

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

How the End of the Struggle May Be Brightened.

Lesson Which May Be Learned From Boasting of Benhadad, the King of Syria—Humility Encouraged.

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While this discourse of Dr. Talmage rebukes arrogance, it encourages humility and shows how the evening of life may be brightened.

Harnessed is the obsolete word for armor. It means harness for the man, not harness for the beast; harness for battle, not harness for the plow.

Benhadad, the king of Syria, thought he could easily overcome the king of Israel. Indeed, the Syrian was so sure of the victory that he spread an anti-bellum banquet.

There were in all 23 kings at the banquet, and their condition is described in the Bible not as convivial or stimulated excitement, but drunk.

Then the king of Israel called a council of war and word is sent back to Benhadad that his unreasonable demand will be resisted.

Benhadad sends another message to the king of Israel, a message full of arrogance and bravado, practically saying: "We will destroy you utterly."

An avalanche of courage and righteousness, the Israelitish army came down on Benhadad and his host.

All up and down history we see such too early boasting. Soud, the marshal of France, was so certain that he would conquer that he had a proclamation printed announcing himself king of Portugal and had a grand feast prepared for four o'clock that afternoon.

Paul Jovius, the historian, to gather together a large amount of paper on which to write the story of his many victories, but disease and famine seized upon his troops and he retreated in dismay.

First, I find encouragement in this subject for the aged who have got through the work and struggle of earthly life. My venerable friends, I was 25 years of age full appreciation of what you would have to go through in the thirties and the forties.

Do not boast of your moral strength. One of the most brilliant men of the nineteenth century, having temporarily reformed from inebriety, stood on the platform of Broadway tabernacle, New York, and said: "Were this great globe one crystalline and I were offered the possession of it if I would drink one glass of brandy I would refuse with scorn, and I want no religion to help me."

Notice also my text takes it for granted that you must put on the harness, else how can you take it off? Life is a battle—a 30 years', a 40 years' or a 50 years' war.

At the soldiers' home in the suburbs of this city I often admire the peaceful and contented looks of the venerable heroes as they sit under the trees.

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There are old farmers who cannot do one more day's work. What harvests they raised in 1870! They knew the rotation of crops as well as they knew the rotations of the seasons.

Then there are aged physicians. What tragedies of pain and accident they have witnessed! How much suffering they have assuaged!

Again, I learn from Benhadad's behavior the unwisdom of boasting of what one is going to do. Two messages had he sent to the king of Israel, both messages full of insolence and braggadocio.

Dr. Pendleton and Mr. Saunders were talking in the time of persecution under Queen Mary. Saunders was trembling and afraid, but Pendleton said: "What! Man, there is much more cause for me to fear than you."

Now once more he feels the net about him, and he begs for sleep. A little sleep for the love of Heaven. He dreams that he has shot the albatross and is desolate on a wide sea.

He forgets the wish for sleep. In yonder dark corner is a spy. He penetrates the man's thoughts and catches them in his hands like little birds. They will grow in time

Advice to Young Men. The Old Beau was speaking: "Never ask for a kiss, my boy," he said, "until you have taken it."—Truth.

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An Adventure in China

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A MAN stands outside the walls of the legation having just closed an interview with the American minister, and standing there he experiences a sense of relief at the accomplishment of his mission.

Walking slowly and thoughtfully through the streets of the Imperial City, he recalls the anxious, war faces of the legionnaires, who had waited with such patience for help in their more than dangerous situation.

His exultation, however, is destined to be short-lived. He suddenly feels himself caught from behind, a strong grip upon his throat, and though he struggles valiantly, he soon finds resistance to be useless.

Therefore, with oriental subtlety they apply the sleep torture. The sleep torture! Could mind of man conceive a more excruciating agony?

Attendants are in evidence whose duty it is to prevent sleep. They are not to permit a moment's unconsciousness.

For more than 48 hours the prisoner has not slept. Beginning at this time, one of the attendants who possessed psychic powers, thus described his sensations:

The man is in pain. His limbs ache. He is oppressed with weariness. More than this a dreadful desire overcomes him. It is a longing for sleep.

It comes first just above the eyes. "What is that pain?" he cries. A knife of molten metal is thrust into his skull. The point breaks and is imbedded there.

Now the man thinks again. Riding upon his eyelids he sees faint specks. They are soft and black like those of soot. So soft they are that pain is not.

His thoughts change so that he forgets his visions. How he longs for sleep. Fires burn up his blood. The room swings around him. No, it is he who reels and turns.

Now he flies faster and faster. He remembers as a child how this was once a play. Yet never did he spin as now. He rocks and staggers.

His brain is more confused, for he dreams that he is the plaything of a child; a giant top. The sky-dwelling child has lost him, and through unknown realms he has spun away, in dizzy circles, never to be found again.

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and testify against him. He shrinks and tries to flee. The spy follows. They traverse vast deserts, and lonely seas, and always there is no hope of separation.

A wall closes around them all, the man and the thousand spies. He rushes madly at his enemies, and all the great hands grasp him.

Only a little sleep, he cries, and then dreams again. The net is hung upon a star. It has a rope as long as hate, as strong as love.

The net swings, pulled by mighty forms. It rushes through unfathomed depths, down, down, forever; it is a million years for every change, and every change is thick with fear.

There is blackness everywhere, and he hears the sunlight go screaming past him, searching for worlds unknown.

A room lies before the man, dark within its center. Along its edge he sees a woman's form. She bears a child that cries for food.

He thinks he goes to meet her. Then he starts back with a cry. All around the woman and the child are pits set thick with points of steel.

He thinks he is torn away from those he loves, and as he falls through space their cries follow him like black sunbeams, and stunt all the flowers of his soul.

He comes to strange lands and suddenly hangs suspended above the world. He dreams that a giant power racks him so that across the entire firmament he lies stretched in agony.

forever wrene the track rain buries him ever deeper in the bottomless pit of night. Oh listen how the drops fall upon him, dreadful, desolate unending.

The man's brain is darkened, and I can tell no more. AN EYEWITNESS. How the Blind Man Proved It to the Satisfaction of the Lawyers.

A young lawyer whose recently acquired shingle hangs in G street went down into Virginia within the month to attend a trial in his native county.

"Then Lew grabbed up a chair and broke it over Jim's head," he said. "How do you know that?" asked the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination.

"I was an eye-witness to it," remarked the blind man. "An eye-witness?" repeated the lawyer, doubtfully.

"Yes," said the blind man, "I was. A piece of the leg hit me in the right eye. I certainly was an eye-witness."

A Perfect Treasure. Tom—I have seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at the window this morning and it took her seven minutes to buy a five-cent elevated railroad ticket.

Kitty—Did that make you want to marry her? "Yes; I figured she could never spend my income at that rate."—Town and Country.

The Thirteenth. "How many girls did you make love to before you met me?" demanded his better half, at the close of a long tirade. "Twelve," groaned her husband. "But I never counted them until it was too late!"—London Tit-Bits.

CENTENARIANS CONTRASTED. Two Men Who Lived Beyond the Hundred Mark Whose Habits Were Vastly Different.

The other day a man died on Long Island at the age of 102. The great length of his days is attributed to the fact that he had lived an exceedingly even existence, partaking of only the plainest and most nourishing food; that he had never in his life touched tobacco or tasted liquor, malt or spirituous; that he had never subjected himself to the worries coincident to the conjugal state, and that every day of his life, rain or shine, he had taken a constitutional of several miles.