



*Yours
T. de Witt Talmage*

HEARTY WORDS

OF

WISDOM, COURAGE, EXPERIENCE, CONFIDENCE, HOPE, INSPIRATION,
COMFORT AND LOVE

TO ALL PEOPLE.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

*Author of "Masque Torn Off," "Live Coals," "Foes of Society," "Traps
for Men," "Night Sides of City Life," "Sports that Kill,"
"Crumbs Swept Up," Etc.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND COLLATION BY

FRANCES POST VAN NORSTRAND.

*Author of "Life's Ideal," "Sunshine," "Social Dynamite,"
"Royal Gifts for the Kindergarten," "Blossoms
by the Wayside," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED.

ST. LOUIS:

COLUMBIA PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO: GLOBE PUBLISHING Co. DAYTON, O.: HISTORICAL PUBLISHING Co
SYRACUSE, N. Y.: W. E. KANE.

1889.

COPYRIGHTED BY
FRANCES POST VAN NORSTRAND.
1889.

PS

1035037

2969

.TS

114

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA FOR ALL.

General Phlebotomy—All Blood has the Same Characteristics—The United States Intended to Demonstrate this Stupendous Idea—All Descended from Foreigners—America for Americans—No Dumping Place for Foreign Vagabondism—A Father and Five Children—Foreigners Will Come—No Fear lest this Land be Overcrowded, if all the Human Race were Here—Immigration may Turn the Other Way—Intermarriage of Nations—Death Blow to Race Prejudice—Hirsch's Benevolence—Lay Aside all Apologetic Air—Become Naturalized—Liberty to do Right—Treat Them as you Would Wish to be Treated—Our Mightiest Defense—Ransomed by His Blood..... 25

CHAPTER II.

THE CHURCH.

Different Ideas as to What the Church Is—What it Ought to Be—A Magnet—Help from the Music—Rehearsal—More Volume Needed—The Besieging of Londonderry—Make Others Happy—London Bells—Help from the Sermon—All Need Sympathy—Much Work Done by the Young—An Apothecary Store—Our Turn Will Come—Prayers of All the People—Three Prayers—The Church Must Adapt Itself to the Time—Anticipations Aroused—When will We Cross Over? You Would not Come Back—Victory..... 39

CHAPTER III.

MINISTERS.

Jethro Alarmed About Moses Having too Much to Do—Why don't you Divide the Labor Among the People—The Minister Takes his Advice—Ministers Destroyed Through Lack of Sympathy and Help—Each year less Anxiety and more Happiness—Empty Pews Non-conductors of Gospel Electricity—One Mind and Heart cannot make Trouble—A Well-balanced Church—A Musical Church—"Sing aloud unto God—Magnificent and Glorious Exercise—A Church Aggressive and Revolutionary—Bombard Iniquity—A Generous Church—Voluntary Contribution—A Soul-Saving Church—Cant of Scepticism—Squandered Time—Changes—A Comforting Place—Work all Done..... 49

CHAPTER IV.

LA WYERS.

The Heroic and Vigorous side of Paul's Nature—The Mild and Genial Side—His Friend Zenas, the Lawyer—Sir Thomas More's Execution—Pleas in Behalf of the Bible—Prejudice Against Lawyers—Dr. Johnson Wrote a Lawyer's Epitaph—"Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers"—A Class Genial and Straightforward—Less Violence of Prejudice—Temptations and Responsibilities—Need the Grace of God—All Become Clients—Lord Brougham's Opinion—Cicero's Lord Erskine's Sacrifice—"Cite us some Authority"—The Office of a Busy Attorney—Scepticism—Only Believe—Sabbath Breaking—Artificial Stimulus—Shut out Thought of the great Future—"Be Ye also Ready."..... 62

CHAPTER V.

DOCTORS.

King Asa—Quacks—Divinely Directed Physicians—Ministers and Doctors in Full Sympathy—Their Debt of Gratitude—Advancement in Medicine—Accomplished for the Insane—The Asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—Edward Jenner—Chloroform as an Anaesthetic—The Medical Profession in the Court Room—The Advocate of Ventilation, Drainage and Fumigation—Human Longevity—Sin Done, Disease will be Done—A Benediction upon the Poor—Dispensaries—Gratitude to God—"Physician, Heal Thyself"—Trials and Annoyances—Two Pockets—No Sabbath—Malpractice—The Last Bill Paid—A Doctor Ought to Know How to Pray—Christian Usefulness—Worn Out—"I was Sick and Ye Visited Me"..... 73

CHAPTER VI.

EDITORS AND REPORTERS.

The Newspaper—Cannot Afford to Ignore it—A Great Educator—The First Newspapers—"Let there be Light"—The Ally of Virtue, or a Brigand Amid Moral Forces—Millions Instead of Hundreds—Practical Help for Men of the Press—Trials of Editors—They See the Shams of the World—Inadequate Compensation—Diseased Appetite for Unhealthy News—Responsibility Divided Between Printers and Readers—Draught on Nervous Forces—Artificial Stimulus—The Public's Disregard for Their Souls—Help to Make the World Better—Life a Book..... 81

CHAPTER VII.

NEWSPAPERS.

The Newspaper Printing-press—Eyes that See Everything—The Wisest City—The Cry for News Answered—Genealogical Line of the Newspaper—An Immeasurable and Everlasting Blessing—Read by All—Dead Newspaper Every Day of the Year—Lift Nations into Sunlight—Make up the Structure of the World's Heart and Brain—A Mirror of Life—Drop Impersonality—Universities have Editorial Departments—Lay the Foundation for History—An Evangelistic Influence Mightiest Force in our Civilization..... 101

CHAPTER VIII.

POLITICIANS.

Politicians Opposed to Each Other—Political Life Uncertain—Anti-Mormonistic Feeling—Congress—Intelligent Helpfulness for the Foreign Population—This the Mightiest Nation—Inter-Marriage of Nationalities—Gates Wide Open—Moral and Intellectual Culture—Platforms Must Acknowledge God—This Country Belongs to God—Prayers are Answered—Four Doxologies.....115

CHAPTER IX.

PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

The Purity of a Nation Seldom Higher than that of its Rulers—Christian Men in Congress—Present Time Better than the Past—Incompetency for Office—Temptation to Intemperance Terrific—Dissipation a Hindrance to Office—Destroyed by Bribery—Revolution at the Ballot-Box—Get the Hearts of the People Right—Responsibility Rests on Each One.....125

CHAPTER X.

BUSINESS LIFE.

No War Between Religion and Business—Industrial Classes—Christian Energy—Patience—Attaining Useful Knowledge—Christian Integrity—Overcome Temptation—A Dishonest Dollar Cannot be Hidden—More Spmpathy Needed—Well Done—Quit all Fretfulness—Reward and Rest.....136

CHAPTER XI.

BANKERS AND TRUSTEES.

The Two Most Skillful Architects—Irresponsibility of Men in Charge—How to Stay the Plague?—Failure a Stratagem—Careless and Indifferent Bank Directors—Duty of Directors to Know—Guilty of Neglect or Complicity—An Orthodox Swindler—Banking Indispensable—First Banks—Stand for Accomodation—Currents of National life—The Judgement—Never Speculate upon Borrowed Capital—Steal—Stand off—Render to all their Dues—“Provide Things Honest in Sight of all Men”—Live within your Means—Is your Religion a Fiction—Trust Funds—Effect of a Missionary’s Sermon—Comfort for Those Who Suffer from the Misdeeds of Others—Everlasting Holiday.....146

CHAPTER XII.

MERCHANTS.

The Crowning City—Royal Family of Merchants—The Jewish Banker—Trials—Limited Capital—Make or Break—Reckless Speculation—Over Care and Anxiety—Struggle—Words of Sympathy—Happiness does not Depend on Commercial Success—Neglect of Home—The Soul more Important than Financial Gain—A Grand Thing to have Money—The only Incorruptible Treasures—Shipwreck of the Central America—Save your Soul.....158

CHAPTER XIII.

CLERKS.

A Practical Woman—Encouragement for the Busy—Clerkship a School—Patient and Diligent—Disadvantages Grant Opportunities—Before the Mast—Mercantile Education—Promotion of Women—Courtesy and Kindness—Submit to Lawful Regulations—Interests not Antagonistic—Tell no Store Secrets—Resist Unlawful and Dishonest Demands—Keep your Character—In Consideration of Customers—Stop Thief—Need the Grace of God—See the Parsimonious Side of Human Nature—Inconsiderate Employers—Incompetent Wages—Boys ruined by Lack of Compensation—Christian Sympathy and Encouragement—Be Mightier than Your Temptation—Opening of Account Book at the Judgment.....170

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Knowledge of Past Centuries—The Railroad Train—Travelers can Stand Much Sympathy—Pray for Them—Wonderful Prosperity—Ready to Start—Pack of Cards—Brandy Flask—Some Good Reading—Sunday Traveling—Best Place to Study—Cultivate a Taste for Good Literature—Improve the Time—Associate With the Best—Treating—No Compensation for a Man Morally Ruined—An Employe's Accusation—Tell the Whole Truth—Where to Pass the Evening—The Theatre—Gambling Saloon—House of Infamy—Young Men's Christian Association—Day of Failure—Day of Success—The Last Journey.....182

CHAPTER XV.

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

Franklin Lassoed the Lightning—Have a Hand in Momentous Interests—Gratitude to God—Western Union Telegraph Office—Storm Signals—Railtrain—Literature—Domestic Circle—Brings the Physician—Church of God—Gathering up Good News—Arrests Crime—Women Admitted Here—Maintain Inviolable Confidence—Letters no more Sacred than Despatches—Too Much Talk—Seek Divine Solace—Trials and Struggles—The Atlantic Cable—Eternal Thrill—Lift the Storm Signal—"I Will Give You Rest".....197

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Military Science of the Bible—Early Weapons of Warfare—The Soldier a Necessary Factor—For God and for Country—Sectional Animosities Obliterated—Decoration of the Soldiers' Graves—North and South Prayed Differently—Gen. Sherman at Cotton Exhibition in Richmond—Contrast Domestic Life Before the War and Now—Home Sickness—Guardsmen of the Crimean War—Waiting for News—Religious Opportunities Contrasted—National Condition—Earthly Military Review—The Final Review—Pass Before the Throne of Judgment—Right Regiment...209

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

The Ancient Theatre—Temple of Diana—Paul in the Theatre—Preach the Gospel Everywhere—Misrepresented Views of the Theatre—Genius in the Profession—Generosity—Never Limit Lies—Everlasting War Between Church and Playhouse—Common Ground—Change the Entire Course of the World's History—Save the World—Great Mistake—Dramatic Talent, Change its Profession—Garrick and Whitefield—Liston, the Comedian, and Dr. Abernethy—A Great Actor in the Mad-House—Livelihood Precarious—Unconditional Surrender to Christ—God a Friend—The Four Acts Finished—What Then?—A Sifting Process—No Encore—Character Through Eternity—The Spectacle Ended Forever.....221

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RACE COURSE.

The Horse the King of Beasts—Found often in the Imagery of the Bible—Horse's Wrongs Righted—Rowland Hill's Prayer Answered—Maltreatment—Transmigration of Souls—Fleetness and Strength Ought to be Developed—No More Virtue in Driving Slow than Fast—We Want Swiftness in Many Things—Aim of the Military Service—Instrument of Atrocious Evil—Betting—Right to Offer a Prize—Gambling Blasts All—Horse Betting Craze—Winner Goes on to Hell—Swindler—Jewels of Morality Under the Flying Hoof—"Straight" Track—Effort to Get Money Without Earning It—Five Millions to Nothing—Careful which Way You Drive.....231

CHAPTER XIX.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

People who Tell All they Know—Two Ears, but One Tongue—Domestic Circle—Secrets Divulged or Kept—Men are Gregarious—Man with no Sympathy—A Divinely Implanted Tendency—No Need of Publishing Intentions—Wrong when Object is Nefarious—Talk too Much—Intolerable Servitude—Want the Earth—Cease Tyranny—College Societies—Slander—Perjurers—Relief of the Sick—Judge Them by Their Fruits—Influence over Home—Domestic Shipwreck—Six Nights—Fight Years of Fast Living—Effect on Your Secular Occupation—Ruined Through Social Excess—Sense of Moral and Religious Obligation a Strong Rope—Pull for Heaven.....241

CHAPTER XX.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Chaos—The Earth—Anarchy's Desire for Chaos—Contest Between Labor and Capital—The Only Impartial Institution—Labor has Grievances—Outrages Committed Upon Capital—Reformation—Revolution—A World Wide Quarrel—The Wreck Pointed Out—Wholesale Robbery—Hell Let Loose on Earth—Absolute

Dependence—Stick to Work—Go First to Work—Out of Work—Take the Vacated Places—Full Liberty—Family First—No Such Thing as Independence—Capitalists Successful Laborers—Peter Cooper—Great Men—Co-operation—Be Frank With Employes—Democratic Religion—Godliness is Profitable now . . . 250 .

CHAPTER XXI.

EMPLOYERS.

The Labor Agitation—Strikes Injurious to Laborers more than Capitalists—Barbarism will never Cure the Wrongs of Civilization—Frederick the Great—Nothing Accomplished by Violence—The Chasm Between Capitalists and Laborers—Sympathy—Prescription for Becoming a Millionaire—Pay Reasonable Wages—Visit your Clerks' Homes—Mold the Welfare of Employes—Look out for Physical Health—Shorten the Hours—Moral and Spiritual Welfare—Where the Evenings are Spent—Be a Father to Your Men—Illustrations—Christian Character Demonstrated—Keep Your Eye on the Foreman—Do not Tempt—Seed Time and Harvest—Urge a Religious Life—What Care for Their Eternity—The Island Devoted to Lepers—Magnificent Self Denial 263

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LABORING CLASSES.

Speak Words of Cheer to One Another—Wishing for a Different Occupation—The General Hardships of Labor—Womanly Toilers—A Villain—Injustice to Women—A Thunderbolt of Eloquence—Hungry Workers—Physical Exhaustion—All Work Soon Over—The Sewing Machine—Nothing Bright Ahead—Privation of Taste and Sentiment—Oppressive Surroundings Described by an English Writer—Encouragement—Plenty to Do—Family Turns Out Well—Great Men Opportunities for Gaining Knowledge—Isaac Newton Questioning a Seven Year Old Boy—Preparation for Heaven—Laborer Near the Throne of God 275

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WORKINGMAN'S WORST ENEMY.

Money Put into a Bag With Holes—Spent for Rum Intoxicating Liquor the Most Overpowering Enemy—A Universal Strike—The Stimulated Laborer Gives Out First—A Brick-maker's Experience—The Physical Advantage of Abstinence—Reckless Impvidence—Christian Prudence—Live Beyond Their Means—More Wages, More Ruin to Disciple of Rum—Loss of Self Respect—The Power of the Demon Quaff—Destroyed Without Remedy—Loss of Physical Health—The Drunkard's Death—Loss of Home—Loss of the Soul—Biteth Like a Serpent—Stop Strong Drink With God's Help—Your Last Chance—Beware—A Dead March 287

CHAPTER XXIV.

MONOPOLY AND SOCIALISM.

"Thy Land Shall be Married"—Not a Funeral but a Wedding—All-Grasping Suitor—Monopoly—Bribery Exposed in President Buchanan's Time—Anti-monopoly

Leagues—Same Rule Should Apply To All—Old World Landed Proprietors—Infinite Acreage of Wretchedness—Limitation of Wealth—Nihilism—Another Suitor—Won't Work—Ashes—Their First Right, the Penitentiary—Riot and Violence Never Gain Prosperity—Infidelity by Pen; Liberalism and Anarchy by Bludgeon and Torch—Instead of "Asleep in Jesus" Obliteration—Annihilation—Civilization—Semi-Barbarism—Midnight Savagery—The Bible—Mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence—Seductive Magazines—Home Missionaries—Christ Rejoiceth over this Land—His Kindness to It—The Grand Altar.....298

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

The Ornithology of the Bible—Elijah at the Brook Cherith—Fed by Ravens—Great Battles of the World—Battle for Bread—Home—God will Provide—Depends on his own Judgement—Never "Hard Times" with Him—More Confidence Needed in the Bank of Heaven—Infinite in Resource—A Family Incident—Dig and Pray—Mercy—Relief comes from Unexpected Sources—White and Black Providences—A Little Child—Pray for What You Want—Hunger after Righteousness—Trust God.....315

CHAPTER XXVI.

HELP FOR ALL.

The Picture-Galleries of Versailles—The German's Ill Feeling—Help's Himself—No War Between God and Morality—The Pomologist—Defective Roots—Help Needed—Lady Huntington's Remark—Use of Conviction—Drive On—First Year's Pastorate—Repentance—Scene of Riot and Debauchery—Faith—Hard to Believe—Faith a Gift of God—The Farmer and His Crops—A King Easy to Please—The Last Error Unhorsed—The World Unsympathetic—An Incident—Skepticism—Ad-journment Perilous—The Retreat from Lucknow.....325

CHAPTER XXVII.

FARMERS.

Country Boys—God is the Husbandman—The First Farmer—All Expected to Culture the Ground—"Thou Shalt not Plough with an Ox and an Ass"—Cattle—Growth of Grace—Plough Deep—Crooked Ploughing—Convicted but not Converted—Keep Your Eye on the Cross—Sowing—Truth and Error—Nothingarians—Harrowing—Bereavement—Reaping—Death—Threshing—Death of Grandfather—"Dear Lord Give Me Sleep"—The Garnering—Battles all Ended.....336

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VOICES OF THE GARDEN AND FIELD.

Symbolism of the Bible—God in Revolutions—Human Affairs Shaped by God—He Chooses our Occupation—Stay Cheerfully Where God Puts You—Ever Watching

—Friends—Limits—Temporal Prosperity—Commit All to the Lord—Things You Can and Things You Cannot Help—Rules of a Father Enough—The Promised Land—Blessings in Disguise—A Missionary from India—God in Little Things—Weighing the Mountains—Up Higher—Just and True are All Thy Ways—Vacations Disappointments—A Man's Heart Deviseth His Way; But the Lord Directeth His Steps—Be Content.....347

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ART OF MAKING FRIENDS.

A Sacred and Divine Art—Best Friends Appear in Time of Need—The Essence of Friendship—The Shipwreck of Human Nature—Take the Part of Those Unfairly Dealt With—How to Meet Trouble—A Cruel Fraud—Two Vessels Aground—A Visit at a Country Seat—Cover up Faults and Extol Virtues—Do Not Believe the Bad—A Fallacy Explored—Smoke Without Fire—Slander Made Out of Nothing—Suspicion—The Isle of Man—Appropriate Salutations—Handshaking—Kind Words—Evils of Pessimism—A Conspiracy—Black and Blue—Do Not Prophecy Misfortune—The Infection of Love—"Kind Words Can Never Die"—A Phonograph—A Spirit of Sacrifice—Repentance Before Forgiveness—Divine Friendship—A Portrait of the Future—Priceless Treasures.....357

CHAPTER XXX.

CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

An Appropriate Prayer—Celibacy—No Lack of Opportunity—Masculine Failures—The Patron Saint of the Family—Aunt Phoebe—A Benediction on a Whole Circle of Households—"The Morning Cometh"—Pray and Deliberate—Cannot Afford to Make a Mistake—Majority Women—A Favorite with the Lord—Pray to be Delivered from an Irrevocable Mistake—Avoid Affiance with a Despiser of the Christian Religion—Bad Habits—Do Not Marry a Man to Reform Him—One Supremely Selfish—Seek God's Wisdom Before you are Infatuated—One Cradle an Affinity for Another—The funeral Pyre of a Living Husband—Newspaper Advertisements—Many a Man, Who is a Fortune in Himself—Not a Perfect Man—Do Not Become Cynical—Great and Self-Sacrificing Men—The Wedding Day—Loss Irreparable to Parents—Write Home Often.....369

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Consult Your Parents—Jewish Beauty—Superiority of Women—Better Educated—Inexcusable Is a Man, who Marries a Fool—Most Important Subject—Millions Will Never Marry—Prepare to Take Care of Themselves—Society Needs Toning Up—Seek Divine Direction—Many Shipwrecks, Divine Pilotage Needed—Artificialities—Swindled—Mistake Irrevocable—Eve or Nothing—Someone Made for You—Some Bad Wives—Be Cautious and Prayerful—Some Good Wives—Celebrated Matchmakers—Solomon's Experience—Scoffers at Religion—Butterflies—Coolest Judgment Needed—Beauty a Talent—Princess of Wales—A Helpmate in Trial—The End of Life—An Autumnal Sunset.....381

CHAPTER XXXII.

DUTY OF HUSBAND TO WIFE.

The Ship of the Desert—Rebekah and Isaac—Realize Your Responsibility—The Sublimity of Confidence—Voyage of a Lifetime—Self-Abnegation of the Woman—Treat Her Well—Be Kind, Indulgent and Worthy—Pay Your Debts—Sentimentalism—Western Lands—Way They All Talk—Compare the Time Before and After Marriage—Home Life Short at the Longest—Fulfill Your Contracts—An Affectional Bargain—More Kind to Other Wives Than Their Own—Husbands in Flirtation—Meanness Immeasurable—Dishonesty or Licentiousness—A Blast From Hell—Tell Her Everything—Join Her on the Road to Heaven—High Priest of Your Household—Emperor Joseph II—“King in His Beauty”.....394

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DUTY OF WIFE TO HUSBAND.

Nabal Declines David's Request—Abigail the Conqueress—Submission—No Worse Swindled Than Was Abigail—A Struggle to Get a Living—Home Pressure—Be Honest and Meet Expenses—Be Lovable—Never Talk of Your Husband's Frailties—Keep Your Awful Secret—Let There be no Outside Interference—Keep House—Get Along Worse with Advice—Be the intelligent Companion—Nothing to Stay For—Make Home Attractive—Conspicuous Enterprises—Married Coquettes—Old-fashioned Mothers—Children a Nuisance—Take Your Husband to Heaven—An Infinitely Responsible Position—Woman the Head of the Household—Prayer and Holy Example—Testimony Concerning Two Wives—Eternity.....407

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CREED IN MARRIAGE.

Abram and Lot—Controversy Settled—Wealth of Religious Privilege—Split on the Church—A Tremendous Question—Any Church Good Enough—The Whole Gospel—Sand C—Different Routes—Only Get There—The Christian's Duty—Dearest Sacrifice Cheap—The Weaker to Yield—Let There be no Strife—Agree to Differ The Meeting of the Ways—How to Ruin Children—Sun of Righteousness—Bridge Al Sirat—Don't Depend on a Sound Creed—Hang Out Your Lights—One Idea of Getting to Heaven—Three Clocks—To the Perfect Church—“The Great High Priest of our Profession”.....419

CHAPTER XXXV.

SECRET MARRIAGES.

Forbidden Fruit—Needs Repairs—Divorce—Protestantism Needs Toning up—Clandestine Marriages—Marriage a Joke—Please Themselves—Justifiable Rebellion—Ruin Temporal and Eternal—Satan Presides—Modern Novel—Unadulterated Perdition—Proposed by Bad Men—Woman's Descent—Defiance of Parents—Women Who Have to Support Their Husbands—Know Nothing about the Men

They Marry—Deception—Go Out of the Harbor at Noon—Clandestine Correspondence and Meetings—Take Your Parents into Confidence—License Published—A Crazy Victim—Every Secret Thing Brought to Light—Unclean—"Behold the Bridegroom Cometh"..... 430

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BROKEN PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Jephthah's Promise—Better be Cautious in Promising—Victims of Broken Promises—Tragedy not Comedy—A Perjurer—Fraud Furies not Graces—Exceptional Cases Engagement as Binding as Marriage—A Ship-captain—An Everlasting Wrong—Betrothal the Porch—Subject of Infinite Importance—No Excuse for Mistake—Pause—Pray and Think—Flirts—Divorce a Last Resort—Make the Best of an Awfully Bad Bargain—What a Wife Can Do—A Dike in Holland Gloriously Saved—Rescue Others—The Setting of a Jewel in a King's Coronet..... 443

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS.

The Road to Happiness—Dark Shadows—Joy Increases—Little Happiness in Social Position—No Matter How Fine You Have Things Others Have Them Finer—No Solid Satisfaction—Usefulness in Home Circles—An Ungrateful Daughter—Regretful Recollections—Personal Charms—The Soul Shining through the Face—An Old Fool—Culture Your Heart—The Flatteries of Men—Discipleship of Worldliness—The Hope of a Savior's Righteousness—Set All Your Gems in Christ's Coronet—Good Night to Tears and Poverty..... 456

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Merits of Military Chieftains Acknowledged—Heroes of the Sick-room—The Greatest Test of One's Character "There Shall be no More Pain"—The Uncomplaining Heroes of Toil—Needle, Sewing-Machine, Attic and Cellar—Those Who Have Endured Domestic Injustice—Made Drunkards by Wives—A Wife's Perpetual Martyrdom—She Never Will Tell—Moses Grinnell—Christian—Charity—Those in Pinched Poverty Who Help Others—"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant"—Melrose Abbey—An Epitaph—Do not Envy Anyone—Trust in God—The Promise "To Him That Overcometh"..... 468

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOME.

Some Grand Sphere—Faithful Over Little Things—What is Home—A Test of Character—Reputation the Shadow of Character—Affable in Public, Irritable in Private—Home a Refuge—Life a Stormy Sea—A Political Safe-Guard—No Home—No Republic—A School—Make Home Bright—Christian Principle and Ex-

ample—Family Prayers—A Man Who Has Had a Good Home Never Gets Over It—A Type of Heaven—Christ Came Far From Home to Earth—Homesickness—Pilgrims and Strangers—Heaven Our Home.....475

CHAPTER XL.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

A Beautiful Village Homestead—The Martha and the Marys—House-hold Perplexities—Anxieties—Non-Appreciation—Cares that Age Women—A Man Would Become Insane—The Wear and Tear of Life—Christ Appreciates Your Trials—Sworn to Sympathize—Trial of Severe Economy—No Drudgery in Heaven—The House-Keepers Throne—Sickness and Trouble—Romance at First in a New Home—The Loaf of Domestic Happiness—Great Responsibilities—A Life of Sacrifice—Some Illustrations—The Aged Housekeeper—Very Tired—A Good Place to Rest.....486

CHAPTER XLI.

BOARDING HOUSES.

The Good Samaritan—Hotels and Boarding Houses, Necessities—Kindness of Landladies—Patience and Christian Fidelity—Prefer Whirl and Publicity to the Quiet of Home—For a Transition not a Terminus—Demoralization—Families Disintegrate—Gossip—A Pandemonium of Whisperers—Nothing to Do—The Spreading of Slander—No Advantage to Hear Too Much—Ruins Children—No Memory of a Home—Identity of Interest and Barred Against all Outside Inquisitiveness—Every Man's House His Castle—Home a Sacred Place—Reminiscences—The Grace of Hospitality—Guests Who Were a Benediction—Morals, Civilization and Religion Demand a Home—Build Streets of Small Houses—A Vestibule of Our Home in Heaven.....496

CHAPTER XLII.

MOTHERS

The Model Christain Mother—The Birth of Samuel—His Mother made him Yearly a Little Coat—An Industrious Mother—Faithful in Maternal Duties—Indolent and Unfaithful—Who are the Industrious Men In All Our Occupations?—An Illustrious Ancestry of Hard Knuckles and Homespun—Children of Idle and Disgusting Mothers—Every Mother Ought to be Observant of her Children—An Intelligent Mother—No Excuse for Ignorance in Bringing Up Children—A Christian Mother—Not Many Prayerless Mothers—A Bundle of Tremendous Possibilities—A Momentous Thing—A Rewarded Mother.....507

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHILDREN.

Tenderness and Affection—The Beasts Care of Its Young—What is to Become of the Child—Parental Inefficiency and Imperfection—A Miserable Failure—

Stuffed With Religion—Free and Easy Parents—Scolding and Fretfulness—The Son's Forgery—In Dissipating Circles—Erring on all Sides—Early Exhibition of Sinfulness—Parents Faults Copied—So Many Temptations—Verdant—The Mother's Apron Strings—Farewell to all Innocence—Traps Set for the Young—Elegant Saloons—The Lowest Dives and Grogshops—The Serpent in the Home—Wrong Beginning—The Division of an Apple—Whose Hand Was It?—The Value of an Example 515

CHAPTER XLIV.

SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

Miriam and Moses—A Splendid Sister—Lovingly Watched and Defended Her Brother—Nonesuch in History—He Parted the Red Sea—His Life and Death Unutterably Grand—No Miriam, no Moses—Faithful Sisterhood—Self-denial—Undesirable Places in a Family—Either a Blessing or a Curse—Don't Snub Him—Teasing—Jealousy—A Leprous Abomination—Strength in Unity—Identical Interests—Know Each Other Better—Gen. Bauer—Be Agreeable and Helpful to Each Other—May the Terminus of the Journey be at the Father's and Mother's Knee—Brothers and Sisters There Will Meet—The Elder Brother Came for the Younger. 529

CHAPTER XLV.

