caused an inquiry to be made into the motives and the extent of the opposition to the Satolli mission. The pope holds absolutely to his policy that ecclesiastical affairs shall develop themselves along moderate lines and in a spirit of harmony with the institutions of the United States. From official sources your correspondent learns that all the archbishops who took part in the New York conference have affirmed the fourteen scholastic proposals which Mgr. Satolli placed before them in the name of the pope.

23d

Semi-Annual Red Figure Sale at The "Plymouth," Seventh Street.

## SUNDAY POLO.

### In Which the Henriettas Vanquish the Minnesotas.

A large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed a good game of polo yesterday at the Henrietta skating rink, foot of Chestnut street. The game was for a goodly purse, and was between the Minnesota and Henrietta clubs, in which the latter were victorious, vanquishing their opponents to the tune of three goals to nothing; but as the Minnesotas did not have their regular team, the next game, which is to be played at the Broadway rink on Sunday afternoon next, may result differently. The features of the game were the playing of Yurber, Miller and Hatch. The personnel of the teams was as follows:

| Minnesotas. | | Henriettas. |
|---|---|---|
| Keifer | Goal | Miller |
| Murnane | Cover Goal | Pfeiffer |
| J. Murphy | Center | Newson |
| Hatch | First Rush | Schintsberg |
| Ed Murphy | Second Rush | Sheehan |
| Egan | Cover | Yurber |

Referee—William Lesh.

Friday next the Henrietta rink announces as an attraction a skating race of the mile heats order, best two in three, between J. King, of Philadelphia, and an unknown, short club skates to be used. The purse is $25 a side and gate receipts.

## "DER MENONIT."

### A Semi-Religious Drama by the Bollman Company at the Metropolitan Last Evening.

### Herman Schmelzer, Richard Wagner and Elsa Roemer Given Many Ovations.

The return of the Bollman company brought out a good-sized German-American audience at the Metropolitan last evening to witness the "Menonite." The play is a mixture of tragedy, love and religion, and is fairly well put together, and might have an interest for some people in Minnesota from the fact that at one time there was a community of this class in the state, but it did not seem to thoroughly catch the interest of the audience at the Metropolitan last evening. The story of the play is rather unique, but this is owing to the peculiar ending, and the last scene leaves what might be termed a sorrowing audience. There is a splendid opportunity for four good characters, and some of them made good use of the same. Hermann Schmelzer was probably never seen better, with the possible exception of his appearance in "Shuldig," when he was here with Die Milwaukee'r last season. The generous applause and the frequent calls before the curtain accorded him were certainly evidences of a popularity that might provoke envy from any actor. His conception of the part was parfect, his lines well delivered, and his acting gave evidence of hard study that brought good results. It was a masterpiece of acting.

Elsa Roemer, as Marie, was rather weak in the first two acts, owing to a peculiar expression she has of depicting pain, but redeemed herself grandly in the next two acts, where her rendition of the love and death scenes showed her capable of displaying emotional ability of a very high order. In the first part her costumes were hardly appropriate for a Menonite maiden, and all through the play the wearing of diamond rings and eardrops rather marred an otherwise good character representation.

Richard Wagner had last evening his first opportunity of displaying his ability before a St. Paul audience, and in some of the scenes was excellent in speech and delineation, but occasionally showed a disposition to use the gutturals too often; but with this elimination would win the plaudits of the audience to a larger degree than he did last evening. Julius Collmer, as the oldest of the Menonites, has a difficult part, but rendered it well, and, like Wagner, speaks a little too far down the throat. Theodore Bollman's minor part as the German defender of his country was grand in sentiment, and by the playwright should have been given more scope.

Next Sunday evening, Jan. 15, will be presented "The Milkmaid of Schoeneberg," and the subscription patrons of the Bollman engagement will again have an opportunity of seeing that charming soubrette, Martha Neuman, in a part that will give her wonderful versatility full scope.

### "A Hole in the Ground."

People were turned away from the doors of the Grand opera house last evening, and many late comers who would go in whether or no stood up around the walls. Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground" was the attraction, and from first rise to last fall of the curtain the fun was fast and furious. Charles Cowles, as the old Reuben stranger, was "out of sight" in his antics, singing and dancing. Frank Lawton, as the station agent, satisfied all expectations. Miss Margaret May and Miss Virginia Earl proved themselves very clever, and the whole company is worthy of commendation. Same bill all week.

### The Musin Concert.

The concert by Ovide Musin, the violinist, and his company will take place this evening at the Unitarian church on Wabasha street. The sale of seats has been excellent and an audience of music lovers and our representative people is booked. The programme is an exceptionally fine one. Mr. Musin has, by the request of some of the local musicians, consented to play the great Paganini variations for the G string alone. For this number the artist appears with a violin strung with only one string, the difficulties are innumerable, but Musin plays them so that it is hard to believe there is but one string on the instrument.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing, To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles.

