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and how in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery, you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grape vine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout, and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fin and antlers. If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the Church of God, the encampment have pitched this side of the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the Church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. Is there in all this house anyone who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God? Why, do you know that there are, in the banished world, souls that, for that offer you get today, would fling the crown of the universe at your feet, if they possessed it? But they went out on the mountains, the storm took them, and they died.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags about eighteen feet apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to Heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on until he confronts the chasm that divides His soul from Heaven. Now His last hour has come, and he resolves that He will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of Heaven. Stand back, now, and give Him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death leap.

Politics.

Historians know that in all persecutions religion has been a pretense, but in truth it has been politics. The atrocities of Armenia are ascribed to religious difficulties, but the truth lies in political ambitions, political aspirations and machinations.—Rabbi Hirsch, Hebrew, Chicago.

Prayer.

The praying man is the man who wins. Prayer is mightier than battering rams; prayer conquers armies; prayer holds back the arm of God; prayer melts away the blindness of men.—Rev. J. K. Dixon, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.