IAL CHARIOT

SAYS RELIGION IS NOT A HEARSE.

Human Life Is Prolonged by Practical Religion—Care of the Health a Positive Christian Duty—A Gospel of Life.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage presents a gospel for this life as well as the next and shows what religion does for the prolongation of earthly existence; text, Psalm xci, 16, "With long life will I satisfy him."

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

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness or an emaciation or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp. He speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations," while God in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying, "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 930 years; Methuselah lived 969 years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his empire 45 people 135 years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at 185 years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah lxv, 20, "The child shall die 100 years old." Now, if, according to Scripture, the child is to be 100 years old may not the men and women reach to 300 and 400 and 500? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance, and they develop a Toussaint l'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from under the serfdom of sin what shall be the body, what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all?

Friend of Longevity.

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality, but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says, "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says, "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with 32 curious bones wielded by 46 curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy—350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in 24 hours beating 100,000 times, during the same time the lungs taking in 57 hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself, "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going to the top of his house and leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry cook or to the butcher or to the baker or to the apothecary or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine, logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed its telescope sweeping the heavens. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

Christian Duty.

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

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

Only this and nothing more.

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

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

A Healthy Balance.

There are aged people who would have been dead 25 years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries today slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation then it is an illustrious friend of longevity! "With long life will I satisfy him."

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

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend. I could fall back on $20,000,000. I can foresee a panic ten years. I hold the controlling stock in 30 of the best monetary institutions of this country. Whenever you are in any trouble call on me, and I will help you. You can have my money, and you can have my influence. Here is my hand in pledge of it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say, "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Peking, and Australia and California are mine. I can foresee a panic 1,000 years. I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend. When you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me, and I will help. Here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

God Is Present.

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost $5,000 in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer, and I say: "Oh, manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down stairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions they turn out a beautiful result, and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind—"All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation. One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume and cannot sleep, but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; he will take care of your reputation. If God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out; if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative! You will live 25 years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want or morphine that you want; it is the gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop. If you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny I would in as polite a way as I know how tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

Death the Preface.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment the first: When you go out of this world, it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad or whether you believed truth or error. You will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world, you will go into an intermediate state, where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say. "As the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world. When a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being, you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say. "There is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface. There is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty one on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the explation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the explation." And the hammer struck him and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered, "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky and the earth ceased to quiver and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding and there was blue as of the bruising and there was green as of the heavenly foliage and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words, "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words, "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words, "The day spring from on high hath visited us."

Quit Worrying.

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, and, behold, there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors, and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me, and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with 12 manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel, with swinging baton, controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulcher. I open the door on the other side the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the underside of the grave. The bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pallbearers let down your dead let them clear through into heaven. Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

His Past Career.

Julius Kahn, the new congressman from San Francisco, was an actor several years before he studied law, practiced at the bar and got into politics. He has faced the gallery gods in every city of the United States in his time. But he admits that he never encountered quite such a knockout as occurred to him at a Washington dinner party the other night.

The toastmaster had introduced Mr. Kahn to an audience of between 100 and 200 diners with some remarks about congress being a place where there was a good deal of acting and the suggestion that Mr. Kahn ought to feel entirely at home. The actor-congressman rose to reply and led off with the remark that he supposed the toastmaster had reference to the fact that he had passed some years of his life upon the stage.

The words were no sooner out than in a perfectly serious tone somebody at the remotest table inquired, "Whom did you drive for?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At Church and at Home.

Just what the good, helpful church member is in church he is at home, with an open heart and an open hand, never content unless his friends are coming and going, never angry unless they will not stay and have a meal with him, never so full of joy as when he is doing a good turn, or going over old days with those to whom he is bound by a hundred ties of kindly words and deeds. As he has dealt with all men, strangers and friends alike, in his church and in his house, so will God deal by him, and for him we may feel sure there will be a hospitable welcome waiting where the churches of earth have changed into Our Father's house.—Ian Maclaren in Ladies' Home Journal.