Tickets are on sale this morning at Dyer's for the great Remenyi concert at the People's church next Monday night.

**Be patriotic and get one of the World's Fair Souvenir Coins. They will be ready for delivery at the Globe Counting Room today.**

The opening for the sale of seats for the Riley entertainment begins fhis morning at the wareroom of the Nathan Ford Music compady. He arrives from the West in this city on Wednesday morning.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

# HIS GRAND EFFORT.

### Eloquent Bishop Fowler at the Metropolitan Opera House.

### An Immense Audience Listens to the Eminent Expounder.

### His Sermon Devoted to Proving the Right of Christianity.

### One of the Most Powerful Discourses Ever Heard in St. Paul.

Methodism was given a marked impetus in the Northwest yesterday. It was the occasion of the initial sermon of Bishop C. H. Fowler, who has recently been assigned to this state. The services were held in the Metropolitan theater, in this city, yesterday afternoon, and the capacity of the auditorium was taxed to its utmost. The programme introduced Miss Jessie Turner in a soprano solo, congregational singing, a Scripture lesson by Rev. E. J. Funk, while Rev. Thomas McCleary and Rev. William McKinley took part in the services.

Bishop Fowler is esteemed one of the most eloquent, cultured, unctious, popular and successful orators of the Methodist pulpit of today. It is for this reason that the GLOBE reproduces yesterday's sermon entire. It will be read with unusual interest by laymen as well as leaders in the church work. It was listened to with rapt attention and punctuated by the deep, hearty amens so peculiar to Methodist gatherings.

Bishop Charles H. Fowler then spoke as follows: I hope I have a message for some of you, and I ask that you will give me prayerful attention. I am more than ordinarily anxious that the spirit of the living God should accompany the word this afternoon; and I want you to accompany it with your believing prayers.

Some part of the subject which I have chosen will probably require your attention; but, at all events, I want you on my side. Don't sit there and look at me. Pray.

I will read, as a basis of what I wish to say, part of the eighth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Luke. "For I, also, am a man set under authority." On the surface of that much reading it hardly appears what I wish to talk about. In the verse preceding the centurian says: "But say in a word, and my servant shall be healed; for I, also, am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one go, and he goeth; to another come, and he cometh: and to my servant do this, and he doeth it." You will not have to study the text very long, I think, till you will be satisfied that the great thought in it and under it is the supernatural presence in this world, a supernatural power operating upon men and upon the affairs of men in the interest of the kingdom of God.

This is a marvelous picture presented in this test, worthy to hang on the same wall with that other picture yonder on the Mount of Transfiguration, where the Master met Moses and Elijah, the representatives of the old dispensation; not altogether out of place in the same room with that sublimest of pictures, the scene on Mount Calvary, where the Master wrought out for a dying race a way of escape. So I ask you to look a little at this picture. In the foreground the Son of God, disguised, concealed in the form of a servant, but discovered and revealed by the penetrating faith of the centurion. Above, the friends of the Master, members of the oppressed Jewish nation, the servants of the centurion, other appointments to make up this picture, in which the principal characters are the Son of God and the centurion, the representative of the Gentile Christian church, made out of worldly material, but exalted by love of the truth, by loyalty to conviction, by princely munificence to a depressed people and to a despised cause, by faith in the Son of God, and by a heroism that asked only what God would require of him. Fine specimen of Gentile; magnificent specimen of a Christian. And the meeting in this picture somehow towers above any other meeting that you can find among men. The

**Great Historic Meetings**

dwindle into insignificance contrasted with this.

Look yonder at that little company and see those two chiefs in the center of that South American continent meeting for the first time, studying each other and the conditions. Some of you are familiar with it. It was the culmination of the great struggle of South America for the freedom of half a score of republics. Marvelous interests gathered in it. Spain had robbed and trampled South America for three centuries. Bonaparte, by an apparently aimless campaign, held Spain by the throat with a desperate grasp, and while she struggled, helpless in his hand, for ten years, the republics of South America sprang into being and threw off the yoke, and gained what they pleased to call freedom.

Gen. San Martin, by courage, heroism, patriotism, organized, compacted. created, liberated the republics of Uruguay, Argentine, Paraguay, went pushing over the Andes by a movement not less heroic or magnificent than the passage of Napoleon or Hannibal over the Alps, dropped into Chili and into Peru, creating republics as he went, and then pushed northward on the great tableland; and there in the middle of the continent he met that other magnificent chief who had created the republics of the northern end of the continent, and they met to look each other in the face, any settle somewhat the independence of South America.

