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, JUNE 30, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 33.

UNCLE DAN'S ADVICE.

"Never mind," Uncle Dan used to say,
"Things'll come out all right;
What if the clouds are dark to-day?
It may be clear by to-night!
Brace yourself up and face what you must,
God's in the sky and His laws are just!
Bear like a man what he gives you to bear,
Laugh when your plans go wrong;
A smile's the policeman that drives off care
And there's politics for pain in a song.
"Never mind," Uncle Dan said to me
When my savings went smash at sea;
"Brace yourself up and let folks see
That your nerve's right here to stay.
Take a new hold and try it once more,
As plenty of others have had to before!
When things seem to be at their worst they might
Be much worse, yet, you know;
The [illegible] clear by
[illegible]
But [illegible] you must;
God's in the sky and His laws are just—
Stand like a man what He gives you to stand.
Smile when the probe sinks low;
Show that your nerve is right on hand—
It might be worse, you know.
"Brace yourself up and still be gay,
Things'll come out all right;
Though life is a hard old pull by day
And an aching void at night,
Still there may come—" but my Uncle Dan
Jumped from the chair, wherefore I ran,
And I heard his scattering things I care
Not put in my rhyme, and he
Still chuckles and nods in his easy chair,
But has quit his preaching to me!
—N. Y. Ledger.

Miss Letitia's Trousseau

By Olive Winston Gage.

LETITIA HOUGHTON was going to be married; consequently many of her dear feminine friends said it was a shame, a scandal, for Letitia to think of such folly at her time of life. These same authorities declared she was 55 years old, adding there was no fool like an old one.

Letitia was on the sunny side of 45, but did not look as if she were 40, being handsome, with a pretty home, a tidy income, a kind heart and a sound head.

The beneficiaries of her bounty had become accustomed to consider her a spinster, too confirmed a devotee to single blessedness to change her state. What right had that old thing to be taken in by an impecunious adventurer, when she had friends of her lifetime who naturally expected—she had no kinspeople—to be remembered in her will, not that they were mercenary, but that they had a sort of claim upon her.

Remarks of this kind were freely indulged in when the invitations were received. Twenty-five or thirty women talking at once is rather confusing, and as the speakers became excited the comments became more personal and assumed an ill-natured turn. It was at a church sewing circle, and tongues were flying faster than needles.

An exceedingly pretty and richly dressed woman, a guest of the society, now took up the cudgels in defense of the absent.

"Ladies, ladies, is this a modern school for scandal, or a church society held in the basement of a sacred edifice? You all have cause to be grateful to Letitia; why should you speak of her so bitterly now, because she exercises the right we have all claimed?"

Mrs. Alyn Alden was a leader of society, whose dictum made or unmade a newcomer entering the charmed circle. Mrs. Jennie, as Mrs. Alden was generally called, was a power, and with promptitude they proceeded to eat their words with marvelous celerity.

Mrs. Jennie smiled and bade them good morning. On the way to Miss Letitia's she made a gesture as if she had touched an ill-smelling weed.

"What a power of harm such women can do at times! I do not pose as a reformer, but I really would like to recall the ducking stool for their benefit. Poor Letitia! I hope she has not chosen unwisely."

Her musings ceased as the coachman drew rein before the pretty old-fashioned garden of the Houghtons. Mrs. Jennie was met in the yard by the bride-elect, whose fresh and fair complexion had defied the ravages of time. With her bright hazel eyes and wavy light brown hair, she might have passed for 35 at most.

"Come into the house, Jennie; it's lovely out here amongst the flowers, but I have some things I wish to show you; the dress has come; I am too old to be married in white satin, so I selected a pink brocade trimmed with lace. I have never had so many pretty clothes made at one time in my life, for I never needed to. I don't think I'm envious, but when I saw all my friends' handsome outfits it occurred to me that it would be an inducement to marry. Do you not like it?"

"But where did you meet the man you expect to marry, Letitia? I would not give my life into the keeping of an utter stranger."

"You needn't be uneasy about me; he's a very pleasant man, and I'm positive we will get on very well together; as for love, we are not young people, and have said nothing about that, but we will do well enough as friends. Did you notice that black and gold visiting silk, Jennie?"

