

THE GLORY OF GOD.

Each One Should Work Faithfully in His Appointed Place.

Dr. Talmage Proclaims the Importance of Religion in the Ordinary Affairs of Life—God's Common Blessings.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage advises us to do our best in the spheres where we are placed and not to wait to serve God in resounding position; text, 1 Corinthians, 10:31: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

When the apostle in this text sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for special performance of Christian duty and for regaling the religious appetite, but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldlyling all the rest of the week. If a steamer put out for Southampton and goes one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there. And though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world and toward the flesh and toward the devil how long will it take him to reach the peaceful harbor of Heaven? You cannot eat so much at the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold, up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, its eye on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed. I propose to plead for an everyday religion.

In the first place we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No. You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything glad about it, anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be continuously discussing. I have noticed that men just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow, talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or Heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day when the forests are full of life, chatter, chirrup and carol—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appears in the sky, every voice stops and forests are still. Just so I have seen a lively religious circle silenced on the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one had anything to say save perhaps some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said under the circumstances; so he puts one foot over the other and heaves a long sigh and says: "Oh, yes; that's so, that's so!"

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something to talk about with a glad heart. It is brighter than the waters; it is more cheerful than the sunshine. Do not go around groaning about your religion when you ought to be singing it or talking it in cheerful tones of voice. How often it is that we find men whose lives are utterly inconsistent who attempt to talk religion and always make a failure of it! My friends, we must live religion, or we cannot talk it. If a man is cranky and cross and un congenial and hard in his dealings and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it. Yet I have heard such men say in whining tones: "We are miserable sinners." "The Lord bless you." "The Lord have mercy on you," their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting, and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk God gives special attention and writes down what they say; Malachi 3:16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

Again, I remark, we must bring the religion of Christ into our employ-

ments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money or if he have an extensive traffic, but in the humble work in life that I am called to the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon's cedar, and the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fisherman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water then He will help you, as when He talked at the well curb to the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, He will lead you, as He led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand dollars.

I think that the church of God and the Sabbath are only an armory where we are to get weapons. When war comes, if a man wants to fight for his country, he does not go to Troy or Springfield to do battling, but he goes there for swords and muskets. I look upon the church of Christ and the Sabbath day as only the place and time where and when we are to get armed for Christian conflict, but the battlefield is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "St. Martin's" and "Lenox" and "Old Hundredth" do not amount to anything unless they sing all the week. A sermon is useless unless we can take it with us behind the plow and the counter. The Sabbath day is worthless if it last only 24 hours.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking, and it seems so insipid and monotonous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would do it, but we can't in this everyday life." I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. The ancient temples of Rouen have been changed into storehouses and smithies. The residences of poets and princes have been turned into brokers' shops. The classic mansion of Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The groves where the poets said the gods dwelt have been carted out for firewood. The muses that we used to read about have disappeared before the immigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and the man who is waiting for a life bewitched with wonders will never find it. There is, however, a field of endurance and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave, but they are all around us now. This is the hardest kind of martyrdom to bear.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like a storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business man, for the small annoyances of last week how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for Heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than the great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say: "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are heaving, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of the new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul un-

arraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Again, we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes and the harvests are in and the governors make proclamations, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have undimmed eyesight. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when He gave us healthy use of our limbs. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eye in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow, not knowing that it is God who makes everything, from the annimacule in the sod to the scrapp on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never thinking, or seldom thinking, or, if thinking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the Divine hand, that feeds it. I do not know but that God is, through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the watercourse chewing its cud looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smells like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smokes of a morning sacrifice. Oh, that we were as responsive! Yet who thanks God for the water that Gushes up in the well, and that foams in the cascade, and that laughs over the rocks, and that patters in the showers, and that claps its hands in the sea? Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of the vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue, this rolling of the crimson tide through the artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality. We take all these things as a matter of course.

But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings! Your body would become an inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scepters. Oh compare such a life as that with the life you live with your families! Is it not time that, with every word of our lips and with every action of our life we began to acknowledge these every-day mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

I was preaching on Thanksgiving day and announced my text—"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and His mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself as I read the text: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good— Why, I have never rendered Him any thanks! Oh, what an ingrate I have been!" Can it be, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days, that you have had clothing and shelter and all the beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God? Oh, let a sense of the Divine-goodness shown in your every day blessings melt your heart, and if you have never before uttered an earnest note of thanksgiving let it be this day which shall hear your song! What I say to one I say to all. Take this practical religion I have recommended into your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath and every meal a sacrament and every room you enter a holy of holies. We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them. If you want to die right, you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the his of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will scatter its garlands and wave its scepter and sit upon its throne long after this earth has put on ashes and eternal ages have gun their march. You go home today and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So our every step in life shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

A Great Success. The new underground electric railway of Paris has proved such a great success that extensions of the system are contemplated.

