The Pulaski Citizen.

VOL. XXXI. PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889. NO 29

A BOWER OF BRANCHES.

SUBJECT OF SERMON PREACHED JULY 14 BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eloquent Brooklyn Divine Adapts the Words of the Bible Relating to the Feast of the Tabernacles to the Present Time.

THE HAMPTONS, July 14.—The subject of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon today was: "The Bower of Tree Branches." His text was Nehemiah viii, 15. "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths." Following is the sermon:

It seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain, and have cut off tree branches, and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the house tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes, and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of tabernacles; and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also become highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven, and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may today be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees to make booths. Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned New York? Passed on.

There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But, blessed be God, we are not in this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are gospel booths, or gospel arbors, in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth unto the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build booths.

THE ARBOR OF THE GOSPEL.

Well, now we are today to construct a gospel arbor, or gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text we must go up into the mount and bring olive branches. What does that mean?

The olive tree grows in warm climates, and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an offshoot from that stem. And then people come, and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of one army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? Why, it means, unsaddle the war chargers. It means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying, Peace!

Now, if we are today going to succeed in building this gospel arbor, we must go into the Mount of God's blessing, and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have, we must have at least two olive branches—peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as a bloody chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness, and we are all sin, there must be a readjustment, there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

THE HUMAN VS. THE DIVINE.

There is a great lawsuit going on now, and it is a lawsuit which man is bringing against his Maker; that lawsuit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine; it is iniquity versus the immaculate; it is weakness versus omnipotence. Man began it; God did not begin the lawsuit. We began it; we assaulted our Maker, and the sooner we end this part of the struggle in which the finite attempts to overthrow the infinite and omnipotent, the sooner we end it the better.

Travelers tell us there is no such place as Mount Calvary, that it is only a hill, only an insignificant hill; but I persist in calling it the mount of God's divine mercy and love, far grander than any other place on earth, grander than the Alps or Himalayas, and there are no other hills as compared with it; and I have noticed in every sect where the cross of Christ is set forth, it is planted with olive branches. And all we have to do is to get rid of this war between God and ourselves, of which we are all tired. We want to back out of the war, we want to get rid of this hostility. All we have to do is just to get up on the mount of God's blessing, and pluck these olive branches and wave them before the throne. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Oh, it don't make much difference what the world thinks of you—what this king, that queen, that senator thinks of you. But come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the round universe; that is the joy that makes a hallelujah seem stupid. Ah, why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God, we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ; and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

DON'T QUARREL.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowdery Christians all around us, and one match of provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But, my brother, don't you think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had you not better make an apology? Had you not better submit to a little humiliation? Oh, you say, until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him; nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step. You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right—all right and forever right. Yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies, and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, but leaving them all on, and then try on them that gospel switch. It won't hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines you are no Christian.

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above.
>
> From sorrow, toil and pain,
> And sin we shall be free;
> And perfect love and friendship reign
> Through all eternity.

But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches. Now what is suggested by the pine branches? The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines! That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get to the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the healthfulness of our holy religion; it is full of health, health for [illegible] health for the mind, health for the soul.

DINED DAILY WITH THE KING.

I knew an aged man, who had no capital of physical health. He had had all the diseases you could imagine; he did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosannas. He lived high, for he dined every day with the king. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It is a healthy religion; healthy for the eye, healthy for the hand, healthy for the feet, healthy for the heart, healthy for the liver, healthy for the spleen, healthy for the whole man. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipoise. Oh that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now. I mean that it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick; but if a man take a full, deep, round inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor, he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this pine branch of my text also suggests the simple fact that it is an evergreen. What does this pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter cannot freeze it out. This evergreen tree branch is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest winter of misfortune and disaster, it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now that is a practical truth. For if I should go up and down these aisles, I would not find in this house fifty people who had had no trouble. But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh, how many bereavements, how many poverties, how many persecutions! How many misrepresentations! And now, my brother, you have tried everything else, why don't you try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the days of your prosperity; it is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like Muckle Backie, the fisherman, who was chided one day because he kept on working, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him and said: "It is indecent for you to be mending that boat when this afternoon you buried your child." And the fisherman looked up and said: "Sir, it is very easy for you gentlefolks to stay in the house with your handkerchiefs to your eyes in grief; but, sir, ought I to let the other five children starve because one of them is drowned? No, sir, we maun work, we maun work, though our hearts beat like this hammer."

