The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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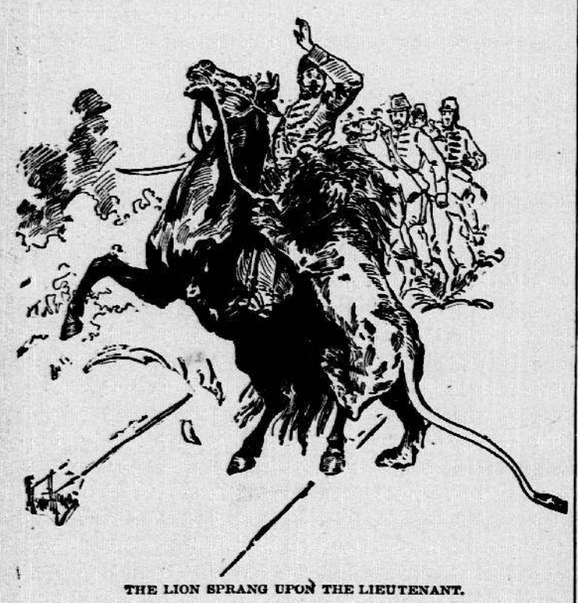
THE LION OF MASSINA

—Copyright, 1898

By .... CHARLES B. LEWIS.

The first person to report the presence of the Lion of Massina in the province of that name in the French possessions in the Soudan was a soldier. The province takes its name from a mountain 300 miles east of the sea coast. A single soldier was accompanying the mail rider between the military posts of El Banty and Wallado, and they were riding by night on a road skirting the base of the mountain. Lions had been plentiful in that locality before the establishment of the posts, which were 25 miles apart, but the garrisons had been turned into lion hunters until the game had been exterminated or driven out. In the year 1872 soldiers and natives killed 20 lions and trapped 15 alive. During the year 1873 not even the roar of a lion was heard within 30 miles of either post. At five o'clock in the afternoon of May 5, 1874, the mail rider and trooper left the post of El Banty. At half-past seven, when they had made a distance of 18 miles, and were about to water their horses at a stream crossing the highway, the lion suddenly appeared.

It was now night, but there was a full moon shining directly on the road. The lion sprang out of the cover of some bushes directly in front of the horses, and for a long minute the two men had a fair sight of him. They could not at first credit the fact that he was a lion, owing to his great bulk. Subsequent measurements proved him at least one-third larger than any lion of which there is any record. As soon as the horsemen realized what was before them they turned to flee. As they did so the beast aprang upon the mail



THE LION SPRANG UPON THE LIEUTENANT.

rider and bore man and horse to the ground. The trooper was not pursued, and when he returned to El Banty and reported what had occurred, a squad of 20 men was ordered out. On reaching the spot where the tragedy had occurred they found plenty of evidences scattered around, but it was not until next day that they found the bodies of man and horse. The lion had killed the mail rider by a blow of his paw, smashing the skull over the right ear. The neck of the horse was broken. The man had been picked and carried along the road for half a mile and then flung aside. The body of the horse, which weighed about 1,200 pounds, had been dragged through the bushes a distance of 80 rods and partly devoured. At one spot where a ravine seven feet wide crossed the lion's path, he had lifted the body clear of the ground and leaped across with it.

This was the beginning of a series of adventures and tragedies which made the big lion famous in many lands. Forty soldiers from each garrison were detailed to hunt him down, and were assisted by 200 natives. The hunt was kept up for two weeks, during which time the lion killed three natives, two soldiers, and four horses, and escaped unwounded. From the first it was realized that he was a queer beast. He never roared at night nor growled when springing at his victims. Notwithstanding his great size, he moved with the celerity of a kitten and the craft of a fox. While the soldiers were looking for him in front he would appear in the rear and kill a man or horse and be off without noise. One night he crept between the camp-sentinels who were wide awake and only 30 feet apart, and penetrating to the center of the camp and being obliged to leap over a dozen sleeping men, he seized a corporal who was smoking beside a fire and carried him off. The poor soldier's cries alarmed the camp, but the lion got safe away. He did not kill the man to satisfy his hunger, but dropped the body after carrying it half a mile. In no case did he eat any of his human victims, but would sometimes devour almost the entire body of a horse. After a fortnight or so the natives refused to render any further assistance, claiming that the beast was possessed of an evil spirit and even understood all that was said about him. The soldiers could accomplish nothing without them, and the hunt was therefore abandoned for a time.

