WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Talmage on the Current Financial Disturbance.

OUR RICHES HAVE WINGS

How Men Often Make Shipwreck of Character in Making Haste to Be Rich—The Unfortunate.

BROOKLYN, July 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage has selected as his subject for today a topic of the greatest interest and timeliness—viz, "Comfort For Business Men," the text being Isaiah xl, 2, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all hangers makers at their wits end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered—men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten.

Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our national legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be reached as shall restore confidence and revive trade and multiply prosperities! Yet not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

OVERBURDENED BUSINESS MEN.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction.

This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick.

Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break."

The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some man at the east living on a fat homestead meets this gamber of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate here for lots in a western city with large avenues and costly palaces and lake steamers smoking at the wharves and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper. The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated.

I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of ministers of religion and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to overanxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flashed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for the waves of worldliness dash clear over the church and leave the foam on Bibles and prayer books.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business house are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in midlife to the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East river. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashes out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by cursing curses, they are so many suicides.

Oh, I wish I could today rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles! It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Rethink betimes that God did not make you a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content.

The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother seated in the room said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

NEGLECT OF HOME LIFE.

Again, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semiannual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family has risen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you today, sir?"

A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness.

If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day, and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness that throws chains of gold about the neck; that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But, I tell you, there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes in America.

THE RIGHT USES OF MONEY.

Again, I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse!

While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as a lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is no common that they make pavement out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever cyphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find his righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

But I must have a word with those who during the present commercial calamities have lost heavily, or perhaps lost all their estate. If a man loss his property at 30 or 40 years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in midlife discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said, "We have lost the battle, and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!"

Though the meridian of life has passed with you and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there is something in his age or something in his health or something in his surroundings which make him know well that he will never get up again.

In 1857 it was estimated that for many years previous to that time annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. But let me give a word of comfort in passing. The sheriff may sell you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your God. He cannot sell out your heaven. You have more than you have lost.

Sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all loving Father, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God has sworn it, and every time you doubt it you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God and thank him for what you have instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

AN AWFUL SHIPWRECK.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. This noble steamer had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave; the pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain; the dismal flare of the signal rockets; the long cough of the steam pipes; the hiss of the extinguished furnaces; the walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle.

As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is sounded. Its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a euroclydon. Down they go! the bottom of this commercial sea strewn with shattered hulks.

But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world 6,000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril.

But how many shall go down? That will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven—the shipwreck of a world! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

Character In the Bell Ring.

Doorbells are pretty good indicators of character. Probably you have not been conscious of it, but every time you pull a doorbell you register what manner of man you are. Your ring will not tell everything about you, from the color of your eyes to your taste in flowers, but to those who know the signs the doorbell is as good as a title page.

Any one who has had occasion to answer bell pulls knows how much difference there is in them. One person's method varies very little from time to time, though the difference between that method and somebody else, while slight, will be sufficiently well marked. It is seldom that two rings are exactly alike.

The housewife recognizes each—the impatient man, who pulls the bell twice in quick succession and does not wait long before trying it again; the one of more phlegmatic temperament, whose ring is slower and more substantial; the hesitating woman, who draws the knob out in a succession of nervous jerks; the seedy individual with matches to sell, who stretches the wire carefully to its full length and then allows it to relax with a faint, apologetic tinkle, and the jolly friend who knows he is welcome and therefore grasps the knob with a hearty swing that is fairly eloquent with good nature and sets the bell to shaking its sides with such peals of echoing laughter that it positively cannot stop at once, but subsides gradually with a merry, irrepressible little titter. A doorbell has as many voices as visitors.—Yankee Blade.

The Giants and Noah's Flood.

Among the many queer stories related in the old Jewish Talmud and copied into Baring-Gould's "Patriarchs and Prophets" and works of similar import is one concerning the action taken by the great race of giants at the time of the deluge. At the time of the flood the giants were not all drowned. Their leader, Og, planted his foot upon the fountains of the deep, and with his hands he stopped the windows of heaven. According to Rabbi Eliezer, when the flood broke upon the earth the giants exclaimed, "If all the waters of the earth be gathered together, they will only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again." This they did as they had declared they would. Then God made the waters hot and boiled the flesh from their bones.

The Targum of Palestine also says the waters of the flood were hot. The Talmud then goes on to relate the story of the escape of Og, declaring that he went into the water along with the rhinoceros, clinging to the side of the ark. The same authorities which give us an account of how Og saved himself tell us that all the waters of the deluge were hot except that which immediately surrounded the hull of the ark. One rabbinic authority says that Og climbed upon the top of the ark, and that when Noah discovered and attempted to dislodge him he swore to be a slave to the patriarch's family forever if permitted to retain his seat.—St. Louis Republic.

Not a Flirtation.

A carload of passengers on the Broadway cable line coming down town recently were treated to a very amusing little incident, which was heartily enjoyed by every person present except one. Just above Houston street a lady entered the car and sat down near the door in a seat vacated for her by a gentleman. She was evidently well advanced in years, but a certain jauntiness in attire and frivolity in her manner plainly betrayed the fact that she desired to appear young. After she had ridden a short distance she suddenly attracted the conductor's attention, and pointing to a young man at the other end of the car on the opposite side said:

"Conductor, that insolent fellow is trying to flirt with me!"

The other passengers smiled slightly at the idea and looked at the young man indicated, expecting to see him look very uncomfortable, but he didn't. Slowly and gracefully arising from his seat and politely lifting his hat to his accuser he said:

"Excuse me, madam, but I was smiling at the other old lady who sits beyond you and who happens to be my mother."