GRANDMOTHERS.

Paul's Love Letter to Timothy—Weak Physically—Evil Wrought by Margaret, the Mother of Criminals—The Influence of Good Women—Grandmothers no Better Than Their Granddaughters—Women of the Last Century—Blessed is the Household That Has In It a Grandmother Lois—Mother's Live For All Time—An Unexplored Subject—Run Up the Stream to Appreciate the Current—Rolling on Forever—The Influence of a False Alarm—Lessons of Truth—May skip One Generation—A Familiar Sight Explained—George W. Bethune—His Grandmother—Make the Last Mile of Life Easy—The City to Which We Journey 541

CHAPTER XLVI.

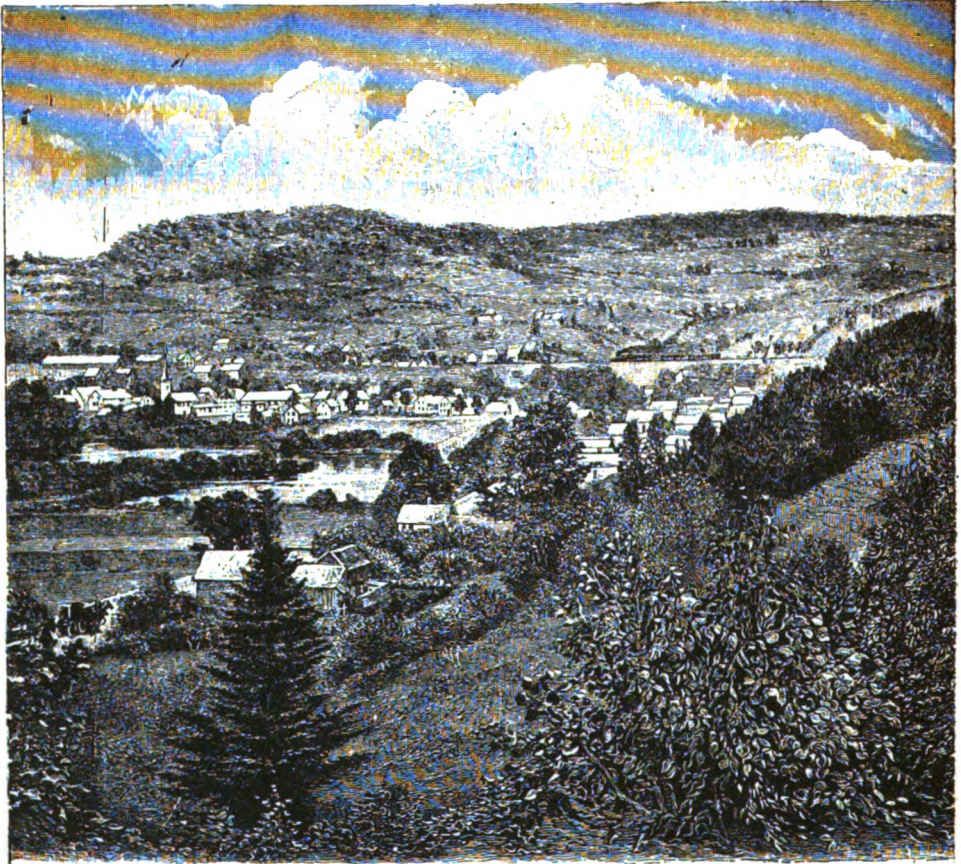
VICTORY.

Easter the Queen—An Army Route—The Black Giant—His Antagonist Victory—The Old Braggart Lost—Great Battles—A Cloak Room at a Reception—Our Soul will Cross Right Over—Cremation—"Why Should it be Thought a Thing Incredible With You that God Should Raise the Dead"—A Cloud—Flowers—Butterflies—Seed-Life—Silk—Put Silver into Diluted Nitre—The Day Resurrected—Filling not the Graves—A Trance—Useless Physical Apparti—A Journey to the Holy Land—House Repaired—Meeting of Body and Soul—Celebrate Easter—Only the Bad Disapprove of the Resurrection—A Cruel Heathen—The Last Day—Death Swallowed Up in Victory 553

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born in 1832, in Bound Brook, Somerset Co., N. J. His father was a farmer of much vigor and consistency of character; his mother, a woman of noted energy, hopefulness and equanimity. Both parents were in marked respects characteristic. Differences of disposition and methods blended in them into a harmonious, consecrated, benignant and cheery life. The father won all the confidence and the best of the honors a hard-sensed truly American community had to yield. The mother was that counseling and quietly provident force which made her a helpmeet indeed and her home the center and sanctuary of the sweetest influences that have fallen on the path of a large number of children, of whom four sons are all ministers of the Word. From a period ante-dating the Revolution, the ancestors of our subject were members of the Reformed Dutch Church, in which Dr. Talmage's father was the leading lay office bearer through a life extended beyond fourscore years. The youngest of the children, it seemed doubtful at first whether DeWitt would follow his brothers into the ministry. His earliest preference was the law, the studies of which he pursued for a year after his graduation with honors from the University of the City of New York. The facilities which would have made him the greatest jury advocate of the age were, however, preserved for and directed toward the pulpit by an unrest which took the very sound of a cry within him for months, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." When he submitted to it the always ardent but never urged hopes of his honored parents were realized. He entered the ministry from the New Brunswick Seminary of Theology. As his destiny and powers came to manifestation in Brooklyn, his pastoral life prior to that was but a preparation for it. It can, therefore, be indicated as an incidental stage in his career rather than treated at length as a principal part of it. His first settlement was

at Belleville, on the beautiful Passaic, in New Jersey. For three years there he underwent an excellent practical education in the conventional ministry. His congregation was about the most cultivated and exacting in the rural regions of the sterling little State. Historically, it was known to be about the oldest society of Protestantism in



BELLEVILLE ON THE BEAUTIFUL PASSAIC.

New Jersey. Its records, as preserved, run back over 200 years, but it is known to have had a strong life the better part of a century more. Its structure is regarded as one of the finest of any country congregation in the United States. No wonder; it stands within rifle-shot of the quarry from which Old Trinity in New York was hewn. The value (and the limits) of stereotyped preaching and what he did

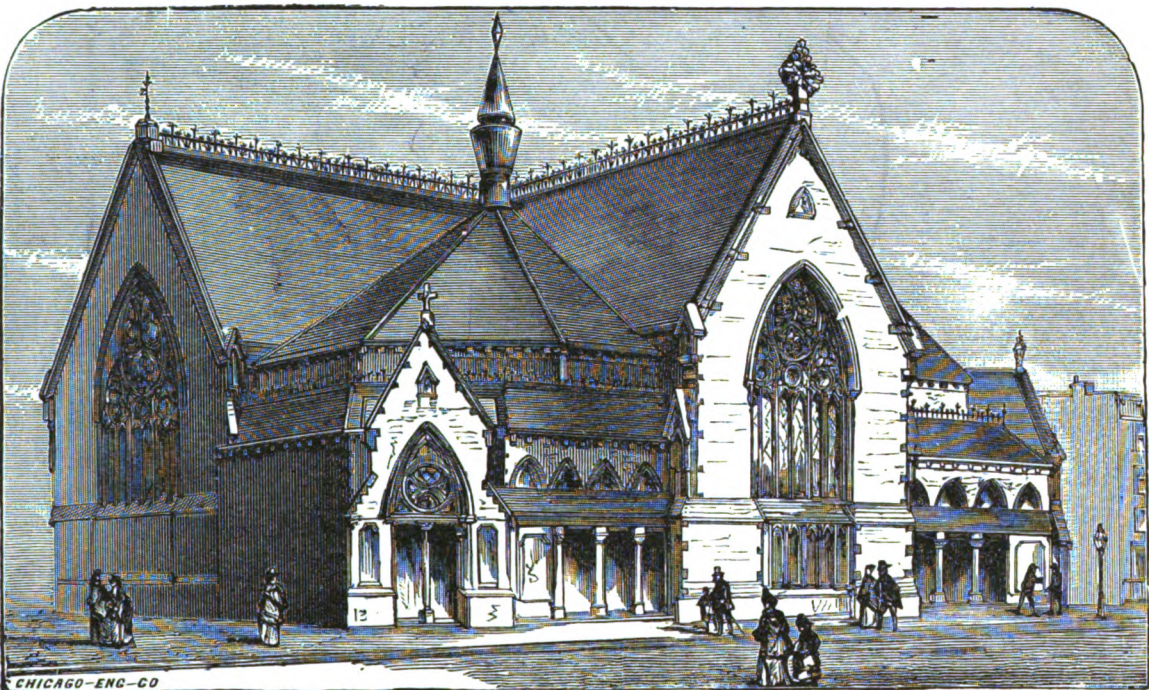
not know came as an instructive and disillusionizing force to the theological tyro at Belleville. There also came and remained strong friendships, inspiring revivals, and sacred counsels.

By natural promotion three years at Syracuse succeeded three at Belleville. That cultivated, critical city furnished Mr. Talmage the value of an audience in which professional men were predominant in influence. His preaching there grew tonic and free. As Mr. Pitt advised a young friend, he "risked himself." The church grew from few to many—from a state of coma to athletic life. The preacher learned to go to school to humanity and his own heart. The lessons they taught him agreed with what was boldest and most compelling in the spirit of the revealed Word. Those whose claims were sacred to him found the saline climate of Syracuse a cause of unhealth. Otherwise it is likely that that most delightful region in the United States—Central New York—for men of letters who equally love nature and culture, would have been the home of Mr. Talmage for life.

The next seven years of Mr. Talmage's life were spent in Philadelphia. There his powers got "set." He learned what it was he could best do. He had the courage of his consciousness and he did it. Previously he might have felt it incumbent on him to give to pulpit traditions the homage of compliance—though at Syracuse "the more excellent way," any man's own way, so that he have the divining gift of genius and the nature a-tune to all high sympathies and purposes—had in glimpses come to him. He realized that it was his duty and mission in the world to make *it* hear the gospel. The church was not to him in numbers a select few, in organization a monopoly. It was meant to be the conqueror and transformer of the world. For seven years he wrought with much success on this theory, all the time realizing that his plans could come to fullness only under conditions that would enable him to build from the bottom up an organization which could get nearer to the masses and which would have no precedents to be afraid of as ghosts in its path. Hence he ceased from being the leading preacher in Philadelphia to become in Brooklyn the leading preacher of the world.

His work there is known to all our readers. It began in a cramped brick rectangle, capable of holding 1,200, and he came to it on "the

call" of nineteen. In less than two years that was exchanged for an iron structure, with raised seats, the interior curved like a horse-shoe,



THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.— T. DEWITT TALMAGE, PASTOR.
DESTROYED BY FIRE, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1889.

the pulpit a platform bridging the ends. That held 3,000 persons. It lasted just long enough to revolutionize church architecture in cities

into harmony with common sense. Smaller duplicates of it started in every quarter of this country and abroad. Then it burnt up, that from its ashes the present stately and most sensible structure might rise. Gothic, of brick and stone, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below, it holds 5,000 as easily as one person, and all can hear and see equally well. In a large sense the people built these edifices. Their architects were Leonard Vaux and John Welch, respectively. It is sufficiently indicative to say in general of Dr. Talmage's work in the Tabernacle, that his audiences are always as many as the place will hold; that the leading papers in Christendom statedly publish his entire sermons and Friday-night discourses; that these papers girdle the globe, being published in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, Toronto, Montreal, St. John's, Sidney, Melbourne, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Boston, Raleigh, New York, and many others. To pulpit labors of this responsibility should be added considerable pastoral work, the conduct of the "Lay College," and constantly recurring lecturing and literary work, to fill out the public life of a very busy man.

The multiplicity, large results and striking progress of the labors of Dr. Talmage have made the foregoing more of a brief narrative of the epochs of his career than an account of the career itself. It has had to be so. Lack of space requires it. His work has had rather to be intimated in generalities than told in details. The filling must come either from the knowledge of the reader or from intelligent inferences and conclusions, drawn from the few principal facts stated, and stated with care. This remains to be said: No other preacher addresses so many constantly. The words of no other preacher were ever before carried by so many types or carried so far. Types give him three continents for a church, and the English-speaking worlds for a congregation. The judgment of his generation will of course be divided upon him just as that of the next will not. That he is a topic in every newspaper is much more significant than the fact of what treatment it gives him. Only men of genius are universally commented on. The universality of the comment makes friends and foes alike prove the fact of the genius. That is what is impressive. As for the quality of the comment, it will, in nine cases

out of ten, be much more a revelation of the character behind the pen which writes it than a true view or review of the man. This is necessarily so. The press and the pulpit in the main are defective judges of one another. The former rarely enters the inside of the latter's work. There is acquaintanceship, but not intimacy between them. Journals find out the fact of a preacher's power in time. Then they go looking for the causes. Long before, however, the masses have felt the causes and have realized, not merely discovered, the fact. The penalty of being the leaders of great masses has, from Whitfield and Wesley to Spurgeon and Talmage, been to serve as the target for small wits. A constant source of attack on men of such magnitude always has been and will be the presses, which by the common consent of mankind, are described and dispensed from all consideration when they are rated satanic. Their attacks confirm a man's right to respect and reputation, and are a proof of his influence and greatness. It can be truly said that while secular criticism in the United States favorably regards our subject in proportion to its intelligence and uprightness, the judgment of foreigners on him has long been an index to the judgment of posterity here. No other American is read so much and so constantly abroad. His extraordinary imagination, earnestness, descriptive powers and humor, his great art in grouping and arrangement, his wonderful mastery of words to illumine and alleviate human conditions and to interpret and inspire the harmonies of the better nature are appreciated by all who can put themselves in sympathy with his originality of method and his high consecration of purpose. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He presses the eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustrative truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As he stands out before the immense throng, without a scrap of notes or manuscript before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience could not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

His voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, strong effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. His power to grapple an audience and master it from text

to peroration has no equal. No man was ever less self-conscious in his work. He feels a mission of evangelization on him as by the imposition of the Supreme. That mission he responds to by doing the duty that is nearest to him with all his might—as confident that he is under the care and order of a Divine Master as those who hear him are that they are under the spell of the greatest prose-poet that ever made the gospel his song and the redemption of the race the passion of his heart.





PAUL ON MARS HILL.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA FOR ALL.

*opening a
vein to let blood
bleeding*

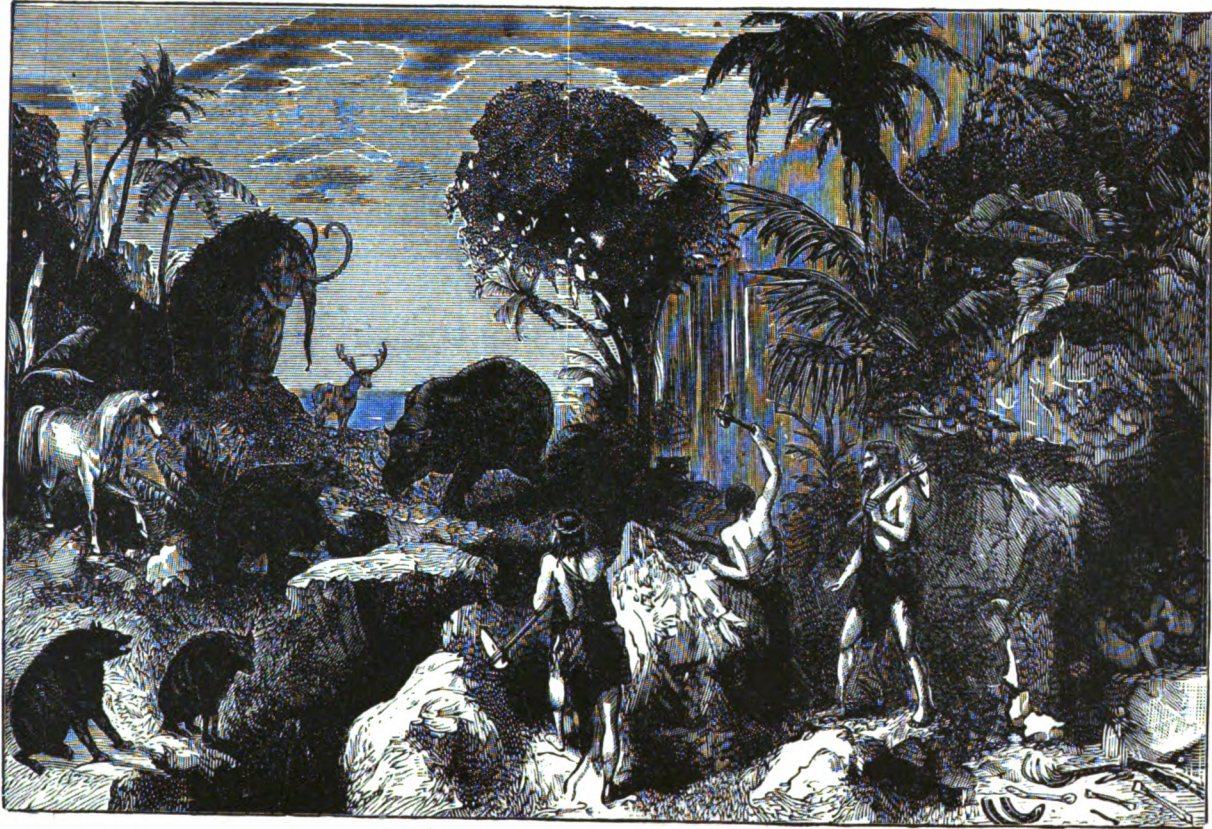
FOR some reason general phlebotomy were ordered, and standing in a row were an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Norwegian, an Icelander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian and representatives of all other nationalities, their right

arm bared and a lancet were struck into it, the blood let out would have the same characteristics. It would be red, complex, fibrine, globuline, chlorine, and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia and so on, and Harvey and Sir Astley Cooper and Richardson and Zimmerman and Brown-Sequard and all the scientific doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic and eclectic, would agree with Paul as, standing on Mars Hill, his



RACES OF MEN.

pulpit a ridge of limestone rock fifty feet high and among the proudest and most exclusive and undemocratic people of the earth, he crashed into all



PRIMITIVE MAN AND ANIMAL LIFE.

their prejudices by declaring that God had made "of one blood all nations." The countenance of the five races of the human family may be different as a result of the climate or education or habits, and the Malay will have the projecting upper jaw, and the Caucasian the oval face and small mouth, and the Ethiopian the retreating forehead and large lip, and the Mongolian the flat face of olive hue, and the American Indian the copper-colored complexion, but the blood is the same, and indicates that they all had one origin, and that Adam and Eve were the ancestors of all.

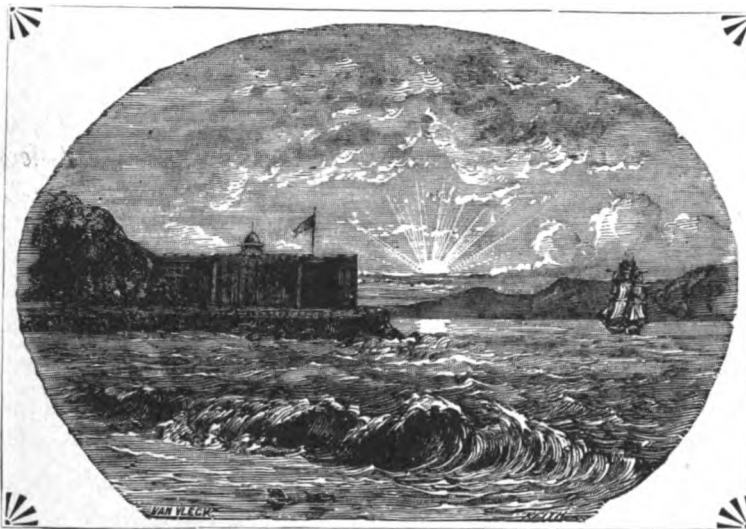
I think God built the American continent and organized the United States republic to demonstrate this stupendous idea. A man in Persia will always remain a Persian, a man in Switzerland will always remain a Swiss, a man in Austria will always remain an Austrian, but all the foreign nationalities coming to America were intended to be Americans. This land is the chemical laboratory where the foreign bloods are to be inextricably mixed up and race prejudices and race antipathies are to perish. There are mad-caps and patriotic lunatics in this country who are ever and anon crying out, "America for Americans." Down with the Germans! Down with the Irish! Down with the Jews! Down with the Chinese! are in some directions the popular cries, all of which vociferations I would drown out with "God hath made of one blood all nations."

There are not five men in any audience in America, except it be on an Indian reservation, who were not descended from foreigners if you go far enough back. The only native Americans are the Modocs, the Shawnees, the Chippewas, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles and such like. If the principle, America only for Americans, be carried out, then you and I have no right to be here, and we had better charter all the steamers and clippers and men-of-war and yachts and sloops and get out of this country as quick as possible. The pilgrim fathers were all immigrants, the Huguenots all immigrants. The cradle of almost every one of our families was rocked on the bank of the Clyde, or the Rhine, or the Shannon, or the Seine or the Tiber: Had the watchword "America for Americans" been an early and successful cry, where now stand our cities would have stood wigwams, and canoes instead of steamers would have tracked the Hudson and the Connecticut; and instead of the Mississippi being the main artery of the continent, it would have been only a trough for deer and antelope and wild pigeons to drink out of. What makes the cry "America for Americans"

the more absurd and the more inhuman is that some in this country who themselves arrived here in their boyhood or arrived here only one or two generations back are joining in the cry. Escaped from foreign despotisms themselves, they say: "Shut the door of escape for others." Getting themselves on our shore in a life-boat from the shipwreck saying, Haul the boat on the beach and let the rest of the passengers go to the bottom! Men who have yet a Scotch or German or English or Irish brogue crying out: America for Americans! What if the native inhabitants of heaven, I mean the angels, the cherubim, the seraphim born there should stand in the gate and when they see us coming up at the last

should say: "Go back! Heaven for the Heavens!"

Of course we do well not to allow foreign nations to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as heaven and as deep as

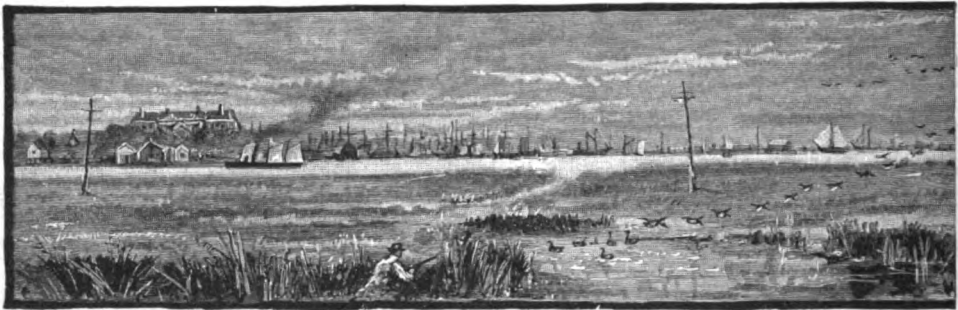


GOLDEN GATE AND FORT POINT, SAN FRANCISCO.

hell against foreign thieves, pickpockets and anarchists. We would not let them wipe their feet on the mat of the outside door of Castle Garden. If England or Russia or Germany or France send here their desperadoes to get clear of them, we would have these desperadoes sent back in chains to the places where they came from. We will not have America become the dumping place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before New York harbor, or at the Golden Gate before San Francisco, and forbid the coming of the industrious and hard-working and honest populations of other lands who want to breathe the air of our free institutions and get opportunity for better livelihood, and it is only a question of time when God will tumble that wall flat on our own heads with the red-hot thunderbolts of his omnipotent indignation.

You are a father and you have five children. The parlor is the best room in your house. Your son Philip says to the other four children, "Now, John, you live in the small room in the end of the hall and stay there; George, you live in the garret and stay there; Mary, you live in the cellar and stay there; Fannie, you live in the kitchen and stay there. I, Philip, will take the parlor and stay there. It suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall. I like the lambrequins at the windows. I like the Axminster on the floor. Now, I, Philip, propose to occupy this parlor, and I command you to stay out. The parlor only for Philippians." You, the father, hear of this arrangement, and what will you do? You will get red in the face and say: "John, come out of that small room at the end of the hall; George, come down out of the garret; Mary, come up from the cellar; Fannie, come out of the kitchen, and go into the parlor or anywhere you choose; and Philip, for your greediness and unbrotherly behavior, I put you for two hours in the dark closet under the stairs." God is the Father of the human race. He has at least five sons, a North American, a South American, a European, an Asiatic and an African. The North American sniffs the breeze, and he says to his four brothers and sisters: "Let the South American stay in South America, let the European stay in Europe, let the Asiatic stay in Asia, let the African stay in Africa; but America is for me. I think it is the parlor of the whole earth. I like its carpets of grass and its upholstery of the front window, namely the American sunrise, and the upholstery of the back window, namely, the American sunset. Now I want you all to stay out and keep to your places." I am sure the Father of the whole human race would hear of it, and chastisement would come, and, whether by earthquake or flood or drouth or heaven darkening swarms of locust and grasshopper or destroying angel of pestilence, God would rebuke our selfishness as a nation, and say to the four winds of heaven: "This world is my house, and the North American is no more my child than is the South American and the European and the Asiatic and the African. And I built this world for all the children, and the parlor is theirs and all is theirs." For, let me say whether we will or not, the population of other lands will come here. There are harbors all the way from Baffin's Bay to Galveston, and if you shut fifty gates there will be other gates unguarded. And if you forbid foreigners from coming on the steamers, they will take sailing vessels. And if you forbid them coming on

sailing vessels, they will come in boats. And if you will not let them come in boats, they will come on rafts. And if you will not allow wharfage to the raft, they will leave it outside Sandy Hook and swim for free America. Stop them? You might as well pass a law forbidding a swarm of summer bees from lighting on the clover top, or pass a law forbidding the tides of the Atlantic to rise when the moon puts under it silver grappling hooks, or a law that the noonday sun should not irradiate the atmosphere. They have come. They are coming now. They will come. And if I had a voice loud enough to be heard across the seas, I would put it to the utmost tension and cry, Let them come! You stingy, selfish, shriveled up, blasted souls, who sit before your silver dinner-plate, piled up with breast of roast turkey, incarnadined with cranberry, your fork full and your mouth full, and cramming down the superabundance till your digestive organs

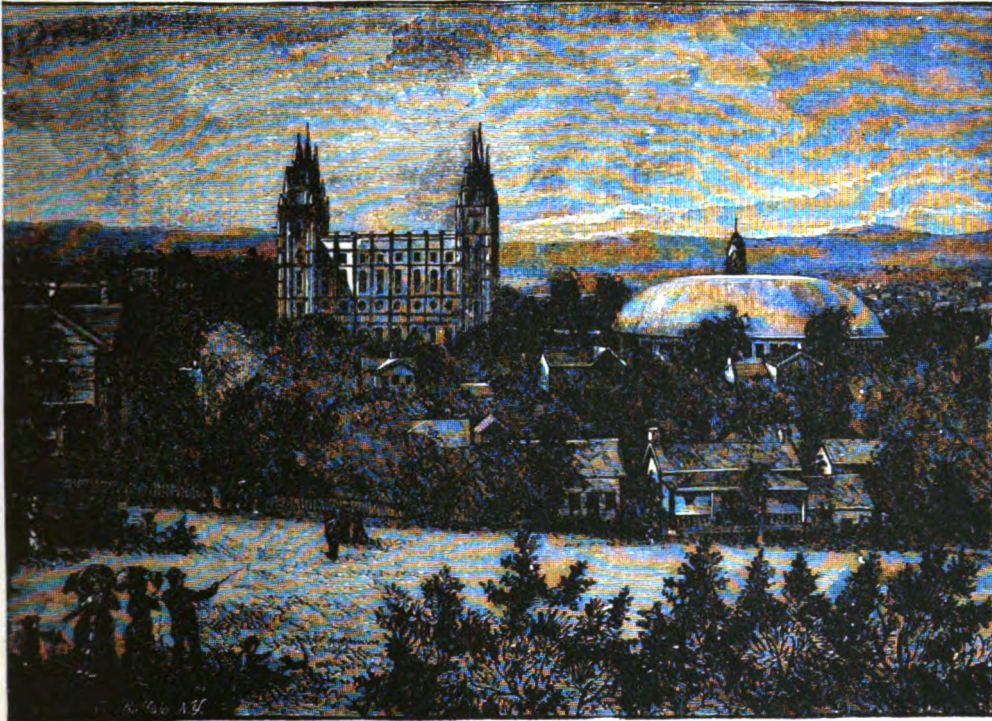


VIEW OF GALVESTON AND BAY

are terrorized, let the millions of your fellow men have at least the wishing bone.