Mrs. Jennie perceived that the bride-to-be preferred to talk about her clothes instead of the man she had promised to marry, and made no other effort to drag him into the conversation. Miss Letitia brought every article for Mrs. Jennie's inspection.

"Do stay to lunch; I've so much to tell you yet! I want it understood that I meant what I said when I wrote on the cards I didn't want presents; please make my friends understand that, will you? I know that they will want to give me presents; you can't know how glad I am that I am liked, Jennie."

Mrs. Alden would not shake Miss Letitia's faith in the professions of friendship she believed sincere, but when their spiteful comments were recalled it angered her afresh with them.

For that purpose Mrs. Jennie drove back by the church, where she found the society dispersing. She did not alight, but told them of Miss Letitia's wish. She of the sharp tongue gave a shrill little cackle and said:

"That means we must give them without fail; she's afraid we won't give anything, and therefore takes means to make sure."

"Was that the reason you had no flowers on the cards when your daughter graduated? Letitia's bouquet was weighted with a jeweled butterfly. So glad you enlightened me; I have wondered why that clause was inserted, but had no idea it meant exactly opposite what it said. It is never too late to learn—wisdom. Good morning. I must go home."

Mrs. Ponsonby raised eyebrows and said to her nearest familiar friend:

"Mrs. Alden does have the knack of taking one by surprise; she confuses a person so; of course, I didn't mean—that is, I didn't intend to own—"

"That you took that way of assuring Sophy a number of bouquets and presents? I thought you didn't mean to say that, dear, did you?" suggested the friend, sweetly.

Miss Letitia's wedding night had arrived. She was looking extremely handsome and accepted the effusive compliments of her friends in apparently good faith; they declared she did not look a day over 40.

As yet the groom had not made his appearance; Miss Letitia had excused herself a moment or two, but the minutes lengthened into an hour without her returning, significant glances were exchanged and the buzz of many voices was heard.

It is astonishing how much pleasure some people derive from the distress or mortification of their friends. Mrs. Ponsonby and her coterie were insinuating that something was wrong; voicing pity which their eyes and countenance belied.

Thoroughly exasperated, Mrs. Jennie was about to give a crushing retort, when Miss Letitia reappeared.

She was slightly pale, her demeanor a mixture of regret and dignity, while a blending of defiance was depicted in her erect attitude.

"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy; business of a family nature, which I shall not be at liberty to divulge indiscriminately, compels him to start for Europe as he sent the message off; consequently there will be no wedding to-night. That need not interfere with our enjoyment of the supper; the presents will be returned to their donors to-morrow. Mr. Alden, will you see me to the table? The minister will take you, Jennie."

Her astounding revelations called forth a chorus of ohs and ahs, and a dozen excited women began to ply her with questions, protesting against her returning the presents, but she waved them aside.

She gave her guests no time to discuss her affairs in groups, but marched them into the dining-room, some wearing from the undiminished pangs of curiosity an expression as if they were being led to instant execution.

Miss Letitia was the life of the party, and the theory that she had been jilted did not gain ground; her explanation was accepted as true—as far as it went. More than one face became blank when Miss Letitia said:

"Jennie, be sure to come around to-morrow and help me pack those presents; some are so—valuable I will not be satisfied until they are returned; fortunately all are labeled."

"I will come, with pleasure, Letitia," replied Mrs. Alden, while Mrs. Ponsonby whispered dolefully: "If she would ask me."

Early next morning Mrs. Jennie accordingly put in her appearance, finding her friend in exceedingly good spirits.

While tying up a gaudy plated cake stand, a gift from Mrs. Ponsonby, Mrs. Alden said:

"Letitia, why return the presents? Were you in earnest when you said there was not much likelihood of there being a marriage?"

Miss Letitia was bending over the bed, replacing a handsome silver ladle in its velvet box.

The constrained position may have been the cause of her heightened color. Her face, as she turned toward Mrs. Alden, wore conflicting expressions; triumph, shame, and over all a half sad, half defiant look. Her first words were apparently irrelevant:

"I've learned much, Jennie," she said, as she folded a dozen fine thread-cambric handkerchiefs and placed them with lingering regret in the costly box they came in; "how exquisite these are, and like the donor! Oh, yes, I was saying how much I had learned since I had sent out those tickets. I've always had a too-confiding disposition, and, while I'm not now a cynic, I've had eye-openers, plenty of them.