This was too much for the elderly damsel, and after one vain effort to regain her composure she stopped the car and dismounted, amid the laughter of other passengers.—Exchange.

Doesn't Pay.

A lecturer, who had for several minutes harangued his audience on the beauties of politeness, was interrupted by a man who arose and said:

"That's all very well, cap—mighty fine talkin, an all that, but in this town politeness don't pay."

"You are mistaken, sir," the lecturer answered; "politeness pays in any and all towns."

"No, you are wrong," the interrupter persisted; "it don't pay here. I'll tell you why. For some time I have been eating at a lunch counter round yonder, and I noticed that every man sat up to the counter with his hat on, and as I wasn't brought up that way I concluded to take my hat off, and I did so."

"Well, did any one object?" the lecturer asked.

"Oh, no, there was no objection, but you see some fellow stole my hat."—

Getting Tired of It.

An exchange relates that an old lady traveling on the London underground road and finding that the train was approaching a station said to a man who sat at the farther end of the compartment and was her only fellow passenger:

"Would you kindly tell me, sir, what is the next station?"

"Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply.

"Then would you mind, sir, when we arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?"

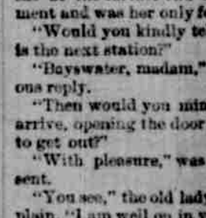
"With pleasure," was the cordial assent.

"You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and I have to get out slowly and backward, and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts, 'Look alive, ma'am!' and gives me a push in from behind—and I've been round the circle twice already."—Youth's Companion.

A Slight Error.

An up town church has recently undergone great alterations, and during the course of the work a lot of old wood was accumulated which was perfectly good for kindling purposes, but was not of much account for anything else. The superintendent of the building, thinking to have the wood removed at the least possible cost, started about to dispose of it by sale. Accordingly, picking out a nice, smooth board, he inscribed it as follows: "Wood For Sale by the Load."

The board had been exposed only a short time when some wag saw the chance for a good joke and changed the letter "a" in the word "load" to an "r," and for days the sign stood out in front of the church reading: "Wood For Sale by the Lord."—Philadelphia Record.



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Yet even the dreaded "open switch" is not so widely fatal as is a certain disease, which, without ceasing its activity for an instant, is daily filling hundreds of graves.

What is that terrible ailment? you ask. It is *Heart Disease!* "But," you reply, confidently, "*I* haven't any heart disease—my heart is all right." Are you SURE?

Dr. Franklin Miles, of Elkhart, Ind., the distinguished specialist in diseases of the heart and nervous system, states that disorders of the heart are as common as those of the lungs, liver, stomach, bowels or kidneys, though often unsuspected. The reason people are not aware of this important fact is because symptoms of heart disease are not usually recognized as proceeding from this organ, but are attributed to some other source. If you have shortness of breath, fluttering or palpitation, pain or tenderness in left breast, shoulder or side, oppressed or choking sensation, fainting or smothering spells, *your heart is affected.*

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THE SPRING & COMPANY'S SPECIALS.

Count over the little notions and nothings that you'll be apt to need. Anything lacking? They're here for you. Have you stopped to think what the modern dry goods store has accomplished in the line of ready to to put on garments?

EMANCIPATION FROM LABOR

Is the history of today. No sweating over cutting tables, trying on and fitting of garments, treading sewing machines. Think of the convenience of it—Women's suits for all occasion, house wrappers, daintily stitched muslin underwear, elegant enough for a bridal outfit. ALL HERE FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE USE.

TAKE READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES.

Very likely not a stitch to cut or button to change to make the fit perfect. If there is any altering to do it will cost you nothing. Our assortment consists of all the seasonable fabrics cut to the fashion. "But what about the coat," you say? Ah, that's where we surprise you. Ten to one you couldn't buy the stuff for price of dress complete if you select it at the store of SPRING & COMPANY.

Wash a linen lawn, it grows prettier each time, and it's about the coolest, airiest crispest of dress stuffs, and almost the neatest. We'll show you rare bargains this week in a variety of prices.

A COOL DRESS.

Are there any fabrics more suggestive for hot weather dress than our beautiful French challies or Brilliantines? A few of those black and white checks are still available—makes a pretty street dress. Suitings to please every taste, from 27½c to 87½c this week.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

It puzzles everyone to figure out how so much good material and workmanship can be given for the prices. Those French manufacturers have studied out the problem. With the finest materials and expert needle workers they are able to create garments that defy criticism, and cheaply to. Our muslin underwear department controlls the business here. Such qualities and styles cannot be found elsewhere; their cheapness is the wonder of every lady. Cambric corset covers, fine chemise, muslin Drawers, muslin skirt, muslin night dresses. Daintily trimmed with ruffling, embroideries, Swiss edges, etc. All sizes for ladies, misses and children.

FIGURE IT OUT

And see if the muslin alone wouldn't cost you what you pay here for the made up sheets and pillow cases. More than that the stitching is smoother and better than almost any home work. All the high and medium brands of muslin in regular sizes are really made into sheets, pillow cases, bolster covers, etc.

IN THE SAND

Or in the surf, why not a stylish bathing suit? Costs much less than one of the sloppy sort if you gather the materials here.

After such a carpet season of great buying and selling it's not surprising that many short lengths accumulate. Single pieces, odd borders, patterns we shall keep no more are many of them marked at half price. Get a rug length and you have a pretty prize for a quarter the price of pattern rugs. Find them in Miltons, Axminsters, Moquettes, Brussels, Tapestries and Ingrains.

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