DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Chariot of Triumph—Religion Represents Life, Not the Grave—Advice About Physical Health and a Prescription For Prolonging Life.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage gives prescriptions for the prolongation of life and preaches the gospel of physical health. The text is Psalms xci., 16, "With long life will I satisfy him."

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David in another part of the psalm prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness or an emanciation or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp. He speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations," while God in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying, "With long life will I satisty him." The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 930 years. Methusalah lived 969 years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his empire forty-five people 135 years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at 185 years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of life will be increased.

It is said in Isaiah, "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if, according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to 300 and 400 and 500? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance, and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And, if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body, what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all?

My design to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality. But the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says, "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars, or mar its walls, or crumble its pillars, is a God defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page, anatomical and physiological. He says, "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes"—that arm with thirtytwo curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles and all under the brain's telegraphy, 350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogshead of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished. The Christian man says to himself, "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment. Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychninED, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly!

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? It is the whispering gallery of the soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that, when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names His own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye; His omnipresence—it is God's ear; His omnipotence—it is God's arm; the upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers; his life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty; his dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder."

A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it. When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Be careful and do not let it run down.

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations, which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at 36 years of age, himself his own Muzeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his door was delirium tremens—

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box! How many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipations of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer, bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case, if he had kept to the steamer, his body would have been saved; in the other case, if he had kept to his religion, his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries, to-day slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. If this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian, he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul, everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell? And if he gain, that is best, and if he lose, that is best.

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend. I could fail back on $20,000,000. I can foresee a panic ten years. I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York. Whenever you are in trouble call on me, and I will help you. You can have my money, and you can have my influence. Here is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say, "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine. I can foresee a panic a hundred years. I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend. When you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on Me, and I will help. Here is My hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance. How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this? "Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost $5000 in it! Explain that."

I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction! Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down stairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result, and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind, "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not a tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another man says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume and cannot sleep, but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side. He will take care of your reputation. If God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide.

O nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative! You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want or morphine that you want. It is the gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to be. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying. I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world, it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world, you will go into an intermediate state, where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say. "As the tree falleth, so must it lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world. When a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being. You will not do anything. "Impossible," you say. "There is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface to life. There is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says 'forever;' my affections say 'forever;' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

BOHEMIANS BLAME INGERSOLL.

Will Attempt to Reduce Number of Suicides Among Country's Agnostics.

A plan by which it is sought to revolutionize the social customs of Bohemians in the United States has been undertaken among the 100,000 of that race in Chicago by the Bohemian Brotherhood of America. The brotherhood, which is a secret organization and represents a variety of religious beliefs, makes the bold declaration that the prevalence of Ingersoll agnosticism among Bohemians has resulted in suicides in such numbers as almost to threaten the extermination of their race.

Necessity for action is emphasized by the brotherhood in a circular sent throughout the country calling on Bohemians to co-operate in altering the unwholesome mental attitude of their countrymen. To the appeal for co-operation in the work of preventing suicides are appended statistics going to show that one-third of the deaths among Bohemians are by suicide.

Mr. Zdrubok, who is editor of the Svornost, a Bohemian daily newspaper, and who is mentioned in the circular as encouraging suicide, declares that the societies prohibit religious belief among their members, and that the works of Ingersoll are used as texts in the Orders. He said: "We preach and practice agnosticism, and I think the brotherhood has a difficult task in hand in attempting to effect the so-called reform."

Other officials of the Bohemian societies make no effort to deny the statements made by the brotherhood.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 15.