Power of the Mormon Church.

Beyond a doubt, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic, the Mormon church is, considered purely as a political economist's scheme, "today nearer to being a sucessful effort to inaugurate the brotherhood of man than anything ever tried."

Here, then, is a social and political force to be reckoned with. Marvelous in its power over the individual, it is rapidly becoming an actual menace to the nation. Already it numbers 1,000,000 adherents. It owns Utah. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, in Wyoming, in Colorado, in California and in Nevada. When Arizona and New Mexico are admitted to the Union, it will control them also.

The Other Boy Wants His Turn.

"Pa," said the small boy, his eyes looking longingly at the new mechanical top, "you've showed me how to work it now for an hour. Let me try."—Philadelphia North American.

THE DREAM OF ROGET.

"A Tautological Tale" That Must Not Be Taken Too Literally.

Senator Hoar has recently described one of Webster's peculiarities as an orator. This was his use of several words having almost the same meaning until he got the one that most perfectly expressed it. When his speeches were published, only this one of the several synonymous words was retained. An exaggeration of this trick of speech appears in "The Dream of Roget" ("a tautological tale"), which appears in St. Nicholas over the signature of Grace Fraser.

Roget was a man who composed a thesaurus of words. Now, a thesaurus, or treasury, or words is a system of verbal classification. You take all the words and phrases that mean pretty much the same thing, range them in a row, make these rows into sections, call the sections by appropriate names, and—there you are!

Falling asleep one night over Roget's curious book, I dreamed that I was Roget himself, and a very fat man into the bargain. A gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten, with the words:

"Come, come, my good fellow; bowl, trundle, roll along!"

"H'm," thought I, "what it is to be stout! Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!" And, turning, I exclaimed:

"Go! Begone! Get you gone! Get away! Go along! Be off! Off with you! Get along with you! Go about your business! Go your way! Avaunt! Aroynt! Away with you!"

"Whew!" cried the saucy man. "What an irascible, susceptible, excitable, irritable, fretful, fidgety, peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fellow it is!"

This annoyed me.

"Sir," I said, "you shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, flout, twit, roast, taunt or make game of me. This is ill treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, persecution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand!"

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively, "What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub faced, lubberly, bulky, unwieldy"—

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I tried to chastise him, but he turned into a policeman, took me to the station and accused me before a judge of attempting "by tooth and nail, vi et armis, at the point of the sword and at one fell swoop, to be violent, to run high, ferment, effervesce, run wild, run riot, to break the peace, to outherod Herod and to run amuck."

I denied the charge with vigor. "It is false, untrue, unfounded, fictitious, invented, ben trovato, counterfeit, spurious!" I cried. "The policeman is a hypocrite, tale teller, shuffler, dissembler, serpent and Baron Munchausen. I am innocent, stainless, unspotted, inoffensive, dovelike, lamblike, with clean hands and with a clear conscience. I demand atonement, reparation, compensation, propitiation, amends and satisfaction."

"Take them all, Mr. Roget," said the judge, and I was going for the policeman when I awoke. And so the conversation, which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terseness, compression, condensation or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, finis, finale, finish, determination and end.

Astonished the Doorkeeper.

On the opening day of the session of the Fifty-sixth congress, says The Criterion, a tall, gaunt man, shambling of gait, with "high water" trousers, a slouched hat mashed in any old way and an overcoat that needed brushing, presented himself at the center door of the house of representatives. He started to walk right in, but was stopped by one of the doorkeepers, who said to him testily, "Say, don't you know you can't go in there?"

"No, I didn't know it, my friend. I thought I could," he said mildly.

"Nobody but members allowed in today."

"Well, I'm a member—Congressman Cushman of Washington."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Walk right in."

As Mr. Cushman strode into the hall the astonished doorkeeper looked after him for a moment and then, turning to his assistant at the door, said: "Say, Bill, did you see that? Well, after that I ain't got the nerve to stop anything."

The Cost of Royalty.

The Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria, has received more army pensions than any other member of English royalty. In 1850, on the decease of his father, the country voted him an annuity of $60,000 a year. At 18 years of age he became a colonel, at 26 a major general, in 1854 a lieutenant general, two years later a general on full pay, six years later a field marshal at $22,500 a year, and in 1861 he was appointed a colonel of the Grenadier guards at $10,660 a year. His residence, Gloucester House, he, of course, occupies rent and tax free, equivalent to about $12,500 per annum. He holds the rangership of St. James', Green and Hyde parks, which increases his annual income by about $11,000, besides over $20,000 which he draws yearly as rental of his estate near Wimbledon.

RAGTIME FROM WAGNER.

Also In Part From Mozart, Beethoven and Other Great Masters.

Ragtime has been given its rating by F. W. Root, musical authority. He says it bears the same relation to the great things of the musical world that Mother Goose's melodies do to the masterpieces of the world's literature. While criticising this lowly but extremely popular sort of music, Mr. Root says it came from the great maestros of the earth. Wagner lapsed into it much after the manner of statesmen who sometimes get tired and drop into versification. Mozart also had moments of fatigue or exuberance when he dashed off a few notes in the measure of the cake walk melody.

Some of the great litterateurs have written along the mental altitude of Mother Goose, says Mr. Root, and so have Bach and Beethoven yielded to the impulse to put their lofty thoughts into sharps and flats that would be appreciated in Halsted street.

"I would not do away with ragtime music," said Mr. Root. "If some one should ask me if I would blot out Mother Goose's rhymes, I would say unhesitatingly I would not do it. Mother Goose is a good thing in its way; so is ragtime.

"To make the matter plain, ragtime is syncopation. All of the great masters have employed syncopated notes. That is all right, or the masters would not have done it. But they did not write all of their works in syncopation. That shows that syncopation is good for awhile, but we do not want too much of it.

"Now, Mother Goose's literature is a good thing, but suppose you had nothing else to read. You would soon get tired of it after awhile."

"What would you suggest be done about it?" he was asked.

"Let it alone. The people who like it may learn after awhile to like something else better."

"What objection lies against ragtime music?"

"It is a repetition of the same thing; that's all. There is nothing else in the world the matter with it. As I said, if it were not a good thing the masters would not have used it."

Among many oddities of ragtime an example of its effect may be seen in the setting of "Old Hundredth" to that measure.

"There is no such thing as good music or bad music," said Professor Emil Liebling. "You may set good music to bad or vicious wordings and the music becomes bad by implication. So with ragtime. It is now leading itself to low vaudeville, in the main, and because of that association the music is denounced. The song from 'Carmen,' 'Love Is a Wild Bird,' is one of the best examples of ragtime in modern music. In the overture to 'Don Juan,' by Mozart, and in the sixth two voiced invention of Bach we have good examples of syncopation. Ragtime is simply having its day. It will be forgotten as a craze in a few years."—Chicago Tribune.

Two Long Deferred Monuments.

"One of the most meritorious little measures before this congress," observed Representative Kitchin of North Carolina, "is that to erect monuments to the memory of General Francis Nash and General William Lee Davidson of the Old North State. Way back in the early days the Continental congress by vote requested Governor Caswell of North Carolina to erect a monument over General Nash at a cost of $500, the expense to be borne by the United States. That was in November, 1777, and four years latter the Continental congress passed a similar resolution regarding General Davidson, who commanded the militia of the district of Salisbury, N. C., and was killed in a battle Feb. 1, 1781.

"Neither of these resolutions was ever put into effect, although in the Twenty-sixth and the Fifty-fourth congresses efforts were made to authorize substantial monuments to these Revolutionary heroes. This congress has been asked to appropriate $5,000 for the erection of each monument."—Washington Post.

Rockefeller's Links.

John D. Rockefeller will be able next spring to entertain his friends at his place at Tarrytown on his private golf links. A nine hole course, which, it is said, will be the finest in the country, is being laid out. It was planned by Willie Dunn, and he is supervising the work. The course will be ready for use early in the season, and only Mr. Rockefeller's guests will have access to it. When work on the course was started, it was supposed Mr. Rockefeller was building it for the use of wealthy residents of that section, but this is not the case.

