REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Quick Feet."

TEXT: "When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod."—Matthew xiv., 6.

It is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading thereto are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread with all the luxuries that royal purveyors can gather. The guest, white robed and anointed and perfumed, come in and sit at the table. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Repartee is indulged. Toasts are drunk. The brain is befogged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light. Pour out more wine. Music. Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dance! Bring in Salome, the beatuiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer. The lords are enchanted.

Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations! These men never saw such "poetry of motion." Their soul whirls in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and everything but the fascinations of Salome. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirls on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. After awhile he sits in enchanted silence looking at the flashing, leaping, bounding beauty, and as the dance closes and the tinkling cymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shook the palace begin to abate the enchanted monarch swears to the princely performer, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the gospel of the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother Salome takes advantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate."

Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords! The executioners are returning from their awful errand. Open the door! They enter, and they present the platter to Salome. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony.

This woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awful burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room after an entertainment Salome carries the dissevered head of John the Baptist, while all the banqueters shout with laughter and think it a good joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister of the gospel.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman, who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit, whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement that I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old fashioned square dance, and of many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while, on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temporal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life—dissipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measure of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But whoever started it all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green corn dances, their war dances. In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the church anthematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostum says: "The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly; not to leap impudently, like camels." One of the dogma's of the ancient church reads: "A dance is the devil's possession, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many pases does he make to hell." Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music is his bellows, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the devil. For, as when hogs are strayed, if the hogsherd call one, all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some musical instruments, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride It is the instigator of jealousy. It is the sacrificial altar of health. It is the defiler of the soul. It is the avenue of lust, and it is the curse of every town on both sides of the sea. Social dissipation! It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong, he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne, which Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman, I appeal

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in the suppers and the midnight revels and then go home in the cold unwrapped of limbs will after awhile be found to have been written down in God's eternal records as suicides—as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol or a knife or strychnine.

How many people have stepped from the ballroom into the graveyard? Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulcher floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lips bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some of the cities there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their backs upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated—worse than annihilated, for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation, and after awhile the son was tossed out into society a honentity, and after awhile the daughter eloped with a French dancing master, and after awhile the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hide the wrinkles, but fails in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle—an old flirt, a poor, miserable butterfly without any wings.

If there is anything on earth beautiful to me, it is an aged woman, her white locks flowing back over the wrinkled brow—locks not white with frost, as the poets say, but white with the blossoms of the tree of life, in her voice the tenderness of gracious memories, her face a benediction. As grandmother passes through the room the grandchildren pull at her dress, and she almost falls in her weakness, but she has nothing but candy or cake or a kind word for the little darlings. When she gets out of the wagon in front of the house, the whole family rush out and cry, "Grandma's come!" And when she goes away from us, never to return, there is a shadow on the table, and a shadow on the hearth, and a shadow on the heart.

There is no more touching scene on earth than when grandmother sleeps the last slumber and the little child is lifted up to the casket to give the last kiss, and she says, "Goodby, grandma!" Oh, there is beauty in old age. God says so. "The hoary head is a crown of glory." Why should people decline to get old? The best things, the greatest things, I know of are aged—old mountains, old seas, old stars and old eternity. But if there is anything distressful it is to see an old woman ashamed of the fact that she is old. What with all the artificial appliances she is too much for my gravity. I laugh even in church when I see her coming. The worst looking bird on earth is a peacock when it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my old mother's gray hair for 50,000 such caricatures of humanity. And if the life of a worldling, if the life of a disciple given to the world, is sad the close of such a life is simply a tragedy.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of social life are despoiling the usefulness of a vast multitude of people. What do those people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony when they have for consideration the more important question about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravate? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the haunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Sybaris was a great city, and it once sent out 300 horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front feet seemed to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy, "You give me the mastership of the army, and I will destroy their troops when those horsemen come from Sybaris."

So they gave the old ministrel the management, and he taught all the other minstrels a certain tune. Then wher the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle, when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their fore feet, and in disgrace and rout the enemy fled. Ah, my friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life! Frivolity has lost the battle for 10,000 folk. Oh, what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group, looking askance at the glass, wondering with an infinity of earnestness how that last geranium leaf does look, this shriveling of man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffle, this pitching off of an immortal nature over the rocks when God created it for great and everlasting uplifting!