But some of this cry, America for Americans, may arise from an honest fear lest this land be overcrowded. Such persons had better take the Northern Pacific or Union Pacific, or Southern Pacific, or Atlantic and Charlotte air line, or Texas and Santa Fe, and go a long journey and find out that no more than a tenth part of this continent is fully cultivated. If a man with one hundred acres of farm land should put all his cultivation on one acre, he would be cultivating a larger ratio of his farm than our nation is now occupying of the national farm. Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa, and all the Islands of the sea, into America, and there would be room to spare. All the Rocky Mountain barrennesses and all the other American deserts are to be fertilized, and as Salt Lake City and much of Utah once yielded not a blade of grass, now

by artificial irrigation have become gardens, so a large part of this continent that now is too poor to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canada thistle, will through artificial irrigation, like an Illinois prairie, wave with wheat, or like a Wisconsin farm, rustle with corn tassels. Besides that, after perhaps a century or two more, when this continent is quite well occupied, the tides of immigration will turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters; Ireland, under different regulation, turned into a



VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

garden, will invite back another generation of Irishmen; and the wide wastes of Russia, brought from under despotism, will, with her own green fields, invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling on the other continents. And, after a number of centuries, all the earth full and crowded, what then? Well, at that time some night a panther meteor wandering through the heavens will put its paw on our world and stop it; and, putting its panther tooth into the neck of its mountain range, will shake it lifeless, as the rat terrier a rat. So I have no more

fear of America being overcrowded than that the porpoises in the Atlantic Ocean will become so numerous as to stop shipping.

It is through mighty addition of foreign population to our native population that I think God is going to fill this land with a race of people ninety-five per cent superior to anything the world has ever seen. Intermarriage of families and intermarriage of nations is depressing and crippling. Marriage outside of one's own nationality and with another style of nationality is a mighty gain. What makes the Scotch-Irish second to no pedigree for brain and stamina of character, so that blood goes right up to the Supreme Court bench, and to the front rank in jurisprudence and merchandise and art? Because nothing under heaven can be more unlike than a Scotchman and an Irishman, and the descendants of these two conjoined nationalities, unless rum flings them, go right to the tip top in everything. All nationalities coming to this land the opposites will all the while be affianced, and French and German will unite, and that will stop all the quarrel between them, and one child they will call Alsace and the other Lorraine. And hot-blooded Spaniard will unite with cool-blooded Poland and romantic Italian with matter-of-fact Norwegian, and a hundred and fifty years from now the race occupying this land will be in stature, in purity of complexion, in liquidity of eye, in gracefulness of poise, in dome-like brow, in taste, in intelligence and in morals so far ahead of anything now known on either side the seas, that this last quarter of the nineteenth century will seem to them like the Dark Ages. Oh, then, how they will legislate and bargain and pray and preach and govern! This is the land where by the mingling of races, the race prejudice is to get its death blow.

How heaven feels about it we may conclude from the fact that Christ, the Jew, and descended from a Jewess, nevertheless provided a religion for all races, and that Paul, though a Jew, became the chief apostle of the Gentiles, and that recently God has allowed to burst in splendor upon the attention of the world. Hirsch, the Jew, who, after giving ten million dollars to the Christian churches and hospitals, has called a committee of nations and furnished them with forty million dollars for schools to elevate his race in France and Germany and Russia to higher intelligence, and abolish, as he says, the prejudices against their race; these fifty million dollars not given in a last will and testament and at a time when a man must leave his money anyhow, but by donation at fifty-five

years of age and in good health, utterly eclipsing all benevolence since the world was created. I must confess there was a time when I entertained race prejudice, but, thanks to God, that prejudice has gone, and if I sat in church and on one side of me there was a black man and on the other side of me was an Indian, and before me was a Chinaman and behind me a Turk I would be as happy as I am standing in my own pulpit, and I am as happy there as I can be and live. The sooner we get this corpse of race prejudice buried, the healthier will be our American atmosphere. Let each one fetch a spade and let us dig its grave clear on down, deeper and deeper, till we get as far down as the center of the earth and half way to China, but no farther, lest it poison those living on the other side the earth. Then into this grave let down the accursed carcass of race prejudice and throw on it all the mean things that have ever been said and written between Jew and Gentile, between Turk and Russian, between English and French, between Mongolian and anti-Mongolian, between black and white, and put up over that grave for tombstone some scorched and jagged chunk of scoræ spit out by some volcanic eruption, and chisel on it for epitaph: "Here lies the carcass of one who cursed the world. Aged near six thousand years. Departed this life for the perdition from whence it came. No peace to its ashes!"

Foreigners, lay aside all apologetic air and realize you have as much right as any man who was not only himself born here, but his father and his grandfather and great-grandfather before him. Are you an Englishman? Though during the revolutionary war your fathers treated our fathers roughly, England as more than atoned for that by giving to this country at least two denominations of Christians, the Church of England and the Methodist church. Witness the magnificent liturgy of the one and the Wesleyan hallelujahs of the other. And who shall ever pay England for what Shakespeare and John Milton and Wadsworth and a thousand others have done for America? Are you a Scotchman? Thanks for John Knox's Presbyterianism, the balancewheel of all other denominations. And how shall Americans ever pay your native land for what Thomas Chalmers and Macintosh and Robert Burns and Christopher North and Robert McCheyne and Candlish and Guthrie have done for Americans?

Are you a Frenchman? We cannot forget your Lafayette, who, in the most desperate time of our American revolution, New York surrendered and our

armies flying in retreat, espoused our cause and at Brandywine and Monmouth and Yorktown put all America under eternal obligation. And we cannot forget the coming to the rescue of our fathers Rochambeau and his French fleet with



GEN. LAFAYETTE.

six thousand armed men. Are you a German? We have not forgotten the eleven wounds through which your Baron de Kalb poured out his life blood at the head of the Maryland and Delaware troops in the disastrous battle at Camden, and after we have named our streets and our cities and our counties after him, we have not paid a tithe of what we owe Germany for his valor and self-sacrifice. And what about Martin Luther, the giant German who made way for religious liberty for all lands and ages? Are you a Polander? How can we forget your brilliant Count Pulaski, whose

bones were laid in Savannah River after a mortal wound gotten while in the stirrups of one of the fiercest cavalry charges of the American revolution? But without particularizing, I say, "All hail to the men and women of other lands who come here with honest purpose!" Renounce all obligation to foreign despots. Take the oath of American allegiance. Get out your naturalization papers. Don't talk against our institutions for the fact that you came here and stay shows that you like ours better than any other. If you don't like them there are steamers going out of our ports almost every day, and the fare is cheap. But if you like it here, then I charge you, at the ballot-box, in legislative hall, in churches and everywhere, be out and out Americans. Do not try to establish here the loose foreign Sabbaths, or transcendentalism spun into a religion of mush and moonshine, or foreign libertinism, or that condensation of all thievery, scoundrelism, lust, murder and perdition which in Russia is called Nihilism and in France called Communism and in America called Anarchism. Unite with us in making, by the grace of God, the fifteen million square miles of America on both sides the Isthmus of Panama the paradise of virtue and religion.

Americans ought, by all possible means, explain to foreigners our institutions. Coming here, the vast majority of them know about as much concerning

Republican or Democratic form of government as you in the United States know about the politics in Denmark or France or Italy or Switzerland; namely, noth-



PULASKI MONUMENT, SAVANNAH.

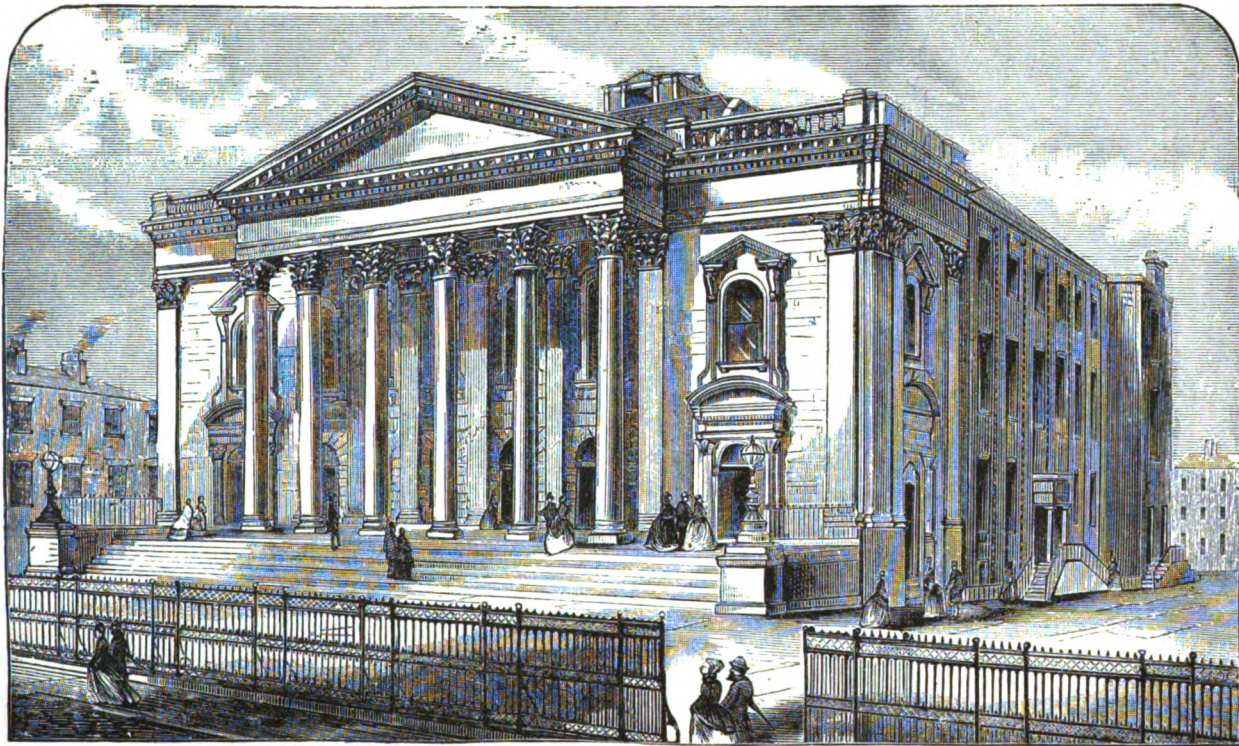
ing. Explain to them that liberty in this country means liberty to do right, but not liberty to do wrong. Never in their presence say anything against their

native land, for, no matter how much they may have been oppressed there, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions, around whose doors they played, and perhaps somewhere there is a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave, and it would be like going again into the loving arms that first held them, and against the bosom that first pillowed them. My! my! how low down a man must have descended to have no regard for the place where his cradle was rocked. Don't mock their brogue or their stumbling attempts at the hardest of all languages to learn, namely, the English language. I warrant that they speak English as well as you could talk Scandinavian. Treat them in America as you would like to be treated if, for the sake of your honest principles or a better livelihood for yourself or family, you had moved under the shadow of Jungfrau, or the Rigl, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Bohemian Forest, or the Franconian Jura. If they get homesick, as some of them are, suggest to them that God is as near to help them here as he was near them before they crossed the Atlantic, and that the soul's final flight is less than a second, whether from the beach of the Caspian Sea or the banks of Lake Erie. Evangelize their adults through the churches and their children through the schools, and let home missions and tract societies and the Bible, translated in all the languages of these foreign people, have full swing.

Rejoice as Christian patriots that instead of being an element of weakness, the foreign people, thoroughly evangelized, will be our mightiest defense against all the world. The Congress of the United States recently ordered built new forts all up and down our American coasts, and a new navy is about to be projected. But let me say that three hundred million dollars expended in coast defense will not be so mighty as a vast foreign population living in America. With hundreds of thousands of Germans in New York, Germany would as soon think of bombshelling Berlin as attacking us. With hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen in New York, France would as soon think of firing on Paris. With hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in New York, England would as soon think of destroying London. The mightiest defense against European nations is a wall of Europeans reaching all up and down the American Continent—a wall of heads and hearts consecrated to free government. A bulwark of foreign humanity heaved up all along our shores, re-enforced by the Atlantic Ocean, armed as it is

with tempests and Caribbean whirlwinds and giant billows ready to fling mountains from their catapult, we need as a nation fear no one in the universe but God, and if found in his service we need not fear him. As six hundred million people will yet sit down at our national table, let God preside. To him be dedicated the metal of our mines, the sheaves of our harvest fields, the fruits of our orchards, the fabrics of our manufactories, the telescopes of our observatories, the volumes of our libraries, the songs of our churches, the affections of our hearts, and all our lakes become baptismal fonts, and all our mountains altars of praise, and all our valleys amphitheatres of worship; and our country, having become fifty nations consolidated in one, may its every heart-throb be a pulsation of gratitude to him who made "of one blood all nations" and ransomed that blood by the payment of the last drop of his own.





METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE—SPURGEON'S.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHURCH.

IF YOU should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cul-

tivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisit fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."



OLD ENGLISH CHURCH.

Whatever the church is, David tells you what it ought to be; a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help, "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness for the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the toil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought

to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshipers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes, he has had an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starvling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it to perdition. The business man sits down in church headachy from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off, and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman recently dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing; I am only practising for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take a part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here?

But I am not writing of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want, not more harmony, not more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music. The English Dissenting churches far surpass our American churches in this respect. An English audience of one thousand people will give more volume of sacred song than an American audience of two thousand people. I do not know what the reason is. Oh, you ought to hear them sing in Surrey Chapel. Some time ago I had the opportunity of preaching the anniversary sermon in Rowland Hill's old chapel, and when they lifted their voices in sacred song, it was simply overwhelming; and then, in the evening of the same day, in Agricultural Hall, twenty thousand voices lifted in doxology. It was like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of many thunderings, and like the voice of heaven.

"The blessings thrilled through all the laboring throng,
And heaven was won by violence of song."

Now I am no worshiper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would, with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice, sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be. All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart

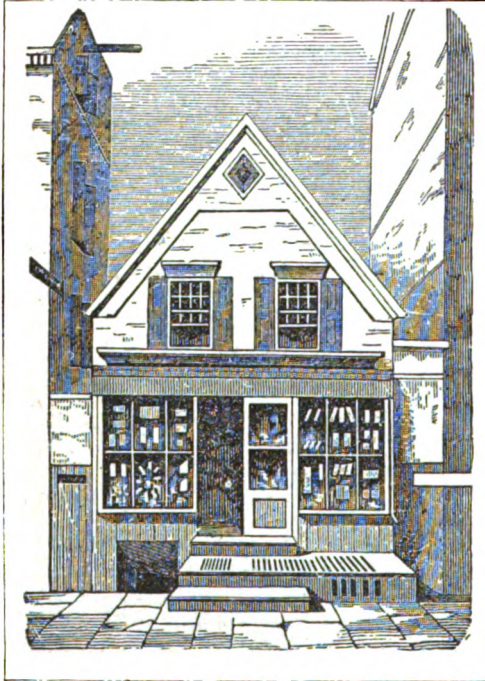


PILGRIMS PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.
FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to do this, we must have only a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact,

and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts. Suppose each person in a congregation has brought all the annoyances of three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill the room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the three hundred and sixty-five



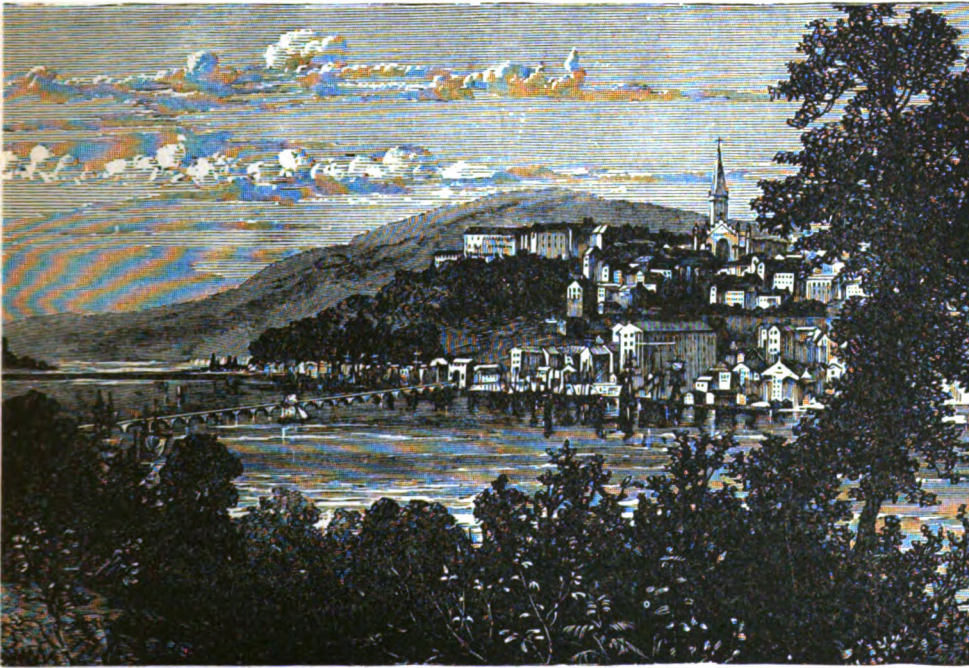
CRADLE OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in battalions, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart.

When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged, many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. Oh, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy. Mythology tells us of Amphion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies.

I have tarried many nights in London, and I have heard the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and

after they were done striking the hour of night, then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant, as with mighty tongue it announced the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks as they have no candles, but a



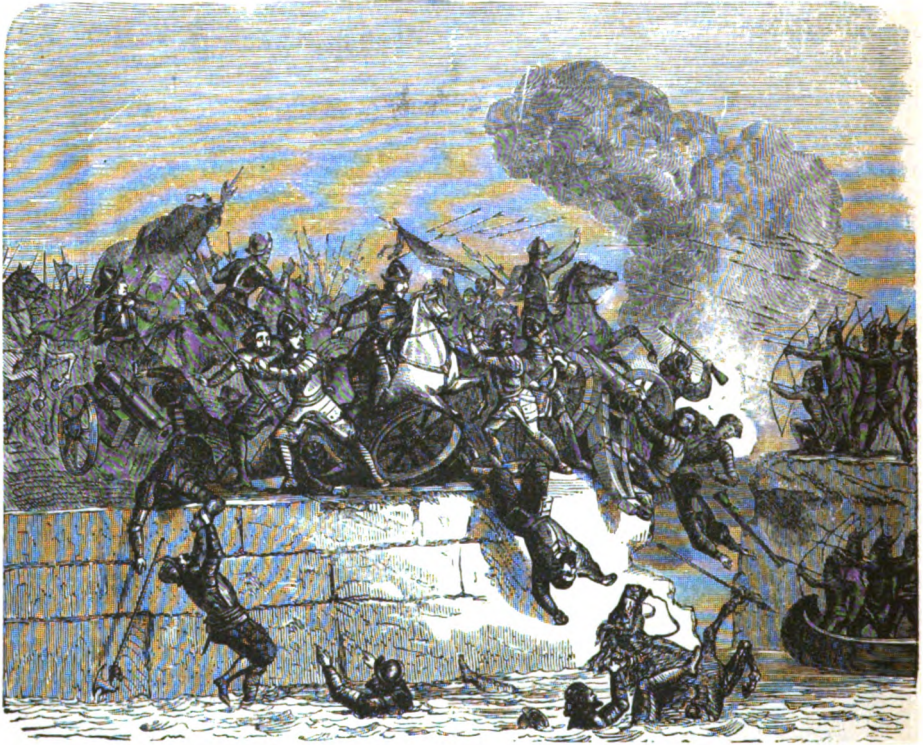
LONDONDERRY.

great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

“Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God:
 But children of the Heavenly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.”

Sanctuary help ought also to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in any audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess five hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people there are just one thousand people who

need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died

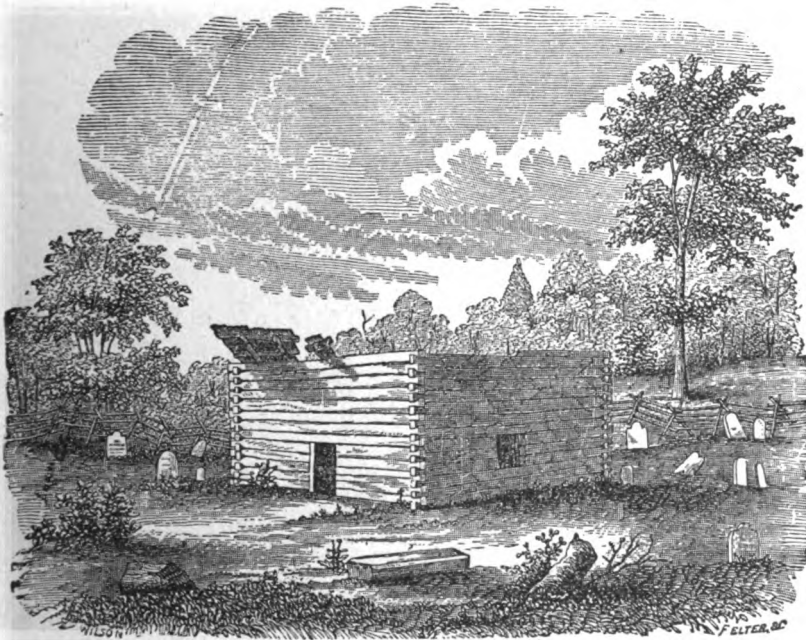


CORTEZ CONQUERING MEXICO.

at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and exhortations in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the brow-

beating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Doctor Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere.



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN OHIO.

We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully, before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. We want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailor's Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among

the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preaches to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workmen feel they have more grace for the spindles. When Doctor South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Again sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. What will your prayer do for people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories? Here are people in crisis of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair, or wild blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you prayed. Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "that prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their trumpets. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the closing prayer. There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after entrance, and spend the second prayer, the "long prayer," in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home.

The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scripture lesson and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a dull exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.

But, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, or do all

the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time, it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum. We have no objections to bands and surplice, and all the paraphernalia of clerical life; but these things make no impression—make no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes; and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddlebags, and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new Gospel, only the old Gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy, and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the church are to be set open toward this world, the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time, and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go groaning out of life, some go cursing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way, We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and shivering when we go away from this world; we want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch. We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?" she answered, "The path is narrow: it is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead, and He says, 'Mary, follow.'" Through these church gates set heavenward, how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches; now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they

could not walk, except as the maternal hand guided them; now they bound with the hilarities celestial. The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder; but now they have no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draught from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release you could stand very well. If you got on the other side, and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come; I shall not risk going back; if a man reaches heaven he had better stay there."

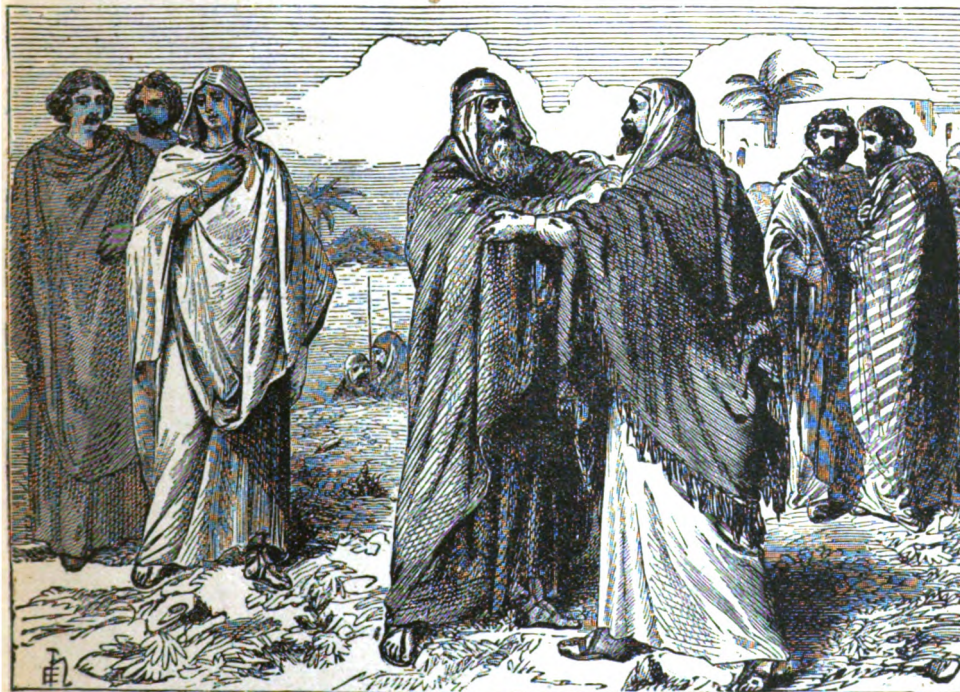
In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree four hundred years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles that, when he reached the city waving the tree branch, he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to be a great tree twenty feet in circumference, and the remains of it are there to this day. My reader, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry, "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted, to become the out-branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.



CHAPTER III.

MINISTERS.

JETHRO, when paying a visit to his son-in-law, Moses, finds his tent lighted and swarming with a glad levee. Until very late at night I see the swinging of the lanterns and the glancing in and out of the guests. Good cheer, recital of stirring experiences, accounts of what they have done and what God has done, and innocent conviviality characterize the occa-



MEETING OF JETHRO AND MOSES.

sion. In the morning Moses sits down to listen to all the people have to say by way of complaint or appeal. He stands between them and God. It is talk, talk, talk all day long from morning till night; Moses is listening, planning, counseling, praying, preaching. Jethro gets alarmed about his son-in-law's health.

“Why,” he says, “this thing will wear you out. These people and this work will exhaust you. Why don’t you divide up the labors and the burdens among other people? Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee; for this thing is too heavy for thee.” Moses takes the advice of his father-in-law, and calls around him some of the best men he can find as assistants, and, instead of being worn-out with his labors, lives one hundred and twenty years, as long as any man ought to want to live in this world, which was intended only as a stepping-stone to something brighter.

Jethro’s warning to his son-in-law is just as appropriate now for all religious pastors, teachers, and Christian workers. We know very well that all Christendom is strewn with worn out ministers of the gospel. Some of them went down under brain-softening, others under throat disease, others under paralysis, others under nervous derangement and disorganization.

Sometimes they are destroyed through excessive use of tobacco, sometimes through culpable neglect of physical exercise, sometimes through reckless exposure; but I think that in the vast majority of cases it is through lack of sympathy and help on the part of their congregations. Thousands of these pastors are worried to death by insufficient salary, and pulled apart by unreasonable demands, and rung out of life by the ringing of their door bell, and exhausted with perpetual interruptions. Now, the words of Jethro suggest that no man can do everything. If a minister of the gospel has on one shoulder the spiritual affairs of a church, and on the other shoulder the financial affairs of a church, his feet are on the margin of an open grave, clear to the bottom of which he can look without moving. Let all ministers of the gospel, so far as possible, gather around them sympathetic men and women upon whom they can throw much of the care and responsibility and trouble.

I find in my experience that the burdens of life are getting to me less and less, and that as the years pass on I have fewer and still fewer anxieties. In beautiful Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic, where I began my Christian ministry, it seemed as if all the work came down on my young shoulders. Going to the west the field was larger and the care less. Going to Philadelphia, the field was still larger and the care still less. And to-day, among hundreds of warm personal friends, whose hands and feet and hearts are all willing to help, I have less anxiety than I ever had. I have taken the advice of Jethro, and

have gathered around me a great many with whom I expect to divide all the care and the responsibility; and though sometimes, what with the conduct of my church where we have a perpetual religious awakening, and the conduct of a religious newspaper, and the conduct of the Lay College, people have often addressed me in words similiar to those of Jethro, saying: "Thou wilt surely wear away; this thing is too heavy for thee." I am glad to know that I am in perfect health, and ready to recount what the Lord has been doing in all these days of my ministry.

It is now several years since I preached my opening sermon, in Brooklyn, on the text, "God is love." I wish I could pour out my soul in a doxology of praise to God and of gratitude to my people. The difference between these years has been that the second was to me happier than the first, and the third than the second, and the fourth than the third, and the fifth than the fourth, and the last than the preceding. God has led us through many vicissitudes. We are in the third church. Crowded out of the first, burned out of the second, by the mercy of God led into the third. We look back to the solitary service years ago in the old chapel, with a congregation that almost could be accommodated on our pulpit platform. For many years the church had been in strife, until the three or four parties had exterminated each other, leaving an expanse of empty pews, a wheezy organ, a cramped-up pulpit, and a steeple the laughing-stock of the town. My personal friends applied to me an emphatic word of four letters, and two letters alike, in expressing my folly in undertaking this enterprise. Indeed it seemed heavier than to start entirely new, for there were widespread prejudices in regard to the church. Still we went on. By the blessings of God in three or four weeks our church was full, and it is astonishing how well an old building looks when it is all occupied, for there is no power in graceful arch, or in carved pillar, or in exquisite fresco to adorn a place like an audience of beaming countenances. I had rather preach in a full barn than in a sparsely attended cathedral. Empty pews are non-conductors of gospel electricity. People came in from all ranks and conditions, and looking over my audience now, I cannot see more than four or five families who were with us years ago. Some of them have been advanced into the better society of heaven, while some of them dropped off because they thought we were going too fast and they could not keep up. We went on gathering the people in from all ranks and condition, until we have to-

day the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant: those who toil with the pen, with printing-presses, with yardstick, and with hammer. Enough physicians—allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, and eclectic—to treat us in all our disorders. Enough lawyers to defend us in all our legal contests. Enough artists to cover our walls with pictures. Enough merchants to give us the necessary fabrics, whether foreign or domestic. Enough mechanics to build and polish and make comfortable for us our residences. Never did there come together in one church a crowd of more genial, intelligent, sympathetic, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted Christian people than those which assemble in the Tabernacle. We are all of one mind and heart. We cordially greet all who come, and give a God-speed to those who go. When anybody does not like the music, or the preaching, or the plan on which our church is conducted, we say "Good-bye" as cheerfully as when he came we said "How do you do?" Our church is now so large that if a man wants to make trouble, such a small proportion hear of it, that he soon gives up the undertaking as a dead failure.