Subject: Esther Pleading For Her People Esther viii., 3-8, 15-17—Golden Text Psa. xxxvii., 5—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS. When Mordecai heard of the terrible decree which ordered the death of all his people he was filled with grief. He sent a copy of the decree to Esther and asked her to intercede with the king that the calamity might be averted. The king was a fickle-minded, despotic ruler, and Esther had not been in his presence for thirty days. It was therefore a great risk for her to venture into his presence, lest her life be taken. In attempting to save her people the queen must risk everything—her position, her husband, her wealth, her life. She must attempt by the mere weight of personal influence to reverse the decrees of an empire that prided itself on having unalterable laws; and she must do this against the influence of Haman, the king's favorite—the most powerful subject in the kingdom and the enemy of her people. She must make it known to the king that she was of the despised race whose lives were in danger. Before Esther could enter upon this important mission and encounter the danger connected with such an act, she proclaimed a fast among her people in Shushan, and she and her maidens also fasted and prayed. Then she said she would go on and do her best to save her people, though it should cost her life. At the end of the fast Esther dressed herself in her queenly apparel and came before the king. He received her kindly and asked what her petition might be, promising to grant it. She merely made request that the king and Haman attend a banquet which she should prepare for them. Read of Haman's joy over this honor, and of his plan to hang Mordecai; of the king's sleepless night, and his plan to reward Mordecai for his former kindness in sparing his life—in chapters 5 and 6. In chapter 7 the scene at the second feast or banquet is recorded. Here Esther made known the plan of Haman to destroy the Jews. Then the anger of the king was turned upon Haman and he ordered that he be hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. Then the house of Haman was given to Esther, and the ring which had been given to Haman the king gave to Mordecai. Esther placed Mordecai (her cousin) over the house of Haman.

3. "Esther spake yet again." The wicked Haman was out of the way, and the favor of the king was turned to Esther and Mordecai, yet the decree was not recalled. This Esther would entreat the king to do are the day came for the execution. "Fell down at his feet....besought him with tears." This was the manner and posture of a suppliant. Her work was not done until her people were saved from danger.

4. "The king held out the golden sceptre." In token that her request was accepted and that she needed no longer to maintain the humble attitude of a suppliant.

5. "Reverse the letters devised by Haman." It may be supposed that Ahasuerus hesitated in this perplexing case, as not knowing how to extricate himself with credit from so great a difficulty, and as reluctant to proclaim to all the world the folly into which he has been seduced. But Esther, with great discretion, avoided every intimation that the king himself had issued the decree, and expressed herself as if it had been not only Haman's device but altogether his work, as though the edict had been forged by him.

6. "How can I endure." She does not urge the innocence of the Jews, but only pleads their affinity to her.

8. "Write ye also for the Jews....the writing which is written may no man reverse." "According to the Persian constitution the former edict could not be revoked; hence they could not repeal the decree, but provide an antidote." However strange and even ridiculous this mode of procedure may appear, it was the only one which from the peculiarities of court etiquette in Persia could be adopted.

15. "Mordecai went out....in royal apparel." But a few days before, Mordecai was in sackcloth and all the Jews in sorrow; now Mordecai is in purple, and the Jews in joy. The royal apparel either belonged to his place, or the king appointed it to him as a favorite. A dress of blue and white was held in great estimation among the Persians, so that Mordecai, whom the king delighted to honor, was in fact arrayed in the royal dress and insignia. "Shushan rejoiced." The people were sensible of their advantage in the preferment of Mordecai, and looked for better times when so good a man was in power. When the wicked perish there is shouting, when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice. Haman was too proud to be popular; few lamented his fall. There was popular respect for Mordecai.

16. "The Jews had light, gladness, joy, honor." The decree that could not be countermanded was erased, and the Jews saved from destruction. Ever since then they have kept the fast of Purim on the the 13th and 14th of Adar (about March 1st) in memory of these days. The whole history wrought good in the character of the Jews and proclaimed their religion and their God. The Jews were content with being permitted to defend their lives. When the decree went out under the king's seal in favor of the Jews it would be understood that he held their lives precious, and as far as possible would spare them, though "it laid him under the necessity of enacting a civil war in his own dominions, for both sides might take up arms by his authority, and yet against his authority."