RELIGION CAN HELP YOU.

You may have had accumulation of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in herds upon your soul; and yet I have to tell you that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you if nothing else will. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you? How was it with the man who had such a fondness for money that when he was sick he ordered a basin of gold pieces to be brought to him, and he put his gouty hands down among the gold pieces, cooling his hands off in them, and the rattle and rolling of these gold pieces were his amusement and entertainment. Ah, the gold and silver, the honors, the emoluments of this world are a poor solace for a perturbed spirit. You want something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the children came around to play with him, refused to play. He said: I will play only with kings. And it might be supposed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfaction, this imperial joy. Ye who are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty ought to play only with kings.

> The hill of Zion yields
> A thousand sacred sweets,
> Before we reach the heavenly fields
> Or walk the golden streets.

THE HONORED PALM TREE.

But my text takes a further step and it says, "Go into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and palm branches." Now, the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had three hundred and sixty different uses. The fruit was conserved; the sap was a beverage; the stems were ground up for food for camels; the base of the leaves was turned into hats, and mats, and baskets; and the leaves were carried in victorious processions; and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew eighty-five feet in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five yards long; it meant usefulness, and it meant victory; usefulness for what it produced, victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much was want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians don't amount to anything. You have to shove them out of the way when the Lord's chariots come along. We don't want any more of that kind of Christians in the church.

The old maxim says: "Do not put all your eggs into one basket;" but I have to tell you in this matter of religion you had better give your all to God, and then get in yourself. "Oh," says some one, "my business is to sell silks and cloths." Well, then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says: "My business is to raise corn and carrots." Then, my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of God. And some one says, "My business is to manufacture horse shoe nails." Then manufacture horse shoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we don't want in the church any more people that are merely weeping willows, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees holding something for God; something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satin slippered, namby-pamby, highty-tighty religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity.

WANTED: TRUE RELIGION.

Give me five hundred men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take any city for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin?

Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought before the Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils, and all the hard work, and all the exposure, and after they had told him what they wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him: "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said: "To-morrow morning." The learned men were astonished; they thought he would take weeks or months to get ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be earnest for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you have the decision to say, "Today, now!" Go now into the mount and gather the palm branches. But the palm branch also meant victory. In all ages, in all lands, the palm branch means victory. We are by nature the servants of Satan. He stole us, he has his eye on us, he wants to keep us. The word comes from our Father that if we will try to break loose from this doing of wrong, our Father will help us; and some day we rouse up, and we look the black tyrant in the face, and we fly at him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and we grind him in the dust, and we say, Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Oh what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." "But," says the man, "I feel so sick and worn out with the ailments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But," says the man, "I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "I, who have so many ailments and heartaches, going to be more than conqueror?" Yes, unless you are so self conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life yourself, instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and have God take a back seat? Oh, no, you say; I want God to be my leader. Well, then, you will be more than conqueror. Your last sickness will come, and the physicians in the next room will be talking about what they will do for you. What difference will it make what they do for you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. And when the spirit has fled the body your friends will be talking as to where they shall bury you. What difference does it make to you where they bury you? The angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the dust anywhere, and all the cemeteries of the earth are in God's care. Oh you are going to be more than conqueror. Don't you think we had better begin now to celebrate the coming victory? In the old meeting house at Summerville, my father used to lead the singing, and he had the old fashioned tuning fork, and he would strike it upon his knee, and then put the tuning fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But, friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song, the song of victory when we shall be more than conquerors? Had we not better begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

> City of Eternity, to thy bridal halls
> From this prison world I flee;
> Ah, glory! that's for you and me.

WE HAVE A BRAWNY CHRISTIANITY.

My text brings up one step further. It says, go forth into the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees. Now, you know very well that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So then the booth or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth; and hence for the building of the arbor for this world we must have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is in the gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a brawny Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms of life will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine; not only love, but justice; not only invitation by warning. It is a mighty gospel; it is an omnipotent gospel. There are the stout branches of thick trees. I remember what Mr. Finney said in a school house in this state. The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the village, and he was called Lot; and Mr. Finney, preaching, described the destruction of Sodom, and the preacher declared that God would rain destruction upon his hearers unless they, too, repented. And the people in the school house sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fists in indignation; but before he was through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel; not only an invitation, but a warning; an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees. Well, my friends, I have shown you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergreen gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch pigeons; and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth, and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after a while they dropped into the net and we were successful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth and I look out, I see flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the booth.