"Going about to different stores, riding windy days, veiled, on the cars, have given me an insight into people's character that has been both painful and profitable; I needn't tell you whom I mean, for I see you know. I'm not a sentimental fool; the only regret is self-contempt that I've been taken in them so long, but I've never outgrown a girlish pleasure in being liked.

"You had your husband and children, and I never begrudged wives and mothers their happiness, for my life had been a healthy, happy one, and so completely am I a spinster that I believe I was born one; I've never seen the man I have ever imagined I could fancy, but there was one thing I did want."

Mrs Alden had listened sympathetically; as Miss Letitia paused for breath she ventured to speak. "What was that, Letitia?"

"You may laugh, Jennie, if you wish, but that was no more nor less than a trousseau!"

"What? Do you mean that—"

"I mean, and I know it will go no further, that I couldn't have a trousseau without a marriage, and that was why I sent out cards. Don't you understand, Jennie? The marriage could not take place—because there was no bridegroom at all; now it's out."

For once Mrs. Alden was surprised beyond the power of expression, but when she did recover her merry laughter was delightful to hear and was joined by Letitia.

"What a good joke!" gasped Mrs. Jennie. "Wouldn't it make the Richmond dames open their eyes? It shall go no further, though I would like Alyn to know, if you have no objection. What would Mrs. Ponsonby say?"

"Embellish it until we wouldn't know it; but there's one thing she won't enjoy any more; expectations of sharing my fortune. I shall leave my money as a fund for old maids' trousseaux."—Boston Globe.

STARVING TO DEATH.

Direful Results of the Famine Now Prevailing in India.

Millions of Men, Women and Children Are Dying by Inches in City and Country—Disaster Caused by Drought.

[Special Correspondence.]

ABOVE the noise of everyday events, the clamor of political intriguers, the din of more or less disreputable warfare, the cry of starving India, increasing in volume from day to day, so demands for itself a hearing that it can no longer be disregarded. How much longer the lives of white men in the outlying districts will be safe, while the natives are experiencing death in its most ghastly forms, is a question which is beginning to agitate that portion of the public mind which is personally interested in the fate of that unhappy country. White men are already regarded by the ignorant classes as responsible for a great amount of the suffering; but, while there may be grounds for complaint, it is certain that no nation would have accomplished more than has England while laboring at such a disadvantage. Of course, mistakes have been made. In the distant past, conditions, to a certain extent, righted themselves. During years of drought, followed by famine, the population was so decimated that in the succeeding years of plenty there was an abundance for all. But, as it was noted that the drought usually affected but one or two provinces at a time, the government caused the poorer people to be moved around from place to place, thus preserving life, until, at present, in a territory but little over half as large as the United States, there is a population of 300,000,000 of people. During the last two years the drought has become general and now 130,000,000 are suffering from the famine which, with slow insistence, seems likely to desolate the entire country. In its wake follow bubonic plague, cholera and smallpox. The germs of all these diseases find the best

A STARVING HINDOO FAMILY IN RAJPUTANA.

of soil for development in the feverish, impoverished bodies of the starving people. And now the water supply has become so short that, with the limited means of transportation, it is difficult to secure a sufficient supply into the districts where it is most needed. Instances are frequently reported of whole villages whose inhabitants do not have even a few drops daily.

Early in the history of the famine masses of the people traded all their worldly possessions for bread. Next, many of them sold their girls to the Mohammedans, receiving in return, in some instances, but 35 cents. The boys are not marketable and are turned adrift and may be seen in great, homeless groups, sometimes 50 together, literally starving to death. They eagerly lick up the sweepings of the grain houses, and are so emaciated as to be hardly recognizable as human beings.

The natives may blame themselves largely for existing conditions. Their religion demands that they follow old customs and they refuse to adopt modern methods of farming. Again, while most animals are to them sacred and must be provided for to the best of their ability, the high class Hindoos not only fail to aid those of lower caste in any way, but are rewarded for their inhumanity by the sense of rectitude bestowed by an approving conscience. Probably the inclination to aid never suggests itself, they are so hedged in by religious regulations which, viewed in a certain light, are certainly monstrous. There are some among us who prefer the teachings of Buddha to those of Christ, but if they would for a time leave the contemplation of some of the finer points of the Hindoo religion and study the details as they affect the people more, there would certainly be a diminished number of followers in the wake of some not overly clean looking East Indians who have secured for themselves notoriety in our large cities during the last few years. While wealthy Hindoos are comfortably following the dictates of their morally famine-stricken consciences and refusing the help they could so easily render to the poor of their own land, Christian missionaries are doing all within their power to alleviate the suffering. By the aid of native preachers they gather in all the famishing children possible and care for them. The English government is doing its utmost, but the people often refuse to be placed on the relief list until too weak to recover.