17. "In every province....city." Not only in Shushan, but in all other places where the Jews resided, they entertained one another at their homes and feasted together, being full of joy at this alteration of their affairs. If they had not been threatened and in distress they had not had occasion for this extraordinary joy. Therefore are God's people sometimes made to sow in tears that they may reap in so much the more joy. "Many became Jews." Many of the Persians became proselytes to the Jewish religion, but that they were circumcised is not probable. It is likely, however, that they renounced idolatry and became worshipers of the true God. Such proselytes there were in all times, especially in the days of David and Solomon, when the affairs of the Jews were very prosperous. Haman thought to root out the Jews; but it proved that their numbers were greatly increased. It was seen that the strength of right and justice was with them. "Fear of the Jews fell on them." Haman's fate warned them of the Jews' power, and when they observed how wonderfully divine Providence had owned them and wrought for them in this critical juncture, they thought them great and those happy that were among them; therefore they came over to them, as was foretold. Zech. 8:23. Compare Deut. 33:29.

SEPARATED WHEN CHILDREN.

Two Girls Who Were Sisters and Did Not Know It.

More than twenty years ago the parents of two little girls living in the mountains near Fresno, Cal., died. Kind-hearted neighbors took the orphans into their homes, where they were brought up as their own children, ignorant of their real parentage. One of them became Nancy Reid, the other Lena Whitehouse. The babies grew to womanhood within a few miles of one another and had passed and repassed many times as strangers without the slightest knowledge of their kindred.

When Nancy Reid grew up she was sent away to boarding-school. There she met an old friend, who, supposing she knew the facts of her birth, talked with her about her real father and mother. To her great surprise she found that the girl knew no other parents than Mr. and Mrs. Reid. Upon her return home she was told of the early death of her parents and of her adoption. But the greatest surprise in store for her was the knowledge that she had a sister whom she had seen since childhood, but without recognition.

Preparations were made for an early meeting of the long-separated children. The meeting took place a few days ago. They are determined to make up as much as possible for the lost time and to make the future at least fulfill their ideals of sisterhood.

The Youngest Lawyer.

Guthrie, Okla., has a fifteen year old lawyer. His name is Frank H. Burford, and he was recently admitted to practice, though he has not yet been graduated from the Guthrie High School.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Which Shall It Be?—The Wrecking of a Prosperous Business House—A Refusal to Drink Lost a Sale, But Made a Saving in the Long Run.

Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be?
God, or the devil, bond or free?
Will you boldly and cheerfully take your stand
With the chosen few, with the noble band,
Who are steadfastly doing all they can
For God and the right and fallen man?
Or will you sink, debased and blind,
To herd with the ruck of human kind?
God, or the devil, bond or free—
Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be?
Which shall it be? The home-life sweet,
Gay with the patter of tiny feet;
Or the squalid tap-room, grimy and grim,
The drunkard's curse, or the children's hymn?
Wrecked lives, or the strength that never flags,
Peace and plenty, or ruin and rags?
Bible or beer-shop, bond or free—
Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be?
Which shall it be? Two paths lie here—
The right leads upwards, the left, ah! where?
Others may give you counsel true,
But the choice, dear lads, is for you, for you!
And remember now in your boyhood's prime
Is the turning point and the seeding time;
The sot's bent back, or the saint's bent knee—
Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be?

A Drummer's Experience.

For eighteen years I was a drummer. My territory was in all of the Southern States; and I traveled through them all. In one of the largest cities in these States I had a good customer to whom I sold many large bills. The buyer of this house was a man who drank regularly and very often.

On one trip I went in to this buyer, and he sent the stock clerk to see how many cases of my goods were needed. When told, he ran his arm in mine and walked out of the office and up the street to an alley (talking all the time about business), and then down the alley to the back door of a barroom. When he struck the alley I saw his object, and said: "If the Lord will help me now, I will not break my rule." When we got within ten feet of the door of the accursed hole I stopped, and, looking at my customer (for he certainly was not my friend), I said: "I don't drink anything; no use my going in there." He looked at me, and said: "Come on and take a drink." I replied: "No, I don't drink." "Take a cigar, then." "No, I don't go in barrooms at all." He stopped and loooked me squarely in the face, and took his arm out of mine, and went in. He soon came out, and we walked on back to his office, but he didn't arm me back nor speak a word to me. When we got into the office again I took out my order book as though nothing had happened, and said politely: "How many cases shall I put down?" "None," said he; "I don't want any." I answered, "All right, sir; we have a surplus on hand at all times, and when you want any of our goods we will be pleased to have your order," and bade him good day. This was Saturday. I remained over in the city until Monday. Sunday morning I went to church, as was my habit, and when the collection was taken up who should I see passing the plate my way but this buyer whom I had offended the day before. I don't know whether he recognized me or not, but I knew him, and was told that he had been an officer in that church twenty years.