Lepers in London.

The chief sensation of the week in London has been over what has come to be called the Prince of Wales' leper. By some curious freak London took exceptional interest in the circumstances surrounding Father Damien's death—I say curious, because during his life the efforts of Cardinal Manning and others to raise funds to forward his work here were dead failures; but after his death the photographer who owned a negative of the devoted priest coined money and the agitation began for a moment. The prince took charge of the matter and then the doctors who have views on leprosy joined it, and by the time the meeting was held a full grown project for founding a leper hospital in London had taken shape. Unfortunately, to have a good leper hospital one needs lepers, and so a search was instituted, and the discovery made that there are two much needed specimens in London. The prince, put up to make a speech, declared that there was a leper in London employed in a large meat market. At this a fearful outcry was raised by the butchers, and columns of protest were crowded into the papers until the identity of this man was revealed. He turns out to be a native Englishman who was never out of the country, and who peddled ox tails, etc., on his own account and is an undoubted leper. The sensation over the whole incident has been interesting, but the skeptical are still unable to see why a leper hospital should be located here.—London Cor. New York Times.

Royal Correspondence.

Since American children are all kings and queens, it is only natural to suppose that they will be interested in the correspondence between the Princess Wilhelmina, who is likely soon to be queen of the Netherlands—notwithstanding the surprising recovery of her father, the king, from what was expected to be permanent insanity—and the infant king of Spain.

The princess, who is in her 9th year has always been delighted to hear all that her mother, Queen Emma, could tell her about the baby king of Spain. A day or two before her last birthday, entirely of her own accord, she sat down and wrote her cousin—all kings and queens are cousins—a letter, in which, after giving him a list of her principal treasures, including her favorite big doll Pauline and her pet pony, she went on to tell him that some day she should be a queen, though she did not want to be one, one bit.

She added that she supposed little kings liked toys as well as other little boys, and if her mamma would allow her, she would send him the biggest Noah's ark she had ever seen—which had in it every animal in the Zoological Garden at Rotterdam, and others besides.

Both the letter and the Noah's ark were sent to Madrid, and in due time the Princess Wilhelmina received from the king of Spain a charming little answer, written, of course, by his devoted mother.—Youth's Companion.

An Ancient Document.

A most valuable and interesting document of antiquity has been obtained for the Louvre museum. It is the speech against Athenogenes delivered by Hyperides, the friend of Demosthenes, and the defender of the notorious courtesan Phryne, who was accused of impiety, but was saved by the orator, who pulled off her peplum and displayed her charms to the eyes of the astonished judges. The incident has been depicted on canvas by Gerome. The history of Hyperides and his speech, as set forth by M. Revillout in his report to the Academy of Inscriptions, is curious enough. Athenogenes had a perfumery shop which was managed by a man of straw, or rather a slave, called Midas, to whom a client of Hyperides had left money. Being unable to recover the sum the client resolved to buy the shop, and the negotiations were carried on by a lady friend of Athenogenes, to wit, Antigone, a red haired and black eyed Athenian damsel.

All this traffic led to legal squabbles between these extremely interesting Greeks, and gave Hyperides an opportunity of descanting on bargains affected by women, who were treated as badly by Solon as Napoleon afterward treated them in his ungallant code. The pleading of Hyperides has a wonderfully modern tone about it, and—but for the names, dates and places—might have been delivered in the royal courts of justice in the Strand or at the Paris tribunal of commerce. The speech is mentioned by Longinus, who also refers to that in defense of Phryne, but it has only recently been found on papyrus by M. Revillout, an assistant keeper of the Louvre museum.—London Telegram.

Testing Telegraph Poles.

A young man with a gimlet two feet long stopped in front of a telegraph pole in an uptown street the other day and began to bore into it. Another young man, a reporter on The Sun, stopped also and asked the first what he was about. "I am going to find out how long this stick will stand up," he said, twisting the handle rapidly. "I am employed by the company that owns the pole, and it is my business to go about the streets making inspections like this. Every pole is numbered, and when I make my report the company takes action according to the condition of the wood. This is the only way we can tell how strong a pole is, for decay begins beneath the surface and works toward the center. It shows on the outside last. So you can't tell from the looks whether a pole may not come down in the first high wind, or light one, either, for that matter. This one," and he withdrew his gimlet and looked at the fine shaving clinging to it, "will last at least a year without danger. There is one on the Bowery, near Fourth street, that looks perfectly sound, much better than this one, in fact, and yet it is decayed almost from surface to surface, and is liable to fall any day." The young man did not know when the company would replace the dangerous pole, and, after making a memorandum in a book, he proceeded up the street to probe the next stick.—New York Sun.