During this interval of about 20 days the lion visited a native village called Shokko and killed two men, three women, a boy and five head of cattle. He entered the place just after dark, and his work was completed and he had vanished before any general alarm was raised. He simply trotted through the village from east to west and knocked people aside as he went. After killing the cattle he picked up a dog and carried the cur over five miles before dropping it. Three nights later he visited another village 20 miles from the first, and, leaping in among the live stock, over a fence 12 feet high, he killed two oxen, three cows, two goats and a donkey. A herder saw him as he entered and left the inclosure, and he declared that the lion did his work inside of three minutes.

The excitement now spread to all villages within 50 miles of Mount Massina, and the soldiers were about to be ordered out again, when a party of French hunters arrived from Port St. Louis, on the coast. They numbered six, and as they made ready to hunt down the beast they were joined by four officers from the garrisons. By the offer of large bribes about 20 natives were induced to lend their assistance, and the hunt was entered upon with great ardor.

The 30 or more men were divided into parties of five each and stationed at different points to beat over certain territory. For the first three days nothing was seen of the lion. Then one night as four out of the five men in one party slept while the fifth stood sentinel, the lion made a sudden dash up to their horses, killed three and vanished. This was at ten o'clock. At midnight the beast was in another camp 14 miles away. He had entered camp and was looking into the door of a tent wherein two men slept, when the sentinel saw him and fired his rifle. The lion did not bound away, but stared at the sentinel for a few seconds and trotted off. Two days later, after the parties had consolidated and were beating along the banks of a ravine, one of the hunters suddenly disappeared. His rifle was found soon after, but it was four or five hours before the mystery was solved. Then his dead body was found on an open spot three miles from where the lion had stealthily crept up and seized him from behind. The beast had caught the man by the shoulder and given him such a wrench that his neck was broken. The only marks to be found were on the shoulder. The body had not been dragged, but carried, and the lion had not turned aside for any obstruction.

The record from May, 1874, to April, 1875, a period of about 11 months, was astounding. During that time the lion killed fourteen soldiers. 27 natives, 20 horses, 45 head of cattle, 14 camels, 25 donkeys and about 50 goats. He kept 16 villages in constant terror, made two roads so unsafe that travelers ceased to use them, and the main road between the two military posts mentioned had to be kept guarded and patrolled by troops. The beast wandered about by day as well as by night, and in the course of 24 hours would sometimes travel a distance of 40 miles. On one occasion at two o'clock in the afternoon he suddenly appeared on the highway in front of a squad of cavalry numbering 14 men. Before a man had time to fire at him the lion sprang upon the lieutenant in command, dragged him from his saddle and was off with him. He seized the officer by the thigh and carried him as a cat does a mouse. The men dismounted and pursued, and the body was dropped and recovered after a chase of half a mile. It was then seen that the officer must have died of fright. The teeth of the lion had not even drawn blood, nor could any injuries be found. I give you the record just as it was furnished to the French consul at Port St. Louis. Because of their failure to kill this dreaded beast two colonels were transferred to other posts, and the prestige of the garrison greatly suffered with the natives.

About the first of April, 1874, three separate parties arrived at St. Louis on the same day. One was from Paris, one from Cape Town, and one from London. Those from Paris and London had been sent over by the Royal Zoological gardens to secure the lion as a curiosity—the one from Cape Town was in the pay of a great American circus company, and happened to be there when they heard of the Lion of Massina. Each party went up the country at the earliest possible moment, and in due time all were heard from. The object was to capture the royal beast alive and unhurt. As soon as they arrived at the district, the parties separated and each began its work. No wild animal ever had such a lot of keen and crafty hunters at its heels. The French party took the plain and its four villages to the west of the mountain. The English took the forest and plain to the south, while the Americans went to the north. The country to the north was hill and valley and plain, and there was but one village within 30 miles of the mountain. Every sort of trap and pitfall and spring gun had been tried over and over again without success. The French and English parties tried the two first again on every road and path and around every village, but though the lion continued to roam about as before he was too sharp to be caught.