Now for the application. This man of whom I speak was a full partner in the house, which was rated at $200,000. I lost the custom of this house. It failed in about two years after this for over half a million dollars, but did not get my house for a cent. Since that time this man has gone down the hill, until to-day he is a complete whisky wreck. He is very poor, and has out few of the necessaries of life, and has to work hard to make both ends meet. His head is now white, and his steps feeble and tottering. I never see that man that this incident doesn't come up in my mind. My employer commended me for what I did, and retained me in his service for thirteen years. If it had not been for whisky this man would be well off to-day, and have plenty to start all his children and grandchildren in life.—Nashville Advocate.

Alcoholism and Crime.

The alcoholic craving accounts for many a confirmed criminal. Doubtless the tendency exists in a minor degree as belonging to all habituals, who make it a secondary part of their life, teetotalers being rarely met with in criminal walks. But there is a large number of hopeless prisoners whose only idea of life is drunkenness at any cost. In such the craving makes the criminal, and as the drink cannot be obtained without money other means are resorted to, such as breaking into public houses, robbing bar tills, stealing jugs and bottles from children sent out on such errands, dressing up as blind men, mutilated beggars crawling along the pavement, and other pleasantries so well known to the expert. Chewing a piece of soap and thus forming a lather to the simulation of epilepsy is a common fraud, and the profits all go to the publican. The alcoholic aspect is, however, very difficult of concealement, and the experienced observer well knows the pseudo-epileptic, the armless, legless cripple, and the unfortunate widow who with five children (all hired) parades the street in lamentation of woes.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Practical Work by Salvationists.

Practical work for temperance has been undertaken by the Salvation Army in Boston, in the establishment of stands where ice-cold lemonade and buttermilk are sold at one cent per glass. At first a variety of drinks were offered, ice-cold tea, coffee, etc., but the public demanded only two, lemonade and buttermilk, and nothing else is served. It is good lemonade, too, a Boston Transcript reporter says, after sampling it, and buttermilk fresh from the farm churn, and the public is reveling in the privilege. Well-dressed men and women patronize the stands and the small boys find their delight there. The idea is to supply the needs of the thirsty thousands of poor outside the saloons. Seven stands have been established, and it is proposed to double this number at once. As yet the army has not been able to meet expenses in its enterprise, and an appeal has been made to the temperance public to be generous with funds.

Rumsellers Organizing.

The saloon keepers of the country are preparing to band themselves together. To do this, a secret society only a short time ago was born in Louisville, Ky., under the name of the Knights of the Royal Arch. The purpose of the society is to protect the interests of saloon men and dealers in whisky. The members wear a button, and have society grips and signs.

A Bishop's Views.

Here is what Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., says of the drink evil: "The evil wrought by alcoholic drink is now acknowledged and proclaimed by all the organs of public opinion. It undermines health, enfeebles the will, coarsens the mind and inflames animal passions. It separates husbands and wives, divides families, and deprives children of the home influence which nothing else can supply. It lowers the standard of morals, fills prisons and insane asylums with its victims, and feeds the germs of corruption in the body politic. It is, in a word, the cause or the occasion of four-fifths of the crime by which our national life is disgraced."

White Slaves of the Traffic.

The Sunday drink traffic keeps 300,000 barmen, barmaids and others employed in England alone seven days a week. Their week-day hours are exceptionally long, and the occupation is exceptionally unhealthy and full of temptation. As a labor question, working men who demand shorter hours of toil should consider the claims of these "white slaves" to at least one entire day's rest in seven.

Toll Gates For Revenue.

There is something wrong with the Christians of a nation that will make saloons toll-gates for revenue, and sanction crime-breeding to coin money for current expenses. There is need of a revival.—Wisconsin Good Templar.

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS.