A STARVING PARIAH WOMAN AND FAMILY.

The viceroy recently declared that conditions are steadily growing worse. The plague is spreading alarmingly and another drought is threatened. He announces his intention to spend all the money in the treasury for the relief of the sufferers. Outside contributions have been made, but available funds are inadequate to meet demands.

A full-grown man at the relief works may only receive four cents per day. However, five cents daily will keep a Hindoo alive indefinitely, for, in his land, the supporting of life on a minimum of cheapest food has been reduced to an art. A few grains of rice, supplemented with roots and grass seed, will furnish him a fair meal. When the garrison of the British fort at the siege of Lucknow were reduced to daily rations of four ounces of corn made into gruel, some of the Hindoo auxiliaries offered to live for a week on the water in which the corn was boiled. If the whole civilized world would unite in the work of assisting people who are satisfied with so little the worst features of this famine, the details of which are too horrible to describe or read, would be alleviated.

To their abstemiousness, the English are largely indebted for the loyalty of the native soldiers. Each man knows that when his time of usefulness has expired the government guarantee of a pension sufficient to purchase a yearly suit of white cotton, and rice for his daily meals, is assurance of a sufficient provision for his old age. The religion of the country prohibits the use of animal food. As available funds of the relief committee are only sufficient to reach about 15 per cent, of the sufferers it is feared that wandering groups may resolve themselves into armies of bandits who, having disposed of their homes through want, will for years constitute a menace to the safety of the more fortunate inhabitants of India. Crowds of distressed human beings are daily streaming into the cities, and even in Bombay people without means of obtaining food starve in the streets. Famine prices prevail. Owing to financial depression mills are closed down and in many cases the wages of those still employed have been reduced. What sufficed perhaps for mere existence in prosperous times means now slow starvation covering a period of weeks or even months. Those dying in cities are buried in ditches, if in the open country they lie where they fall. Near some of the relief works men are constantly engaged in burning bodies; at a large number of them together, it is a fearful sight, the only way of protecting the living.

The suffering seems to be largely among the agricultural classes, of which 80 per cent. of the population of India is composed. Large sections of the arable lands depend entirely for their productiveness upon irrigation, the source of which is in rivers and streams which are supplied by rains. Every recorded Indian famine may be traced to failure of rainfall. A number of years ago the Indian forester announced his theory that the responsibility for droughts might be placed upon the great herds of goats (sometimes 15,000 or 20,000), always apparently starving, which attack the shoots of every young tree in the course of their depredations. Thus when old trees die off there are no young ones to take their places. Rains, which depend so largely upon the existence of forests, fall short, then famine and plague follow. The early rains come in June, are known as the southwest monsoons and originate in vapors drawn from the Indian ocean and the Arabic sea. Breaking on the Malabar coast for three months, they may be expected to flood India, the average fall of water being about 100 inches. At such times crops are abundant. But when these rains fail, as was the case last year, famine is the result. The "later" rains or northeast monsoons arrive in November and December from the Bay of Bengal. These also failed last year. Insufficient rainfall may be expected at intervals of from five to twenty-five years. Existing conditions are the worst recorded. The present drought, following so closely that of 1897, has rendered the ground so dry that there is a scarcity of water, even for drinking purposes, here colors unknown. EDWARD JULIAN.

Evidently.

"My daughter is in love with an impossible young man, and I'm taking her to Europe to cure her," said Mrs. Sterlingworth.

"Trying the absent treatment, eh?" replied Mrs. Wilberforce.—Detroit Free Press.

His Opportunity.

Miss Elderly—I'm very sorry, Mr. Woodby, but I can never be anything more to you than a—

Woodby (interrupting)—Yes; that's just my beastly luck—and I've got two grandmothers already.—Chicago Daily News.