It was left to the Americans to catch him, finally, and they did it in a very simple way. They spread fish nets on the inside of several cattle pens, and did not hunt for the lion at all. At the end of two weeks he came at midnight one night to kill cattle. No one heard or saw him until he leaped the fence, and was entangled in the nets. Other nets were quickly thrown over him, and in a few minutes he was so tangled up as to be helpless. Between ten and 12 o'clock he had traveled a distance of 12 miles. At ten o'clock he had killed two cows tied at the door of a native hut, and left them to make the journey across the country to the cattle pen which proved his destruction.

When it became known that the dreaded lion had been captured the natives assembled to the number of 5,000 to view him. On his way down to the coast he was gazed at by at least 30,000 people. His captors were offered as high as $8,000 in gold for him, but he was not for sale. In Port St. Louis he was put on exhibition, and in ten days over $500 was taken in at the door. He was placed aboard of a steamer bound for Havre, thence to be sent to New York, but in ten days was found dead in his cage, though seemingly in perfect health up to the hour he died. An autopsy proved that he was deaf and dumb from the day of his birth. He could not as much as whine nor could he have heard the report of a rifle at his ear. That he was dumb many had suspected, but that he had run his course and made such a record with one of his chief senses missing has always been considered marvelous by those who know the story.

A Window in New York

Copyright, 1898. By M. QUAD.

Curtains had been hung so as to make a little room of the saloon window, and seated on a wooden chair in the window was a rather seedily-dressed man, who sat with folded arms and eyes fixed on the buildings opposite. Around the window was a crowd of 300 men and boys, jostling and peering and hardly saying a word to each other, while a policeman kept a lane clear down the middle of the sidewalk.

"What is it?" I asked of the officer, as he came to a halt for a moment.

"Dunno," was his curt reply.

"What is it?" I asked of three or four different ones in the crowd.

"Dunno," was the reply of each one.

I squeezed my way through the crowd until I got close to the window. The man inside sat stiffly erect and seldom moved foot or finger. He didn't look like a hero, and he wasn't clothed as a champion athlete. After gazing at him for 15 minutes without catching on to anything, I went inside and asked of a man behind the bar:

"Will you please explain what sort of an exhibition this is?"

"It's no exhibition," he replied.

"But there's a man in the window."

"Yes."

"Isn't he on exhibition?"

"He may be."

"But if he isn't, why is he there?"

"Dunno."

When the barman had served two thirsty customers I returned to the charge and asked:

"Is the man in the window a bridge jumper, or anything of that sort?"

"I guess not."

"Has he saved anybody's life or performed some daring deed?"

"Not that I know of."

"He looks like a common sort of man."

"Yes, he is."

"In fact, I'd take him for a tramp."

"So would I."

"My friend," I continued, with one last desperate effort, "is he sitting there in that window with any particular object in view?"

"Haven't I told you I didn't know?" shouted the barman, as he flashed up.

"He came in here and asked if he might sit in the window, and as I hadn't any other use for it I told him to sit and be hanged to him. That's all I know about it, and now don't bother me any more!"

It was a New York window and a New York crowd, of course, and for three hours more the crowd hung on and gazed and wondered, and then dissolved grudgingly.

How She Guessed.

Maud—Don't you think these new pictures of me are lovely?

Marie—They are, indeed. Who took them—De Camera?

Maud—Yes. What made you think he took them?

Marie—I see he is advertising that he has the most skillful retoucher in town—Chicago Daily News.

The Difference.

"You have called me a liar!" shouted the angry citizen to the offensive citizen, "and you will live to regret that speech, sir."

"That jest shows the difference in fellers," remarked Cowboy Bill, who happened to be present. "When a man calls me a liar he don't live to regret it."—Pick-Me-Up.

To Insure Safety.

Mistress—So your cousin sails for Ireland on Saturday? You must let her take your photographs home to your mother.

Katy—Indade, ma'am, thim ships do be rollin' an' tossin' so, I think I'd better sind me photygraphs by mail.—N. Y. Truth.

The Season Opened.

Mrs. De Style—Dear me! What a lot of society news you've got hold of—even to a full description of Miss Tiptop's Paris trousseau! Where did you hear it all?

Miss De Style—At the symphony concert.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Faith in His Skill.

He—They say Walter is the best shot in the county.

She—Well, I don't believe it. He kissed me in the dark, the other night, on the nose.—Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Natural.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did Eve eat the apple?

Bright Pupil—Because the Lord told her not to.—Puck.