We are trying to maintain a well-balanced church, and for that reason we have in all departments of Christian service the old and the young. It is a bad thing for a church when the old people have all the management, or when the young people have all the management. In the one case the church will go too slow, in the other it will go too fast. We want the fast men to keep the slow men from going to slow, and the slow men to keep the fast people from going too fast. Here are many of the aged. They have come down to us from another day. Not on their brow the snows of many winters, as people often say, but the white crocuses of an everlasting spring-time into which they are about to blossom. And how many of the young coming Sabbath by Sabbath. We want them all equipped for God. We want them for flying artillery in a double quick march. When there is a storming party to be made up, we want to wheel them into line—old men for counsel, young men for action.

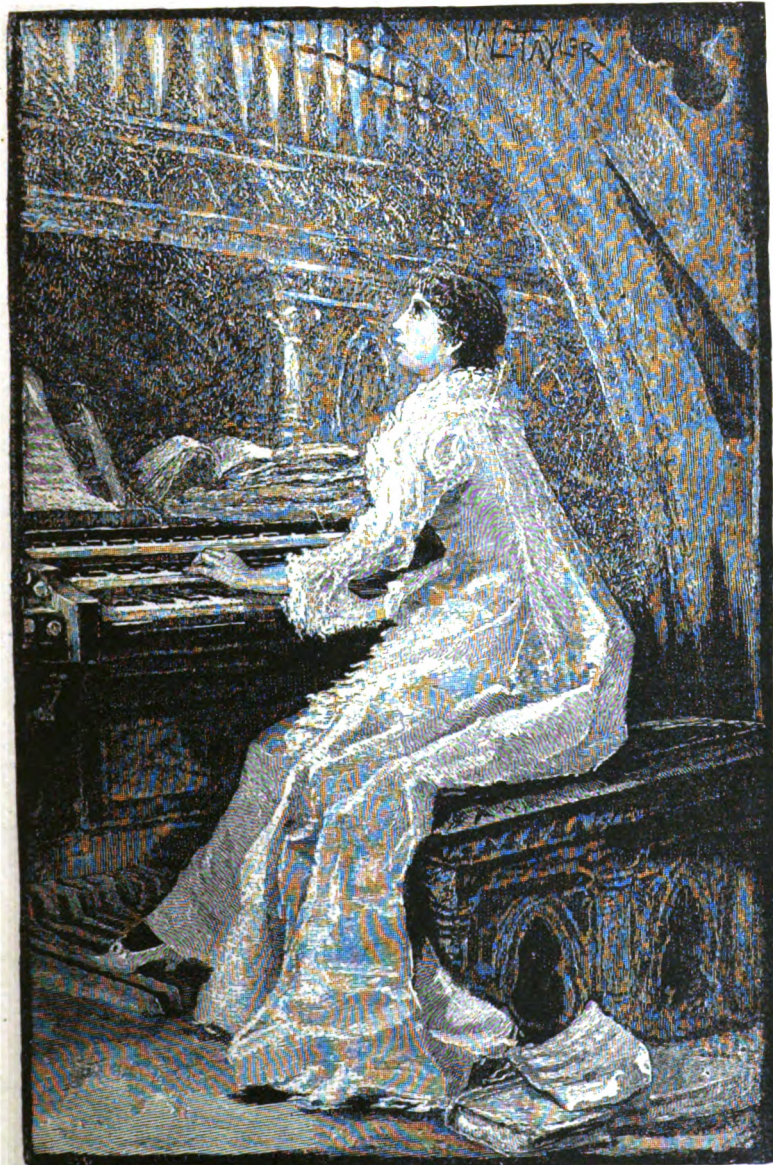
We are also trying to maintain a musical church. We have an inborn antipathy to anything like stilted and precise song in the house of God. We like oratorios, orchestras, concerts, and prima donas in their places; but we want vociferous singing in the house of the Lord. David cries out: "Sing aloud unto God." In other words, do not hum it or mumble it. O for an anthem strong enough to surge the entire audience on the beach of heaven! Persuaded



SACRED SONG.

that we could not do the work so well by the use of a choir, we have called into the service of the church two Bible instruments—the organ and the cornet, and so the music of the church has been sustained and led and developed. O what grand and glorious singing we have had during the past years; even people who had bronchitis forgetting their infirmity, and lifting aloud their voice before God; people who could not sing a note opening their mouth reckless as to what kind of a sound came out of it; but the little discord is overwhelmed in the great symphony—a chip drowned in the rush of great waters. And yet we feel that we have not done what we might or ought or will do in this department of Christian service. We want more heart under it, more soul flung into it. We want the whole audience roused up to the sound of jubilee. We want the people to come from their homes on the Sabbath with hymn-books, and after the preacher shall announce the hymn, we want them to find the right page and clear their throats, and at the first throb of the cornet on the air stretch themselves up to the magnificence and glory of the exercise. History tells us of a shout that the Persian host lifted so loud that the eagles that were flying through the air were stunned, and dropped to the earth. O that there might go up such a congregational anthem as shall make all heaven drop in blessing on our souls. I take partly the words of the Bible, and partly my own words, and say: “Why are ye so slack to go up and possess the orchards and the vineyards and the mountains of sacred song?” O that the music of heaven and earth might join midway the arches. Rise, O song of earth. Descend, O song of heaven.

Still further: we are trying to maintain a church aggressive and revolutionary. Why build or maintain any other church, where there are enough to accommodate all the people who are disposed to go to the house of God on the Sabbath, and perhaps more than enough? If you have nothing particular, nothing unique, nothing different, then what a waste of bricks and brawn and brain. But we have an idea of a church. We have built our house of God as a place where we mean to bombard iniquity. We want to smash sin without any apology for smashing it. We have started in this line and we mean to keep on, and study to be as well pleased with curses as blessings from the people. If there are any who do not like to go to a church which is assaulted of many newspapers and of the outside world, who cannot understand its policies and its principles, stand clear of that church! We mean until the day of our death, and



"RISE, O SONG OF EARTH."

for a few days after, to keep society stirred up by the discussion of themes vital to its interests and vital to the interests of the immortal soul.

Still further: we are trying to maintain a generous church. We have as a church been able to do but little for outside charities, for the reason that we have been all the time building churches or enlarging them. But we are trying to maintain an organism on the voluntary principle. We believe that a church can be educated up to the duty and the joy of giving. We put no premium on financial meanness. We believe that people ought to give to the cause of God every farthing they can possibly give. Moreover, we believe that all can give something, and that the vast majority of the people could give more in our churches than they do, and be better off. We believe that the grandest investment a man ever makes for this world or the world to come is what he gives to the church of God, since Christ pays him back fivefold, tenfold, twentyfold, fiftyfold, a hundredfold. In other words, we believe that a man is better off in this world if he is generous, and well off just in proportion as he is generous; and we believe that those people who give the most in proportion to their means will after a while have the finest houses on earth, and the grandest mansion in heaven. The stingy people keep poor, the generous get rich, as a general rule. It is the old principle of the Bible: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." So I believe if a man takes the old Bible principle, and gives one tenth of all his income to the cause of God, he has an insurance of prosperity such as the signature of the Bank of England cannot give him. We believe that men can be so built on a large scale of heart, that they will look over their property and then say: "I will give so much toward my spiritual culture. I will give so much toward the spiritual culture of my wife. I will give so much toward the spiritual culture of my children. I will give so much toward the spiritual culture of those who have little or no means. How small it seems, this that I am giving to Christ who gave everything to me. I wish it were five hundred thousand times more." Yes, we believe that the time will come when people will be so educated in this matter of Christian generosity, that instead of deciding by what other people give, or what people give in other churches, they shall give according to their own appreciation of the height and depth and length and breadth and infinity of their spiritual advantages.

I believe the time will come in the church when the passing of a contribution plate or a subscription paper will kindle up the faces of the people as by the illumi-



For that all those living lights, waxing in splendour, burst forth into songs,
Such as from memory glide and fall away.

nation of a great satisfaction. But now how many of us begrudge the few dollars we give to the Lord, and only give when we seem to be compelled to give, and so keep ourselves poor at the store and rob ourselves of eternal dividends. Under the old dispensation, as I intimated, the people gave one-tenth of their property to the Lord, but that was a far inferior dispensation to the one we have; and yet how few in this day who receive a thousand dollars a year give a hundred to God; how few who receive five thousand give five hundred to God; how few who receive a hundred thousand give ten thousand to God. Those Jews, under their dark dispensation, gave one-tenth for a mere taper of spiritual life and light, while we do not give as much as that though we have noonday radiating the hemisphere. I really think that if those old Jews gave one-tenth for their half-and-half advantages, we ought to give one-fifth for the glorious privileges which God in this day has bestowed upon us. We talk a great deal about the evangelization of this world and the salvation of men; but there is more talk than contribution, and I do not believe that the prayer of a man for the salvation of this world ever amounts to anything unless he, by his own generosity, shows that he is in earnest in the matter. I like the style of Elias Van Bendeschatten, the old man who came into a meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in 1814, and after there had been a great many long and brilliant speeches made about the education of young men to the ministry, got up and said he would like to speak. The people looked chagrined. They thought to themselves; "He can't speak." He said: "Mr. President, I will give eight hundred and forty dollars in cash toward that object, and thirteen thousand dollars in bonds." And then sat down. While the theory is abroad in many of the churches that men give only as they are compelled to give, I believe that the people can be educated up to a grand and glorious voluntary contribution for the support of the gospel of Jesus; but we cannot make the people believe this without help. Remember the words of Jethro to his son-in-law. Come, let us all rally in this one respect and try partly to pay God for our Bibles, for our churches, for our families, for our hopes of heaven. If we do not carry out this principle, there will come up after a while a stronger generation to execute this commission of Christ, and then they will look back and say: "Ah, what a shrivelled up minister and people those must have been who preceded us. When the Lord opened before them an opportunity of carrying out a gospel principle, they had not the



AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

courage to carry it out." I do not expect to bother this world much after I go out of it, but I must start the suspicion that if ever the auctioneer's hammer cracks on the back of one of our pews, it will wake me up quicker than the prophet Samuel was awakened by the Witch of Endor.

Still further: we are here trying to build and organize and keep up a soul-saving church. I mention this last because it is first. "And the first shall be last." I have by argument and illustration and caricature in these years tried to create in your soul an unutterable disgust for much of the religion of this day, and to lead back, so far as God gave me strength to do it, to the old religion of Jesus Christ and His apostles. I have tried to show that the meanest cant in all the world is the cant of scepticism, and that we ought to stop apologizing for Christianity since it is the duty of those who do not believe in Christianity to apologize to us, and that the biggest villains in the universe are those who want to rob us of that grand old Bible, and that there is one idea in a church that ought to swallow up all other ideas, and that is the soul-saving idea. "But," some may say, "are you not going to pay any attention to those who have entered into the kingdom of God and have really become Christians?" My theory is, the way to develop a man for this world and for the world to come is to throw him chin deep in Christian work, and if after a man has been drawn out of the mire of his sin on to the "Rock of Ages," he wants to jump back, then he will have to jump; I am not going to stand and watch him! I believe the great work of the Christian church is to bring men out of their sin into the hope and the joys of Christ's salvation, and then if with all the advantages of this century, with open Bible and the constant plying of the Holy Ghost, a man cannot grow in grace he is not worth a great deal of culture. We want the church set apart for the one grand object of bringing men out of their sin into hope of the gospel. There will in this coming year be thousands of strangers who will be seated within our gates. How many of them will be brought to Christ by our prayers and our personal solicitations? Will it be a score, or will it be a hundred or a thousand? Compared with this work of saving immortal souls all other work is cold and stale and insipid. To this one work, God helping me, I consecrate the remaining days and years of my life, and I ask all to join with me in this crusade for the redemption of immortal souls.

Now can it be possible that the years of my pastorate have passed away never to return? How many squandered days and years—squandered by you

and by me. God forgive us for the past and help us to be more faithful for the future. Through what a variety of scenes we have gone! I have stood by you in times of sickness and by the graves of your dead. When you came back from exhausting sickness that we feared would be fatal, I praised God that the color came to your cheek and the spring to your step. And some of you have passed through dire bereavements. How few of the families of my congregation have not been invaded! How many of the old people have gone in the last two or three years! They went away so gently that they had ended the second or third stanza in eternal glory before we knew they were gone. And O, how many of the bright dear children have gone! The very darlings of our hearts. We tried to hold on to them with our stout arms, and said: "O Lord, spare them, we can't give them up; we can't give them up. Let us keep them a little longer." But they broke away from our arms into the light of heaven. It seemed as if Jesus and the angels were determined to have them there and then. But we have tried to make our church a comforting place for all the broken hearted. O how many of them there are! We have tried to fill the song and the sermon and the prayer with the solace of God's promises, and so it shall be hereafter. It is no mere theory with me. I have had enough trouble of my own to know how to comfort those who are desolate, and it is my ambition to be to all a son of consolation. Standing at the open portals of another year, let us to-day make a new vow of consecration. Let us be faithful to God and faithful to each other; for soon we must part and all these pleasant scenes in which we have mingled will vanish forever. By the throne of God, our work all done, our sorrows all ended, may we be permitted to talk over the solemn, delightful, and disciplinary occurrences of our life on earth.



CHAPTER IV.

LAWYERS



ALL admire the heroic and rigorous side of Paul's nature, as when he stands coolly deliberate on the deck of the corn ship, while the jacktars of the Mediterranean are cowering in the cyclone; as when he stands undaunted amid the marbles of the palace, before thick-necked Nero, surrounded with his twelve cruel lictors; as when we find him earning his

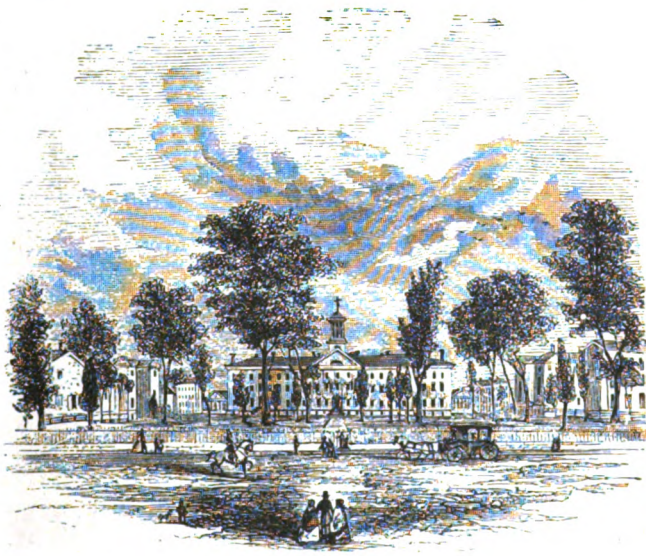


NERO.

livelihood with his own needle, sewing hair-cloth, and preaching the gospel in the interstices; as when we find him able to take the thirty-nine lashes, every stroke of which fetched the blood, yet continuing in his missionary work; as when we find him, regardless of the consequence to himself, delivering a temperance lecture to Felix, the government inebriate. But sometimes we catch a glimpse of the mild and genial side of Paul's nature. It seems that he had a friend who was a barrister by profession. His name was Zenas, and he wanted to see him. Perhaps he had formed the acquaintance of this lawyer in the court-room. Perhaps, sometimes, when he wanted to ask some question in regard to Roman law, he went to this Zenas, the lawyer. At any rate, he had a warm attachment for the man, and he provides for his comfortable escort and entertainment as he writes to Titus: "Bring Zenas, the lawyer."

This man belonged to a profession which has often had ardent supporters of Christ and the gospel. Among them, Blackstone, the great commentator on English law; and Wilberforce, the emancipator; and the late Benjamin F. Butler, attorney-general of New York; and the late Charles Chauncey, the leader of the Philadelphia bar; and Chief-Justices Marshall, and Tenterden, and Campbell, and Sir Thomas More, who died for the truth on the scaffold, saying to his aghast executioner: "Pluck up courage, man, and do your duty; my neck is very short; be careful, therefore, and do not strike awry."

Among the mightiest pleas that ever have been made by tongue of barrister, have been pleas in behalf of the Bible and Christianity—as when Daniel Webster stood in the Supreme Court at Washington, pleading in the famous Girard will case, denouncing any attempt to educate the people without giving them at the same time moral sentiment, as “low ribald and vulgar deism and infidelity;” as when Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, the leader of the forum in his day, stood on the platform at Princeton College commencement, advocating the literary excellency of the Scriptures; as when Edmund Burke, in the famous trial of Warren Hastings, not only in behalf of the English government, but in behalf of elevated morals, closed his speech in the midst of the most august assemblage ever gathered in Westminster hall, by saying: “I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the House of Commons whose national character he has dishonored; I impeach him in the



PRINCETON COLLEGE.

name of the people of India, whose rights and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of human nature, which he has disgraced; in the name of both sexes, and of every rank, and of every station, and of every situation in the world, I impeach Warren Hastings.”

Yet, notwithstanding all the pleas which that profession has made in behalf of God and the church, and the gospel, and the rights of man, there has come down through the generation a style of prejudice against it. So long ago as in the time of Oliver Cromwell, it was decided that lawyers might not enter the Parliament House as members, and they were called “sons of Zeruah.” The learned Dr. Johnson wrote an epitaph for one of them in these words:

“God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man!”



CROMWELL DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT.

Two hundred years ago, a treatise was issued with the title: "Doomsday Approaching with Thunder and Lightning for Lawyers." A prominent clergyman of the last century wrote in regard to that profession, these words: "There is a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, according as they are paid, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white. For example: If my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must hire another lawyer to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that a man should speak for himself. In pleading they do not dwell upon the merits of the cause, but upon circumstances foreign thereto. For instance, they do not take the shortest method to know what title my adversary has to my cow, but whether the cow be red or black, her horns long or short, or the like. After that they adjourn the cause from time to time, and in twenty years they come to an issue. This society likewise has a peculiar cant or jargon of their own, in which all their laws are written, and these they take especial care to multiply, whereby they have so confounded truth and falsehood that it will take twelve years to decide whether the field left to me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to one three hundred miles off."



OLIVER CROMWELL.

I say these things to show you that there has been a prejudice going on down, against that profession, from generation to generation. I account for it on the single fact that they compel men to pay debts that they don't want to pay, and that they arraign criminals who want to escape the consequences of their crime; and as long as that is so, and it always will be so, just so long there will be classes of men who will affect, at any rate, to despise the legal profession. I know not how it is in other countries; but I have had long and wide acquaintance with men of that profession—I have found them in all my parishes—I tarried in one of their offices for three years, where there came real-estate lawyers, insurance lawyers, criminal lawyers, marine lawyers, and I have yet to find a class of men more genial or more straightforward. There are in that occupation, as in all our occupations, men utterly obnoxious to God and man; and so it is in all our professions; but if I were on trial for my in-

tegrity or my life, and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of twelve lawyers than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, have less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling.

There is, however, no man who has more temptations or graver responsibilities than the barrister, and he who attempts to discharge the duties of his position with only earthly resources, is making a very great mistake. Witness the scores of men who have been your contemporaries, making eternal shipwreck. Witness the men who, with the law of the land under their arm, have violated every statute of the eternal God. Witness the men who have argued placidly before earthly tribunals, who shall shiver in dismay before the Judge of quick and dead. Witness Lord Thurlow, announcing his loyalty to earthly government in the sentence: "If I forget my earthly sovereign, may God forget me," and yet stooping to unaccountable meanness. Witness Lord Coke, the learned and the reckless. Witness Sir George Mackenzie, the execrated of all Scotch Covenanters, so that until this day, in Gray Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, the children whistle through the bars of the tomb, crying:

"Bloody Mackenzie, come out if you dare,
Lift the sneek, and draw the bar."

No other profession more needs the grace of God to deliver them in their temptations, to comfort them in their trials, to sustain them in the discharge of their duty. While I would have you bring the merchant to Christ, and while I would have you bring the farmer to Christ, and while I would have you bring the mechanic to Christ, I tell you in the words of Paul to Titus: "Bring Zenas the lawyer." By so much as his duties are delicate and great, by so much does he need Christian stimulus and safeguard. We all become clients. I do not suppose there is a man fifty years of age, who has been in active life, who has not been afflicted with a lawsuit. Your name is assaulted, and you must have legal protection. Your boundary line is invaded, and the courts must re-establish it. Your patent is infringed upon, and you must make the offending manufacturer pay the penalty. Your treasures are taken, and the thief must be apprehended. You want to make your will, and you do not want to follow the example of those who, for the sake of saving one hundred dollars from an attorney, imperil two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and keep the genera-

tion following for twenty years quarreling about the estate, until it is all exhausted. You are struck at by an assassin, and you must invoke for him the penitentiary. All classes of persons, in course of time, become clients, and therefore they are all interested in the morality and the Christian integrity of the legal profession.

But how is an attorney to decide as to what are the principles by which he should conduct himself in regard to his clients? On one extreme, Lord Brougham will appear, saying: "The innocence or guilt of your client is nothing to you. You are to save your client regardless of the torment, the suffering, the destruction of all others. You are to know but one man in the world—your client. You are to save him though you should bring your country into confusion. At all hazards you must save your client." So says Lord Brogham. But no right-minded lawyer could adopt that sentiment. On the other extreme, Cicero will come to you and say: "You must never plead the cause of a bad man," forgetful of the fact that the greatest villain on earth ought to have a fair trial and that an attorney cannot be judge and advocate at the same time. It was grand when Lord Erskine sacrificed his attorney-generalship for the sake of defending Thomas Paine in his publication of his book called, "The Rights of Man," while at the same time, he, the advocate, abhorred Thomas Paine's religious sentiments. Between these two opposite theories of what is right, what shall the attorney do? God alone can direct him. To that chancery he must be appellant, and he will get an answer in an hour. Blessed is that attorney, between whose office and the throne of God there is a perpetual, reverential, and prayerful communication. That attorney will never make an irreparable mistake. True to the habits of your profession, you say: "Cite us some authority on the subject." Well, I quote to you the decision of the Supreme Court of heaven: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

What a scene is the office of a busy attorney! In addition to the men who come to you from right motives, bad men will come to you. They will offer you a large fee for counsel in the wrong direction. They want to know from you how they can escape from solemn marital obligation. They come to you wanting to



CICERO.

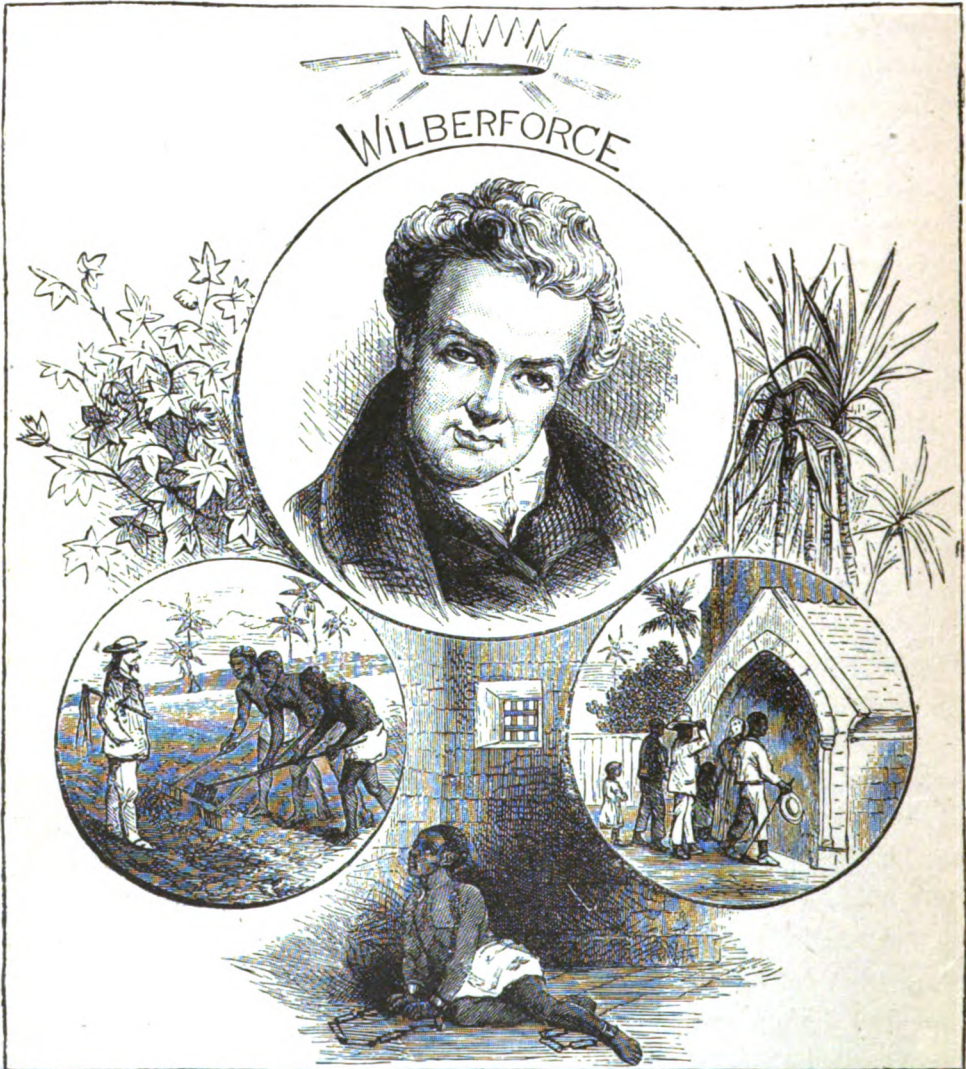
know how they can fail advantageously for themselves. They come to you wanting to know how they can make the insurance company pay for a destroyed house which they burned down with their own hands. Or they come to you on the simple errand of wanting to escape payment of their honest debts. Now, it is no easy thing to advise settlement, when by urging litigation you could strike a mine of remuneration. It is not a very easy thing to dampen the ardor of an inflamed contestant, when you know through a prolonged lawsuit you could get from him whatever you asked. It is no easy thing to attempt to discourage the suit for the breaking of a will in the Surrogate's Court because you know the testator was of sound mind and body when he signed the document. It requires no small heroism to do as I once heard an attorney do in an office in a western city. I overheard the conversation, when he said: "John, you can go on with this lawsuit, and I will see you through as well as I can; but I want to tell you before you start, that a lawsuit is equal to a fire." Under the tremendous temptations that come upon the legal profession, there are scores of men who have gone down, and some of them from being the pride of the highest tribunal of the State, have become a disgrace to the Tombs' court-room. Every attorney, in addition to the innate sense of right, wants the sustaining power of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ.

There are two or three forms of temptation to which the legal profession is especially subjected. The first of all is *scepticism*. Controversy is the life-time business of that occupation. Controversy may be incidental or accidental with us; but with you it is perpetual. You get so used to pushing the sharp question, "Why?" and making unaided reason superior to the emotions, that the religion of Jesus Christ, which is a simple matter of faith, and above human reason, has but little chance with some of you. A brilliant orator of the Republican party in a Presidential campaign, was a foe of Christianity, and wrote a book, on the first page of which he announced this sentiment: "An honest God is the noblest work of man!" Scepticism is the mightiest temptation of the legal profession, and that man who can stand in that profession, resisting all solicitations to infidelity, and can be as brave as George Briggs, of Massachusetts, who stepped from the gubernatorial chair to the missionary convention, to plead the cause of a dying race; then on his way home from the convention, on a cold day, took off his warm cloak and threw it over the shoulders

of a thinly clad missionary, saying: "Take that and wear it, it will do you more good than it will me;" or, like John McLean, who can step from the Supreme Court room of the United States onto the anniversary platform of the American Sunday-school Union, its most brilliant orator—deserves congratulation and encomium. O, men of the legal profession, let me beg of you to quit asking questions in regard to religion, and begin believing. The mighty men of your profession, Story and Kent and Mansfield became Christians, not through their heads, but through their hearts. "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." If you do not become a Christian, O man of the legal profession, until you can reason this whole thing out in regard to God and Christ, and the immortality of the soul, you will never become a Christian at all. Only believe.