Blueberrying—Strength Through Trouble—Humility No Drawback—Success Through Preparation—For Preservation From Danger—A Great Apology.

On the rock-ribbed pasture hills,
With the hollows hid between,
Arched with skies the great sun fills,
Morn by morn, from green to green;
Where the birds their friendliest lay
On the fragrant air outfling,
Where the crickets croon all day,—
There we go blueberrying.

There the deepest shadows lie,
There the pines their balms let fall
There the squirrel watches nigh,
There the moping tree toads call;
There the mornings longest keep
Their sweet dews, all glistening,
There the free winds widest sweep,—
Where we go blueberrying.

Oh, the scents the plain herbs yield,
And the odors that are blown
From the forest and the field,
And the meadows, newly mown!
Ah! the drooping clouds that float
Just below the sun at noon,
And the sunsets, note by note,
Writing large their color-rune.

There each nestling bush has won,
In its globes of dusky blue,
All the fervor of the sun,
And the coolness of the dew;
Low to seek and plain to hold,
Clustered thickly; dew-impearled,
Free and sturdy, but within,
Summer's sweetness has been furled.

'Tis the marvel, dear and old,
Of a Providence that pours
Into every common mould
Its mysterious, potent stores.
Let the hurrying world go by!
Fear nor foe nor questioning
Bars the kismet which is nigh,—
We will go blueberrying!

—Olive E. Dana.

Strength Through Trouble.

Suppose, that, instead of dodging trouble, or just bearing it, it is possible for you to make it a source of life and strength; suppose that the very circumstances which had seemed to you most overwhelming can be converted by you into refreshment and health for other souls—would not that explain at last why the dreaded valley of Baca lay thus on your road? Blessed is the man who, coming there, maketh a well. To find under the dry soil of that parching place the signs of water, and to transform that very spot into verdure and fruitfulness—that is the most gracious use of life. I do not know when or where the valley of disillusion, or doubt, or disappointment is to come in your way; but I do know what your problem is when you get there. It is not to dodge away up the hillside; it is not even to get through the best you can; it is to discover the interior secret and gift of the experience, as one who digs into its soil. There is not a single experience which you are called to meet that has not within itself some fertilizing power; and there is not a greater joy than to discover the signs of water in the heart of what seems a desolate and thirsty land. For the well, once dug, is not for yourself alone; the experience once interpreted helps the next traveler that comes that way. It becomes a green and restful spot in many a weary journey. Nor is this all. The heavens above conspire with the effort of your will. "The rain," the psalm goes on to sing, "filled the pools." The Rain-Sender comes to reinforce the well-digger. God works with man when man is a laborer together with God and the man in the valley sings, as he digs his well:

"It is better to sit at the fountain's birth
Than a sea of waves to win,
To live in the love that floweth forth,
Than the love that cometh in."

—Francis G. Peabody, D. D., in "Afternoons in the College Chapel.

Humility No Drawback.

A thoroughly humble man often is distinguished for energy and efficiency, for good sense and even for his conspicuous leadership. Some of the world's greatest heroes have been genuinely and nobly humble. A man may justly attain to world-wide reputation, and know that he has deserved and secured it, and may enjoy it, and even be proud of it, without failing to be truly humble. If he should take pride in himself and his endeavors more than is just, if he should attribute to himself alone success which has come to him through the help of others or through advantageous circumstances of which any one else might have made use, he would fail in humility. But if he appreciates the fact that, having done his best and having succeeded, his success, after all, is not worth being puffed up about, he cannot be said to lack humility. No one can be truly Christian who overestimates his ability or his services to God and his fellowmen. And no one who thoroughly understands himself, no one who studies his own heart and life from day to day and becomes conscious of the rapid and mischievous growth of all sorts within him—needing to be continually repressed and overcome, and impossible of being conquered in any strength of his own—no one who thus makes himself acquainted with his own being and his own life can fail to be humble in the true sense. It is to be commended to the young especially that modesty and humility are essential elements of true greatness. There is a self-assertion which is legitimate and not unbecoming, but, as the rule, aggressive self-assertion is more likely to be mistaken and dangerous than either beautiful or helpful.