WOMAN AND HOME

IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Some Reasons Why Women Are Infinitely More Successful Teachers Than Men.

"The chief and underlying cause of 'The Decay of the Sunday-School,'" says Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal, "is the selection of incapable and incompetent men as superintendents. If men of broader views and keener perceptions were superintendents of our Sunday schools, the necessity for a few changes in the teachers would at once be apparent, and they would be promptly made," writes Mr. Bok. "One of these changes would be that the masculine element in the active conduct would begin and end with a superintendent, a competent assistant or two, and a systematic librarian. The sooner that our churches realize that women, and women alone, should be the teachers of the young in their schools, the nearer they will come to the ideal condition. The more a woman has to do with a child, the better for the child. And the more sympathetic, tender and well-bred women and the fewer men we have as teachers in our Sunday schools, the better it will be for the children and the schools. But no woman, occupied in business during the week, should, either of her own volition or under pressure, allow herself to be permitted to act as teacher in a Sunday school. When a woman is engaged in business for six days of a week her Sunday should be to her a day of rest. Her place in church or school on Sunday should be that of auditor; not of worker. . . . A little higher order of intelligence is vitally necessary in our Sunday school classes. We demand this of our teachers in our secular schools, and parents have a right to ask it of the Sunday school. It is not enough that the Sunday school-teacher should be spiritual; she must have intelligence wherewith to apply her spirituality to the very best advantage and by the most attractive methods. Young girls are to-day teachers who should be in classes. To bring home a spiritual lesson to the mind of a child is not play; it is an art, and calls for experience with children, a knowledge of human nature, an understanding of the very highest and deepest truths of life."

THE BUTTERFLY BABY.

A Playday Design of the Mother Hubbard Pattern for the Bright Little Miss of Six.

The Mother Hubbard dress of figured French challie makes a very useful playground article for a young child. French challie, it may be remarked, is

THE BUTTERFLY GIRL IN CHALLIE.

any challie that will wash. It does not necessarily mean the imported goods, but rather a fine, firm, solid colored material that launders perfectly.

The skirt can be laid in double-box plaits, front and back, and over the challie dress the little maid wears a white-lawn yoke or collarette, which is put on after the dress is buttoned. This can be done up as often as it is soiled.

Very high boots are worn to guard against thistles and dew.

Flavoring with Leaves.

A French investigator has found that by the addition of the leaves of fruit trees which in themselves have no marked flavor to saccharine solutions undergoing alcoholic fermentation a very marked bouquet of the fruit is developed. Thus, by immersing pear or apple tree leaves in ten or fifteen per cent. solution of sugar and adding a pure yeast, which by itself gave rise to no marked flavor, after fermentation a liquid was obtained which had a strong odor of pear or apple, respectively, and an excellent flavor, and on distillation gave an alcoholic distillate in which the aroma was still more marked. Vine leaves act in a similar manner, and it may be possible to improve the bouquet of a poor vintage by the addition of some leaves during fermentation. The results are far more marked when the leaves employed are from trees in which the fruit is approaching maturity. Jacquemin infers that the flavors of fruits are due to a body elaborated in the leaves, possibly of a glucosidal nature, which is not transferred to the fruits until the latter approach maturity, and is then acted upon by the special ferments contained in the fruit juices and develops distinctive flavors.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How to Stiffen Laces.

The best kind of starch to use for stiffening laces, handkerchiefs, washing silks, or any other thin fabric is made with gum arabic. Put an ounce of gum arabic into a bottle and pour over it a cup of cold water, and place it over the fire until the gum is dissolved; then strain it through a fine sieve or a piece of cheesecloth into another bottle. When it is cold add to it half a gill of alcohol and it will be ready to use when needed. For dainty laces half a teaspoonful of the starch mixed with a half cupful of water will give ample stiffness. Larger amounts should be added according to the nature of the different fabrics.

The word squirrel is from two Greek words which mean shadow tail.

THE SCARLET STOCK.

A Most Showy Yet Very Charming Combination in Bright Scarlet Silk and White Embroidery.

"Any color at all as long as it's red, is the color that suits me best," sang Eugene Field. And the same theme is echoed by many tastefully dressed women who find no toilette complete

ROBIN RED BREAST STOCK.

without a touch of the robin redbreast hue.