Two victorious armies, devoted to two great chiefs, restrained, indeed, by some little idea of a common interest, but with the cruder thought of the power of the sword of that other time. It required no prophet to see that these armies must struggle. A tent was pitched between them; a personal bodyguard of the chiefs was camped round it. The penalty of death was the order for interruption. For twenty-four hours they were together. What passed? Nobody knows. When the interview ended, San Martin took the lead of his troops, faced them away to the south, went back to Argentine, and from Buenos Ayres scattered them through the states, settled up his private affairs, went over to Paris to live and die an exile add a stranger in private life. Bolivar took command of his legion, completed the work of

**Consolidating the Republics,**

left his name on Bolivia, and left South America full of vigor. As I stood by the tomb of San Martin in the great cathedral at Buenos Ayres, and, with uncovered head, thought of his heroism and his patriotism and his self-sacrifice, I said, "They have not made many peers of this man. He may take his seat by the side of Washington and Lincoln and Cincinnatus." Magnificent record! And yet the meeting of these two chiefs upon whose decision hung the liberty and the fate of a continent, and of more than half a score of republics, is but the merest child's play compared with the meeting that is here before us in this picture of the believing Gentile and the Savior of the Jews, the Son of God. Let us remember this picture, and see that out of it come some marvelous truths.

I would like to linger by the munificence of this centurion; I would like to dwell a little upon the breadth and magnificence of his mind, overlooking the conditions of this prostrate and conquered colony,and of a faith that swept out beyond the faith of his fathers, and beyond the adopted faith from the Jews, and saw the Son of God. I would like to call your attention to his deep and sincere humility. No sign of that pride that comes chiefly of being proud of one's humility, but in the deepest humility saying: "I did not count myself worthy that you should come under my roof, nor yet that I should even come out to greet you. Only say the word, and my servant shall live; for I, too, am a man set under authority." What a picture! He saw this material world of ours not as a machine that grinds on, cog in cog, as it may turn about under the pressing hand of Fate, but as a camp where the great forces of life and death, ot disease and pestilence and plague, of health and strength, and the ongoing of the natural agencies; where all these were but common soldiers and common servants obeying the order of the commandant. "I speak to my soldiers; they obey.

**Master, Speak to Thine,**

and they will obey." And Jesus "marveled" at him, and, turning to the company about him, he says: "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel."

It seems to me the great truth in the Scripture, and under this narration and through this history, is the great truth under the Christian religion, back of our faith, embodied in our personal experience, towering above our convictions and shining out into the infinite and endless future—the truth of the supernatural presence and action of Almighty God in the midst of our material and natural, as well as our social and spiritual, forces in this life. I think that is the truth that blazes out before us, and it is to put some little emphasis upon that, and to call attention to that wonderful word, "I, also, am a man under authority," and to the deeper truth of the camp on which I have posted the supernatural hosts of the living God—walking, indeed, and driving along our streets, hovering above our homes, watching by our sanctuary doors, keeping guard by our bed chambers, standing with tender and untiring feet by the couches of our suffering and pain, and forgetting us never till we shall be gathered into the the city of God. Such, I think, is the doctrine which I am sent to give you. Some of you may need it. All of you may be improved by it.

Let me state as clearly and definitely as I may what I think the Book teaches on this subject. It teaches the substance of what I have already uttered, the supernatural presence of God in our affairs, His fatherly care and especial attention to the interests of His children and of His kingdom.

I am aware that some will be surprised, and a few may be offended, but if it be God's truth, receiving, as it did, the commendation of His Son, I am content; for I know this, that you cannot come near enough to such a truth as this, even to dispute it or to throw stones at it, without being blessed—blessed, at least, with one glance of

**The Claim of God**

upon each one of you. We believe in a material age. We are occupied in the midst of material machinery and the application of the natural forces about us till we have pushed away the supernatural. We have crowded God out of our thought; we organize instead of believe, for victory, when we should do both. Indeed, we have come to think that this world is driven by long lines, which we call laws; and we make them so long that many people (possibly some here) doubt whether there is any driver at the other end of the lines. They say: "We have not seen Him." Of course you have not seen Him; you have never seen your own soul. Worse than that for your argument, you have never seen the lines you talk about. You know the lines exist by the work they do, by the results they produce. So we know the driver exists by the work He does, by the results He produces, by the fact that He keeps these magnificent forces, these magnificent steeds of the earth and the heavens going on and on forever on the track, working out intelligent ends. So we know He is driving. We are enswathed with a spiritual atmosphere in spite of this materialism; we are handled by deep and far-reaching spiritual forces. This is a scaffolding, this is a staging, this outside material organism on which eternal principles and forces of the spiritual world meet and struggle. We are treated as immortal; we are not to be measured by the hay-scales; we are to be measured by the sweep and vigor of our thought. by the grip of our faith, by the clarity of our vision—measured on a different field. You ask me do I believe that God and angels and good spirits and the forces of righteousness encounter us on this stage of life? Of course I do, or I would not be here. I would not be in the miserable business of preaching a gospel if it hadn't any good news in it, of talking about a God that was "deader than a door-nail." It is because I believe in Almighty God as a present, acting, supernatural force operating by all agencies within His reach upon our hearts that I present His offers of eternal life. But you say to me. "Do you believe in the existence of Satan?—I wanted to say the devil [Smiles.] but I think I won't. [Laughter.] "Do you believe in the existence of Satan?" "I so read the Scriptures." "Have you ever seen it?" "No, but I have seen places where his will is accomplished. I have found places on the earth where they do what he wants done. When I walk about among the churches of all persuasions and see this—not exactly the particular tone of their creed as to how it balances with mine; that is, of course I think as to how it balances with the truth—but I'd rather ask this: Is the saving work being done? Are the poor cared for? the sick nursed? the wayward reclaimed? the hungry fed? this all in the name of the Master? If so, then I believe that the