Brutal Man.

"Your wife has a very sensitive, clinging disposition."

"Clinging? Well, it's rather more like what you might call 'grasping.'"—Chicago Record.

In Danger.

Mrs. Brooks—John, do you think Mr. Jobloit is going to marry our daughter?

Mr. Brooks—Yes; if he doesn't look sharp.—Puck.

Women employed on Japanese tea farms work 12 hours and are paid 18 cents a day.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A Lithuanian in Chicago bears the name of John Uppermost Short.

When the writer of a letter offering the mayor of Boston $1,000 for a good position appeared at the mayor's office he was found to be an honest-looking old man, who said he thought all officials got their jobs that way.

Gen. French is known as "Silent French." The now famous cavalry leader started his career on the deck of a man-o'-war, abandoned it for the infantry, and on leaving this entered the cavalry branch of the service.

Col. Girard, of Neuchatel, Switzerland, has had a curious experience. On one and the same day he celebrated his eightieth birthday, his golden wedding, the silver wedding of his daughter and the marriage of his granddaughter. His frends accuse him of unprecedented economy, as he made one festivity celebrate all four events.

Seven presidents of the United States were members of the masonic fraternity—Washington, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Garfield and McKinley. Washington was master of his lodge at Alexandria, Va. Jackson was at one time grand master of the grand lodge of Tennessee, and Buchanan was deputy grand master of the grand lodge of Pennsylvania.

Chang Yen Haman, successor to Wu Ting Fang, Chinese ambassador at Washington, is known as "the dandy of the orient." His milliner's bill is said to equal that of a society woman and his general habits are of the most expensive kind. Like his predecessor, he is a ready after-dinner talker, having acquired great reputation in this accomplishment while attached to the Chinese legation in London some years ago.

It frequently happens that well-meaning persons, ignorant of the customs that govern the diplomatic corps, send its members communications of various kinds which are improper, and which, therefore, cannot be given any notice whatever. All difficulties in this regard could be avoided if persons desiring to communicate with members of the diplomatic corps or to send them personal invitations to attend public or private ceremonies would do so through the department of state.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS BAD.

Expert Declares They Propagate Colds of the Head and Sore Throat.

There is another bacillus scare in New York, growing out of the declaration of Dr. Pfeiffer, the discoverer of the influenza bacillus, that the linen handkerchief propagates 70 per cent. of all colds and inflammation of the head, throat and lungs. He says that the linen handkerchief must be done away with and the paper article substituted for it. According to him, says the Chicago Chronicle, it often causes erysipelas to spread and that influenza recurs season after season in epidemical form in direct consequence of the use or abuse of the linen handkerchief. He is quoted as saying that:

"Every physician knows the influenza bacillus. It is easily killed, because it cannot live where disinfectants are employed. It will die quickly if its element, water substances, are drained off.

"The bacilli of cholera, typhus, tetanus, blood poisoning, etc., even those of the dreaded plague, are confined in the intestines, in the skin or blood; if a person is known to have one of these diseases we take all possible care to prevent the spread of its microbes to the other persons. So we now seldom hear of an epidemic of those maladies in American cities.

"If the bacilli which causes colds in the head, catarrh and sometimes erysipelas, and the small, rod-shaped microbe which causes influenza were treated like the others named, like them they would do only individual harm; but fashion ill-understood or wholly misconstrued notions of cleanliness, and, finally, courtesy, are against the self-suggested precautionary measure.

"In this case the poor and ignorant, also the unwashed, are not to blame. It's the perfumed woman of fashion and the man in patent leather boots and a high shirt collar who act as distributors of disease.

"A cold in the head, influenza and similar maladies cause copious flow of tears and sneezing and tingling of the nose, followed by watery and other acrid discharges. These tears and the mucus teem with millions upon millions of rod-shaped microbes which ought to and could be destroyed in short order, but instead are collected in handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs are buried in the pocket, and, which is quite as bad or worse, a good many microbes cling to the sick person's hand or glove and are transferred to other persons by means of a handshake.

"No one suspects that the sick person carries a veritable arsenal of microbes in his pocket. Yet every physician can tell you that a handkerchief and pocket furnish all the elements calculated to prolong and propagate the microbes' life. The microbe needs nourishment, darkness, warmth and dampness. The discharges furnish the first and the last, handkerchief and pocket afford warmth and darkness. Every time the sick person puts his hand in his pocket he is liable to infect it with dangerous microbes and every handshake he deals may transfer to others the disease from which he is suffering.