With many life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns, and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to the gemmed hand, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merrymaking!

But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sullen thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glides jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench the lamp wicks almost extinguished. Torn garments will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

Oh, how many of you have floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned, for I remember that there were two vessels on the sea in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-larboard!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation, and you are driving on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for "why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

FARM HANDS KILLED.

Four Deaths by a Boiler Explosion and Five Men Injured.

A boiler exploded on the farm of William Cain, near Crystal, North Dakota. Four men were killed and four badly wounded, one fatally. The dead are: Robert Hawthorne, Chris Behrens, F. A. Barriger and Nick Phillips. The injured are: Charles Shepard, fatally; Alex. Rue, Morris Getty and Thomas Morgan.

A team belonging to Thomas Morgan was also killed. Lack of water is said to have been the cause of the explosion.

BLOODY ARMENIAN UPRISING

Turkish and Kurdish Soldiers Killed and Wounded.

Advices from Erzeroum, Armenia, say that the Turkish and Kurdish soldiers at Sassun have been attacked by the people of that region and more than 300 of them killed and wounded. The Turkish troops are represented as being in a pitiable condition, their sufferings being greatly increased by the severe weather prevailing.

Cigars Make Good Freight.

There are 15,000,000,000 cigars sold in the United States every year. This was the statement of a prominent dealer in an Eastern freight department. The statement was immediately disputed, but as immediately acquiesced in when it was agreed that there were at least 7,500,000 smokers in the United States and that the enormous total named would give each smoker an average of less than six cigars a day. The railroad official then reduced this annual consumption of cigars to tons and found it would make 450,000 of this unit of measurement. At the high average of twenty tons to the car this would fill 22,500 cars. If coupled together these cars would make a train over 150 miles long. At a conservative estimate over $2,000,000 a year is paid to railroads for freight on these cigars.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 21.

Lesson Text: "A Sabbath in Capernaum." Mark 1., 21-34—Golden Text: Mark 1., 22—Commentary.

21. "And they went into Capernaum, and straightway on the Sabbath day He entered into the synagogue and taught." This lesson probably comes in order after the call of the four from mending their nets, etc., rather than after the call from the draft of fishes, but let us see Jesus, and the order of events may not matter so much. Capernaum signifies the village of Nahum, the comforter, and the true Comforter has come to His own city (Math. ix., 1). It was His custom to be in the synagogue on the Sabbath (Luke iv., 16), and we may be sure it was His custom never to be late.

22. "And they were astonished at His doctrine, and He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." He always preached the word and in the words which the Father gave Him to say (John xii., 49; xiv., 10). His words were the assertions of absolute confidence in God and in the Scriptures. He said, "We speak that we do know" (John iii., 11). We also, if sent by God, may speak boldly the message which He gives us (Ex. iv., 12; Jer. i., 7, 8; Acts iv., 31).

23. "And there was in their synagogue a man of an unclean spirit, and he cried out." Evil spirits still go to church and Sunday-school in the bodies of men and women and boys and girls, but not without the consent of those in whom they go. Anger, wrath, malice, worldliness, deceit, hypocrisy, are surely evil spirits. In fact, all that is not holy and true must be evil.

24. "Saying: Let us alone. What have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." Let us alone is still the cry. We will go to church and contribute to the cause if you will only let us alone about the theatre and the ball, social customs, Sunday newspapers and Sunday driving, receiving Jesus, preparing to meet Him and such like. But it is no use; we must all have to do with Jesus. He will destroy the work of the devil (I John iii., 8), and if those works include any of us then we shall have to hear Math. xxv., 41.

25. "And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him." He spoke to the spirit who was controlling the man. He hates sin, but loves the sinner. Let us also see to this and act likewise. Sin must be destroyed, and if the sinner persists in clinging to his sin he, too, must perish, but the Lord wishes to save the sinner and blot out his sins (II Pet. iii., 9).

26. "And when the unclean spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice he came out of him." He cast out the spirits with His word (Math. viii., 16). Where the word of a king is there is power (Eccl. viii., 4), and Jesus gave His disciples power over all the power of the enemy (Luke x., 19). What a strength it would be for service as we go forth in His name if we would only believe His word, "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and on earth, and, lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the consummation of the age!" (Math. xxviii., 18-20).