**Saving Work Is Being Done,**

and if the Saviour's work is being done, I cannot but think that He is not very far off. So when I go down by one of these dead-falls and see the wrecks that are pushed out through the doors, see the poor man robbed of his earnings and of his health and of his character and of his standing and of his hope and of his manhood, and when I see them take our clean boys and transform them into blear-eyed, bloated, oozing, staggering, filthy incarnations of disease and depravity, then I cannot but believe that Satan's work is being done, and I cannot think otherwise than that Satan is not very far off.

Now, then, we are in the midst of these great forces, and they move upon us to mould and fashion our characters, knowing that we are immortal. So far that is pretty good, old-fashioned orthodox faith, and if you will accept it it will do you good. It is not so weak and so badly emasculated that if you took the whole of it you would be worse off than you were before. So I accept a supernatural work upon us, and that we live in the midst of divine forces helping us upward, and that the great tempter does not sleep concerning us.

The supernatural, then, involves all this, and we are put to account to answer for our faith and for our belief. We meet two great opponents—I do not want to say enemies, for, while they take the part of enemies, I am of the persuasion that very many of them very often think that they are indeed the friends of truth. They have high names in all these parts of the civilized world; they have a great following and a mighty retinue, each of them; it is almost an offense against our civilization to mention in such a connection the name of either of them; and yet I am here to catechize them. They are science and higher criticism.

Science has a tremendous train. Indeed, it is almost all your life is worth to stand erect when her sacred emblems are carried through the highway. She has seized upon the forces in our literature. She has a mighty cohort accomplishing her purpose. She is rich in thought, and deep in scholarship, and profound in wisdom, and almost unmeasured in the magnificence of her gifts. And I would not be understood as going into antagonism with her, but I must not be understood as submitting one iota of my faith in the living God, or any dictates that this poor, little bare-footed hand-maid of Christianity may give. I have no antagonism with science, and need hardly say that; I have no fear of science. I want to tell you as simply as I can what I think is the truth in the bottom of this. I have no fear of science because I have nothing out in the street to be harmed. If I have anything that you can hurt by running over it, you are welcome to hurt it. Yet science is to me, in many sides of it, wonderful, and I have a great admiration for the great scientists in their work. They are set with us to

### Keep the Garden.

That order was given to the whole company of the children of Adam, and we have made a poor job of it. Where we should have had fruit trees and harvests we have thorns and thistles; and we have spent more time beating each other's heads than we have in beating down these thistles. We have poorly kept the garden, and while those men of science may not come near enough to the mansion to hear the music and to see the hilarity and the glory of the great festivities and rejoice in the smiling countenance of the Father, yet they are on the plantation; they are subduing some parts of the estate; they are cutting down the trees and stumping the lots yonder, and I am not willing to club them off. Let them cut the stump. We will follow them and sow the good seed where they make the soil ready. Whenever a scientist comes up to a new door and opens it, as best I can in a busy life I run after him and go in and see what he has found, for I know that at most he has but opened another apartment in the great mansion which my Father has given me. So I am not anxious about him, and yet he must not put himself in such shape, even in exceptional cases, as to poison our literature and make much of our intellectual food that which is calculated to strangle our spirituality.

I know when I talk to men about the fact that God can come into our lives, into my life and your life, so as to be a factor among my motives and a king over them all, and more than that, to come in with a teaching and a guiding hand; and more than that, to come in with his sleeve to His elbow and His hand closed to make a broad way for me by the power of His almighty arm, if it shall be necessary, then, when I reach that point, I am met by a storm of terms, such as laws of nature, and principles of action, and rules of order, and principles of life, and a great host of other terms that may be gathered up and tied with the single band the laws of nature; and I do not object to your talking to me about the laws of nature, only I do want you should know what you mean. I have seen young men who were unable to do so much as grow a fair mustache [laughter], actually poising themselves on their sins and conceits, and saying they would not accept the order of the Son of God because, forsooth, they had some law of nature that directed them; putting away their obligations when, to save their immortal souls, they could not distinctly tell what they mean by a law of nature. All I object to is that you should practice a fallacy upon yourselves and upon your friends and upon your neighbors.