A Repeating Rifle Invented in 1822.

A Kingston man, while looking through a file of newspapers published in Kingston in 1822, found a description of a "new invention," a repeating firearm. The gun was manufactured in New York city and was invented by a man named Isaiah Jennings. The description reads as follows: "It is a single barrel and lock stocked in the usual style, and is perfectly simple, safe and convenient. The number of charges may be extended to fifteen, or even twenty, each charge being under as complete control as a single charge in an ordinary gun, and may be fired in the space of two seconds to a charge or at longer intervals, at the option of the possessor, with the same accuracy and force as any other gun. The principal can be applied to any musket, rifle, fowling piece or pistol, and can be made to fire from two to twelve times without adding anything to the incumbrance of the piece, except five or six ounces to its weight."—Kingston Freeman.

The Velocity of Elevators.

The velocity of the passenger elevators in the tall buildings of the city is something to be marveled at in modern devices and improvements. The average speed of passenger elevators is 225 feet per minute, which includes the ordinary stops. The elevators in the big Equitable building at Sixth and Locust streets have a run of 130 feet from the basement or ground floor to the top of the building. The run is made in twenty seconds; with usual stops, one minute. In a day of nine hours any one of these elevators runs over ten miles, which does not include the time allowed by the starter. In several building here lately some elevators have developed a speed of 900 feet a minute.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 21.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. vii, 1-12—Commit to Memory Verses 3-4—Golden Text, Isa. i, 16, 17—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

1. "And the men of Kirjath-jearim came and fetched up the Ark of the Lord." This holy vessel, the Ark of Jehovah, which was the most sacred vessel in the Tabernacle, or in the Temple, the same Ark being used in each, and which is mentioned now at least thirty-five times since chap. iii, 3, is to me one of the most interesting of Bible studies, and speaks to me of Jesus both as God and man, God's law in His heart, delighting to do the will of God, fulfilling all righteousness, the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, our mercy seat, our hidden manna, our High Priest chosen by God, the great head of the church from whom the cherubim are formed, the revelation to us of the Father's love and eternal purpose; and yet, though it thus talks of all these glorious things, the full significance of it will not be known till the temple of God is opened in Heaven, and there is seen in His temple the Ark of His Covenant (Rev. xi, 19).

2. "While the ark abode in Kirjath-jearim * * * it was twenty years; and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord." We know from II Sam. vi, 1-3, that the ark was in the house of Abinadab a very much longer period than twenty years; but the last clause of this verse may indicate that this was the period that elapsed after the return of the ark before Israel was awakened from her sin to gather together unto the Lord.

3. "Return unto the Lord with all your hearts, put away the strange gods, * * * prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only." This was the exhortation of Samuel to Israel as they lamented after the Lord, and he assured them that if they would thus sincerely turn to God He would deliver them out of the hand of the Philistines.

5. "I will pray for you unto the Lord." In Jas. v, 16, we are told that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and we see that Moses by his intercession saved Israel from destruction more than once. In Jer. xv, 1, Moses and Samuel are associated as men mighty in prayer. God told Abimelech that Abraham would pray for him and thus bring blessing to him and his house (Gen. xx, 7, 17); and Abraham's intercession for Sodom (Gen. xviii, 20-33) is a memorable occasion. It is to be feared that much prayer is simply saying words, but that only is true prayer which is asking from the heart, in the name of Jesus for that which we really desire for His glory.

6. "They gathered together, drew water, poured it out before the Lord, fasted on that day and said there, We have sinned against the Lord." The pouring out of water symbolized their helpless and penitent condition; they were as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again (II Sam. xiv, 14); they had nothing to plead but their guilt and their great need, and convinced of this they turn with fasting unto the Lord.