27. "And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying: What thing is this? What new doctrine is this?" The obedience of the demons to His word surprised them, and well it might, for whoever heard of evil spirits controlled by a word which men resist? Let His word be now received in all simplicity and meekness, and no evil spirit of fault finding, fretting, slander or evil speaking can abide in that person. Then will some have to say, "What new doctrine is this?"

28. "And immediately His fame spread abroad throughout all the region round-about Galilee." If the preaching in any church to-day should cure even the majority of its members of the evil spirits which seem to possess so many, what a name Jesus would get in the community! Why not with our hearts determine that by His grace we will seek in every way to magnify that honorable name which is called upon us (Jas. ii., 7 R. V., margin).

29. "And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew with James and John." Happy men to take Jesus home from church with them. How many get all they want of Him while in church, more than enough to do them a whole week, for once a week is all that some pastors see many of their people in the house of God! If such should take Him home from church with them, they could not go out driving in the afternoon, nor go visiting, nor read novels.

30. "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell Him of her." Perhaps a poor day for Simon to bring company (four men) home to dinner—his wife might think so, with her mother sick in bed—but we will hope she was one of those blessed women whom some of us know, who are always glad to exercise hospitality, who live to minister.

31. "And He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up, and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them." It was a good day to have company, after all, especially His kind. Mark is specially the gospel of service, and Jesus is here, in a very marked way, the servant ministering; hence many touches like this, "He took her by the hand." Note also the words straightway, anon, immediately, forthwith, all the same word in the Greek—see R. V.—used over forty times in this gospel, and only about eighty times in the whole New Testament.

32, 33. "And at even when the sun did set they brought unto Him all that were diseased and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door." The Sabbath ended at sunset, so they could then do this without, in the estimation of the Pharisees, breaking the day. See chapters ii., 24; iii., 2. The manifest power of God will draw the people. There are weary and heavy laden ones everywhere, sick in body and in soul, and this Jesus is to-day the very same Jesus (Heb. xiii., 8), waiting to give rest of soul and quietness of mind to every weary heart, and when He giveth quietness who then can make trouble? (Job xxxiv., 29).

34. "And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils, and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him." The margin says that He suffered them not to say that they knew Him. The testimony of the evil spirit in Acts xvi., 17, sounds well. What could be better? Yet it was not tolerated. God requires no help from the devil. When will His people see this and stop seeking help for the Lord's work from those who are not His children, and therefore must be children of the devil? (John viii., 44.)—Lesson Helper.

Dollar Wheat in the Dakotas.

Acting Secretary Sims, of the Interior Department, at Washington, has been considering a bid for wheat to be furnished the Sioux Indians at Crow Creek agency, South Dakota, which he thinks is positive proof that the low price for this cereal does not exist. The lowest bid was $1.01 per bushel The wheat is for milling purposes, and the grade required was "No. 1 spring," at sixty pounds to the bushel. This is a very high grade, and in case of a partial failure of crop might be hard to obtain. This bid for wheat for Indian supplies has been before the department before, and when returned the last time it was with the statement that it was impossible to obtain a lower rate, and that the wheat was needed for the Indians at once. Secretary Sims says that more than one dollar per bushel seems to be a very high price to pay for wheat right in the midst of the wheat-growing region.

The Revival in the South.

A Chattanooga (Tenn.) bank President, who is said by his correspondent in New York City to be one of the most conservative bank officers and best judges of credit in the South, writing of the business outlook, said: "The outlook for business in this section is good. Money is scarce and is now in fair demand; but crops are magnificent, and the people are probably nearer out of debt than in thirty years. Recovery in confidence and good feeling is slow, but is growing."

Wheat Displacing Oats.

The high price of corn and the low price of wheat have caused no little experimentation in the use of wheat as a ration for horses. In the big stables of Armour & Co., Chicago, a mixture of half wheat, half corn was tried some weeks ago, and it is reported that the experiment has given complete satisfaction. Feed men are quoted as saying that not half the livery stables in Chicago are using oats now, but are feeding wheat or mixtures instead.

RELIGIOUS READING.

HOW TO KEEP A GOOD MINISTER AND MAKE HIM BETTER.