I have a belief that we are, as a rule, handled by great laws that run through ages; that we are, indeed, in the midst of the mighty and steady movements of God's patient and persistent purposes. Generation after generation sinks down into the grave, but these great forces move on and on.. And, more than that, I do not see how a moral government could be established over any people that were not under these laws, because they could find no field for their intelligence. It is because we are handled by far-reaching laws that we can see them or discover them and then use them. We know when and how to plant our seed and when to expect the far-off spring; we know, indeed, how, by the use of our intelligence, to handle ourselves in the midst of these laws, which we could not do but for the laws. So we shall have no trouble at that point. They are not only a fact, but they are the best that could happen to us, and they are a necessity for our well-being and a necessity for the maintenance of a race over which could be established a moral government.

More than this. Personally it seems to me a wonderful thing to get hold of the laws of nature. I like sometimes in my thought to take hold of the law of gravity and feel of it a little and push out to right and left and see how it will operate. Away yonder, along the diameter of the non-universe, and yonder and according to the great principles He has established already, I find myself on a train that, running a mile a minute and without stopping can run one hundred and fifty trillions of centuries right on and make only one trip through the diameter of the non-universe, and I am glad I live in so big an establishment; and I like to stop out yonder, about a hundred trillions of centuries of travel from here, and feel of the law of gravity and feel that it holds, but then I know that I am still under the administration of my Great Father, and that I am not out of His reach nor beyond His care. It is to me a great comfort that I am thus also in the midst of these wonderous laws.

But they are not enough, I must have something else. There comes upon me the unexpected—"which always happens." The little openings here, this little window at my right that looks out upon eternity, suddenly swings around open and a coffin is shot into my home. It is a sad hour and a sad fact. It does not comfort me to tell me that it is a great law of nature by which this one was smitten. That poor widow who weeps over the body of her husband that has been washed from the wreck is not comforted by being told that it is a great law of nature that winds should blow and seas should beat; she wants something more than that. So do you. And the part of my nature that demands something more than that is as much a part of me as that other part that is glad to feel the wide reach of these laws; and I am, as an intelligent being, unwilling to accept the theory concerning the administration of this universe that leaves out, unaccounted for, a large per cent of the facts in the case. I want something more than merely that; I must know that there is an intelligent, thoughtful, ordering mind above it and back of it that loves me infinitely and never forgets, and then, though I cannot see, I can endure and wait.

### The Great Combiner.

But, to come a little closer, those laws that may trouble some of you a little. I will only stay a moment with them. Exactly what do you mean? I will tell you one thing that possibly you think you mean, but which you do not. The sun rose this morning and yesterday morning and the day before; that is, I suppose it did, and it has been rising for countless ages, and nobody here, in his right mind, has any doubt but what it will do so tomorrow morning and the next morning, and so you tell me that it is a law of nature that the sun should rise. Very good, what is it? What makes it rise? "Its continual rising." By no means. What you call your law of nature is only the product, the resultant, the generalization of all those facts put together, and the reason makes the law, and not the law the reason. You don't mean that. There is another putting of the law of nature that I will touch just a moment that seems to me to come a little nearer to the point of becoming a cause—which is the thing you are struggling after. I will not go about it much, but come right down to the necessities of the case as soon as possible. We find that matter has certain susceptibilities and certain capabilities. It is able to operate upon other bodies of matter, and it is able to receive the operation of other bodies of matter. Now then, if you will take the simplest possible illustration, a given amount of oxygen and a given amount of hydrogen and then chemically combine them in given operations and by a given process, you have a new resultant—water. You have caused something to come to pass. Now that approaches shadowing forth somewhat, possibly, the idea you have of the law of nature. But look a moment. How does it do it? The boy over yonder from the laboratory in the high school could tell you that if you leave the oxygen by itself, or the hydrogen by itself, or any other element in nature by itself, it will stay there alone for ever and ever, and nothing will be caused; that it is only when they are brought together in given relations, when they are properly combined—hear it—when they are properly combined, that you get any resultant. Now then, that is all I ask. Who combines them? Give me some chance to come to Him, to the Great Combiner, and I shall be content.

I have seen no theory anywhere that by any chance embarrasses me in the last analysis in this work of conscience when I think about Him, for, take anything you please and go back along the line of the order of our being, take any line of your ancestry you may select, whether you may say of yourself that you were not the son of Seth, and you was not the son of this one and that one and the other, all through the long line till you come to the great Adam "which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God;" or, you can take that other line, which was the son of an ape, which was the son of a polliwog, which was the son of protoplasm, back to the last analysis (I prefer the first), but take the last [laughter], you come always to a point where, somehow, the Great Combiner must come in to help you over the gulf and out of the chasm; for you will not tell me that you have seen this protoplasm, this first form, that you have seen this wriggling before is existed in order that it might wriggle itself into existence. [Laughter.] You will not ask me to think of it. But, somehow, always we come to

### This Infinite Chasm

over which nothing but the arm of Almighty God can lift us, back to the Great Combiner; and the thoughtful and great and scholarly men who have gone astray in this thought, anxious above measure concerning the truth in the universe, have come up to this and staggered and fallen; trained on another side, giving all their energies to one particular department of their being, they have not been poised for its best adjustment, and so they stagger away from the fact, but there forever is the gulf. They might cry out and find relief if they would adopt the wail or shout of that old Russian poet.