A Great Church Picture.

A great deal of regret was felt in the diocese of Winchester at the sale to an American firm of Sir Benjamin West's picture "The Raising of Lazarus," which for more than a century has been a feature of the screen of the cathedral. Dean Stephens, in answer to many inquiries and criticisms, said that the work had been secured for the new cathedral church in New York, "a much more fitting home for it than in our own cathedral, where it was out of harmony with all its surroundings and spoiled the proportions of the screen."

A Fred Douglass Relic.

J. C. Schaffer of Evanston, Ills., has recently come into possession of the original bill of sale which conveyed Frederick Douglass from one master to another. The consideration named in the bill is $100. The document was written 11 years after Douglass escaped from slavery, and the sale was in reality a penalty exacted by Thomas Auld, who had owned Douglass, of his brother, Hugh Auld, from whose custody he had run away.

Peking.

Peking struck me as extraordinarily backward after the evidences of progress I had seen and heard of in other parts of China, even in such places as Chang-sha, the capital of Hunan, where no European resides. In the latter town electric light has been installed by the Chinese themselves in several dwelling houses. In Peking the best thoroughfares are practically unlighted and almost impassable for pedestrians, while the dust, mud and stenches defy description. It would almost seem as if diplomatic indifference and Chinese corruption had conspired together to make the capital as loathsome and repellent as possible, for fear that if rendered attractive the invasion of foreign enterprise would, on the one hand, give the European representatives of the powers a deal of extra trouble, and, on the other hand, open the eyes of the people and seal the doom of Chinese official corruption.—Nineteenth Century.

No Escape.

"Rather than yield one cent to the fuel trust," he hissed, "I will perish of cold!"

"But the undertakers' trust!" faltered his wife, who had been shivering silently in the corner.—Detroit Journal.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 29,602]

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

Another Tumor Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, WATSONTOWN, PA.

What Mrs. Pinkham's Letter Did.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhœa, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends.

"Thanking you for your kindness, I am gratefully yours, A. B. DAVIDS, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y."

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The Hindoo and the Religion.

Why, the Hindoo asks himself, should he accept this western religion? He has one of his own, ancient, potent, elastic. It embodies his instinctive genius, suits his special needs, is older than the Christian, rests on thought he has elaborated and many western men have learned to admire. To surrender his religion would be to make a complete surrender of himself, his past, his separate mind and being and to become a mere echo of the civilization he despises. The Hindoo reaction is thus a very real force, moved by reasons we cannot but respect. Patriotism lives behind and within it. India the orient stands up against the occident, defies it, challenges its right to come east and impose itself on what is older, more concepts! to the oriental nature and too deeply rooted to be plucked up by alien hands. And so we need not be surprised to find the reformer succeeded by the reactionary, though behind the veil of his reaction the spirit that would reform still lives.

For the Hindooism he defends is not the Hindooism of the multitude, the religion of the street and the temple, of Kali Ghat and the Durga puja, of the sacred river or caste. It is an idealized system, eclectic, clothed in garments which are heirlooms from the past, but quickened by a spirit which belongs to the present. Not all it finds in Hindooism is Indian, but some of it is very occidental indeed.—Contemporary Review.

Thought He Was Dead.

Mr. John Stuart, the special correspondent of The Morning Post, in a letter which he has addressed to that paper, writes that after the battle of Elandslaagte "a Dutchman was found moaning and crying under a thorn bush. 'I'm dead! I'm dead!' he cried. 'It's that dreadful lyddite.' He was told that no lyddite had been used in the battle. 'I know it was,' he said, 'because I read it in The Standard and Diggers' News.' * * * He was examined and punched all over and found to be not so much as scratched. 'I know,' he said, 'but I'm dead. I'll die soon. The Standard and Diggers' News says that lyddite kills you without hurting you.'"—London Truth.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WAEHMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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