Another mighty temptation for the legal profession is to *Sabbath breaking*. The trial has been going on for ten or fifteen days. The evidence is all in. It is Saturday night. The judge's gavel falls on the desk, and he says: "Crier, adjourn the court until ten o'clock Monday morning." On Monday morning the counsellor is to sum up the case. Thousands of dollars, yea, the reputation and the life of his client may depend upon the success of his plea. How will he spend the intervening Sunday? There is not one lawyer out of a hundred that can withstand the temptation to break the Lord's day, under such circumstances. And yet, if he does, he hurts his own soul. What, my brother, you cannot do before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or after twelve o'clock Sunday night, God does not want you to do at all. Besides that, you want the twenty-four hours of Sabbath rest to give you the electrical and magnetic force which will be worth more to you before the jury than all the elaboration of your case on the sacred day. Judge Neilson, in his interesting reminiscences of Rufus Choate, says that during the last case that gentleman tried in New York, the court adjourned from Friday until Monday, on account of the illness of Mr. Choate; but the chronicler says that on the intervening Sabbath he saw Mr. Choate in the old "Brick Church," listening to the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring. I do not know whether, on the following day, Rufus Choate won his cause or lost it; but I do know that his Sabbatic rest did not do him any harm. Every lawyer is entitled to one day's rest out of seven. If he surrender that, he robs three—God, his own soul, and his client. Lord Castlereagh and Sir

Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday.



“Poor fellow!” said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh, “Poor fellow! it was non-observance of the Sabbath.” Chief-Justice Hale says: “When I do not

properly keep the Lord's day, all the rest of the week is unhappy and unsuccessful in my worldly employment." I quote to-day from the highest Statute Book in the universe; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The legal gentleman who breaks that statute may seem for a while to be advantaged, but in the long run, the man who observes this law of God will have larger retainers, vaster influence, greater professional success than those men who break the statute. Observance of the law of God pays, not only spiritually and eternally, but it pays in hard dollars.

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to *artificial stimulus*. No one, except those who have addressed audiences, knows about the nervous exhaustion that sometimes comes afterward. The temptation to strong drink approaches the legal profession at that very point. Then, a trial is coming on. Through the ill-ventilated court-room, the barristers health has been depressed for days and for weeks. He wants to rally his energy. He is tempted to resort to artificial stimulus. It is either to get himself up, or let himself down, that this temptation comes upon him. The flower of the American bar, ruined in reputation and ruined in estate, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying on a borrowed bed, covered with a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, that I may not be crowded; I always have been crowded."

Another powerful temptation of the legal profession is to allow the absorbing duties of the profession to *shut out thoughts of the great future*. You know very well that you, who have so often tried others, will after a while be put on trial yourself. Death will serve on you a writ of ejectment, and you will be put off these earthly premises. On that day, all the affairs of your life will be presented in a "bill of particulars." No *certiorari* from a higher court, for this is the highest court. The day when Lord Exeter was tried for high treason; the day when the House of Commons moved for the impeachment of Lord Lovatt; the day when Charles I. and Queen Caroline were put upon trial; the day when Robert Emmet was arraigned as an insurgent; the day when Blennerhasset was



CHARLES I.

brought into the court-room because he had tried to overthrow the United States Government, and all the other great trials of the world are nothing compared with the great trial in which you and I shall appear, summoned before the Judge of quick and dead. There will be no pleading there "the statute of limitation;" no "turning States evidence," trying to get off ourselves, while others suffer; no "moving for a nonsuit." The case will come on inexorably, and we shall be tried. You, my brother, who have so often been advocate for others, will then need an advocate for yourself. Have you selected him? The Lord Chancellor of the Universe. If any man sin, we have an advocate—Jesus Christ the righteous. It is uncertain when your case will be called on. "Be ye also ready."

Lord Ashburton and Mr. Wallace were leading barristers in their day. They died about the same time. A few months before their decease they happened to be at the same hotel in a village, the one counsel going to Devonshire, the other going to London. They had both been seized upon by a disease which they knew would be fatal, and they requested that they be carried into the same room and laid down on sofas, side by side, that they might talk over old times and talk over the future. So they were carried in, and lying there on opposite sofas, they talked over their old contests at the bar, and then they talked of the future world upon which they must soon enter. It was said to have been a very affecting and solemn interview between Mr. Wallace and Lord Ashburton. My readers, my subject puts you side by side with those men in your profession who have departed this life, some of them skeptical and rebellious, some of them penitent, childlike and Christian. These were wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever, while these others went up from the court-room of earth to the throne of eternal dominion. Through Christ, the advocate, these got glorious acquittal. In the other case, it was a hopeless law suit. An unpardoned sinner, *versus* the Lord God Almighty. Oh, what disastrous litigation! Behold, he comes! The Judge! The Judge! The clouds of heaven, the judicial ermine. The great white throne, the judicial bench. The archangel's voice that shall wake the dead, the crier. "Come, ye blessed—depart, ye cursed," the acquittal or the condemnation. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

CHAPTER V.

DOCTORS.

KING ASA was afflicted with the gout. High living and no exercise had vitiated his blood, and the Scriptures picture him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sent for certain conjurors or quacks. They came and gave him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bled him. They sweat him. They manipulated him. They blistered him. They poulticed him. They scared



THE HOSPITAL WARD.

him. They drugged him. They cut him. They killed him! He was only a young man of thirty-nine years, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well; but he fell a victim to charlatany and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick; bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely-directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diploma they received from the Long Island College Hospital, or from the New York Academy of Medicine, or from the University of Pennsylvania, or from the institutes of London or Paris, were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe, on the day when they started out and He said to them: "Go, heal the sick, and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over! and let all the hospitals and dispensaries, and infirmaries, and asylums, and domestic circles of the earth respond: "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk, as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world, and you stand at the gates of death, when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments, if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. Now you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulus, and an anodyne at the same time.

I think all the medical profession should become Christians, because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor He has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under His mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from

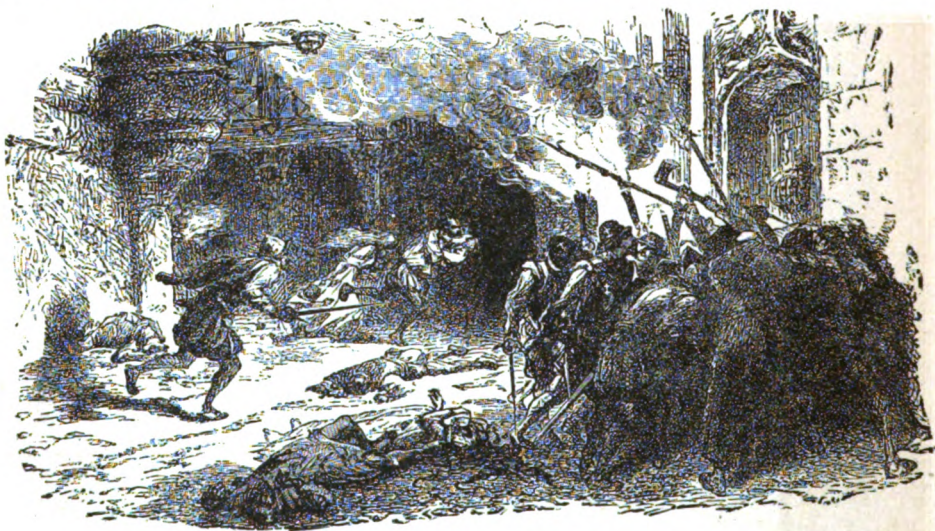
its fit, and the club-foot was straightened, and ankylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's



THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

brow. Cicero said: "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX. made proclamation that all the Protestants in France should be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day,

but made one exception, and that the case of Pare, the father of French surgery. The battle-fields of the American Revolution welcomed Drs. Mercer and Warren, and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized at fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it; and their courage rose, and they went on to the conflict. God has honored this profession all the way through. Oh, the advancement from the days when Hippocrates tried to cure the great Pericles with hellebore and flaxseed poultices down to far later centuries when Haller announced the theory of respiration, and Harvey the circulation of the



THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

blood, and Ascelli the uses of the lymphatic vessels, and Jenner balked the worst disease that ever scourged Europe, and Sydenham developed the recuperative forces of the physical organism, and chinchona bark stopped the shivering agues of the world, and Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy, and Hosack, and Romeyn, and Griscom, and Valentine Mott of the generation just passed, honored God, and fought back death with their keen scalpels.

If we would understand what the medical profession has accomplished for the insane, let us look into the dungeon where the poor creatures used to be incarcerated. Madmen chained naked to the wall. A kennel of rotten straw their only sleeping place. Room unventilated and unlighted. The worst calamity of the race punished with the very worst punishment. And then come and look

at the insane asylums of Utica and Kirkbride—sofaed, and pictured, libaried, concerted, until all the arts and adornments come to coax recreant reason to assume her throne. Look at Edward Jenner, the great hero of medicine. Four hundred thousand people annually dying in Europe from the small-pox, Jenner finds that by the inoculation of people with vaccine from a cow the great scourge of nations may be arrested. The ministers of the Gospel denounced vaccination; small wits caricatured Edward Jenner as riding in a great procession on the back of a cow; and grave men expressed it as their opinion that all the diseases of the brute creation would be transplanted into the human family; and they gave instances where, they said, actually horns had come out on the foreheads of innocent persons, and people had begun to chew the cud! But Dr. Jenner, the hero of medicine, went on fighting for vaccination until it had been estimated that that one doctor, in fifty years, has saved more lives than all the battles of any one century destroyed!

Passing along the streets of Edinburgh a few weeks after the death of Sir James Y. Simpson, I saw the photograph of the doctor in all the windows of the shops and stores, and well might that photograph be put in every window, for he first used chloroform as an anæsthetic agent. In other days they tried to dull human pain by the hasheesh of the Arabs and the madrepora of the Roman and the Greek; but it was left to Dr. James Simpson to introduce chloroform as an anæsthetic. Alas for the writhing subjects of surgery in other centuries! Blessed be God for that wet sponge, or vial, in the hand of the operating surgeon in the clinical department of the medical college, or in the sick room of the domestic circle, or on the battle-field amid thousands of amputations. Napoleon after a battle rode along the line and saw under a tree, standing in the snow, Larrey, the surgeon, operating upon the wounded. Napoleon passed on, and twenty-four hours afterward came along the same place, and he saw the same surgeon operating in the same place, and he had not left it. Alas for the battle fields without chloroform! But now, the soldier-boy takes a few breaths from the sponge and forgets all the pang of the



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

gunshot fracture, and, while the surgeons of the field hospital are standing around him, he lies there dreaming of home, and mother, and heaven. No more parents standing around a suffering child, struggling to get away from the sharp instrument, but mild slumber instead of excruciation, and the child wakes up and says: "Father, what's the matter? What's the doctor here to-day for?" Oh, blessed be God for James Simpson and the heaven-descended mercies of chloroform.

The medical profession steps into the court room, and after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analysis shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematical demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudence. This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera and the yellow fever. The monuments in our cemeteries tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in southern cities until staggering in their own sickness they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage, and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston, when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets, and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life, that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him; but he cut off the most of it, and only comparatively few years were left—only seven hundred years of life, and then five hundred, and then four hundred, and then two hundred, and then one hundred, and then fifty, and then the average of human life came to forty, and then it dropped to eighteen. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century, the average of human life has risen from eighteen years to forty-four; and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be fifty, and it will be sixty, and it will be seventy, and a man will have no right to die before ninety, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled: "And the child shall die a hundred years old." The millenium for the souls of men, will be the

millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half-starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary, and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers, and rheum, and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of ages, from Esculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary, in one year, one hundred and fifty thousand prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brockelsby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way! here comes Dr. Brockelsby's wig." No, I write these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the word of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work, and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then, I am afraid doctor, you are not a Christian, and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in his sermon may be appropriate to you: "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibres which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in a malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch, and plinth, and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the



"A HALF-STARVED WOMAN."

medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

In the first place, the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants, and lawyers, and mechanics cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say: "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath-morning church service for the physician. Beside that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gormandizing, which, before night, makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician. Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken, and Death has dug around it the trench of the-grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a foot-bath, has become virulent typhus, and the hacking cough, killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York to the marine office, and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die forgetting the Divine enactment: "It is appointed unto men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at forty-seven years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is when people die, to cry out: "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brain of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick, and who with their salivated mouth curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rotund form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of the country do more missionary work without charge than all the other pro-

fessions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is five degrees below



"DEATH MUST COME TO ALL."

zero, the doctor must go right away, he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night-work, to bear all these

annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help, and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

The medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not that happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor. Between the five drops and ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? Be careful how you put that knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swing out of the way the sixtieth part of an inch, the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling, as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells, and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs—why it seems to open and shut, There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand, shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with him who said to the blind: "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with Him who said: "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with Him who cured the issue of blood, saying: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

I do not mean to say that piety will make up for medical skill. A bungling doctor, confounded with what was not a very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called in. He asked for the first practitioner. "Oh," they said, "he's in the next room, praying!" "Well," said the skilled doctor, "tell him to come out here and help, he can pray and work at the same time." It was all in that sentence. Do the best we can and ask God to help us. There are no two men in all the world, it seems to me, that so much need the grace of God as the minister who doctors the sick soul, and the physician who prescribes for the diseased body.



SORROW AND TEARS.

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians, is because there opens before them such a grand field for Christian usefulness. You see so many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the voice of heaven to their souls. Old Dr. Gasherie De Witt, a practitioner of New York, told me in his last days: "I always present the religion of Christ to my patients, either directly or indirectly, and I find it is almost always acceptable." Doctors Abercrombie and Brown, of Scotland, Doctors Hey and Fothergill, of England, and Dr. Rush, of our own country, were celebrated for their faithfulness in that direction. "Oh," says the medical profession, "that is your occupation; that belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brother, there are severe illnesses in which you will not admit even the clergy, and that patient's salvation will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the body in one hand, and the medicine for the soul in the other, oh, what a chance! There lies a dying Christian on the pillow. You need to hold over him the lantern of the Gospel until its light streams across the pathway of the departing pilgrim, and you need to cry into the dull ear of death: "Hark to the song of heaven's welcome that comes stealing over the waters." There lies on the pillow a dying sinner. All the morphine that you brought with you cannot quiet him. Terror in the face. Terror in the heart. How he jerks himself up on one elbow, and looks wildly into your face, and says: "Doctor, I can't die; I am not ready to die. What makes it so dark? Doctor, can't you pray?" Blessed for you and blessed for him if then you can kneel down and say: "O God, I have done the best I could to cure this man's body, and I have failed. Now, I commit to Thee his poor, suffering and affrighted soul. Open Paradise to his departing spirit."

Blessed will be the reward in heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient, and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home, and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go back there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire: "How is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last

pang. It is all over now. In two or three days, his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, bare-footed and bare-headed, will stand on the street corner, saying: "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the Physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say, "Come in, come in. I was sick, and ye visited me!"



CHAPTER VI.

EDITORS AND REPORTERS.

THE flying roll to-day is the newspaper. In calculating the influences that affect society you can no more afford to ignore it than you can ignore the noonday sun or the Atlantic Ocean. It is time that I express my appreciation of what the newspaper press has done and is doing. No man, living or dead, is, or has been, so indebted to it as I am, for it gives me perpetual audience in every city, town and neighborhood of Christendom, and I thank the editors and publishers, and compositors and type-setters the world over, and I shall take every opportunity of enlarging this field, whether by stenographic report on the Sabbath, or galley-proofs on Monday, or previous dictation. I have said again and again to the officers of my church, whoever else are crowded, don't let the reporters be crowded. Each responsible and intelligent reporter is ten or fifteen churches built onto my church. Ninety-five per cent of the newspapers are now my friends, and do me full justice and more than justice, and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them. It was in self-defense that sixteen years ago I employed an official stenographer of my own because of the appalling misrepresentations of myself and church. From that, things have miraculously changed until now it is just as appalling in the marvelous opportunity opened.

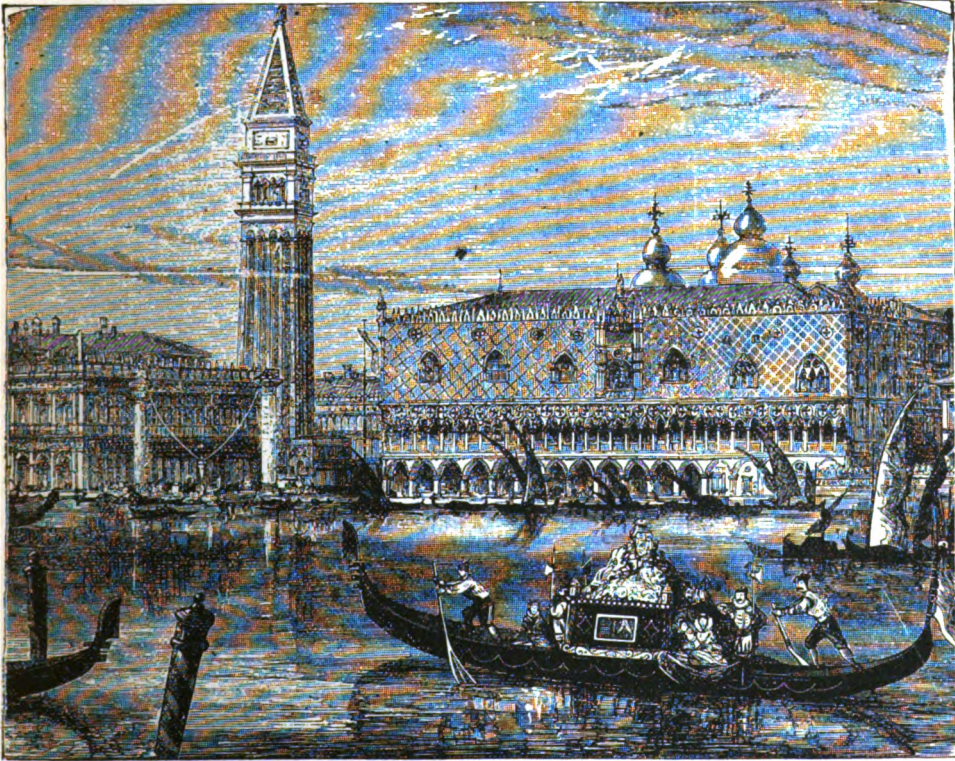


AN ANCIENT PRESS.



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press. The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first news-



BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

paper was published, and monthly, during the time that Venice was warring against Solyman the Second, in Dalmatia; it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the English Mercury. Others were styled the Weekly Discoverer, the Secret Owl, Heraclitus Ridens, etc. Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by Bell's Weekly Dispatch, the Standard, the Morning Chronicle, the Post, and the London Times. The

first attempt at this institution in France was in 1631, by a physician, who published the News for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. Napoleon, with his own hand, wrote articles for the press, and so early as in 1829 there were in Paris one hundred and eighty-nine journals. But in the United States the newspaper has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and to-day—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspaper are the great educators of the country.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. Four centuries ago, in Germany, in courts of justice, men fought with their fists to see who should have the decision of the court; and if the Judge's decision was unsatisfactory, then the Judge fought with counsel. Many of the lords could not read the deeds of their own estates. What has made the change? "Books," you say. No! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take any promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How

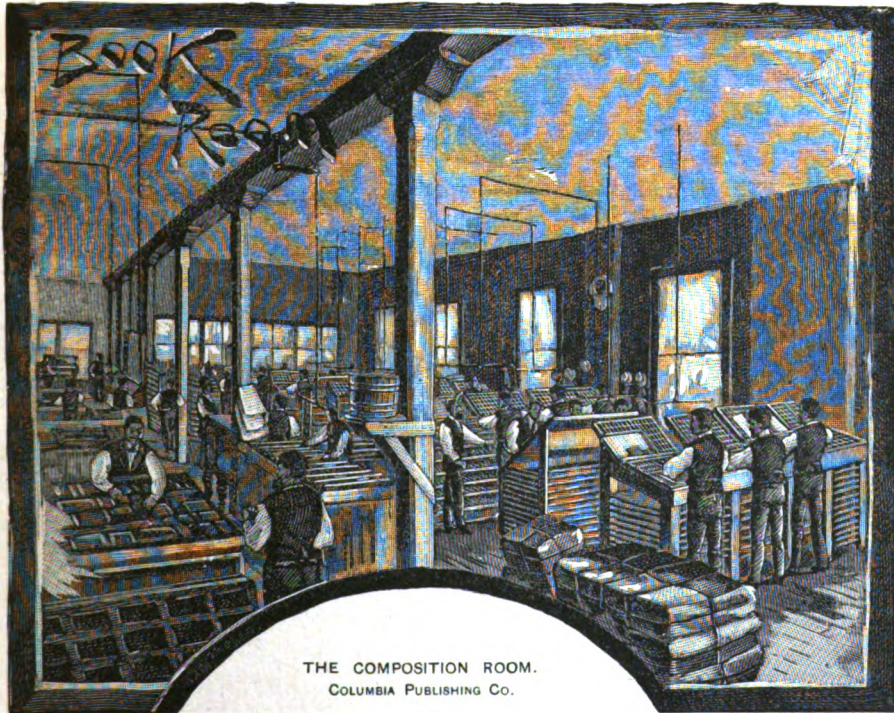


XENOPHON.

many elaborate poems or books of travel? How much of Boyle, or, De Tocqueville, Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Percival? Not many. In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual. Whence, then, this intelligence—this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible the newspaper—swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, hawked through the cars. All read it: white and black, German, Irish, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day. I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced and God glorified.

In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past ten years, some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most affected interpretations of God's government among the nations.

There are only two kinds of newspapers—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an undecided character,



but after it has been going on for years everybody finds out just what it is; and it is very good or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth for making the world better. The other paper is a brigand amid moral forces; it is a beslimmer of reputation, it is the right arm of death and hell, it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse, and battling the cause of God. The one an angel of intelligence and mercy;

the other a fiend of darkness. Between this Archangel and this Fury is to be fought the great battle which is to decide the fate of the world. If you have any doubt as to which is to be victor, ask the prophecies, ask God; the chief batteries with which he would vindicate the right and thunder down the wrong, have not yet been unlimbered. The great Armageddon of the nations is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with lightning perfecting presses; and the Sumters, and



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

the Moultries, and the Pulaskis, and the Giblaltars of that conflict will be the editorial and reportorial rooms of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, under God you are to decide whether the human race shall be saved or lost. God has put a more stupendous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Schæffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil; and books were printed on strips of bamboo; and Rev. Jesse Glover originated

the first American printing press; and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution offered £40 to any printer who would come there and live; and when the speaker of the House of Parliament in England announced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings; until in this day, when we have in this country about one thousand skilled phonographers, and about thirteen thousand newspapers, printing in one year two billion five hundred million copies. The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper: "I'll rake while you bind;" and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vast progress since the day when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing press must go or the Church of God must go down, to this time, when the printing press and pulpit are in combination, and a man on the sabbath day may preach the Gospel to five hundred people, while on Monday morning, through the secular journals, he may preach that Gospel to millions.

Notwithstanding all this that you have gained in position and influences men of the press, how many words of sympathy do you get during the course of a year? Not ten. How many sermons of practical helpfulness for your profession are preached during the twelve months? Not one. How many words of excoriation, and denunciation, and hyper criticism do you get in the same length of time? About ten thousand. If you are a type-setter and get the type in the wrong font, the foreman storms at you. If you are a foreman and cannot surmount the insurmountable, and get the "forms" ready at just the time, the publisher denounces you. If you are a publisher and make mismanagement then, the owners of the paper will be hard on you for lack of dividend. If you are an editor and you announce an unpopular sentiment, all the pens of Christendom are flung at you. If you are a reporter, you shall be held responsible for the indistinctness of public speakers, and for the blunders of type-setters, and for the fact that you cannot work quite so well in the flickering gaslight and after midnight as you do in the noonday. If you are a

proof-reader, upon you shall come the united wrath of editor, reporter and reader, because you do not properly arrange the periods, and the semicolons and the exclamation points and the asterisks. Plenty of abuse for you, but no sympathy. Having been in a position where I could see these things going on from year to year, I have thought that I would write on the trials of the newspaper profession, pray-

all those to those not in the ent bearing to
 One of the fact that they of the world Through every go the weakness- that want to be puffed, the wreaked, all the mistakes the dull speakers who want the meanness that wants to ticed gratis in the editorial der to save the tax of the umn, all the men who want who never were right, all the crack- phers, with story as long as their hair as their finger-nails, in mourning be- soap; all the itinerant bores who come utes and stop an hour. From the edi- torial rooms, all the follies and shams seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in the newspaper profession there are some sceptical men. I only wonder that they believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and eternal shipwreck.



REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

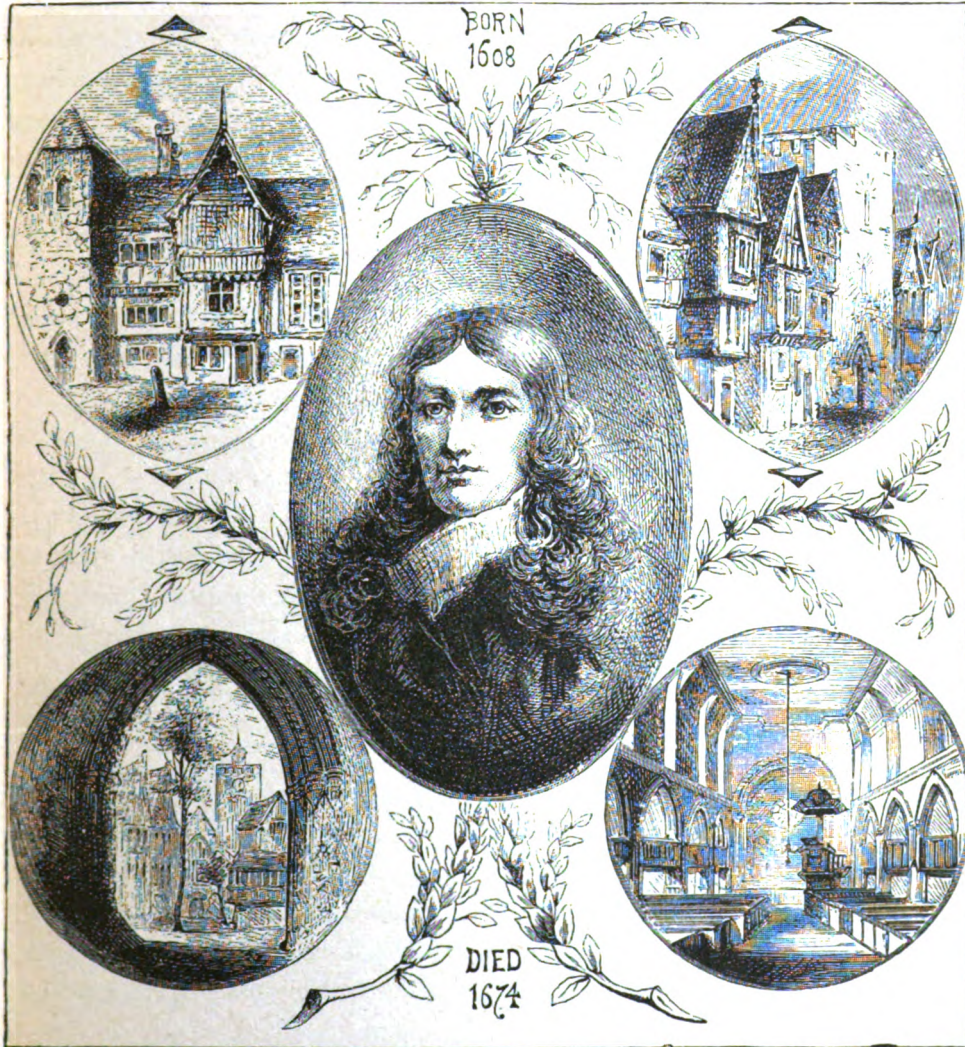
ing that God may bless my words to whom they may come, and leading profession to a more kindly and leni- ward those who are.

great trials of this profession, is the are compelled to see more of the shams than any other profession. newspaper office, day by day, es of the world, the vanities revenges that want to be that want to be corrected, all to be thought eloquent, all

get its wares no- columns, in or- advertising col- to be set right brained philoso- and as gloomy cause bereft of to stay five min- torial and repor- of the world are

seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in the newspaper profession there are some sceptical men. I only wonder that they believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. Since the days of Hazlitt and Sheridan and John Milton and the wailings of Grub street, London, literary toil, with very few exceptions, has not been



JOHN MILTON—ENGLAND'S GREAT SACRED POET.

properly requited. When Oliver Goldsmith received a friend in his house he, the author, had to sit on the window, because there was only one chair. Linaces sold his splendid work for a ducat. DeFoe, the author of two hundred and

eighteen volumes, died penniless. The learned Johnson dined behind a screen because his clothes were too shabby to allow him to dine with the gentlemen who, on the other side of the screen, were applauding his works. And so on down to the present time, literary toil is a great struggle for bread. The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gets his living by his wits; and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil: "You come down here and shove a plane, and hammer a shoe-last, and break cobblestones, and earn an honest living as I do, instead of sitting there in idleness scribbling." But God knows that there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper people of this country. It is not a matter of hard times; it is characteristic of all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the stomach than for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immense financial and intellectual exhaustions of the newspaper press. They grumble because they have to pay 5 cents a copy, and wish they had only to pay 3, or paying 3, they wish they had only to pay 1. While there are a few exceptions—and some few do make large fortunes—the vast majority of newspaper people in this day have a struggle for livelihood; and if in their hardship and exasperation they sometimes write things they ought not to write, let these facts be an alleviation. O men of the press, it will be a great help to you if, when you come home late at night, fagged out and nervous with your work, you would just kneel down and commend your case to God, who has watched all the fatigue of the day, and who has promised to be your God and the God of your children forever.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? I go into the meat market of a foreign city, and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any especial care. I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull to-

night." I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy, intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say: "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the top, to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it! O, it is only a case of supply and demand. Newspaper men are no fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and the reporters of this country in one great convention, and then ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish an elevated paper." So long as there is an iniquitous demand, there will be an iniquitous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those who print and those who read.