"I am, O God, and surely Thou must be."

Somehow we have come over the chasm, and nothing yet discovered but the arm of Almighty God can lift us over—the Great Combiner brought out by the very forces of science.

James Martineau—not exactly sound in his theology, but with a good head and some magnificent thinking machinery inside of it, has in substance said that it is pitiful to see these men along the borders of the chasm crying out and saying, "Grant us some tiniest granule of power, with even an infinitesimal tendency toward increment, and out of that little thing, too small to make a case of cause, and altogether too small to object to [laughter], out of that we will show you the sum of the universe." This infinitesimal tendency to increment is treated in their thought after this fashion: It is simultaneously equated backward toward the cause into nothing, and forward toward the effects into the sum of things. Then he says: "It is a mean device for the philosopher to equate causation with hairs' breadths, and put it out at compound interest through all time, and then deny the debt." [Laughter.] And it is vain, after all, for, while for the purpose of a logical theft it is easier when doled out through endless ages than when it is condensed into one stroke, yet the power that eventuated the universe is nothing less than infinite and nothing lower than divine—back to the Great Combiner.

It is a comfort, then, for me, out of the very depths and in the very midst of our best thinking, concerning this great and everlastingly practical work going on about us by possibly our taller and more industrious brethren, that yet we do come back to God. Why, as a practical question getting hold of the Combiner settles many a difficulty. Just across this strip of land, over yonder in Lake Superior, some little time ago, a craft was beaten by the tempest and got out of the hands of the pilot and went, bow forward,

### Toward a Tremendous Reef,

in the night, with an overwhelming tempest and a boiling sea, and the captain said, "She's gone; we're lost!" But a poor widow woman, over yonder in Jersey, in a little quite town, had her only son on that craft, and that night she was awfully oppressed for the lad and could not sleep, and on her knees she got hold of the Great Combiner, and she said, "O Thou that didst stop the bier of the son of the widow of Nain, care for that craft." And He struck a little new combination in the elements, the tempest smote the craft astern, she gave a quivering leap over the reef, and rocked and righted in a cove of safety. She had gotten hold of the Combiner, that was all. Over yonder on the New England coast, in one of those little whaling town, just towards evening, a whaling craft from a three-years' voyage, pushed round and tried to make her way in, but a gale had come up and the storm was on, and the whaler was driven back. The poor people of the town who were specially interested in it, whose sons and husbands were on board, went out and lined the shore and looked and watched, but she did not land. She was driven back and seemed to struggle as a thing of life for a single moment of existence. One poor woman went away in the dusk into a little one-story, one-roomed cabin, in which she lived, and there on her knees she reached up to the Great Combiner, and there she stayed through the weary night. And just at dawn a stout, burly young man bounded into the door and caught her up in his arms, saying, "Oh, mother, I knew you would pray me ashore." She got hold of the Great Combiner. Now, if he does not answer prayer, we had better give up the whole business. [A voice: "That's so."] Let us not be deceived about it. Full, full to the brim is the book and the history of the church and the lives of men of the gentle and sleepless interferences of the presence of the King. Let us not be afraid of Him. I am afraid of some things. I should be afraid of getting into hot water if I undertook to preach to you a gospel that did not have any power in it, or to give you a religion that did not have in it the liberated forces of Almighty God, so you may remember that we have the fullest confidence in the religion of the Bible.

Now, let us look a moment at this other antagonism of a different type altogether—great and wonderful in its scholarship and I think (though it is not a nice thing to pass severe criticism) a good deal less noble in its character than this other one, I mean the higher critics, who clothe themselves with the sacred vesture of the holy of holies by calling it Biblical scholarship. They have a great train behind them and a dangerous train. They take the life out of the pulpit so it cannot defend itself; they put it into such shape that when once they have put the truth, an honest man cannot stand up and say to them "The whole thing as you present it, ain't worth a cent." That is the peril of the higher critics in pushing out somewhat in literature, but largely in Biblical literature, a class of men who, by some chance, fail to take hold of the saving power of the Son of God as a supernatural, miracle worker in the midst of mankind.