The most brilliant scarlet satin is used in neckwear, and you can scarcely have too many or too vivid combinations. One of the showiest of these consists of a plain red satin stock with a red satin bow in front. Back of the silk loops are three showy loops of white embroidery with a bright red satin bow to set them off. At the back there is another red satin bow, backed by white embroidered ends.

LIFE'S BRIGHT SIDE.

Why We Should All Try to Extract All the Happiness and Enjoyment We Can.

You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. It would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there was nothing to disturb its surface.

It is the duty of everyone to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and, above all, he should look upon the bright side. What though things do look a little dark. The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance right's itself. What appears ill becomes well, that which appears wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads, and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common-sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of the clouds and gloom. Therefore look upon the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—Leisure Hours.

SHOULD NEVER MARRY.

Some Women Who Are Unfit to Manage a Household or Become Helpful Mothers.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds, with a simper that she's "been in society ever since she was 15," should never marry. And there are others. The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby. The woman who thinks she can get $5,000 worth of style out of $1,000 salary. The woman who wants to refurnish her home every spring. The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying. The woman who does not know how many cents there are in a dollar. The woman who thinks men are angels and demigods. The woman who would rather die than to wear a bonnet two seasons old. The woman who thinks that the cook and the nurse can keep house. The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it. The woman who buys bric-a-brac for the parlor and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors. The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive euchre prize.—Minneapolis Times.

WHITE TIE AND YOKE.

A Pretty and Tasteful Feature for Trimming a Dark Cloth Dress at Small Expense.

A white embroidered yoke is one of the most tasteful things that can be worn upon a dark dress. There is a neatness about it that is almost hypnotic.

As no white yoke will outlast a dark dress, the yoke must be detachable. It

WHITE TIE AND YOKE.

can be made of embroidered muslin or pique. It can also be made of white lawn.

A pretty tie is of the same material as the yoke and fastens under the chin. The yoke may be in the form of lapels than turn back from a tucked center, in which case it is very easily detached from the dress. These white yokes will be a characteristic of the wool dress of spring.

A Mellow Light Is Best.

Dim lights are very much prettier than a glaring illumination, to say nothing of being cheaper. Rose shades are very becoming. If your landlord insists upon giving you electric lights by all that is artistic veil them with rose silk, or silk of the prevailing shade of your room.

Knockers to Be Revived.

There is a tendency among architects to revive the old-time door knocker. Quite a number of new and costly private residences in New York are decorated with these ancient signals for admission.

RUINATION TO EVIL.

A Revolutionary Pronouncement in the Lord's Name.

An Overturning of Things Traditionary in the Family, the Business Circle and the Church by Christianity.

In the following sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage preaches a religious revolution, which he thinks especially applicable to these times. The text is:

These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.—Acts xvii., 6.

There is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason, in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry: "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business. They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true; for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary, and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudice; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves, lifting the people up from the church pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a spiritual chloroform, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting 10,000 things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in this house say: "I thought religion was peace." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—Revolution!

The religion of the Bible will make a revolution in the family. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overthrown by it, while justice and harmony will take the place. The husband will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink, as well as all the money that his wife makes; and sometimes sells the children's clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be the subject to the husband. I know it. But that is a husband, not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle, it will give the dominancy to that one who is the most worthy of it.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud, and George will jump higher that he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat, nor hoop, nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of Heaven will stream upon it. The books of remembrance will record it; and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen, where the prayer is long and a long chapter is read, with tedious explanations, and the exercise keeps on until the children's knees are sore, and their backs ache, and their patience is lost and for the seventh time they have counted all the rungs in the chair, but I mean a family altar such as may have been in your father's house. You may have wandered far off in the paths of sin and darkness; but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt, importuning God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty, joyful family altar in every domestic circle. You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple, or a grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or a Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits, as at that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells, as in the house of Simon, the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ, coming into the domestic circle, will overthrow all jealousies, all janglings; and peace, and order, and holiness will take possession of the home.