LOCAL NEWS

The Supreme court has advanced the sheriff's case to be heard on banc at the March term. The motion for adjournment was made on behalf of those who want the office under the law giving the Governor authority to appoint. The case comes up on a demurrer.

The other day the Chanute Tribune devoted half a column to telling of the finding of a "three-foot vein of rich zinc ore east of town." The knowing editor admitted that if the vein was only three feet thick it would hardly pay, although eighteen inch veins are in fact worked at a profit. The REGISTER didn't believe the story. Saturday the Tribune asked leave to amend. The vein is two inches thick.

F. W. Fitzgerald, who has established a mighty good reputation as a reliable and accommodating transfer man, has disposed of his teams and wagons, good will and business to Mr. E. D. Elam, of Caney, Kansas. The Caney Chronicle gives him a cordial blessing, thus: "Ed Elam has graduated from the farm, and moved to Iola Tuesday where he has purchased a transfer line. The Chronicle wishes Ed all sorts of success, and contentment."

If all warrants which are to result from the grand jury are served and the defendants lodged in jail that institution will somewhat resemble a sardine box. At present there are seventeen prisoners in the county jail and the capacity of the bastle is but twenty-two or three. Nobody likes to live in a crowded hotel, which probably accounts for the evident reluctance with which men wanted show up to be committed.

Atchison Globe: The charge against General Metcalf, that he ordered two Filipino prisoners shot, and which resulted in an investigation that cost time and money, was started by idle gossip. The charge that a captain in command of a war vessel at Samoa, got drunk, and the investigation of which cost \$30,000, also arose from gossip. Congress will eventually appoint an investigating committee when a woman says her neighbor doesn't sweep under her bed.

The wise advertiser is up early to meet popular demands. Thus it happens that a drug firm has discovered a long felt want in Iola and promptly filled it. The firm has flooded the town with memorandum books, duly indexed, in which you can keep a record of the dates you have for "breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, card parties, dances, theatres, calls due, addresses, etc." Nowhere will the book be received with such eagerness as in Iola.

Nevada (Mo.) Mail: Dr. Dresbach, under whose leadership the Fraternal Hospital at Nevada was established, has returned from Iola, Kansas, where he went on business connected with the establishment of a hospital along similar lines of those at Nevada. Dr. Dresbach feels much encouraged as to the success of the enterprise, as the plan seems to meet with general favor, and it is hoped the new hospital at Iola will be opened by the 15th of March. A building has been leased for this purpose.

Atchison Globe: The preachers are sometimes entirely too yellow. At Oswego, Kans., people were aroused from their slumbers at daybreak Friday morning by the tolling of the Baptist bell, and after investigation it was found that Rev. Arthur Creasy was at the bell rope, who upon inquiry vouchsafed this information: "Oswego is dead and I am tolling her knell." The people had failed to turn out to hear an evangelist that the preacher poet had brought there to sanctify the burg, and the evangelist pronounced the town dead, and after Rev. Creasy had tolled the bell the evangelist preached the funeral sermon.

The "Northern Lyon County Journal" stands good for this story. A good story is told on a certain clerk in Eskridge. A few days ago a rather bashful damsel came into the store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk did not know the chickens' feet were tied and asked the young lady if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief end tucked her head and said: "No-s-r, they are roosters." The clerk went into the back room and kicked himself.

Cash Edson left Sunday for Yellville, Arkansas, armed with authority from the hopeful owners of the Rubber-neck claim to expend a large sum in prospecting. He will sink a shaft on the property, which is next to the Governor Eagle for which \$35,000 was offered and refused, and those who have seen the property pronounce it one of the most promising pieces of uneven hillside in all Arkansas. Such confidence had Mr. Edson in making a strike that before leaving he approached Mr. William Lanyon and secured a half contract to dispose of the first twenty-five car loads at \$15,000.

Fi, Scott Monitor: The present week is to be an eventful one with the Masonic bodies of Fort Scott. The

forty-sixth annual communication of the grand lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of Kansas, the thirty-seventh annual convocation of the grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons and the thirty-fourth annual assembly of the Royal and Select Masters will be held here on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It is estimated by those who are familiar with the annual meetings of these orders that not less than 1,000 visitors will be here to participate in the various ceremonies of the week. The grand lodge of A. F. and A. M. will meet on Wednesday in Convention hall, the grand chapter R. A. M. Monday in Union hall, and the grand council Monday in the Elks' hall.