Another temptation of the newspaper profession is the great allurements that surrounds them. Every occupation and profession has temptations peculiar to itself, and the newspaper profession is not an exception. The great draught, as you know is on the nervous forces, and the brain is racked. The blundering political speech must read well for the sake of the party, and so the reporter, or the editor, has to make it read well although every sentence was a catastrophe to the English language. The reporter must hear all that an inaudible speaker, who thinks it is vulgar to speak out, says; and it must be right the next morning or the next night in the papers, though the night before the whole audience sat with its hand behind its ear in vain trying to catch it. This man must go through killing night-work. He must go into heated assemblages, and into unventilated audience-rooms that are enough to take the life out of him. He must visit the court rooms which are almost always disgusting with rum and tobacco. He must expose himself at the fire. He must write in

fœtid alley-ways. Added to all that he must have hasty mastication and irregular habits. To bear up under this tremendous nervous strain they are tempted to artificial stimulus, and how many thousands have gone down under that pressure God only knows. They must have something to counteract the wet, they must have something to keep out the chill, and after a scant night's sleep they must have something to revive them for the morning's work. This is what made Horace Greeley such a stout temperance man. He told me that he had



HORACE GREELEY.

seen so many of his comrades go down under that temptation. Oh, my brother of the newspaper profession, what you can not do without artificial stimulus, God does not want you to do. There is no halfway ground for our literary people between teetotalism and dissipation. Your professional success, your domestic peace, your eternal salvation, will depend upon your theories in regard to artificial stimulus. I have had so many friends go down under the

temptation, their brilliancy quenched, their homes blasted, that I cry out in the words of another: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

Another trial of this profession is the fact that no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up

religious proceedings, and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they phonograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks upon them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors? Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the paternal roof, whoever regarded or disregarded, they come off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times, but tears come into their eyes, and they move around this great, roaring metropolis homesick. O, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to put his weary head down on the bosom of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and tired you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests in this world and the next. O, men of the newspaper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so hollow and unsatisfying. If there are any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have him, if only you implore his mercy.

A man was found at the foot of Canal street. As they picked him up from the water and brought him to the Morgue, they saw by the contour of his forehead that he had great mental capacity. He had entered the newspaper profession. He had gone down in health. He took to artificial stimulus. He went down further and further, until one summer day, hot and hungry and sick and in despair, he flung himself off the dock. They found in his pocket a reporter's pad, a lead pencil, a photograph of some one who had loved him long ago. Death, as sometimes it will, had smoothed out all the wrinkles that had gathered prematurely on his brow, and as he lay there his face was as fair as when, seven years ago, he left his country home and they bade him good-bye forever. The world looks through the window of the Morgue and says: "It's nothing but an outcast:" but God says it was a gigantic soul that perished because the world gave him no chance.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when, at last, standing on the plains of judgment, you look out upon the unnumbered

throns over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were among the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of heaven. Better than to have set in editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some dungeoned exile, who, by the light of window iron-grated, on scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the hearth, spelled out the story of Him who taketh away the sins of the world. In eternity Dives is the beggar! Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing, and proof-reading and publishing. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at displays a dash. Death the period. Eternity the peroration. O God, where will we spend it? Have you heard the news, more startling than any found in the journals of the last six weeks? It is the tidings that man is lost. Have you heard the news, the gladdest that was ever announced, coming this day from the throne of God, lightning couriers leading from the palace gate? The news! The glorious news! That there is pardon for all guilt, and comfort for all trouble. Set it up in "double leaded" column and direct it to the whole race.

A Scotch poet, insane on everything but religion, wrote this beautiful yet strange rythm:

God hath pardoned all my sin.

That's the news! That's the news!

I feel the witness deep within,

That's the news! That's the news!

And since he took my sins away,

And taught me how to watch and pray,

I'm happy now from day to day.—

That's the news! That's the news

And now if any one should say:

What's the news? What's the news?

Oh, tell him you've begun to pray.—

That's the news! That's the news!

That you have joined the conquering band,

And now with joy at God's command

You're marching to the better land—

That's the news! That's the news!

CHAPTER VII.

NEWSPAPERS.

EZEKIEL in his vision of the cherubim says that even "the wheels were full of eyes." What could it have been but the wheels of the newspaper printing-press, for all other wheels are blind? The manufacturer's wheel sometimes rolls over the operative with fatigue, and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, and sees nothing. The sewing-machine wheel has pains and aches fastened to it tighter than the hand that turns it, sharper than the needle which it plies, and every minute of every hour of every day of every week of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels hard at work which are eyeless. Not so with the wheels of the newspaper printing-press. Their entire work is to look and to report. They are full of optic nerves from the axle to the periphery. They are as full of eyes as the wheels which Ezekiel saw—sharp eyes, keen eyes, eyes that look up, that look down, far-sighted, near-sighted, they take in the next street, the next hemisphere; eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes atwinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, sore eyes, historical eyes, literary eyes, ecclesiastical eyes, eyes of all sorts and eyes that see everything.

But Paul gives the cry of the world for a newspaper. He says that in the city of Athens there were people who did nothing but gather up and tell the news. Why more so in Athens than in any other city? Because Athens was the wisest city under the sun, and in proportion as men become wise they become inquisitive, not about small things, but about the greater. The great question in Athens is the great question now, "What is the news!"

To answer this cry for a newspaper the centuries set their wits to work, and China first answered the cry, and there is in Peking a newspaper which has been published every week for a thousand years—printed on silk. Rome answered this cry by publishing the *Acta Diurna*, and in the same column putting fires,

political events, marriages, deaths, tempests, earthquakes. France successfully answered this question when in Paris a physician wrote out the news for his



OLD ATHENS AS VIEWED FROM PIRÆUS.

patients. England answered this cry by publishing in the time of Queen Elizabeth a paper regarding the Spanish Armada, and went on increasing in enter-

prise, until, at the time the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of all the nations of Europe, in the London Chronicle there was a third of a column given to the description of the battle—about as much room as a modern newspaper would take to describe a small fire. America answered this cry when Benjamin Harris published the first weekly newspaper, entitled Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1690, and by the first daily newspaper which was published in Philadelphia in 1784, entitled The American Daily Advertiser.

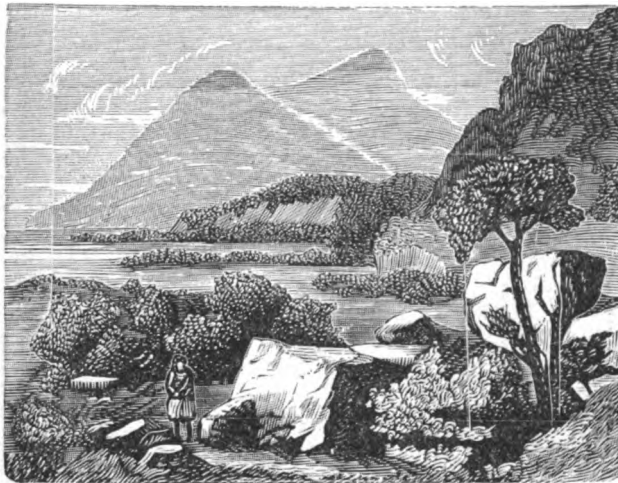
But the newspaper did not suddenly spring on the world; it came gradually. I will give you the genealogical line of the newspaper. The Adam of the race, which was a circular, or news-letter, born of divine impulse in human nature, begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat



OFFICE OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF.

the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the monthly, and the monthly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But, alas! through what a struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing-press. The wheel has too many eyes. Russia, which, considering all the circumstances, is the mean-

est and the most cruel despotism on earth to-day, keeps the printing press under severe espionage. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save natural history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison. But the great battle for the freedom

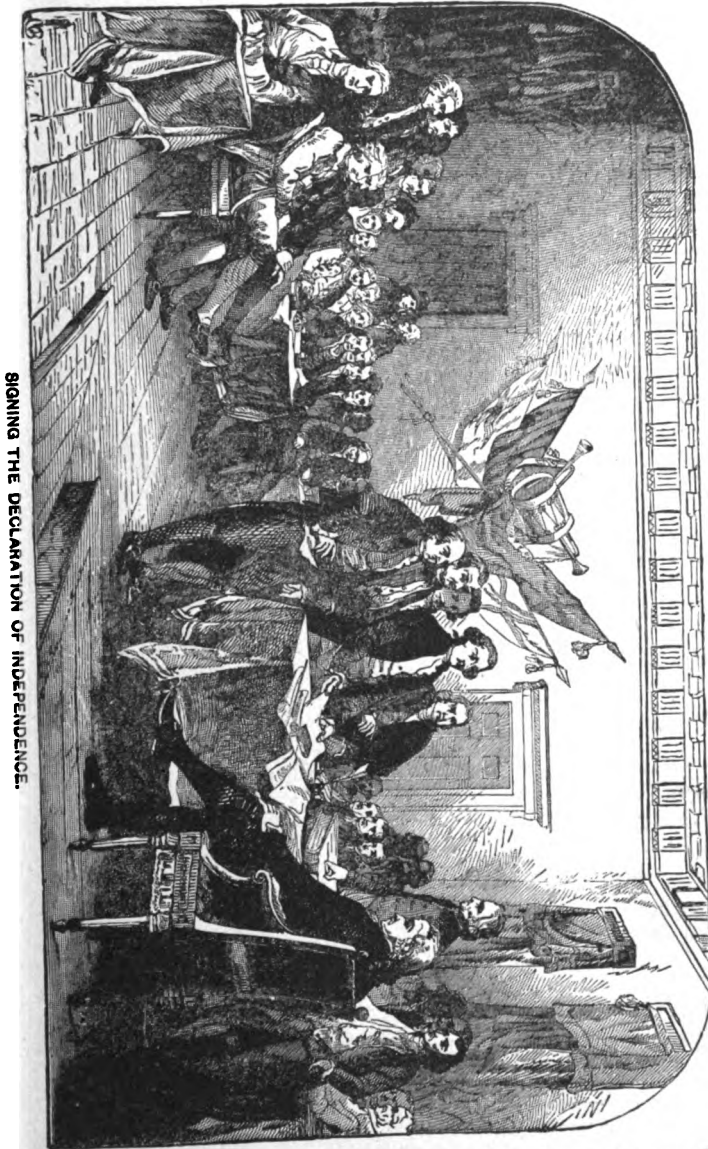


PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

of the press was fought in the court-rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom of J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's Rights of Man in England. Those were the Marathon and the

Thermopylæ, where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing press the handcuffs and the hobbles of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing-press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing-press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons and hyphens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing-press," or we take up a newspaper full of

social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a filthy, scurrilous printing-press. But I write on a subject you have never heard pre-



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

sented: the immeasurable and the everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.

Thank God that the wheels are full of eyes. Thank God that there is no need of our going around like the Athenians to hunt up and then to scatter the

news, since the printing-press does both for us. I give you this overwhelming statistic which no Christian man can disregard or hear without a thrill of interest: that in the year 1880, the number of copies of literary and political newspapers published in this country was one billion five hundred millions. Since then a vast increase. What church, what reformer, what Christian man, what patriot, can disregard these things? I tell you that a good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the people in this century.

All the people read the newspapers. The old man looks for the deaths, the young look for the marriages, the stock-broker looks to the money column, the importer looks to the shipping, the philosopher looks to the editorial, the unemployed look to the wants, and the Christian looks all through to see what God is doing among the nations, and whether the world is really swinging around into the light of the glorious gospel.

Now, I think I could arouse your appreciation of this great blessing if I told you of the money, the brain, the exasperation, the anxieties, the losses, the wear and tear of heart-strings involved in the publication of a newspaper. On the theory abroad in the world that anybody can make one, inexperienced capitalists every year are entering the lists, and it is a simple statistic that there is an average of a dead newspaper every day of the year. Generally three or four fortunes are swallowed up before a newspaper is established. The large papers swallow up the small papers, one whale taking down fifty minnows. Although we have over seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States and the Canadas, only thirty-six of them are a half century old. The average of newspaper life is five years. Most of them die of cholera infantum! It is high time it were understood that the most successful way of sinking a fortune and keeping it sunk is to start and conduct a newspaper.

Almost every intelligent man during his life is smitten with the newspaper mania, and start a newspaper, or have stock in one, he must or die. This is often the process: A literary man has an idea, moral, social, political, or religious, which he wishes to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have—but he talks of his idea among confidential friends, and forthwith they are inflamed with the idea, and they buy type and press and rent a composing-room, and engage a corps of editors, and then a prospectus which threatens to conquer everything goes forth, and then the first issue is thrown

upon the attention of an admiring world. After a few weeks or months, some plain stockholder finds that there is no especial revolution, and that neither the sun nor the moon has stood still, and that the world still goes on lying and cheating and stealing, just as it did before the first issue of the New York Thunderer, or the Universal Gazette, or the Hallelujah Advocate. Forthwith the plain stockholder wants to sell his stock, but nobody wants to buy it, and others, disgusted with the investment, want to sell their stock, and an enormous bill of the paper factory rolls in like an avalanche, and printers refuse to work unless they have their back pay, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor-in-chief, and the editor-in-chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the public in general, and the subscribers wonder why their paper does not come.

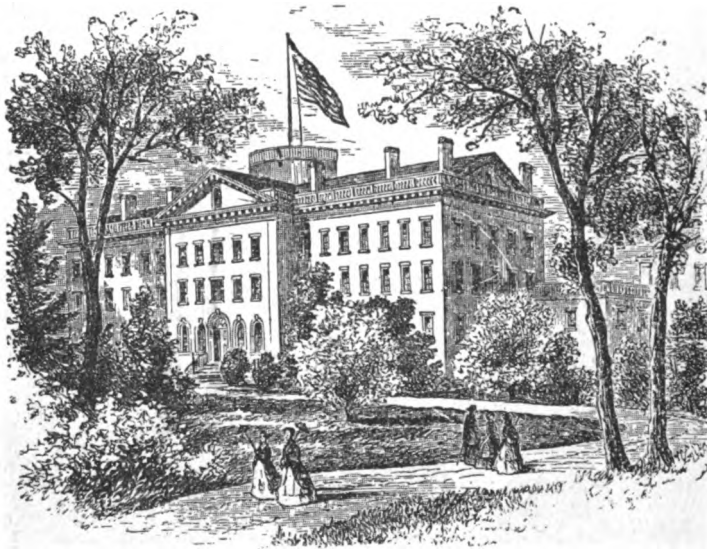
Let me tell you, that if you have an idea on any moral, social, political or religious subject, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established. Do not take the idea so prevalent that when a man can do nothing else he can edit a newspaper. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house, you had better not try the sides of the Matterhorn. If you cannot navigate a sloop up the North river, you had better not try to engineer the Great Eastern over to Liverpool. To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the vigilance, the strategy, the boldness of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper, one needs to be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and so far as all acquisition is concerned, encyclopædiac. To man and to propel a newspaper requires more qualities than any other business on earth. I say this to save men from



NEW YORK TRIBUNE BUILDING.

bankruptcy. If you feel called to start or publish a newspaper, take it for granted you are threatened with softening of the brain, throw your pocket-book into your wife's lap, and rush up to Bloomingdale asylum and surrender yourself, before you do something desperate.

Meanwhile let the dead newspapers be carried out to their burial week by week, and let the newspapers that live give good obituary. If they died after living a good life, say "peace to their ashes." If they died after living a bad life, give them at least a stickful of epitaph like that which was put over the grave of Sir Francis Charrhouse: "Here lies the body of Francis Charrhouse, who, with an inflexible constancy and uniformity of life, persisted in the prac-



BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.

tice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy, His insatiable avarice emptied him from the first; his matchless impudence from the second." I say these things, because I want you to appreciate a good newspaper, and know through what

fire and through what struggle it comes to you. A good newspaper is a great blessing, because it makes knowledge democratic and for all the people. A city or national library is a reservoir to gather up the floods of knowledge; but those floods of knowledge are held far away from the people. The newspaper comes along, and it is the tunnel to bring those bright waters down into the pitchers of the people. Great libraries make a few intelligent men and women. Newspapers lift nations into the sunlight.

Better have fifty millions of people only tolerably intelligent, than a thousand Solons. The impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge must neces-

sarily be ephemeral, because periodicals are soon thrown aside, and not more than one person out of ten thousand ever keeps a file of the periodicals for future reference. But so far from being ephemeral, newspaper knowledge makes up the structure of the world's heart and brain, and decides the destiny of churches and of nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of no worth; It is knowledge afoot, knowledge launched, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge thunder-bolted. Nearly all the great minds and the great hearts of the world either have had their hands on the newspaper printing press, or will have their hands on the printing-press. The Adamses, Otis, Hancock, in revolutionary times, went into the sauctum of the Boston Gazette to compose articles on the rights of man. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, Quincy—all had



SOLON.

their hands on the printing-press. Do you not know that the most of the good books of this day were originally published in periodicals? All of Macaulay's essays first appeared in periodicals; all Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all Sidney Smith's, all McIntosh's, all Talfourd's, afterward gathered up into books. Nearly all the best fictitious literature of the day first appears as serials. Bryant's poems, Lowell's poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Whittier's poems—all were fugitive poems. You cannot name



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

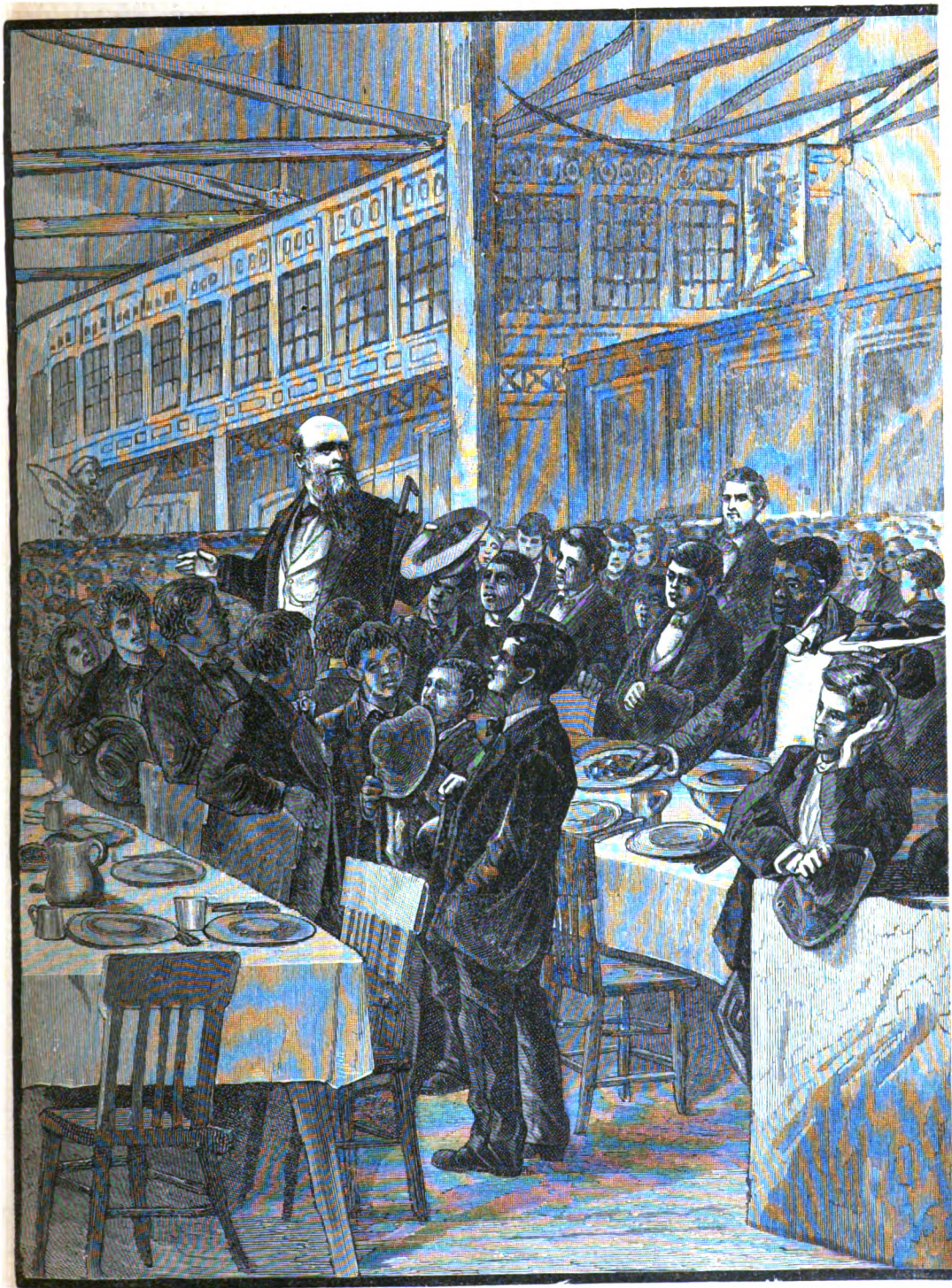
ten literary men of the day, with great heads and great hearts, who have not somehow been interested in newspaper literature. The book will always have its place, but the newspaper is the more potent. Do not think because

it is multitudinous it is also superficial. If one should see nothing during his life, in the way of literature, but the Bible and Webster's dictionary, and a good newspaper, he would be fitted for all the duties of this life, and for the happiness of the next.

A good newspaper is a blessing because it is a mirror of life itself. Complaint is sometimes made because the evil is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good, or how will we know what to guard against, what to reform, what to fight down? A newspaper that merely presents the fair and the bright and the beautiful side of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world, but what evil is in the world, and told to select the good and reject the evil. Let children come up with the idea that all society is fair and beautiful—when they come out into life and find it so different from what they thought, they will be as incompetent for the struggle as though you should throw your child into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and tell it to learn how to swim. Our complaint is that sometimes sin is made attractive and holiness stupid, that sometimes the evil is put in great headings and the good in an obscure corner, that sometimes sin is set up in "great primer" type, and righteousness is put in "nonpareil." Sin is loathsome—make it so. Virtue is beautiful—make it so.

I believe a great step of improvement would be taken if our religious and secular newspapers should, for the most part, drop impersonality—I say for the most part. The best pens, the best minds, of the age are engaged in writing for newspapers, and their writings often appear in the editorial columns, and yet many of these men die unknown—living, some of them, on incompetent salary. After a while their hand forgets its cunning, and, without any resources, they die.

The world never knew them. Now, it seems to me, if the impersonality were dropped in many cases, and in the more important newspaper writings, it would be more justice and greater fairness to those who are enlisted in newspaper work. When newspapers drop their impersonality, that will be the time when literary men will come to larger appreciation. In that time men will get the credit for all the good they write, and they will be held responsible for all the evil they write. It seems to me that no honorable man would want to write anything that he would be ashamed to put his name to; and yet, suppose a man's

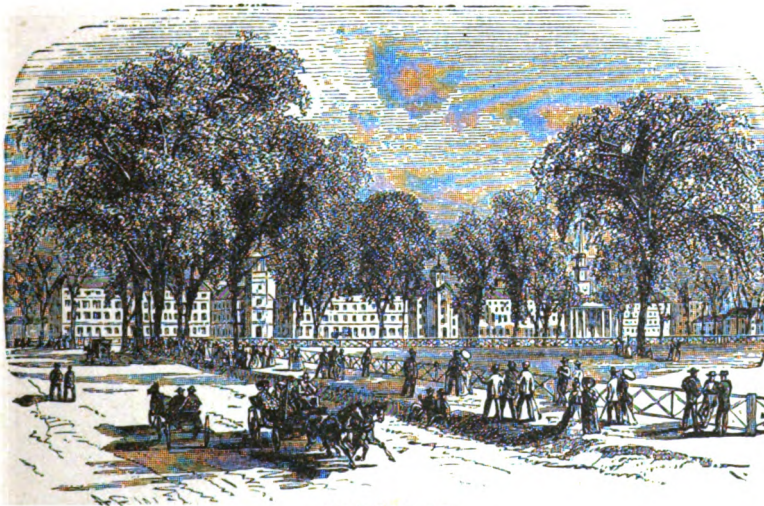


CENTENNIAL DINNER TO NEWSBOYS AT PHILADELPHIA.

character is assailed in a newspaper, who is responsible? It is the "we" of the editorial columns. What has a private citizen to do in contest with a misrepresentation multiplied into twenty and fifty thousand copies? A wrong done a man's character in a newspaper is more virulent than one done in private life. A man in hot temper may say a thing he will be very very sorry for in ten minutes, but a virulent attack in a newspaper is a more deliberate thing, as it must be written out with a pen, and then it must be set up in type, and then the "proof" must be taken of it and read and corrected, and then for six or ten hours the presses are kept running, sending forth the misrepresentation. Plenty of time to repent, plenty of time to cool off, and yet all that under an impersonality. Now it seems to me that it would be a great use, a great advantage to the literature of this country when men get the credit for the good they write, and are held responsible for the evil they write. But first must come the dropping of the newspaper impersonality.

Another vast improvement will be made when our universities shall have departments where they prepare men for editorial and reportorial work. These institutions have medical departments, legal departments—why not editorial departments? Do the legal and the healing professions need more culture or greater drill than the editorial profession? Sometimes a man will accidentally stumble into newspaper success just as a man may stumble into success in any other profession or occupation; but would it not be better if, when a man proposes for himself newspaper life, there were an institution to which he could go and learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the dangers, the temptations, the magnificent opportunities of editorial and reportorial life? Let there be lectureships, in which shall come the leading editors of the country to tell their struggle and the story of their victories and their mistakes, and how they have worked, and what they have found to be the best way of working. Of course, men of genius will clamber up into editorial efficiency just as through sheer grit men climb up into success in other departments; but if you want colleges to make lawyers and doctors and artists and evangelists, you want colleges to make editors, for their position is so potent. I declare that the mightiest force for good to-day is a good editor, and the mightiest force for evil to-day is a bad one. To reinforce and to elevate the editorial profession you want editorial professoriates in our colleges. When will Princeton, or Yale, or Harvard, or Rochester, or Middletown lead the way?

Then the newspaper, the good newspaper, becomes a vast blessing, not only for the day in which we live, but it lays the foundation for the history of these times in which we live. We are dependent, for the most part, upon mere blind guess-work as to what antedated the newspaper, or upon the prejudices of this or that historian; but oh, what an opportunity the historians of the future will have with all the facts of this day before them! Our Bancrofts are dependent for the story of early times upon the Boston-News Letter, or the Massachusetts Spy, or the Philadelphia Aurora, or the Royal Gazetteer, or the Independent Chronicle—dependent for all the news about the Boston massacre, and about the



YALE COLLEGE.

oppressive taxes on luxuries which *turned Boston harbor into a teapot*, and Washington's death, and Rhode Island rebellion, and South Carolina nullification. But what opportunities the future chronicler will have in the presence of the files of a hundred standard American newspapers describing all the minutiae of events now—ecclesiastical, literary, political, social, international, hemispherical. The student of history five hundred years from now,—if the world last so long—will walk right past the musty corridors of other centuries, and ask the librarian for the volume which tells of the century in which American presidents were assassinated, and the American civil war was enacted, and the cotton-gin, and the steam locomotive, and the electric telegraph, and the electric pen, and the electric light, and the telephone, and Hoe's printing press were invented. Newspapers a blessing not only for to-day, but the reservoir of history.

Once more I say, that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. . You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity, and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present, and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing-press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take the music of this day, and I do not mark it diminuendo—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing-press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing-press! God save the printing-press! God Christianize the printing-press!