But let us look a little at this case. The attack is made at this time on the Old Testament—and it is a very wise movement on the part of criticism. If we should suppose that they wanted to undermine Christianity, that would be exactly the place to begin for that work, for if they leave the Old Testament intact and there comes out of it the spirit of prophecy, a spirit that could predict, that could tell beforehand the things that were to come to pass, they have enthroned the supernatural and enthroned Almighty God in the conviction of men; so that, the only way to escape from the presence of a penetrating mind, that may penetrate the fiery future, is by some

### Chance to Wipe Out

this Old Testament authority. Let us not be deceived. It is not sufficient to tell us that they will make a great and wondrous book of teaching. Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus Christ by a kiss—let us not be kissed. [Voice, "Amen."] If there is no protective element in the Old Testament, then there is no meaning to the Old Testament sacrifices; then there is no long and steady and authoritative putting of meaning into the sacrifice on Mount Calvary; then there is no great, far-reaching plan for the salvation of man; then with the Old Testament soon must go the New. Then the eternal silence has never been broken; then we have no word from God; then the mighty fabric of religious thought and purpose that has swept through so many ages and over so many races is wiped out; then the hope of humanity is quenched in the sepulcher. So I beseech you, brethren, let us not be deceived, but, standing on this rock, let us defend our outposts. [Voices, "Amen."]

### The Peroration.

Bishop Fowler then turned to an elaborate argument to prove the authenticity of the book of Daniel, gave a few eloquent words of advice to young men, and concluded as follows:

Now, tell me that He is too great; that He cannot come down to my littleness; for, as I see it as I look in your faces today, that just simply because He is great He can come down to my littleness; and, more than that, that if He cannot come down to my littleness, He is not so great. You have got a statesman here in this beautiful city of St. Paul; you put him in your common council; he enacts a law for the city of St. Paul that touches all the interests of all the merchants and all the farmers and all the lumbermen, and everybody else you have about here, and touches all the interests of all the churches and all the societies, and exactly fits everybody perfectly, and you all say he is a great man. Of course he is; but you send him into the capitol building, and he enacts a law that will fit everybody in the state of Minnesota, that will care for every interest from one end of this magnificent empire to the other; that not only care for all the great interests of the city of St. Paul, but will also care for the interests of Minneapolis—think of that [laughter]; will care for all the interests of every city in the state, so that every man, woman and child will say that he has exactly suited our needs. You will say he is greater than the man down yonder in the common council. So then you send him to Washington—and it is a good thing to send a great, brainy man to Washington. Don't send any fools to Washington. I don't believe we do, from what I know. But you send a man to Washington, and he enacts a law that will touch every interest of all the states in the United States, the lumber of Maine and Minnesota, the flour of Minnesota and Dakota, the gold of California and the cotton of the South, and the hoop poles of Michigan [laughter]; care for every interest all the great Union over and fit everybody's case, and you say that he is immeasurably greater than the other. So it seems to me that if God sits on yonder throne he must be able to come down to my little personal needs; stand by my bed in the night time and walk by me in the day time; able to count the very hairs of my head and see to it that nothing shall by any means harm me. He is not too great—only great on that account.

No, brother, I believe in God Almighty and in a supernatural power. [Voices, "Amen."] And He is our father, and He cares for us, and He never tires out, and He never upbraids. Let us honor Him, as our fathers did, with a faith in a simple, straightforward, all-conquering God. [Voices, "Amen."] He is never defeated, He never lacks power to do what He wants, He does not want any power from us, He has it all. He is able to save to the uttermost. [Voices, "Praise God."] Aye, and if we steal away into some dark corner in the universe and call for Him, He will find us, even if He has to hunt for us by the light of burning worlds. He is our father. [Voices, "Praise God."] Brothers, come and let us hold on to Him and accept perpetual and constant and eternal victory. [Voices, "Amen."]

---

23d

Semi-Annual Red Figure Sale at The "Plymouth," Seventh Street.

---

## BOSS BOWLERS MEET.

### The Calumets and Universities Try Conclusions Tonight.

One of the most exciting contests in the entire GLOBE bowling tournament is scheduled for this evening. Neither team that is matched has met with a defeat thus far in the series, and the fact that one must have a game lost recorded this evening is explanation sufficient to satisfy everybody that it will be a determined and earnest battle. The contest will be between the University Avenue and the Calumet Social aggregations, and it is perfectly safe to predict that unusually big scores will be made.

Dudley Finch will probably contribute to the pleasures by serving as umpire.

---

"Where Am I At?"

City ticket effice of "the Milwaukee" now at 365 Robert street, corner Fifth street.

---

A Mother's Story

"When my boy was 2½ years of age, a fall brought on hip disease, which gradually grew worse until, when he was 6, **he could not walk,** and we had him treated 9 months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said **nothing could be done.** I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and he improved at once. The 14 abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved, and he could walk, at first

Willie Duff.

Hood's Cures

first with crutches, then without. He is now **perfectly well,** lively as any boy." MRS. EMMA V. DUFF, Walpole, Mass.

**HOOD'S PILLS** do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

ALL THE SAME, ALWAYS.

SPRAINS.

MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS,
June 20, 1888.

Suffered 8 months with strain of back; could not walk straight; used two bottles of **St. Jacobs Oil,** was cured. No pain in 18 months.

M. J. WALLACE.

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

BRUISES.

PITTSBURG, PA.,
302 Wylie Ave., Jan. 29, '87

One of my workmen fell from a ladder, he sprained and bruised his arm very badly. He used **St. Jacobs Oil** and was cured in four days.