Again: Christianity will produce a revolution in commercial circles. Find me 50 merchants, and you will find that they have 50 standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant: "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and creditor buys it in at half price." Honest? When he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half price. Honest? But he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he had had but the lung. Honest? though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlasting right and of the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible; and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one-half of them will go over. The ruin will begin at one end of the street, and it will be crash! crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter? Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh, no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been a failure in crops?" "No." Has there been an unaccountable panic?" "No." This is the secret: The Lord God has set up His throne of judgment in the exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before Him. What was 1837? A day of judgment! What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was the extreme depression of two years ago? A day of judgment! Do you think that God is going to wait until He has burned the world up before He rights these wrongs? I tell you, nay! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid; and as he stands looking at it, he thinks it never can be destroyed, but the Lord God comes and with his little finger pushes it all over.

You build a house, and you put into it a rotten beam. A mechanic standing by says: "It will never do to put that beam in; it will ruin your whole building." But you put it in. The house is completed. Soon it begins to rock. You call in the mechanic and ask: "What is the matter with this door? What is the matter with this wall? Everything seems to be giving out." Says the mechanic: "You put a rotten beam into that structure, and the whole thing has got to come down." Here is an estate that seems to be all right now. It has been building a great many years. But 15 years ago there was a dishonest transaction in that commercial house. That one dishonest transaction will keep on working ruin in the whole structure, until down the estate will come in wreck and ruin about the possessor's ears—one dishonest dollar in the estate demolishing all his possessions. I have seen it again and again; and so have you.

Here is your money-safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock, and the ponderous door swings back. But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money-safe may be, you can not keep God out. He will come, some day, into your counting-room, and He will demand: "Where did that note of hand come from? How do you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgaged from? What does this mean?" If it is all right, God will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Be prospered in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong He will say: "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable for your iniquities in this life, and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves, and horse jockeys and pickpockets."

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last 20 years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh, no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh, no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through the commercial streets of our great cities; and He has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitue.

The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages and commissions and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of state prison offenses. Society will be turned inside out and upside down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all cities throw up their hands, crying out: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in our churches. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the Church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself, and if we hear of want, and squalor and heathenism outside, we say: "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks. Suppose there were a great war, and there were 300,000 soldiers, but of all those 300,000 soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents, or scouring their muskets, or cooking rations. You would say: "Of course, defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations, or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is saying to the rich and the well-conditioned: "If you can pay your pew rent, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man: "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to Heaven, you will have to go by way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that, even on bright and sunshiny days, are not half full of worshipers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied regulation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room.

Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the maker of them all. Mind you that I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted; but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the church that have kept back the masses; and woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for Heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston in which, it is said, there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper, and said it was not so at all; "they were elegant people, and highly-conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright; and when I laugh, I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. It seems to me that you must be faring sumptuously every day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the Gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt 50 splendid equipages on the Sabbath day, I would have a church by whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance. You do not need the Gospel so much as they. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down! The financial boastings of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say that the present mode of conducting finances is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry: Revolution! It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down, in one terrific crash, the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

The talk is whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, this truth plainly: That until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals, they will beat you. In their cathedrals the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side. And, until that time comes in our churches, we can not expect the favor of God, or permanent spiritual prosperity.

Revolution! It may be that, before the church learns its duty to the masses, God will scourge it, and come with the whip of omnipotent indignation, and drive out the money changers. It may be that there is to be a great day of upsetting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now!

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green, and blue, and yellow, and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of Heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday. The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shotts, where 500 souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennant preached and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre, and warehouse, and blacksmith-shop, and factory, and engine house; and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting, in which the people cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Oh, my God, let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease, or accident, or wave of the sea, to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes, rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountain-top to catch the first ray of the dawn, and when flying fleet brings the news. And, oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot, may we all be ready, with arches sprung, and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way; and when Jesus dismounts, let it be amidst the huzza! huzza! of a world redeemed.

The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the church lifeboat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout: "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a lifeboat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these seats in the middle 50 cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer till the mission boat, whose work is to save you penniless wretches, shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

Archias, the magistrate of Thebias, was sitting with many mighty men drinking wine. A messenger came in bringing a letter informing him of a conspiracy to end his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, put it into his pocket, and said to the messenger who brought it: "Business to-morrow." The next day he died. Before he opened the letter the government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. To-day I put into the hand of every man and woman, who hears or reads these words, a message of life. It says: "To-day, if you fear His voice, harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say: "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee!

Man's Evils.

Never fan any man's evils so that they shall consume him, but infame every man's goods until they shall master him.—Rev. W. L. Demorest, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.