"Let us take pattern after the Chinese and Japanese, who, instead of the linen square, employ small sheets of soft paper, which they carry along in blocks, and that are thrown away after use. This fashion is much cleaner than ours besides excluding an element of danger that is always with us as long as we stick to the superannuated linen handkerchief."

Rewards for Andree Relics.

Notice has been received at the Swedish and Norwegian consulate in New York that the king of Sweden and Norway has decided to reward persons who have found objects belonging to the Andree polar expedition, and that a fund has been set aside for rewards for persons who may hereafter find objects from the expedition. It is supposed that the hope of reward is meant to be an incentive to whalers and other mariners who go far north to search for traces of the explorer and penetrate places out of the beaten path for that purpose.

FRUITS OF VICTORY.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Rewards of Faithful Endeavor.

Lesson of Christ in Overcoming Obstacles Which Beset His Followers—Satisfaction in Completion of Good Work.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows in an unusual way the antagonisms that Christ overcame and finds a balsam for all wounded hearts; text, John 17: 4: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than after having toiled in a certain direction to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into Heaven. He did it. The foul-mouthed crew who attempted to tread on Him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which He expressed when He said: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that the plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race has been hurt with the ghastliest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of Divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupendous.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of His way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In the first place, His worldly occupation was against Him. I find that He earned His livelihood by the carpenter's trade—an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know as well as I do that in order to succeed in any employment one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through high, hard, dry, husky, insensate Judaism to hew a way for a new and glorious dispensation was a stupendous undertaking that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ. We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments, but you know that after a man has been toiling all day with adz and saw and hammer, plane and axe, about all he can do is to rest. A weary body is an unfavorable adjunct to a toiling mind. You, whose life is purely mechanical, if you were called to the upbuilding of a kingdom, or the proclamation of a new code of morals, or the starting of a revolution which should upturn all nations, could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with His heavenly mission.

In His father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do; yet Christ, with hands hard from use of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some wept and some shook their fists and some gnashed upon Him with their teeth, and many wanted Him out of the way. To address orderly and respectful assemblages is not so easy as it may seem, but it requires more energy and more force and more concentration to address an exasperated mob.

So also His habit of dress and diet were against Him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in apparel without trinkets and adornments. None of the Caesars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed, it was far from shabby, for after He had worn it a long while the gamblers thought it worth raffling about, but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretense in His diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought Him wine to drink. On the seashore He ate fish, first having broiled it Himself. No one fetched Him water to drink; but, bending over the well in Samaria, he begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet and that not at all sumptuous, for to relieve the awkwardness of the host one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Other kings rode in a chariot; He walked. Other kings as they advance have heralds and applauding subjects behind; Christ's retinue was made up of sunburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterless hill. Riding but once, as far as I now remember, on a colt—and that borrowed.

His poverty was against Him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector, lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ. "Why," they said, "who is to pay for this new religion? Who is to charter the ships to carry the missionaries? Who is to pay the salaries of the teachers? Shall the wealthy, established religion be discomfited by a penniless Christ?" The consequence was that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to lose. Affluent Joseph of Arimathea buried Christ, but he risked no social position in doing that. It is always safe to bury a dead man. Zaccheus risked no wealth or social position in following Christ, but took a position in a tree to look down as He passed. Nicodemus, wealthy Nicodemus, risked nothing of social position in following Christ, for he skulked by night to find Him.

All this was against Christ. So the fact that He was not regularly graduated was against Him. If a man comes with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. But here was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language He spoke, and yet He proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marveled, saying: 'How hath this man letters, having never learned?'" We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one, and that a college cannot transform a sluggard into a philosopher or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head after the laying on of hands of the presbytery is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those olden times for a man with no scholastic pretensions and no graduation from a learned institution to set himself up for a teacher. It was against Him.