FRANZ X. GOELZ.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

The Boston
St. Paul

ESTABLISHED 1870.

## "IN FULL SWING."

Society is now in full swing, and Musicales and Teas and other enjoyable entertainments keep the society men and women busy.

Our 44th Semi-Annual Red Figure Sale is now in full swing, and our numerous salesmen are kept busy waiting upon our many customers, who appreciate the fact that during this sale they can buy the ***best quality of Men's and Boys' Tailor-Made Clothing for much less money than the greatly inferior kind can be bought for elsewhere.***

Biggest kind of Big Bargains in Boys' Overcoats.

**BOSTON**
**One-Price Clothing House,**
**Third Street,**
**St. Paul.**

☞Out-of-Town Orders solicited and given prompt attention through our Mail Order Department.

---

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED

# SAPOLIO

---

# IMPORTANT!

All Watches left for repairs with L. W. Arnold & Co. and not called for can be found at our store. Mr. Emil Rose, formerly with the above firm, is now with us. Mr. C. Sutter, who has been with us many years, continues in charge of our entire watch department. Our facilities for repairing and adjusting fine and complicated watches are the best. Any work entrusted to us will be done in the best possible manner. French and American Clocks needing repairs will be called for and delivered to any part of the city.

# A. H. SIMON

**Leading Jeweler,**
**Diamond Merchant,**
**Seventh and Jackson Sts.**

---

A SPECIAL

# PIANO BARGAIN

**DECKER BROS.'**

**UPRIGHT PIANO,**

Used only four months. Fully warranted. Cost (new) $525. We will sell for only

**$350.**

Reasonable Terms if desired.

---

**HOWARD, FARWELL & Co.**
114 E. THIRD ST.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

---

# PARK HOTEL,

**Hot Springs, Ark.**

A new modern-built, fire-proof and only strictly first-class family hotel.

**OPEN ALL THE YEAR.**

**The Most Elegant Bath-house in the Country.**

Beautifully located; superbly appointed; sanitary construction perfect; spacious observatory; delightful park and grounds. Letters of inquiry promptly answered.

**R. E. JACKSON, Manager.**

---

# REMOVED

We have removed our office and salesroom to our new building,

**Cor. Fifth and Wacouta Sts.**

**C. GOTZIAN & CO.**

---

**JOHNSON'S**
**ANODYNE LINAMENT**
—FOR—
**Interna and External Use**

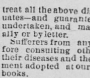
---

**GRAY** **HAIR RESTORED** to color and life by **Dr. Hays' Hair Health.** Best hair grower dressing. Don't stain skin. Druggists, 50c, or London Supply Co. 853 Broadway, New York. **Hair Book FREE.** Hair Health sold at Mussetter's, Wabasha street

---

# Galenic Medical Institute

**67 E. THIRD St., ST. PAUL, MINN.**



Established in 1861 for the cure of private nervous and chronic diseases, including Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, etc.

The physicians of the old and Reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases—are regular graduates—and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken, and may be consulted personally or by letter.

Sufferers from any of these ailments, before consulting others, should understand their diseases and the latest improved treatment adopted at our institute by reading our books.

The Secret Monitor and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above diseases, with the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing nearly 300 pages, and numerous illustrations, sent to any address on receipt of reduced price, only Twenty Cents, or value in one or two-cent stamps.

Pamphlet and chart of questions for stating case sent free.

All business strictly confidential. Office hours, 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Sundays excepted.

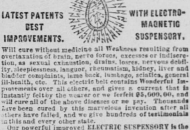
Address letters thus:

**GALENIC INSTITUTE.**
**St. Paul, Minn.**

---

DR. SANDEN'S

# ELECTRIC BELT



**LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS.**

**WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.**

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all others have failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in [illegible] to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, [illegible]d, free by mail. Address

**SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,**
Corner Third street and Second avenue south opposite Guaranty Loan, Minneapolis, Minn.

---

On or Before Money
to Loan at Current
Rates.
GRAVES & VINTON
COMPANY,
Pioneer Press Building.

---

# RIGGS HOUSE

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

The Hotel "par excellence" of the National Capital. First-class in all appointments.

G. DEWITT, Treas.

An illustrated guide to Washington will be mailed free of charge, upon receipt of two 2-cent stamps.

---

# Health Is Wealth.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteric Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa, caused by overexertion of the brain, self-abuse or overindulgence.. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order for six boxes, accompanied with $ , we send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if it does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. K. Collier, successor to Hippler & Collier, druggists, Seventh and Sibley sts., St. Paul, Minn.

---

# ST. PAUL
# Foundry Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Architectural Iron Work**

Founders, Machinists, Blacksmiths and Pattern Makers. Send for cuts of columns. Works on St. P., M. & M. R. R., near Como avenue. Office 212 and 213 Manhattan Building, St. Paul. C. M. POWER, Secretary and Treasurer.