Sheriff Sued for \$5,000. The suit of Chas. McIntyre against Sheriff Harmon Hobart and his deputies, W. J. Conley and Lute Hutton, for \$5,000 was called in district court Tuesday afternoon.

Among the admitted facts are these, that McIntyre was arrested in 1900 and lodged in jail for eighteen hours. He was supposed to be Fred McIntyre, wanted in Johnson county for horse-stealing. While in jail here word came that Fred, Charley's brother, was caught and he was turned loose. Now he wants damages.

He says he came to town in a buggy, leading several horses. After some time W. J. Conley met and arrested him. He denied being Fred McIntyre but agreed to accompany Conley home for the night, not knowing that Conley lived at the jail. He was locked in the women's cell over night, but next day fed with the other prisoners, who promptly kangarooed him. He says Conley swore at him, which he interpreted as a sign of ill-will, although the defense will contend that this was an evidence of good fellowship.

At the time of the affair Hobart was sick abed with typhoid fever but he is of course the head of the suit.

The jury on the suit went out Wednesday and deliberated a verdict for the defendant.

Verdict for \$65. The jury in the insurance suit of Geo. A. Ward against the Farmers' Alliance Insurance Company rather surprised the public by a decision reached early Wednesday. The jury was out until 1:30 and after seeming hopelessly hung a compromise was reached, \$65 being awarded Mr. Ward in his suit for \$500.

As near as the REGISTER can learn the decision is one for the company. The jury decided that the valuation of \$675 put on the barn by Mr. Ward was excessive. The jury declined to pass on the question as to how the barn was burned. It eliminated the barn wholly from its consideration. The \$65 was given as a fair price for the personal property, hay, feed and farm implements, in the barn and belonging to Ward when the fire occurred.

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Can't Tell About a Jury. Judge Samuel Davis, of Marshall, Missouri, who presided at the trial of Will Prince, told a story yesterday to a group of lawyers in the prosecuting attorney's office about the first murder case he ever helped try.

"It's funny," said Judge Davis, "how after a lawyer gets a jury impaneled he always becomes dissatisfied with it. I helped prosecuted in the first murder trial in which I took part. After we got our jury I looked it over and said to my co-counsel: 'There is a man whose name we ought to have stricken out.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I don't think any of them would hang a cat.'"

"I didn't think they would either, and began to lose hope. I turned to an old fellow who was sitting near me and asked: 'Do you think they would hang a man?' He looked them over for a full minute and then answered: 'Yes they'd find a man guilty and go twenty miles to see him hung.'"

"Well, we went into trial. The jury was out only fifteen minutes and brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. I started up street and had gone only a short distance when some fellow ran up and struck me on the back. I turned around and saw it was one of the jurors.

"Say, when do you think that hang-in' will be?" he asked. "I want to attend it."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"About twenty miles from here, up in the country."

"Since then I have always recognized the truth that no man on earth can tell what a jury will do."—Kansas City Journal.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS. Why not be eccentric by praising people? Was there ever anyone in the world who put on style at meal time when there was no one present? What has become of the old fashioned woman who chewed calico before buying it, to see if it would fade?

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After a woman passes fifty, when she laughs there is as much expression of mirth in her stomach as in her face. In many families, they don't have milk for breakfast, but have, instead, the top of the milk.

In the minds of some people, it is discreditable if you have any sense.

When Church White heard that his daughter had married a preacher, he said: "Well I hope the Lord will call him where they hang up the biggest purse."

Every thief should have a family; it would do them good with the jury to state that he stole to feed his starving wife and babes.

We suppose the slang, "Cut that out," must have originated with a doctor, who wants to cut out about every thing he sees.

The day Prince Henry arrives, how would this do for a heading over the telegraph account of it in The Globe: "Bank Here."

If you call a woman "a poor little thing," it has the same effect as sending her a dozen roses, and comes cheaper.

Talk about men being brutal: An Atchison woman has dragged her delicate husband to a party every night this week, and he has to be at his work at 7 a. m. He looks as pale and thin as a bride.

Atchison girls have learned from the Ladies' Home Journal that they can take a quarter's worth of shoe strings, and by working four or five days make a real sweet shopping bag that would otherwise cost thirty cents.