When he comes among you and enters upon his sacred office, receive and treat him as an ambassador of Christ. "Esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake." Attend punctually on his ministry, and "take heed how you hear." To see the church well filled every Sabbath, even in stormy weather, will greatly quicken and encourage him in his weekly preparation for the pulpit. Remember him daily in the prayers of the family and closet, and be especially large and earnest in your supplications on the Lord's day, that God will enable him to "come to you in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace." This, while it helps him to preach better will prepare you to receive the word into good and honest hearts." If he is becoming dull in the pulpit, wake him up, by keeping wide awake yourselves. Nothing quickens a preacher more, than that fixed and solemn attention which assures him, "Now then are we all here present before God, to hear whatsoever is commanded thee of God." Allow him time for study, and when he is prevented by sickness or other unavoidable interruptions, make every reasonable allowance, and be satisfied with the best he can give you. This will help to keep up his spirits, and he will exert himself the more when he is well.

Give your pastor a liberal and comfortable support, and a little over what he is obliged to expend as he goes along, "for a rainy day." This is more necessary than it used to be, when ministers were "settled for life." It is not well that they should be cumbered with fat endowments; but there cannot be a more miserable policy, than to keep them upon the shortest allowance. It compels them "to leave the word of God and serve tables."

When your pastor goes beyond his strength, as he will sometimes feel constrained to do, especially in seasons of extraordinary religious ligious interest, don't wait till he is quite run down—but allow him seasonable relation, and even urge it upon him if he does not feel inclined to take it. A short journey and a few week's rest will often prevent utter prostration, and add years of health and usefulness to a laborious minister.

Always put the most favorable construction you can upon your pastor's motives and administrations. If he sometimes commits (mistakes, and who does not?) overlook them—bear with them. As long as he shows himself ready to 'spend and be spent' for you, stand by him and let him know that he shall be sustained in his place, and in the discharge of his duties. Give no countenance to such restless and unreasonable men as sometimes conspire against their minister without any just cause; but on the contrary, frown upon them. Meet them, the moment they begin to agitate, and convince them at once that they have undertaken a hopeless task; that you will not allow the peace of the society to be disturbed, nor the standing of a faithful pastor to be shaken in this way. If they choose to withhold their support, let them withhold it; if they have a mind to withdraw, let them withdraw: but give no place, 'no, not for an hour,' to those who seek to deprive you of a pastor whom you love. By rallying round him, and properly repelling every attack, you will attach him so strongly to you, and yourself so strongly to him that neither party will consent to a separation till overruled by the most imperious circumstances. [Dr. Humphrey.]

GOD'S CONTSANT PROVIDENCE.

Providence has no Sabbath. No night suspends it; and from its labors God never rests. If I may compare small things with great, it is like the motion of the heart. Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has ceased to beat. Our limbs may grow weary, not it. We sleep; it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to recruit its strength, by night and day it throbs in every pulse; and constantly supplying nourishment to the meanest as well as the noblest organs of our frame, with measured, steady untired stroke it drives the blood along the bounding arteries, without any exercise of will on our part, and even when the conscience of our own existence is lost in dreamless slumbers.

If this be a just view of divine providence, may we not rest securely? Shall we not bid our troubled spirits be quiet? "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," says the inspired volume. There is an unslumbering eye upon us—there is a heart of infinite love beating responsive to every need of our earthly life—there are arms of omnipotence underneath and around us. Let us be still—quiet as an infant in its mother's arms. Let us commit all our intereste to the keeping of our heavenly Father

ADMONISH KINDLY.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as dew upon the tender herb, or like melting snows, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the direction to convey it in a proper vehicle, and qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is not apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweet and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dextrous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behavior, will disarm the most obstinate, whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out in unseemingly satire of passion, we cease to have any influence.

THE WORLD HATH NOT KNOWN THEE.

Then what has the world known? Not known God! Not known him with whom it has to do! Not known its Saviour—its best friend! What then does it know, to the purpose? If you inquire of the world, it will only tell you that the present age in particular is the most illuminated of any; but it will tell you of its wonderful discoveries it science, its great knowledge in politics, in progress in the arts, etc. Some will profess to tell you what progress religion has made in the world; and they will go on to say more, as knowing what progress it will make; the world is so illuminated—so comprehensive!