Success Through Preparation.

Charles Kingsley says of Turner, the great painter, that he spent hours and hours in the mere contemplation of nature without using brush or pencil. An authentic story is told of how Turner was once known to have spent a whole day sitting upon a rock throwing pebbles into a lake. When evening came his brother painters showed him their sketches and rallied him upon having done nothing. He said, "I have done this, at least: I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it." None of him fellow students could ever paint the ripples as Turner painted them. Many men and women find to their sorrow and dismay when the opportunity of a lifetime is presented to them they are utterly unable to grasp it because of lack of preparation. They are not ready for the hour of opportunity when it comes. They have not that keen discernment, that mastery of details, that ripened judgment, that only preparation can give.

For Preservation From Danger.

O God, whose eternal providence has embarked our souls in the ship of our bodies, not to expect any port of anchorage on the sea of this world, but to steer through it to thy glorious kingdom, preserve us, O Lord, from the dangers that on all sides assault us, and keep our affections still fitly disposed to receive thy holy inspirations; that being carried sweetly and strongly forward by the Holy Spirit, we may happily arrive at last in the haven where we would be, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Christianity's Great Apology.

It is utterly useless for men to place their preacher in his pulpit to argue for the truth which they deny by the infidelity and formalism of their own living during the week. The great apology for Christianity comes from the vital experience of the pew, not from the reasoned defence of the pulpit. The book of life is read by all, and the apology of a victorious religious experience has weight for conviction with every man who comes in contact with it.

Mr. McKinley's Historic Gavel.

G. W. Baird, Superintendent of the State, War and Navy Building, in Washington, has presented to President McKinley a gavel of historic interest. The gavel was made from ironwood from the timbers of the old Spanish fort at Playa del Este, Guantanamo Bay, where the first fight between the United States forces and those of Spain occurred on Spanish soil. In the fight there Dr. Gibbs and several marines were killed. The gavel was made by Gardiner C. Lewis, Chief Engineer of the Vulcan.

An Interesting Experiment a Failure.

The attempt to raise English pheasants on the hunting preserves in Maryland has been a failure.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Washington Items.

E. C. Evans, founder of the Tobacco Workers' Union, testified before the Industrial Commission that the absorption of the small factories by the large companies was not beneficial to labor.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken by the health officials on the border to prevent the spread of smallpox from Mexico to the United States.

Awards have been made for supplying the army with 400,000 yards of khaki and 100,000 yards of khaki serge.

General Otis reported to the War Department by telegraph that the 700 Chinese who were detained on ship board by him on account of his application of the Chinese Exclusion act to the Philippines, had been permitted to land.

The Secretary of the Treasury has accepted the proposition of John Pierce, of New York City, for the interior finish of the postoffice building at Buffalo. The price is $319,850.

General Otis has informed the War Department that the six or eight days' mail sent by the transport Morgan City was lost in the wreck of the vessel.

The Marine Hospital Service has been notified that owing to the fever situation in New Orleans, a train inspection service is to be instituted on all the roads out of the city.

The Navy Department ordered Captain Longnecker, of the cruiser New Orleans, to return to New York City in his vessel from duty in Dominican waters. The New Orleans will be relieved at San Domingo by the gunboat Nashville.

Our Adopted Islands.

The election of delegates to the Municipal Committees of Havana has taken place, the voting tables being well attended. Juan Gualberto Gomez asserts that all kinds of political opinions are represented in the men chosen.

The son of General Sanguily and the other young Cubans who recently invaded the Spanish Clerks' Club in Havana and hauled down the Spanish flag, have been arrested.

The indications are that the yellow fever situation at Havana is under control.

General Wood, Military Governor of Santiago, says, after his tour of inspection from Porto Principe overland, that very little progress has been made since the war.

The Maccabebe scouts in the Philippines have surprised two small towns on the Pampanga River and captured a few rifles. They exchanged shots with the enemy, but neither side suffered any loss.

Domestic.

A number of Porto Ricans, many of them young men, recently settled in Baltimore in order to learn English. But most of them will have to go home, on account of the losses caused by the recent hurricane.