7. "The Philistines heard." Let the people of God come together in true humility to seek Him and the enemies of God will be sure to hear of it. It is surely true that "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees," and if one praying saint makes him tremble a nation in true penitential prayer must make him awfully afraid, so that we do not wonder that the Philistines gather against Israel when they hear that Israel have gathered unto the Lord. It is not necessary to suppose that the Philistines understood the true meaning of Israel's gathering, but the devil understood it and he incited the Philistines onward.

8. "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us." This was their prayer to Samuel. It is good to hear them say "the Lord our God," and they have a right to say it now since they have truly turned to Him, and He will undoubtedly prove Himself to be "the Lord their God," for He says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." (Psalms i, 15). In the same way Hezekiah asked Isaiah to pray unto God for Judah, when they were besieged by the army of Sennacherib, and God heard (Isaiah xxxvii, 4, 6). The words "cease not" remind us of the command to "pray without ceasing" (I Thes. v, 17), and we remember that when Moses' hands were held up Israel prevailed, and when they were let down Amalek prevailed (Ex. xvii, 11).

9. "And Samuel took a sucking lamb and offered a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord, and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and the Lord heard him." The burnt offering typifies the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, who is all offerings in one, the only sacrifice for sin; and reminds us that without shedding of blood there is no remission, and that only in the name and by virtue of the merits of Christ can we draw near or come to God. (Heb. ix, 22; Acts iv, 12.) Samuel did not approach God because he was holy or trusting in his merits, but only as one who believed God and was trusting in the sacrifice; thus trusting he came with confidence in God and was heard. In I John v, 14, 15, we read that "This is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

10. "The Philistines drew near to battle against Israel; but the Lord thundered with a great thunder * * * and discomfited them." The Philistines may have thought that as they conquered even when the ark was in the camp of Israel, so they would conquer now, but circumstances had changed. At that time Israel relied on the ark, and it was simply a battle between men and men, but now Israel was relying upon God, and it was a conflict between the Philistines and the God of Israel, and consequently they could not but be smitten. Thunder is the voice of Jehovah (Ps. xxix, 3, 4; Job xxxvii, 1-5; John xii, 28, 29) and when He speaks in judgment none can stand before Him, all His enemies must fall. How thankful we ought to be that God in His mercy is speaking to us so lovingly in His word and that His judgments are not yet made manifest; but let every teacher show the scholars from the word of God that there is wrath for all who will not accept Jesus, and because the day of mercy may for each end any time, therefore, urge every one to turn quickly to God, receive Jesus as their Saviour, and with sincere heart serve Him only.

11, 12. "Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Israel pursued and smote the Philistines, for the Lord fought for them, and Samuel, to commemorate the victory and strengthen Israel's faith in the future, set up this stone and called it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The word Ebenezer is only found in these three places (chaps. iv, 1; v, 1; vii, 12), the first two referring to the victory of the Philistines, but this one to the victory of Israel when they truly repented and relied on Jehovah. How many places can we look back to where the enemy conquered because we were sinful and disobedient, and in how many such places have we now set up an Ebenezer to mark the fact that where once we fell because of sin we now stand firm because we have repented, rely only on the Lord and serve Him only?

ODDS AND ENDS.

The beauty of Catherine of Russia, it is said, consisted in her green eyes.

Eat only pure food, drink only pure liquids, think only pure thoughts, and keep your blood pure.

The best whitewash for a cellar is made of lime and water only. The addition of other things hinders the purpose of keeping the cellar pure and healthful.

An experimental train on a railroad in Pennsylvania made a run of ninety odd miles in about sixty minutes, some of the distance being run at the rate of nearly two miles per minute.

It is significant that the winner of the mathematical prize of $300 at Bowdoin is the best general athlete in the Maine colleges and one of the best baseball players.

Fort Keogh, M. T., has the widest range of temperature of any place on earth. Last summer the thermometer ranged from 120 degs. to 130 degs. above, while recently it marked 65 degs. below zero, a total range of 195 degs.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.—Bentzel Steman.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."—Pick Me Up.

Praise, to mean anything at all, must be spontaneous and prompted by real approval of character or admiration of excellence; otherwise it is as futile as a bubble that floats a moment in the air and is gone forever.

The twenty-third anniversary of the Protestant China inland missions in London brought out the fact that there are now 328 protestant missionaries at work on those missions; that the number of Chinese who had been baptized during the year on a profession of Protestant faith was 472, making the number now in church fellowship in connection with the missions 2,464.