Now with all this knowledge, discovery and instruction I read the text, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" Not known thee! and yet so wise? With all its little discoveries, cannot it discern the things belonging to its peace? Then, it is but telling me of the bustle and industry of ants—of the ingenuity and politics of bees! All this is trifling to him who wants a shelter.

CHEAP RELIGION

I entreat you do not covet a cheap religion. What costs nothing is absolutely worth nothing. To become a new man and a better man, and a strong man and an heir of glory, means more than signing a card or "rising for prayer," or to go into an inquiry meeting. It means the thorough uprooting of old sins and the implanting in you of a new nature. The whole question of your salvation must be settled between you and your Saviour; the inquiry meeting you need most is an honest hour with the loving Jesus. No book, no sermon, no friend, no pastor can save you; Jesus can. Whatever he bids you, as he speaks through your conscience, do it! The loving Saviour—who has waited for you too long already—says to you, "Follow me;" start at once, and you will find the path of obedience is the one straight road to heaven. —Dr. T. L. Cuyler, in Independent.

A quiet life often makes itself felt in better ways than one that the world sees and applauds; and some of the noblest are never known till they end, leaving a void in many hearts.—Louisa M. Alcott.

Cattle Fattened on Wheat.

W. W. Parish, Jr., the wealthy Kankakee (Ill.) farmer, was in Chicago a few days ago purchasing cattle. He has bought all the wheat near his home and will fatten a large number of cattle during the next few months. He says wheat is more profitable than corn for feeding purposes.

The Year at the Summer Resorts.

Reports from the various summer resorts throughout the United States indicate beyond question that this has been an exceptionally prosperous season for the resort proprietors and their business associates.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

A HELPFUL WIFE.

Every woman who crosses Brooklyn Bridge should recall that a woman did well the work that came to her in connection with its building. When Colonel W. A. Roebling, the Chief Engineer, was prostrated by caisson fever, so that he could not leave the house, Mrs. Roebling, his wife, acted as his assistant so capably that the work of construction was not impeded, but was carried forward under Colonel Roebling's supervision, through Mrs. Roebling.—New York Times.

EARRINGS COMING INTO FASHION.

Earrings are fast coming into fashion again, though novelties in designs will be worn more on the streets than the resplendent solitaire. Screw earrings will be the most popular for street wear, and in these there will be decided novelties as the season advances. One dainty design recently exhibited represented small gold lilies of the valley, with a small diamond flashing in the centre of each flower. Turquoise, rubies and sapphires are the favorite stones for young girls.—New York Advertiser.

A GIRL CARPENTER.

A lively young Danish woman, Miss Sophie Christensen, is anxious to get work in Chicago as a carpenter and joiner. In the city of Copenhagen she learned the trade, to which she was bound as an apprentice. When her apprenticeship was completed, a short time ago, she was admitted to full membership in the union. She displayed great aptitude and skill as a worker at the trade, and she is ready to display specimens of her handicraft. Among other things she has made a "self-closing book-case" which is serviceable, artistic and beautiful, and which is admired by everybody who sees it.—New York Journal.

"YES," SAID THE OLD JEWELER.

"Very few women know how to put on their brooches and lace pins. Let me see how you would do it." So Aminta took it up by the setting, to oblige him, and proceeded to work it into the bit of velvet at her throat.

"Yes, I thought so," he continued. "That's just the reason it will break soon again, and you will be bringing it back for repairs. It may be against my business, but I'll tell you how it should be done. Take hold of the brooch by the pin! Don't make a leverage by using the jeweled part as a handle. Take it up by the pin and put it in by the pin, handling the ornament only when you clasp it, so so will save your 'quarters' for renewing the pin."

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

When a French bride marries she does not assume the hymeneal white satin, as is our custom, if her family or her husband's are in mourning, but goes to the altar in simple white muslin, as M. Ernest Carnot's wife did a few weeks ago. Though in view of the late President's tragic death it seemed somewhat soon for the wedding, Mme. Carnot wished that it should take place, as it accordingly did, but with so much privacy that not even a single relative, except those immediately connected with the young people, were informed. The bride's family wore costumes of pale gray and violet, while the Carnot ladies were, of course, in deepest mourning. The bridegroom's mother appeared deeply moved during the service, and an air of silence and sadness hung over the bridal. Mlle. Chiris was an especial favorite with the late M. Carnot, and is extremely pretty. She had no ornaments, except a bouquet of white roses, with some fastened into her simple dress. The Lady Chapel of St. Pierre de Passy, in which the marriage took place, was adorned with similar flowers, but there were none in any part of the church.—New York Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES AND GYMNASTICS.