When I see the printing-press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express train on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force in our civilization. So I commend all to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type-setters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race. An aged woman making her living by knitting unwound the yarn from the ball until she found in the center of the ball there was an old piece of newspaper. She opened it and read an advertisement which announced that she had become heiress to a large property, and that fragment of a newspaper lifted her from pauperism to affluence. And I do not know but as the thread of time unrolls and unwinds a little further, through the silent yet speaking newspaper may be found the vast inheritance of the world's redemption.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

CHAPTER VIII.

POLITICIANS.



AHITHOPHEL and Hushai the counsellors of Absalom were thorough politicians. They were antagonistic. They were as much opposed to each other in other times as Disraeli and Gladstone in modern times. What Ahithophel proposed Hushai opposed. Ahithophel said, "It must be done in this way." Hushai said, "It must be done in the other way." Ahithophel had changed his politics, and from being prime minister in David's cabinet had become a staff officer of Absalom, the enemy. After a while Absalom drops Ahithophel, and in his chagrin Ahithophel goes out and commits suicide. Hushai surrendered the cause of Absalom, and was rewarded for it. His son Baana became one of the officers of King Solomon as a reward.



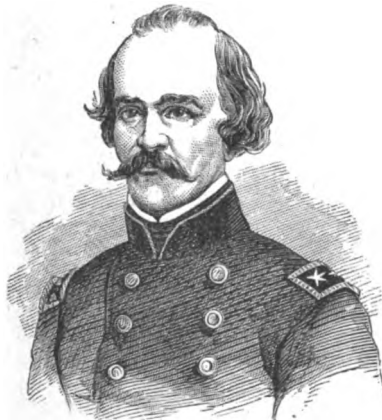
DISRAELI.

Political life then, as in all times, was very uncertain and full of temptation. It was up and down, and up and down. There have been in the world hundreds of political parties. They did their work. They lost their prestige. They expired. Their names are forgotten. In our own country we have an Ahithophel and a Hushai in the two great political parties which stand face to face in every state and national contest. Which one shall play the Ahithophel and commit suicide, and which one shall send its mission and success to other generations it is always hard to say. Enough for me to declare what I believe God and civilization demand of the two political parties at this day, or their extermination.

First of all then, God and civilization demand of the political parties of this day a more pronounced anti-Mormonistic feeling. It is high time that the nation stopped playing with this cancer. All the plasters of political quacks only aggravate it, and nothing but the surgery of the sword will cure it. All the congressional laws on this subject have been notorious failures. This great monster still sits

between the two mountains--the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas--sits in defiance and mockery, sometimes holding its sides with uncontrollable mirth at our national impotency. Shipload after shipload of Mormons are regurgitated at Castle Garden, and hundreds and thousands of them are being sent on to the great moral lazaretto of the West. Others are on the way, and the Atlantic is heaving toward us the great surges of foreign libertinism. This moment the emissaries of that organized lust are busy in Norway and Sweden and England and Ireland and Scotland and Germany breaking up homes and with infernal cords drawing the population this way, a population which will be dumped as carrion on the American territories. American crime with its long rake stretched across other continents is heaping up on this land great winrows of abomination. Worse and worse. Four hundred Mormons coming into our port in one day, six hundred in another day, eight hundred in another day.

If the American Congress should enact fifty laws against Mormonism in the same spirit of those which have passed, they would be of no avail. Nothing but United States troops armed with shot and shell and great guns will ever put



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

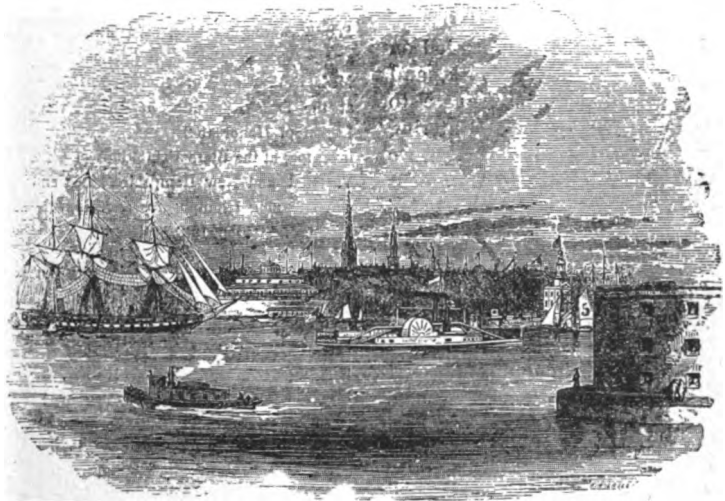
down that iniquity. James Buchanan was right in 1857 when he sent an army and they marched to Salt Lake Valley; but James Buchanan was wrong when in 1858, after the Mormons had flung some rocks down from the high places and crushed American troops, he sent Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major McCullough, of Texas, to offer amnesty. Had that army under General Albert Sidney Johnston marched on, Mormonism would have been a matter of history instead of an awful fact of the present. It will be a saving of human

blood, if armed battalions march on now and destroy that great evil before it is a hundred fold more fortified.

Are we so cowardly and selfish in this generation that we are going to bequeath to the following generations this great evil? letting it go on, until our children come to the front, and we are safely intrenched under the mound of our own sepulchres, leaving our children through all their active life to wonder

why we postponed this evil for their extirpation, when we might have destroyed it with a hundredfold less exposure. What a legacy for this generation to leave the following generation! We want some great political party in some strong and unmistakable plank to declare that it will extirpate heroically and immediately this great harem of the American continent. We want some President of the United States to come in on such an anti-Mormonistic platform, and in his opening message to Congress ask for an appropriation for military expedition to down this evil, and in one year Mormonism will be extirpated, and national decency vindicated. Compelling Mormonistic chiefs to take oath of allegiance will not do it, for they have declared in open assembly that perjury in their cause is commendable. Religious tracts on purity amount to nothing. They will not read them. Anything shorter than bayonets, and anything softer than bullets will never do that work.

There is demanded of the political parties in this day an intelligent helpfulness



THE NARROWS.

for the great foreign populations which have come among us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here. They are coming this moment through the Narrows, they are coming this moment through the gates of Castle Garden, they are this moment taking the first full inhalation of the free air of America, and they will continue to come as long as this country is the best place to live in. You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat, you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountains from coming down to the deer lick, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten nations of Europe from coming to this land of bread, as to prohibit the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden

and Germany working themselves to death on small wages on the other side the sea, from coming to this land, where there are the largest compensations under the sun. Why did God spread out the prairies of Dakota and roll the precious ore into Colorado? It was that all the earth might come and plough, and come and dig. Just as long as the centrifugal forces of foreign despotisms throw

them off, just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here.



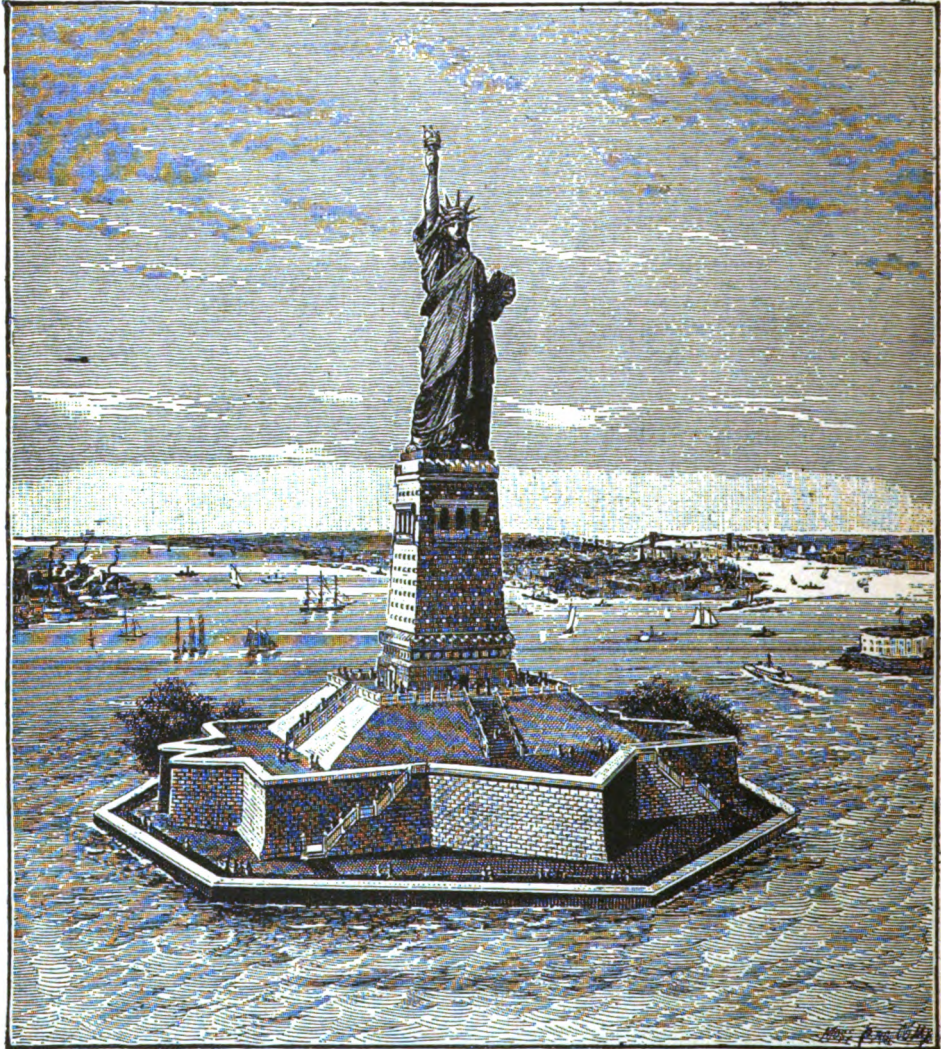
EAGLES IN THEIR EYRIE.

And that is what is going to make this the mightiest nation of the earth. Inter-marriage of nationalities. Not circle inter-marrying circle, and nation intermarrying nation, but it is going to be Italian and Norwegian, Russian and Celt, Scotch and French, English and American. The American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day. German brains, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian æsthetic, packed into one man, and he an American. It is this intermarriage of nationalities that is going to make the American race the mightiest race of the ages. let them come. I wish that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, on Bed-loe's Island, in the Harbor of New York, which rises two hundred and seventy-five feet, and holds in the right hand a torch—I wish that the left hand spread abroad as if in welcome to all who come up the bay. The gates of this continent have been so long wide open you cannot shut them. Congress will have to repeal the imbecile law against Chinese emigration. Oh, what a confession of weakness it was on the part of legislators! They say that the Chinese are the wasps and the rats, and we are the lions and the eagles. But what would you think of a convention of eagles in their eyrie passing a solemn vote that it was unsafe to have a wasp on the continent? What would you think of a convention

of lions passing a resolution that it was positively unsafe to have a rat on the peninsula? But the Chinese are not wasps and rats. They are immortals. In Philadelphia they have naturalized some Chinese, and the time will come when, in America, John Chinaman shall have the right to vote, and then he will be smothered with caresses; and the Republican party will put its arm around his neck and kiss him on one cheek, and the Democratic party will put its arm around him and kiss him on the other cheek, and then the two parties will get into a fight as to which has loved him longest and loved him most! As when the negroes had no right to vote we spelled their names with two "gs," but now since they have the right of suffrage they are our dearly beloved brethren of the colored persuasion! The gates of the continent are wide open, they must stay open.

But what are we doing for the moral and intellectual culture of the five hundred thousand who came in one year, and the six hundred thousand who came in another year, and the eight hundred thousand who came in another year, and the one million who came into our various American ports? What are we doing for them? Well, we are doing a great deal for them. We steal their baggage as soon as they get ashore! We send them up to a boarding-house where the least they lose is their money. We swindle them within ten minutes after they get ashore. We are doing a great deal for them! But what are we doing to introduce them into the duties of good citizenship? Many of them never saw a ballot-box, and many of them never heard of the Constitution of the United States, many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the Government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume in good type and well bound for long usage—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our Government. Let there be such a book on every shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the government of the United States, so commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a footstool, but a throne; not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before.

I take back what I said about Bartholdi's statute, for I remember now that while in its right hand it holds a torch, in its left hand it holds a tablet of law. Good enough. Intelligence to enlighten, and law to control.



BATHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The platforms of the political parties of this day must acknowledge God. Let there be no favoring of sects. Let Trinitarian and Unitarian, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic be alike in the sight of the law—every man

free to worship in his own way—but let no political party think it can do its duty unless it acknowledges God, who built this continent and revealed it at the right time to the discoverer, and who has reared here a prosperity which has been given to no other people. “Oh,” says some one, “there are people in this country who do not believe in a God, and it would be an insult to them.” Well, there are people in this country who do not believe in common decency, or common honesty, or any kind of government, preferring anarchy. Your every platform is an insult to them. You ought not to regard a man who does not believe in God any more than you should regard a man who refuses to believe in common decency. Your pocketbook is not safe a moment in the presence of an atheist! God is the only source of good government. Why not, then, say so, and let the chairman of the committee on resolutions in your national convention take a pen full of ink, and with bold hand head the document with one significant “Whereas” acknowledging the goodness of God in the past and begging His kindness and protection for the future.

For the lack of recognition of God in your political platforms they amount to nothing. They both make loud declaration about civil service reform, and it has been a failure. If you can take now in your cool moments the declaration made by the Democratic party in Cincinnati in 1880, and the declaration made by the Republican party in Chicago in 1880, and read those two declarations on the subject of civil service reform, and then think of what has transpired, and control your mirth, you have more self-control than I have. My child asks me what is civil service reform, and I tell him, as near as I can understand, it is that when the Republican party get the government of a State they are to turn out the Democrats, and when the Democrats get the supremacy in the State they are to turn out the Republicans. Your platforms cry out for reform, and promise reform, if they are only kept in power or may obtain power. How much do they mean by reform? See what the Republican party did in 1876 in Louisiana and what the Democratic party did three or four years after in the gubernatorial election in Maine! Credit Mobilier of some years ago, River and Harbor Bills, by which the taxpayers of the United States were swindled out of millions of dollars—in both infamies the two parties shoulder to shoulder, and side to side. What you want is more of God in your pronouncements. Without Him reform is retrogression, and gain is loss, and victory is defeat.

Why my friends, this country belongs to God, and we ought in every possible way to acknowledge it. From the moment that on an October morning, in 1492, Columbus looked over the side of the ship and saw the carved staff which made him think he was near an inhabited country, and also saw a thorn and a cluster of berries—type of our history ever since, the piercing sorrows and the cluster of national joys—until this hour, our country has been bounded on the north and south and east and west by the goodness of God. The Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas in the name of God; William Penn settled

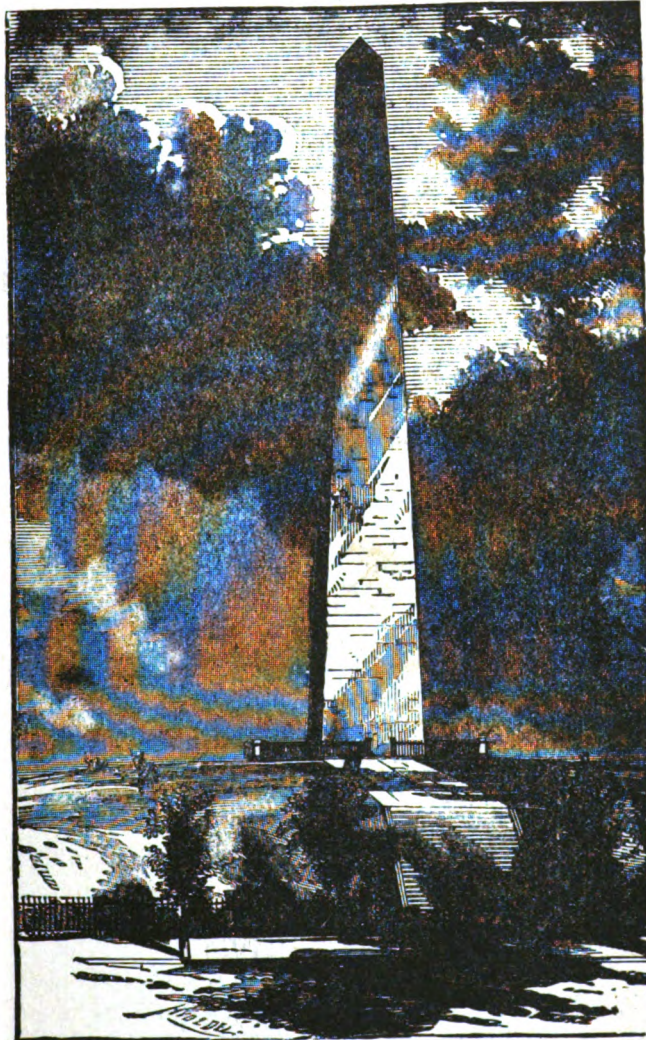


COLUMBUS DISCOVERING SAN SALVADOR.

Philadelphia in the name of God; the Hollanders took possession of New York in the name of God; the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England in the name of God. Preceding the first gun of Bunker Hill at the voice of prayer all heads uncovered. In the war of 1812, an officer came to General Andrew Jackson and said: "There is an unusual noise in the camp; it ought to be stopped." General

Jackson said: "What is the noise." The officer said, "It is the voice of prayer and praise." And the general said: "God forbid that prayer and praise should be an unusual noise in the encampment; you had better go and join them." Prayer at Valley Forge, prayer at Monmouth, prayer at Atlanta, prayer at South Mountain, prayer at Gettysburg. "Oh," says some infidel, the Northern people prayed on one side and the Southern people prayed on the other side, and so it didn't amount to anything." And I have heard good Christian people confounded with the infidel statement, when it is plain to me as my

right hand. Yes, the Northern people prayed in one way, and the Southern people prayed in another way, and God answered in His own way, giving to the North the re-establishment of the government, and giving to the South larger opportunities, larger than she had ever anticipated, the harnessing of her rivers in great manufacturing interests, until the Mobile and the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee are Southern Merrimacs, and the unrolling of great mines of coal and iron, of which the world knew nothing, and opening before her opportunities of wealth which will give ninety-nine per cent more affluence than she ever possessed. And instead of the black hands of American slaves emancipated, there are the more industrious and black hands of the coal and iron industries of the South which will achieve for her fabulous and unimagined wealth.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

“And there are domes of white blossoms where spread the white tent,
 And there are ploughs in the track where the war wagons went,
 And there are songs where they lifted up Rachel's lament.”

Oh, you are a stupid man if you do not understand how God answered

Abraham Lincoln's prayer in the White House, and Stonewall Jackson's prayer in the saddle, and answered all the prayers of all the cathedrals on both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line. God's country all the way past. God's country now.

Put His name in your pronouncements, put His name on your ensigns, put His name on your city and State and national enterprises, put His name in your hearts. To most of us this country was the cradle, and to most of us it will be the grave. We want the same glorious privileges which we enjoy to go down to our children. We cannot sleep well the last sleep, nor will the pillow of dust be easy to our heads until we are assured that the God of our American institutions in the past will be the God of our American institutions in the days that are to come. Oh, when all the rivers which empty into the Atlantic and Pacific seas shall pull on factory bands, when all the great mines of gold and silver and iron and coal shall be laid bare for the nation, when the last swamp shall be reclaimed, and the last jungle cleared, and the last American desert Edenized, and from sea to sea the continent shall be occupied by more than twelve hundred million souls, may it be found that moral and religious influences were multiplied in more rapid ratio than the population. And then there shall be four doxologies coming from north and south, and east and west—four doxologies rolling toward each other, and meeting mid-continent with such dash of holy joy that they shall mount the throne.

“And Heaven's high arch resound again
With 'peace on earth, good will to men.'”



CHAPTER IX.

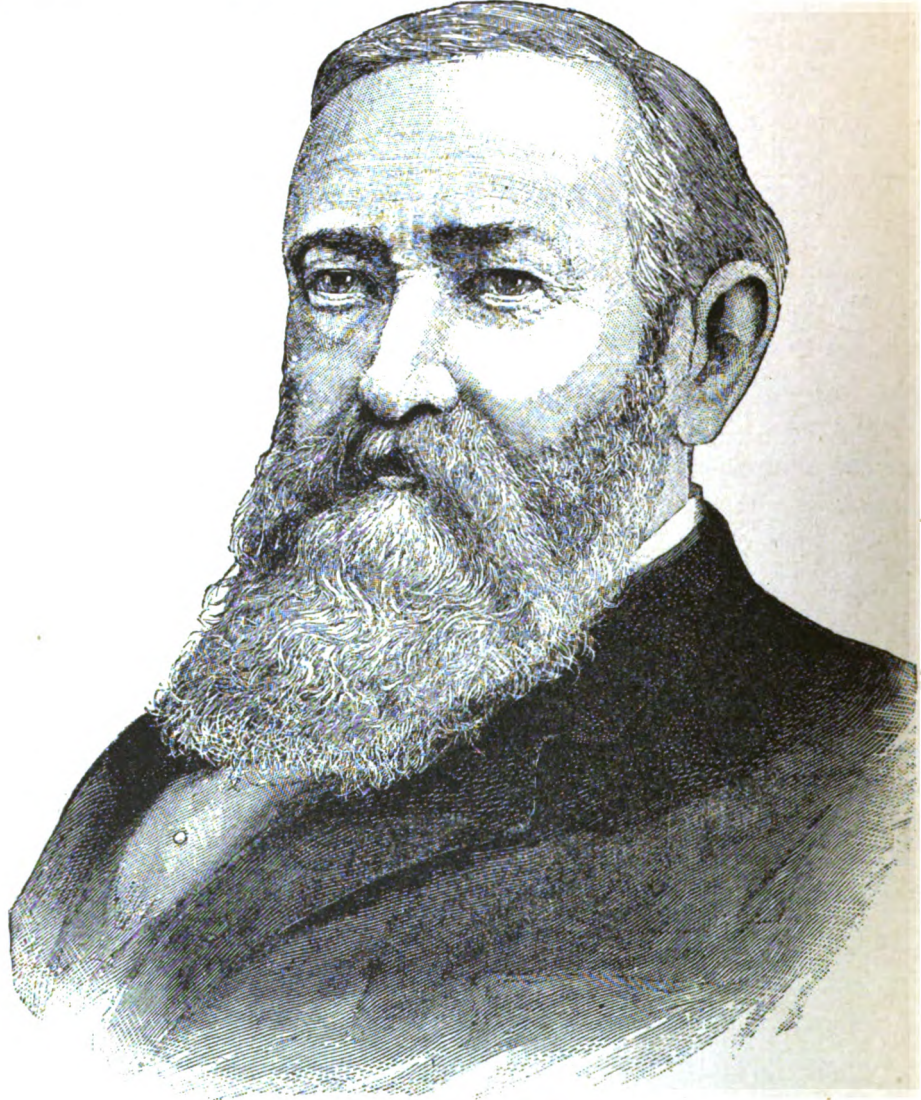
PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

THE morals of a nation seldom rise higher than the virtue of the rulers. Henry VIII. makes impurity popular and national. William Wilberforce gives moral tone to a whole empire. Sin bestarred and epauletted makes crime respectable, and brings it to canonization. Malarias arise from the swamp and float upward, but moral distempers descend from the mountain to the plain. The slums only disgust men with the beastiality of crime, but dissolute French court or corrupt congressional delegation puts a premium upon iniquity. Many of the sins of the world are only royal exiles. They had a throne once, but they have been turned out, and they come down now to be entertained by the humble and the insignificant.

There is not a land on earth which has so many moral men in authority as this land. There is not a session of Legislature, or Congress, or Cabinet, but in it are thoroughly Christian men, men whose hands would consume a bribe, whose cheek has never been flushed with intoxication, whose tongue has never been smitten of blasphemy or stung of a lie; men whose speeches in behalf of the right and against the wrong remind us of the old Scotch Covenanters, and the defiant challenge of Martin Luther, and the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. These times are not half as bad as the times that are gone. I judge so from the fact that Aaron Burr, a man stuffed with iniquity until he could hold no more, the debaucher of the debauched, was a member of the Legislature, then Attorney-General, then a Senator of the United States, then Vice-President, and then at last coming within one vote of the highest position in this nation. I judge it from the fact that more than half a century ago the Governor of New York disbanded the Legislature because it was too corrupt to sit in council.

There is a tendency in our time to extol the past to the disadvantage of the present, and I suppose that sixty years from now there may be persons who will represent some of us as angels, although things are now so unpromising. But

the iniquity of the past is no excuse for the public wickedness of to-day, and so I unroll the scroll. Those who are in editorial chairs and in pulpits may not

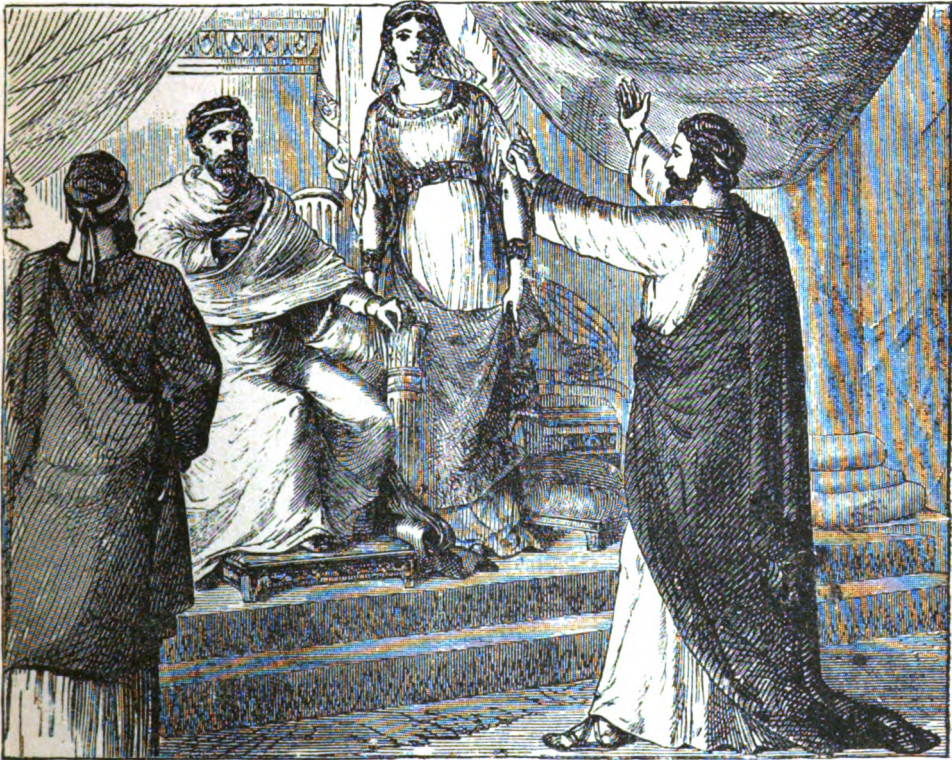


BENJAMIN F. HARRISON.

hold back the truth. King David must be made to feel the reproof of Nathan, and Felix must tremble before Paul, and we may not walk with muffled feet lest we wake up some big sinner. If we keep back the truth, what will we do in the

day when the Lord rises up in judgment and we are tried not only for what we have said, but for what we have declined to say?

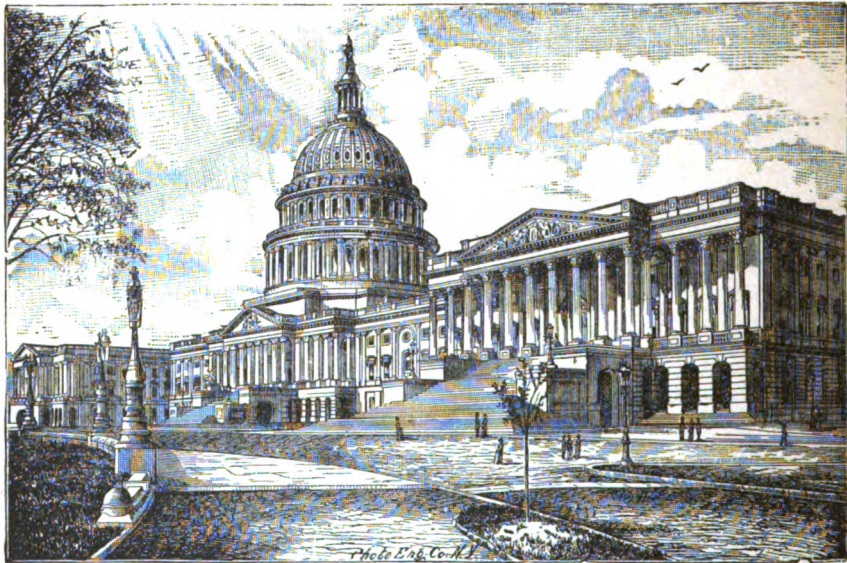
In unrolling the scroll of public wickedness, I first find incompetency for office. If a man struggle for an official position for which he has no qualification, and win that position, he commits a crime against God and against society. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of medical science; but if ignorant of medical



PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

science I set myself up among professional men and trifle with the lives of people, then the charlatanism becomes positive knavery. It is no sin for me to be ignorant of machinery; but if knowing nothing about it I attempt to take a steamer across to Southampton and through darkness and storm I hold the lives of hundreds of passengers, then all who are slain by that shipwreck may hold me accountable. But what shall I say of those who attempt to doctor our

institutions without qualification, and who attempt to engineer our political affairs across the rough and stormy sea, having no qualification? We had at one time, in the Congress of the United States, men who put one tariff upon linseed oil and another tariff upon flaxseed oil, not knowing they were the same thing. We have had men in our Legislatures who knew not whether to vote aye or no until they had seen the wink of the leader. Polished civilians acquainted with all our institutions run over in a stampede for office by men who have not the first qualification. And so there have been school commissioners sometimes nominated in grog-shops and hurrahd for by the rabble, the men elected not



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

able to read their own commission. And Judges of Courts who have given sentence to criminals in such inaccuracy of phraseology that the criminal at the bar has been more amused at the stupidity of the bench than alarmed at the prospect of his punishment. I arraign incompetency for office as one of the great crimes of this day in public places.