The word "humidity" is the beacon light of the flannel shirt. Skeptics who have decried its appearance as vulgar and undressy and maintained rigorously their allegiance to muslin and pique during the hottest days of the year, yield to the convincing influence of the new phase.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The country seat of the late John E. Owens, in Maryland, was recently sold at public auction for $28,000. The house and grounds, consisting of 208 acres, with improvements, cost Mr. Owens $125,000. The house alone cost him $60,000. In one room was a large walnut bedstead that he had built in the room, and which went with the house, as it was too big to be removed.

The oldest university in the world, the one at Bologna, Italy, has taken kindly to the newest idea in education—a female professor—by appointing La Dottoressa Giuseppina Cattani lecturer on pathology. Large audiences listen whenever she speaks. A beautiful face as well as a pretty name is hers, and this may account for some of her popularity.

A great impetus has been given to Russian industries within the last ten or fifteen years. Thus, in 1875 all the cotton mills in that country contained about 2,000,000 spindles, while there are now, according to the lastest reports, 116,000,000 spindles divided between sixty-seven mills. The number of cotton weaving establishments in Russia is said to be 488, giving employment to more than 80,000 hands, the total annual production being estimated at 56,000,000 rubles.

A Long Sentence.

Whether Mr. Gladstone is quite so good a manufacturer of sentences as Mr. William M. Evarts can be decided perhaps from an examination of the opening sentence of a speech delivered at Birmingham. He said: "Sir Charles Forster and Gentlemen—It is a great thing and a great praise to any constituency that it is able to maintain that standard of judgment and approbation and attachment which Walsall has maintained for so long a period while represented by Sir Charles Forster, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for what he has most truly called an unswerving support, but I may say a support that did not derive its entire value even from its singularly decided character in reference to the principles of liberalism, but likewise from the entire character and action of the man who has been successful in making liberal principles honored by the whole house in association with active parliamentary service rendered to the house of commons as such, without respect to party, while at the same time he has been one no doubt, as he has said himself, of the most intelligent upholders of the principles of party as being a necessary, though a secondary, instrument for promoting the benefit and the work of the empire." [Cheers]—Chicago Herald.

Aristocrats in Trade.

Our male aristocrats started the movement. For several years the Marquis of Londonderry's coal carts have perambulated the streets of the metropolis bearing his lordship's name in full; the Earl of Shrewsbury's hansoms are the smartest and swiftest in London, and quite recently the Earl of Coventry has blossomed out into a bona fide manufacturer of jams and pickles. Soon the ladies began to follow suit. If lords may sell coal, why should not ladies sell milk? And so the Duchess of Hamilton has started a most successful dairy at Ipswich, and no one thinks any the worse of her grace for doing so; while the Honorable Mrs. Maberly presides over a daintily furnished establishment of a similar nature somewhere in the regions of Notting Hill.—London Cor. Boston Transcript.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

Singular and Thrilling Spook Seen by a Night Telegraph Operator.

On the 16th day of October, 1888, I was employed as a night telegraph operator at ——, Ills., with hours from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. On this evening I had been reading "Robert Elsmere" and had read, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty pages of the work, and had just laid aside the book to reflect upon the work when I found it was nearly 12 o'clock. I answered a call that one of the "boys" "sprung" on me. After finishing up this work I looked out to see if everything was clear for the passage, saw that all switches were in position, all signals displayed, and was about to turn to some other business, when I saw approaching what appeared to be a train from the west. I looked in the other direction and saw another train approaching. This surprised me, as I knew that there were no regular trains due until 12:35, and I had not heard of any extras on the road that night. As they came nearer I saw that the one from the west was a stock train, and the one from the east was a light train of only the engine, caboose and one freight car.

Then I noticed that I could see through the cars, that they were not solid as an ordinary train. In a moment they had come together right in front of the window of the office, within ten feet of the chair in which I was sitting. There was not the slightest sound, but I saw the engines strike and stop; saw the cars piling up; saw one engineer try to jump as he was caught by the cars and pinned against the boiler head; saw a car double against the one that had caught the engineer in the same manner that the blade of a knife doubles as regards the handle; saw a brakeman caught between the cars that doubled up; saw one of them slide over or across the other, forced by the cars behind; saw the nameless appearance of the man after this action; saw a car fall against the water tank and tip it over; saw a side rod break and go through the cab; saw a portion of the boilerhead or front detached and come with terrible velocity toward the window; felt the shock as it passed through the window and by the chair in which I was sitting; saw the surviving trainmen as soon as the car stopped begin to carry the dead toward the door of the waiting room, through which they passed without opening the door or making a sound.