A doctor who has many of the weaker sex among his patients declares that to keep both spirits and complexion in good condition, and to preserve grace, strength and agility, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficial in its result, than the vigorous round of household duties, sweeping, dusting, making beds and polishing silver and brasses and washing dishes. He furthermore avows that a single year of such work will do more for a woman's complexion than all the powders and lotions that ever were made. Which is all well enough, though the assertions are a trifle time-worn, providing the woman thus prescribed for has sufficient strength to get through her round of sweeping and washing and polishing and is not hereby turned into a drudge. If she is too tired to get ready to go out for a brisk walk, or attend a lecture or concert, if she cannot sit down with a fresh, alert mind to read and assimilate, there isn't a word of truth in it. It is true that any exercise which is immediately and perceptibly productive of useful results is more interesting and invigorating than a mechanically performed series of gymnastics. But the truth is more women need to be urged to refrain from overwork than from laziness.—Philadelphia Press.

FASHIONS IN SLEEVES.

There is not the least indication that the huge sleeves of current fashion will be renounced for seasons to come. Returned importers and designers bring word direct from Paris that sleeves there are larger if possible than ever. If it is true that we are proverbially one year behind the French in our fashions, then the modiste is certainly safe in recommending to her patrons voluminous sleeves. The mutton-leg, the draped chatelaine, and the Queen Anne puffed shape are in constant use. The forearm portions remain close-fitting, but not tight, though they are snugger when the turn back gauntlet is added, this cuff appearing upon not a few of the new "dress" gowns. The puff above the elbow is cut in one piece, and is sometimes pleated, sometimes softly festooned, draped, or shirred to the outside of the arm, directly through the centre, the shirring delicately done, and so left, or it is covered with a rich galloon, insertion of silk passementerie, or other sort of trimming. Flounces falling above the full sleeve-tops are still popular, also long Vandyke points and rounded or square Hungarian shoulder-caps. On evening toilets are pretty sleeves showing a number of puffs placed horizontally or perpendicularly, as best suits the shape of the wearer's arm, and straps of velvet, satin ribbon, or pearled gimp are placed between each puff.—New York Post.

FASHION NOTES.

White cloth capes are in vogue.

Socks for women are really here.

Metal and jeweled girdles are worn.

Fancy buckles are one of the fads of the season.

The big Gainsborough hats are to be worn this winter.

Ivy leaves are a late and unique idea in millinery devisings.

Fashionable women should never wear anything but suede gloves.

Elegant fall evening wraps are lined with moire and with plain or brocaded satin.

Duchesse satins in evening shades line long and short opera cloaks of velvet.

Dainty bib collarettes are of coffee-colored net-top lace and cherry velvet ribbon.

Military capes of covert cloth are seen in mixtures of brown, gray, blue and fawn.

Ribbons have come to stay for a while, but laces will receive their share of patronage.

Blue and green and blue and heliotrope are two of the fashionable combinations just now.

Umbrellas were never cheaper. Dresden and natural woods are the prevailing styles in handles.

The hair of every woman, whatever her age, contour of complexion, must be parted to be fashionable.

One of the features of hair-dressing just now are the flat pointed curls set in the middle of the forehead.

The ribbons used upon the new hats are very wide and a great deal is required to fashion the new bows.

Along with the red browns are seen the familiar dull leaf shades, deepened and melted into indistinct greens.

Red currants are being used for dress trimmings for evening wear, and make a most brilliant trimming.

Most of the ultra-fashionable veilings, whether of coarse or fine mesh, show widely scattered black chenille spots.

Deep collars of handsome lace, in white, ecru and beurre shades, will be worn with fall and winter house gowns.

Gray serge of the black and white mixture wears well and is a welcome change from the blue and black serges so long worn.

Little girls' dresses, with velvet yokes, shirred waists, full sleeves and velvet collars and cuffs are preferred for ordinary wear.

Among the new materials of the season is the shot Chine grenadine, usually on a dark ground, and made up over shot glace.

In day dresses broad horizontal stripes are being treated very successfully. They are cut so as to form chevrons down the front.