Eight colored persons were severely burned, one fatally, as the result of the explosion of a lamp in the lodging-house of Mrs. L. B. Loveless, at Boston.

J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster, Penn., the Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge, was appointed by Governor Stone to the vacancy on the bench created by the death of Judge Henry W. Williams, of Wellsboro.

A man who registered at the United States Hotel in Boston as H. W. Hayley, of West Concord, N. H., was found dead in his room with his throat cut. The police on opening the man's traveling bag found several envelopes addressed to Dr. Herman W. Hayley, of Middletown, Conn.

There is a silver famine in Texas. Banks in Dallas and other cities have been telegraphing to Eastern banks for silver dollars, but cannot get any. The Eastern banks report that they can ship gold, but that no silver is to be had.

Elbridge G. Allen, formerly General Superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad system, shot and killed himself in his room at the Grand Union Hotel, in New York City. He had recently come from Boston, where he had put up at a hotel under an assumed name.

Skagway, Alaska, experienced a third shock of earthquake on September 18, but it did no damage. The area shaken on September 10 is estimated at 40,000 square miles. Boats arriving at Seattle, Wash., all bear evidence of contact with icebergs set adrift by the earthquake, the ships coming in with battered bows.

President William Smith, of the First National Bank of Charlotte, Mich., was killed at Wolverine, Mich., by being thrown from a log-carrier against a moving saw.

The great dam across the Colorado River at Austin, Texas, which was constructed by the city a few years ago at a cost of $1,000,000, has sprung a big leak, and the waters in the lake formed by the dam are gradually receding.

J. W. Copp, a woolen manufacturer of Charlton City, was instantly killed by a train at Uxbridge, Mass. The body was horribly mangled.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, gave out for publication a lengthy statement, in which he declares that he will not be a candidate this fall for mayor of Detroit.

William R. Hay, of Springfield, Ill., a nephew of Secretary of State Hay, has enlisted as a private in the Eighth United States Cavalry.

The stage between Westfall and Ontario, Ore., was held up and the registered mail taken. There were three robbers.

Active work on the construction of the new $1,000,000 drydock at Newport News, Va., has been begun. The dock wil be the largest in the world, being nearly 900 feet in length, and large enough to hold any two battleships or cruisers afloat.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Buckley were burned to death in their home, at Stoughton, Mass.

Signor Marconi, of wireless telegraph fame, who comes to America to make experiments for the War and Navy Departments, arrived in New York City on the Cunard line steamship Aurania.

Ensign Noah T. Coleman, of the battleship Iowa, died in a private hospital at San Francisco as a result of a complication of troubles and a bullet wound inflicted by himself some time ago in an attempt at suicide. Young Coleman had been condemned to stand trial by court-martial for various offenses, and attempted suicide.

The man who, under the name "Walter Lawton," inflicted fatal injuries upon Frederick J. Filbert, the aged cashier of a private bank in Palatine, Ill., is dead. He received a gun shot wound in his struggle with Farmer Piaggo, who tried to rescue Filbert.

Foreign.

Captain Freystaetter, who appeared prominently at the Dreyfus trial at Rennes as friendly to the prisoner, has been made commander of the Marine Infantry.

The British and French authorities have disagreed over the Newfoundland shore question.

The attempt to hold a pro-Boer, anti-war demonstration in Trafalgar Square, London, resulted in a drastic failure.

Mrs. Baker, custodian of the cottage of Anne Hathaway, the widow of Shakespeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, England, died as the result of an accident. She was a descendant of the Hathaways.

Mgr. Mariana Giocomo Casanova, Archbishop of Santiago de Chile, has returned to Santiago de Chile from Rome. He was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

Krezevic, the alleged leader in the plot to assassinate former King Milan of Servia, at Belgrade, on July 6, was found guilty by the court and taken out and summarily shot to death on the Champ Barabunna upon evidence wholly inadequate.

The financial troubles of the Republic of Colombia are becoming more grave. Employes are being given unlimited leave of absence in lieu of eighteen months' salary due them.

It is officially admitted in Berlin that army mobilization plans