I started to go into the waiting room, when I stumbled upon the body of a man lying upon the floor. I looked carefully, saw that he bore on his coat the pin of O. R. T., thereby proclaiming himself as an operator. As I looked I recognized the face of an old acquaintance, and operator from whom I had not heard for a long time by the name of Frank Willard. While I looked there came into the office two men, who picked up the body, carried it to the waiting room, where I saw them lay it beside those of seven others; but as I stepped forward to see who they were the entire apparition vanished. I looked out of the door, but there was no sign of a wreck, the tank was as usual, but I noticed a very strong smell of smoke.

I then went into the office; looked at the clock, which marked 12:03 a. m. I sat down at the key, called up the train dispatcher, asked if there had been a wreck near that place in the last year, and he replied that the night man had been killed there about a year ago in a collision. I asked my relief in the morning the name of the night man who was killed there, and he replied Frank Willard, and gave a good description of the man as I had known him. He also showed me a copy of the country paper, containing an article referring to the wreck and giving the names of those killed, and noting the fact that the wreck took fire and was burned, with the exception of a couple of cars that had been near the water tank when it was tipped over, and were so wet that they would not burn.

I do not, or rather did not, believe in the existence of ghosts; but I think that in this case there is proof that on occasions the spirits of the deceased visit the places of their leaving this life, and appear as they did at the moment of departure.—Detroit Tribune.

Maine Snake Stories.

Here are two startling snake stories from Maine. The first comes from Waterville, where the post mortem examination of a horse that died from unknown causes revealed in its stomach a "snake four and one-half feet long, with head and eyes perfect, six inches in circumference, and the color of blood with the exception of a white stripe on the back." Another snake came from the stomach of Mrs. Frank Kenny, of Portsmouth, N. H., who was in Biddeford under medical treatment. In August, 1886, at a camp meeting in Alton Bay, she drank water from a brook, and afterward became ill. She was treated for cancer of the stomach, but stoutly insisted that something moved within her. The other day, by means of a powerful drug, "a light colored snake twelve and three-eighths inches long was disgorged from her stomach, and she has gone home happy."—Chicago Times.

Leading the Blind.

One of our boys sends us the following story of a rat—of two rats, in fact—and he vouches for its truth as the incident happened on his own place:

Some time ago an empty pig pen stood where our carriage house is now. Our man in passing there one day saw a rat come out of a hole with a straw in his mouth. He wondered what was up, and watched to see what the little fellow was going to do. Much to his surprise he saw another rat, which was evidently blind, holding to the other end of the straw. The first rat was leading his blind companion around. The man incautiously made a slight noise and the little fellows both disappeared, the blind one still being led by the other.—Philadelphia Times.

Queen Elizabeth's Portrait.

In person Elizabeth was a little over middle height, and when she came to the throne she must have been a beautiful young woman, with a profusion of auburn hair, a broad, commanding brow, and regular features that were capable of rapid changes of expression, as her hazel eyes flashed with anger or sparkled with merriment. Her portraits appear to have been all more or less "idealized;" their number is so great that it is to be wondered that no monograph has yet been attempted dealing with them at all adequately. By far the most impressive picture of her which has been engraved is Mark Gerard's portrait at Burleigh House; it forms the frontispiece to the first volume of Wright's "Elizabeth and Her Times." The daughter of Henry VIII and Annie Boleyn could hardly have missed inheriting some of the personal beauty of her parents, but she was emphatically her father's child. From him she got her immense physical vigor, her magnificent constitution, her powerful intellect, a frame which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a nervous system that rendered her almost insensible to fear or pain. Her life was the life of a man, not of a woman; she could hunt all day, dance or watch masques and pageants all night, till the knees of strong men trembled under them as they wearily waited in attendance upon her person; yet she never seemed to suffer from the immense tension at which she lived. With her amazing energy, her want of all sympathy for weakness, her fierce willfulness and self assertion, and a certain coarseness of fiber, it was inevitable that she should be unfeminine.—Dictionary of National Biography.

She Looked Into Heaven.

Mrs. Charles Collins arrived at Chapmanville with the remains of her husband, who had died at Kinzua. She attended the funeral and immediately afterwards was taken dangerously ill and appar