Pin spots in white on black, or black on white, are used a great deal, and black satin is intermixed with almost every material and color.

The enormous collars in the various kinds of heavy lace are very stylish, but need to be worn with very large sleeves to really look well.

Old-fashioned bandana silk made in India, thirty-six inches wide, are waist novelties, exactly like the handkerchiefs used by the old snuff-dippers.

The dainty sets of side combs shown by jewelers are very expensive. These combs are of shell, entirely plain or ornamented with gold or silver filagree work.

Black, in velvet, silk and ribbons, is selling very well; indeed, so well that it has been observed that "one might suppose our fashionable women on the verge of going into wholesale mourning."

The old-fashioned snuff brown, so becoming to fair, high-colored complexions, will be much worn, and for this shade Persian embroidery or black Russian fur makes the handsomest trimming.

In tailor-made coats and skirts pleasing combinations may be found that are at once economical and smart. Capital Holland coats and skirts tailor-made, with the skirts boasting sufficient fullness to meet the decrees of fashion, can also be made for little cost.

The leg-o'-mutton sleeve is in for another year. It comes wrinkled, like the mousquetaire, to the elbow. It is seen not only in silk and stuff, but in cloth bodices and coats of light material. It is not good judgment, however, to put it in a bodice to be worn under a coat, for reasons of grace and comfort.

The new tones in brown for autumn and early winter wear show a decided tendency toward red inflections. Burned flour, auburn, mahogany, rust color and autumn leaf are the names by which some of them are known, autumn leaf being hardly more than a dull red, with bronze shadows, which show only in folds.

A pretty, simple gown, recently seen, was of white dotted Swiss over pale yellow. The overskirt was just caught up on one side to show the narrow ruffles of yellow silk. The sleeves were not lined, and were in deep puffs, ending in equally deep ruffles. There was a belt of ribbon, and the low half-neck was finished with a ruffle edged with yellow. A tortoise-shell comb in the sweet young wearer's hair completed the costume.

Japanese Soldiers Are Gymnasts.

Every Japanese barrack has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.—Chicago Herald.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

HOME-MADE PAINT FOR THE KITCHEN.

If your kitchen or any other floor that you do not wish to carpet shows unsightly cracks try the following recipe for them: One pound of flour, three quarts of water and a teaspoonful of alum and make a paste of them, cooking well together. After removing it from the stove stir it into a lot of paper that is torn in small pieces and let it soak, stirring as much as you can. The paper should be stirred until it is all in a pulp and the mass is so thick that it is difficult to stir any longer. Apply it to the cracks—be sure the floor is freshly cleaned first—and force it in, smoothing it off even with the surface. Leave it to dry thoroughly and you will find that it is more lasting and a great deal cheaper than putty. This can be painted right over as though it were wood.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE CARE OF FINE CHINA.

Every woman who owns beautiful and costly tableware knows with what misgivings she sees it go down into the kitchen to be chipped and marred in the careless handling of servants. Now, in some of the best regulated homes of New Orleans, there is a pretty custom handed down from generation to generation, and that is the habit of washing the china by the mistress' own hands. As soon as the meal is over a little cedar tub is brought into the dining-room, and the lady of the house dips the dainty cups and saucers into the hot water with her own delicate fingers, carefully drying them with a clean towel. It is a good rule for any owner of fine china to follow, and will be appreciated by those who have had their beautiful Dresden ruined by cooks and waiting maids.—New Orleans Picayune.

DUSTING A BOOM.

A careful housekeeper will cover up her furniture while sweeping, take the bric-a-brac from mantel and cabinets and laying it out carefully in one place cover it over, and when she does this, will find her dusting far easier, and a soft cloth, with possibly an ordinary paint brush for reaching the crevices in the carving on the furniture, all that is necessary to accomplish the task satisfactorily. Indeed, I know an energetic little woman who has made a business of this dusting, and these are the only tools she uses. She goes to a house, and being told the number of rooms that are to be dusted and the number of times per week that her services will be required, she gives an estimate on the contract for the season. The lady of the house is then relieved as to all anxiety of intrusting her fragile bric-a-brac, her delicate tinted furniture and her art treasures to servants, and knowing they are in the hands of a person who appreciates their worth and beauty she is willing to pay the price, and my little wo