So also the brevity of His life was against him. He had not come to wield medical authority. But very few men do anything before 33 years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first 15 years you take in nursery and school. Then it will take you six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to 21 years. Then it will take you ten years at least to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man at 33 years of age gets fully established in his life work he is the exception. Yet that is the point at which Christ's life terminated.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside Him and says: "My father was a merchant prince. He had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers: "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation and says to Christ: "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Aha, the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that at the risk of starving they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him and says: "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd and says: "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children who love their mothers better than anyone else struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which He does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill Heaven with these, for every cedar that I plant in Heaven I will have 50 white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of Me, and now that I have come to a throne, I do not despise them. Hold it not back, O weeping mother! Lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Again I remark there was no organization in His behalf, and that was against Him. When men propose any great work, they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty, and the more complete the organization the more and complete the success. Here was one who went forth without any organization and alone. If men had a mind to join in His company, all right; if they had a mind not to join in His company, all well. If they came, they were greeted with no loud salutation; if they went away, they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him, that was all.

All this was against Him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amid such infinite embarrassments and by such modes? And yet I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding His worldly occupation, His poverty, His plain face, His unpretentious garb—the fact that He was schoolless, the fact that He was not accompanied by any visible organization—notwithstanding all that, in an exhilaration which shall be prolonged in everlasting chorals He declared: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

See Him victorious over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulcher. It swallowed the Central America, the president and the Spanish armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Some of us who have sailed on it know that Lake Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in His presence and licked His feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When He beckoned, they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him: "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmary how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry may do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding when the wine gave out could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and began to pull, when by reason of the multitude of fish the net broke. Nature is his servant. The flowers—he twisted them into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death. Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the conqueror of death. He enters that realm and says: "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son He said: "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them to his girdle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard Him: "O Death, I will be thy plague! O Grave, I will be thy destruction!"

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm, amid its muscles and nerves and bones, were intertwisted the energies of omnipotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Genesaret shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demolition. This poverty-struck Christ owned Augustus, owned the sanhedrin, owned Tiberius, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its water, owned all the earth and all the heavens. To him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmaus, the lightnings were the fireshod steeds of his chariot. Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say: "It was sleight of hand!" And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say: "Easily explained; not really dead; playing dead." And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say: "Clairvoyant doctor." Oh, what shall they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment and the hills shall rock and the trumpets shall call, peal on peal? In the time of Theodosius the Great there was a great assault made upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, and during that time Theodosius the Great called his own son to sit on the throne with him and be a copartner in the government of the empire, and one day the old bishop came and bowed down before Theodosius, the emperor, and passed out of the room, and the emperor was offended, saying to the old bishop: "Why didn't you pay the same honor to my son, who shares with me in the government?" Then the old bishop turned to the young man and said: "The Lord bless thee, my young man," but still paid him no such honor as he had paid to the emperor. And the emperor was still offended and displeased, when the old bishop turned to Theodosius the Great and said to him: "You are offended with me because I don't pay the same honor to your son, whom you have made copartner in the government of this empire, the same honor I pay to you, and yet you encourage multitudes of people in your realm to deny the Son of God equal authority, equal power, with God the Father."

My subject also reassures us of the fact that in all our struggles we have a sympathizer. You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from His punctured side and His lacerated temples and His sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that burden Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than He endured, when with tongue hot and cracked and inflamed and swollen he moaned: "I thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down His prayers, and snuffing up the smell of blood. O ye faint hearted, O ye troubled, O ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

Again, and lastly, I learn from all that has been said to-day that Christ was awfully in earnest. If it had not been a momentous mission He would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which He was resolved to extricate you, though it cost Him all sweat, all tears, all blood. He came a great way to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one being who would do as much for you. I lay His crushed heart at your feet to-day. Let it not be told in Heaven that you deliberately put your foot on it. While it will take all the ages of eternity to celebrate Christ's triumph, I am here to make the startling announcement that because of the rejection of this mission on the part of some of you all that magnificent work of garden and cross and grave is, so far as you are concerned, a failure. Helena, the empress, went to the Holy Land to find the cross of Christ. Getting to the Holy Land there were three crosses excavated, and the question was, which of the crosses was Christ's cross. They took a dead body, tradition says, and put it upon one of the crosses, and there was no life, and they took the dead body and put it upon another cross, and there was no life. But, tradition says, when the dead body was put up against the third cross, it sprang into life. The dead man lived again. Oh, that the life giving power of the Son of God might dart your dead soul into an eternal life, beginning this day! "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!" Live now! And live forever!