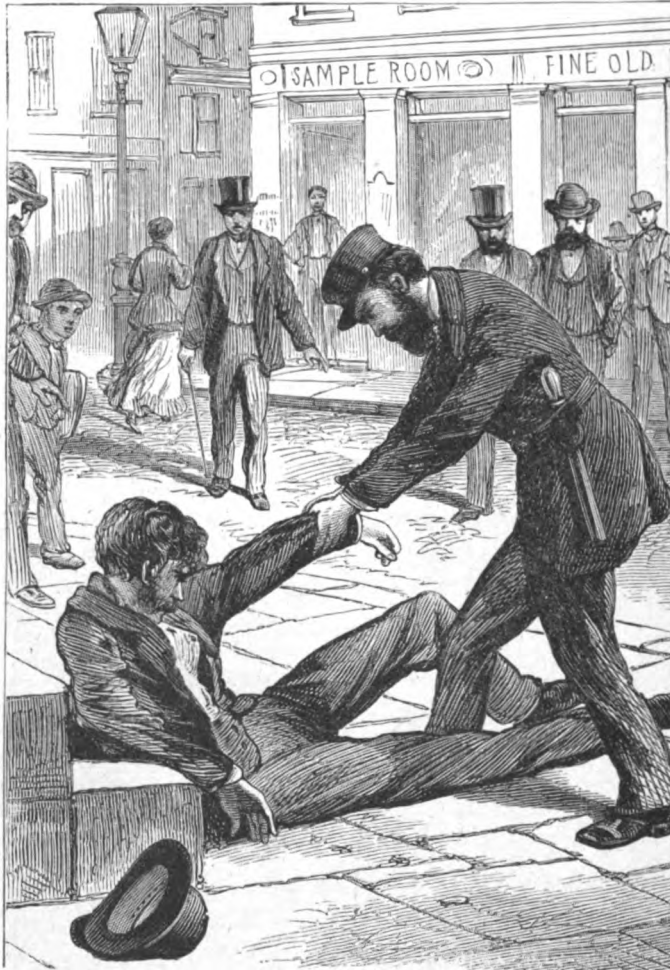
I unroll still further the scroll of public wickedness, and I come to intemperance. There has been a great improvement in this direction. The Senators who were more celebrated for their drunkenness than for their statesmanship are dead, or compelled to stay at home. I very well remember that there went from the State of New York at one time, and from the State of Delaware, and from

the State of Illinois, and from other States men who were notorious everywhere as inebriates. The day is past. The grog-shop under the national capitol to which our rulers used to go to get inspiration before they spoke upon the great moral and financial and commercial interests of the country, has been disbanded; but I am told even now under the national capitol there are places where our rulers can get some very strong lemonade. But there has been a vast improvement. At one time I went to Washington, to the door of the House of Representatives, and sent in my card to an old friend. I had not seen him for many years, and the last time I saw him he was conspicuous for his integrity and uprightness; but that day when he came out to greet me he was staggering drunk.

The temptation to intemperance in public places is simply terrific. How often there have been men in public places who have disgraced the nation. Of the men who were prominent in political circles twenty-five or thirty years ago, how few died respectable deaths. Those who died of delirium tremens or kindred diseases were in the majority. The doctor fixed up the case very well, and in his report of it said it was gout, or it was rheumatism, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services, but God knew and we all knew it was whisky! That which smote the villain in the dark alley, smote down the great orator and the great legislator. The one you wrapped in a rough cloth, and pushed into a rough coffin, and carried out in a box wagon, and let him down into a pauper's grave without a prayer or a benediction. Around the other gathered the pomp of the land and lordly men walked with uncovered heads beside the hearse tossing with plumes on the way to a grave to be adorned with a white marble shaft, all four sides covered with eulogium. The one man was killed by logwood rum at two cents a glass, the other by a beverage three dollars a bottle. I write both their epitaphs. I write the one epitaph with my lead-pencil on the shingle over the pauper's grave; I write the other epitaph with chisel, cutting on the white marble of the senator: "Slain by strong drink."

You know as well as I that again and again dissipation has been no hindrance to office in this country. Did we not at one time have a Secretary of the United States carried home dead drunk? Did we not have a Vice-President sworn in so intoxicated the whole land hid its head in shame? Have we not in other times had men in the Congress of the nation by day making pleas in

behalf of the interests of the country, and by night illustrating what Solomon said, "He goeth after her straightway as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of the stocks, until a dart strikes through his liver." Judges and jurors and attorneys sometimes trying important cases by day, and by



SLAIN BY STRONG DRINK.

night carousing together in iniquity. What was it that defeated the armies sometimes in the late war? Drunkenness in the saddle. What mean those graves on the heights of Fredericksburg? As you go to Richmond you see them. Drunkenness in the saddle. So again and again in the courts we have had demonstration of the fact that impurity walks under the chandeliers of the mansion and drowns on damask upholstery. Iniquity permitted to run unchallenged if it only be affluent. Stand back and let this libertine ride past

in his five thousand dollar equipage, but clutch by the neck that poor sinner who transgresses on a small scale, and fetch him up to the police court, and give him a ride in the city van. Down with small villainy! Hurrah for grand iniquity! If you have not noticed that intemperance is one of the crimes in public places to-

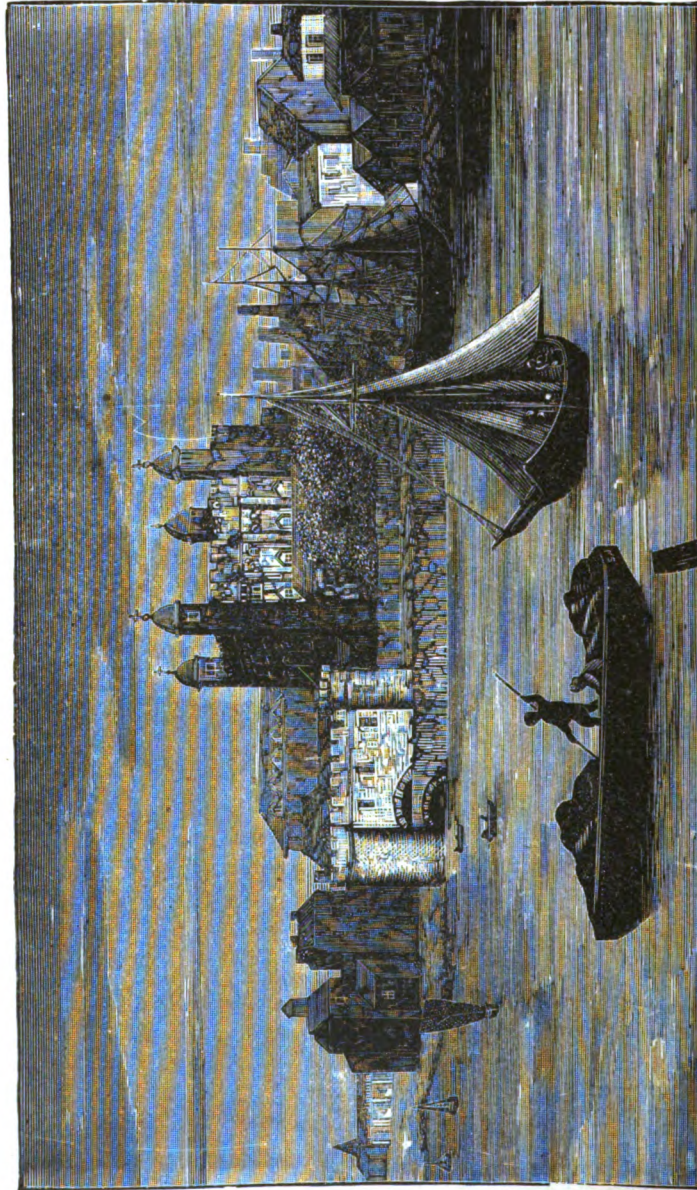
day, you have not been to Albany, and you have not been to Harrisburgh, and you have not been to Trenton, and you have not been to Washington. The whole land cries out against the iniquity. But the two political parties are silent lest they lose votes, and many of the newspapers are silent lest they lose subscribers, and many of the pulpits silent because there are offenders in the pews. Meanwhile God's indignation gathers like the flashings around a threatening cloud before the swoop of a tornado. The whole land cries out to be delivered. The nation sweats great drops of blood. It is crucified, not between two thieves, but between a thousand, while nations pass by wagging their heads, and saying: "Aha! aha!"

I unroll the scroll of public iniquity, and I come to bribery—bribery by money, bribery by proffered office. Do not charge it upon American institutions. It is a sin we got from the other side the water. Francis Bacon, the thinker of his country, Francis Bacon, of whom it was said when men heard him speak they were only fearful that he would stop, Francis Bacon, with all his castles and all his emoluments, destroyed by bribery, fined two hundred thousand dollars, or what is equal to our two hundred thousand dollars, and hurled into London Tower, and his only excuse was, he said all his predecessors had done the same thing. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield destroyed by bribery. Lord Chancellor Waterbury destroyed by bribery. Benedict Arnold selling the fort in the Highlands for thirty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars. For this sin Georgy betrayed Hungary, and Ahithophel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. And it is abroad in our land. You know in many of the legislatures of this country it has been impossible to get a bill through unless it had financial consideration. The question has been asked softly, sometimes very softly asked, in regard to a bill, "Is there any money in it?" and the lobbies of the Legislatures and the National Capitol have been crowded with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors, and the iniquity has become so great, that sometimes reformers and philanthropists have been laughed out of Harrisburg and Albany and Trenton and Washington, because they came empty-handed. "You



FRANCIS BACON.

vote for this bill and I'll vote for that bill." You favor that monopoly of a moneyed institution, and I'll favor the other monopoly of another institu-



TOWER OF LONDON.

tion." And here is a bill that it is going to be very hard to get through the Legislature, and you will call some friends together at a midnight banquet,

and while they are intoxicated you will have them promise to vote your way. Here are five thousand dollars for prudent distribution in this direction, and here are one thousand dollars for prudent distribution in that direction. Now we are within four votes of having enough. You give five thousand dollars to that intelligent member from Westchester, and you give two thousand dollars to that stupid member from Ulster, and now we are within two votes of having it. Give five hundred dollars to this member, who will be sick and stay at home, and three hundred dollars to this member, who will go to see his great-aunt languishing in her last sickness. Now the day has come for the passing of the bill. The speaker's gavel strikes. "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of voting away these thousands or millions of dollars will say 'aye.'" "Aye, aye, aye, aye!" "The ayes have it."

Some of the finest houses of our cities were built out of money paid for votes in the Legislatures. Five hundred small wheels in political machinery with cogs reaching into one great centre wheel and that wheel has a tire of railroad iron, and a crank to it, on which Satan puts his hand and turns the centre wheel, and that turns the five hundred other wheels of political machinery. While in this country it is becoming harder and harder for the great mass of the people to get a living, there are too many men in this country who have their two millions, and their ten millions, and their twenty millions, and carry the legislatures in one pocket, and the Congress of the United States in the other. And there is trouble ahead. Revolution. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution, and at the ballot-box. The time must come in this country when men shall be sent into public position who cannot be purchased. I do not want the union of church and State, but I declare that if the church of God does not show itself in favor of the great mass of the people as well as in favor of the Lord, the time will come when the church as an institution will be extinct, and Christ will go down again to the beach, and choose twelve plain, honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation of righteousness manward and Godward.

Bribery is cursing this land. The evil started with its greatest power during the last war, when men said, "Now you give me this contract above every other applicant, and you shall have ten per cent of all I make by it. You pass these broken-down cavalry horses as good, and you shall have five thousand

dollars as a bonus." "Bonus" is the word. And so they sent down to your fathers and your brothers and sons, rice that was worm-eaten, and bread that was moldy, and meat that was rank, and blankets that were shoddy, and cavalry horses that stumbled in the charge, and tents that sifted the rain into exhausted faces. But it was all right. They got the bonus. I never so much believed in a Republican form of government as I do to-day, for the simple reason that any other style of government would have been consumed long ago. There have been swindles enacted in this nation within the last thirty years enough to swamp three monarchies. The Democratic party filled its cup of iniquity before it went out of power before the war. Then the Republican party came along, and its opportunities through the contracts were greater, and so it filled its cup of iniquity a little sooner, and there they lie to-day, the Democratic party and the Republican party, side by side, great loathsome carcasses of iniquity, each one worse than the other. Tens of thousands of good citizens in all the parties; but you know as well as I do that party organization in this country is utterly, utterly corrupt.

Now, if there were nothing for you and for me to do in this matter I would not present this subject. There are several things for us to do. First, stand aloof from political office unless you have your moral principles thoroughly settled. Do not go into this blaze of temptation unless you are fireproof. Hundreds of respectable men have been destroyed for this life and the life to come, because they had not moral principle to stand office. You go into some office of authority without moral principle, and before you get through you will lie, and you will swear, and you will gamble, and you will steal. Another thing for you to do is to be faithful at the ballot-box. Do not stand on your dignity and say, "I'll not go where the rabble are." If need be, put on your old clothes and just push yourself through amid the unwashed, and vote. Vote for men who love God and hate rum. You cannot say, you ought not to say, "I have nothing to do with this matter." Then you will insult the graves of your fathers who died for the establishment of the government, and you will insult the graves of your children who may live to feel the results of your negligence. Evangelize the people. Get the hearts of the people right, and they will vote right. That woman who in Sunday-school teaches six boys how to be Christians, will do more for the future of this country than the man who writes the finest essay

about the Federal Constitution. I know there are a great many good people who think that God ought to be recognized in the Constitution, and they are making a move in that direction. I am most anxious that God should be in the hearts of the people. Get their hearts right, and then they will vote right.

If there be sixty million people in this country, then at least a sixty millionth part of the responsibility rests on you. What we want is a great revival of religion reaching from sea to sea, and it is going to come. A newspaper gentleman asked me a few weeks ago what I thought of revivals. I said I thought so much of them that I never put my faith in anything else. We want thousands in a day, hundreds of thousands in a day, nations in a day. Get all the people evangelized, brought under Christian influence. These great evils that we now so much deplore will be banished from the land. And remember that we are at last to be judged, not as nations, but as individuals—in that day when the empires and republics shall alike go down and we shall have to give account for ourselves, for what we have done and for what we have neglected to do—in that day when the earth itself will be a heap of ashes scattered in the blast of the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty. God save the United States of America!



CHAPTER X.

BUSINESS LIFE.

IS IT possible to conjoin industry, devotedness and Christian service? Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between Bibles and ledgers, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits; sweetens acerbity



PETER COOPER.

of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into all the wheels of hard work. To the judgment it gives more skillful balancing; to industry more muscle; to enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You can not show me a man whose business prospects have in any wise been despoiled by his religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as take the corn and change it into food, or the wool and flax and change them into apparel. Traders, who make a profit out of the transfer and exchange of that which is produced or manufactured. Now a business man may belong to one of these classes, or he may belong to all of them. Whatever be your vocation, if you

plan, calculate, bargain; if into your life there come annoyances, vexations and disappointments as well as gains, dividends and percentages; if you are harassed with a multiplicity of engagements; in a word, if you are driven from Monday morning to Saturday night, and from January to January, with relentless obligation and duty, then you are a business man or a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case. We are apt to speak of the moil and tug of business life as though it were an inquisition or a prison into which a man is thrown, or an unequal strife where, half-armed, he goes to contend. I will try to show you that God intended business life to be a glorious education and discipline; and if I shall be successful, I shall rub the wrinkles out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian energy. God started us in the world, giving us a certain amount of raw material out of which we were to hew our own character. Every faculty needs to be reset, rounded, sharpened up. After our young people have graduated from the schools



"STREAMS THAT TURN NO MILL WHEELS."

and colleges and universities they need a higher education, that which the collision and rasping of every-day life alone can effect. Energy of soul is wrought out only in the fire. And when a man for ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years, has been going through business activities, his energy can no longer be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. It can scale any height. It can plummet any depth. It can thrash any obstacle. Now do you suppose that God has spent all this education on you for the purpose of making you a more

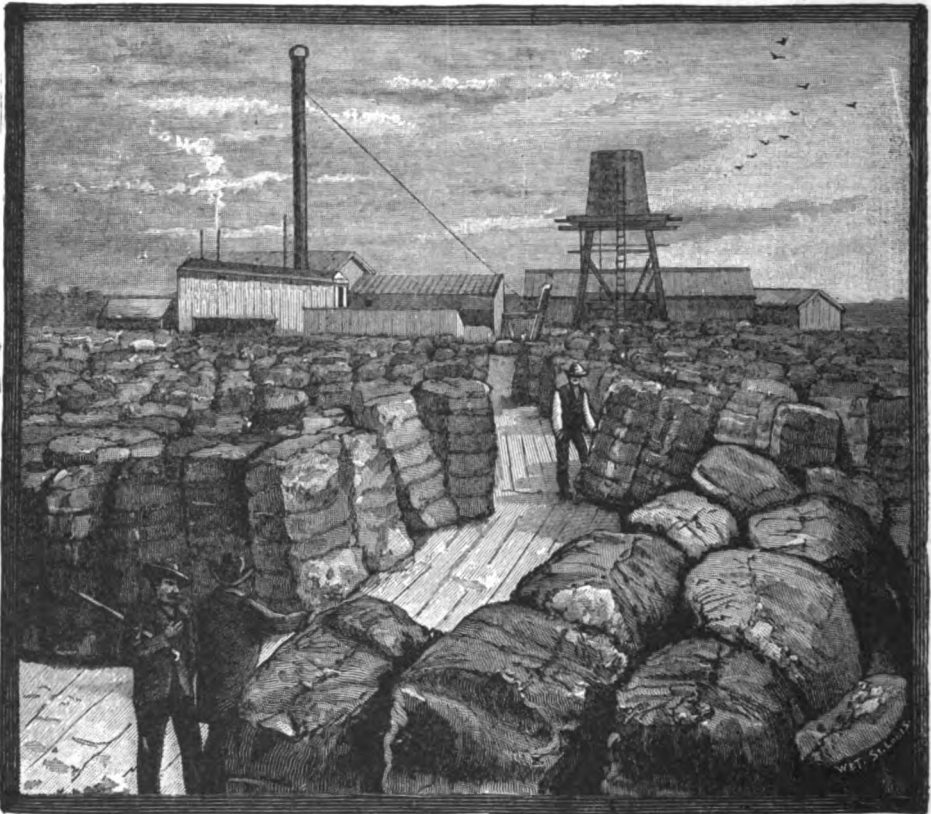
successful worldling, of enabling you to more rapidly accumulate dollars, making you sharp in trade? Did God make you merely to be a yard-stick to measure cloths, or a steel-yard to weigh flour? And did he intend you to spend your life in doing nothing but to chaffer and higgler? My friend, he has put you in this school to develop your energy for his cause and kingdom. There is enough unemployed talent in the churches and in the world to-day to reform all empires, and all kingdoms and people in three weeks. Oh, how much idleness amid strong muscles and stout hearts! How many deep streams that turn no mill-wheels, and haul on the bands of no factory! God demands that he have the best lamb out of every flock, the richest sheaf in every harvest, the best men in every generation; and in a case where the Newtons, and the Locks, and the Mansfields of the earth were proud to enlist, you and I need not be ashamed to toil. O, for fewer idlers and for more consecrated Christian workers!

God intended business life to be to you a school of patience. How many little things there are in one day's engagements to perturb, and annoy, and disquiet you. Bargains will rub, and men will break their engagements. Collection agents will come back empty handed. Tricksters in business will play upon what they call the "hard times," when in any times they never pay. Goods placed on the wrong shelf. Cash books and money drawer in a quarrel. Goods ordered for an especial emergency failing to come, or, if coming, damaged in the transportation. People who intend no harm going about shopping, unrolling goods they do not mean to buy, and trying to break the dozen. Men obliged to take up other people's notes. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More bad debts. Another ridiculous panic. Under all this friction men break down, or they are scoured up into additional brightness. How many you and I have known who, in the past few years, have gone down under the pressure, and have become petulant and choleric and crabbed and sour and pugnacious, until customers forsook their stores, and these merchants have become insolvent, and their names were pronounced with detestation! But other men have found in this a school for patience. They toughened under the exposure. They were like rocks, more serviceable for the blasting. There was a time when they had to choke down their wrath. There was a time when they had to bite their lip. There was a time when they thought of a stinging retort they would like to utter. But now they have conquered their impatience. They have kind words for

sarcastic flings. They have a polite behavior for discourteous customers. They have forbearance for unfortunate debtors. They have no moral reflections for the sudden reverses of fortune. How are you going to get that grace of patience? Not through hearing ministers preach about it. Oh, no! If you get it at all, you will get it in the world, where you sell hats, and plead causes, and tin roofs, and make shoes, and turn banisters, and plow corn. I pray God that through the turmoil, and sweat, and exasperation of your every-day life, you may hear the voice of Christ saying to you "In patience possess your soul," "Let patience have her perfect work."

God intended business life to be to you a school for the attaining of knowledge. Merchants do not read many books nor study many lexicons, nor dive into great profounds, yet through the force of circumstances they become intelligent on questions of politics, and finance, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a hard schoolmistress. If her pupils will not learn in any other way, with unmerciful hand she smites them on the head and on the heart with inexorable loss. You went into some business enterprise, and five thousand dollars got out of your grasp. You say the five thousand dollars were wasted. O, no! that was only tuition. Expensive schooling, but it was worth it. Misfortune, with hard hand, comes upon a man and wakes him up, and by the very force of circumstances business men become intelligent. Traders in grains must know about foreign harvests. Traders in fruit must know about the prospects of tropical production. Manufacturers of American goods must know about the tariff on imported articles. Publishers of books must know the new law of copyright. Owners of ships come to understand winds and shoals and navigation. And so every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas becomes literature to our business men. Now, what is the use of all this intelligence, unless you give it to Christ? Do you suppose God gives you these opportunities of brightening up your intellect, and of increasing your knowledge merely to get larger treasures and grander business? Oh, no! Can it be that you have been learning about foreign lands and people that dwell under other skies, and yet have no missionary spirit. Can it be that you have been learning the follies and trickeries and hollowness of the business world, and yet you are not trying to bring to bear upon them this gospel which is to correct all abuses, and abolish all ignorance, and correct all

mistakes, and arrest all crime, and irradiate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness? Can it be that, notwithstanding your acquaintance with the intricacies of business, you are ignorant of those things which will last the soul long after bills of exchange, and commissions and invoices, and consignments and rent-rolls have crumpled up and consumed in the fires of a judgment day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?



COTTON PLATFORM, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Business life was intended to be to you a school of christian integrity. No age of the world ever offered so many inducements for scoundrelism as are offered now. There is hardly a statute on the law books that has not some back door through which miscreants can escape. How many deceptions in the fabric of goods! Commercial life plies the land with trickeries innumerable, and there are so many people in Brooklyn and New York who live a life of plunder, that when a man proposes a straightforward, honest business, it is almost charged

to greenness and want of tact. Ah! my readers, this ought not to be. It requires more grace to be honest now than it did in the days of our fathers, when business was plain, and there were no stock-gamblers, and woolen was woolen, and silk was silk, and men were men. How rare it is that you find a man who can from his heart say: "I never cheated in trade; I never overestimated the value of goods when I was selling them. I never covered up a defect in a fabric. I never played upon the ignorance of a customer, and in all my estate there is not one dishonest farthing." There are those who can say it. They never let their integrity bow or cringe to present advantage. They are as pure and christian to-day as on the day when they sold their first tierce of rice, or



"LOOKING INTO LAUGHING FACES."

their first firkin of butter. There were times when they could have robbed a partner, when they could have absconded with the funds of a bank, when they could have sprung a snap judgment, when they could have borrowed illimitably, when they could have made a false assignment, when they could have ruined a neighbor for the purpose of picking up some of the fragments; but they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. Now they can pray without being haunted with the chink of dishonest gold. Now they can read the Bible without thinking of the day when, with a lie on their soul, they kissed the book in a

custom house. Now they can look into the laughing faces of their children without thinking of orphans left by them penniless and houseless. Now they can think of death without having their knees knock together, and their hearts sink, and their teeth chatter, because there is a judgment where all defrauders, and jockeys, and tricksters, and charlatans, shall be doubly damned.

Alas! If any of you, for the purpose of getting out of temporary embarrassment, dare to sell your soul, or any portion of it, you may wake up in the midst of embarrassment and say: "No one is looking. This transaction may be a little out of the way, but it is only once, only once." On that one occasion you not only wreck your spiritual nature, but you despoil your business prospects. You put one dishonest dollar in an estate, and it will not stand. You may take a dishonest dollar and put it down in the very depths of the earth, and you may roll on the top of it rocks and mountains, and on the top of those rocks and mountains you may put all the banks and moneyed institutions, piling them up heaven high; but that one dishonest dollar down in the depths of the earth will begin to rock, and heave, and upturn itself, until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. You cannot hide a dishonest dollar.

In review of this subject I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy for business men. I think it is a shame that we do not oftener



PLATO.

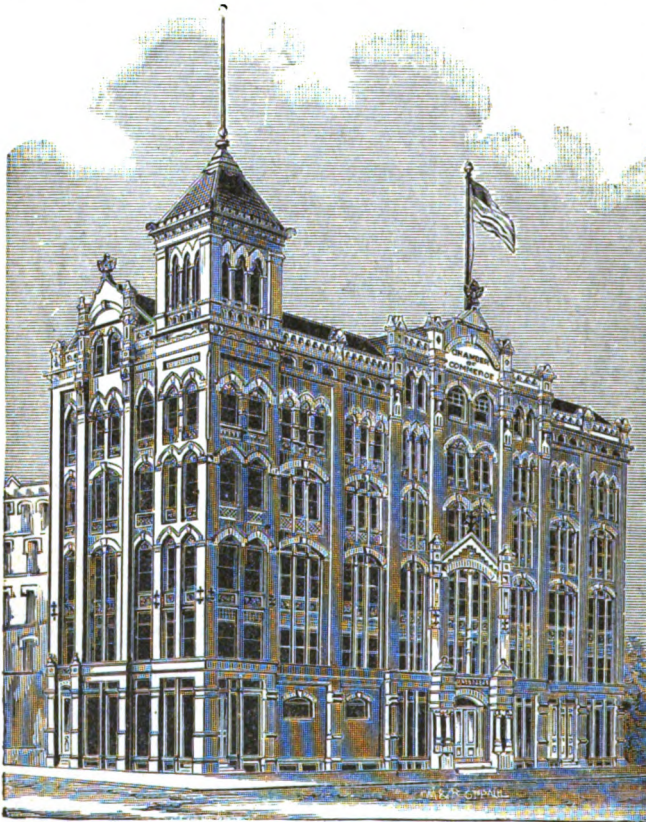
show that we appreciate the sorrows and struggles and temptations and trials in the every-day life of our friends. Men who toil with the hand are very apt to be suspicious of those who move in the world of traffic, and think that they get their money idly, and that they give no equivalent. Men who raise the corn and wheat and rye and oats are very apt to think that grain merchants get easy profits. The fist is very apt to be jealous of the brain. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to all kinds of merchandise that they said commerce was the curse of the earth, and they recommended that cities should never be built any nearer the seacoast than ten miles. But we have become wiser than that, and you know that there are no harder workers than those who plan and calculate in stores and banks and counting-houses. Though their apparel be neat, though their manners be refined, do not put them down as idlers. They carry loads heavier than a hod of bricks. They go into

exposures keener than the cuttings of the east wind, they scale mountains higher than the Alps and Himalayas, and maintaining their Christian integrity Christ will at the last accost them, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I enjoin you to quit all fretfulness about business matters. Is there not something in your own household that you would not give up for the worldly success other men have? Besides that, if these trials lifted you up you ought to bless God for the whip of discipline. The larger the note you have to pay, the greater the uncertainty of business life, the better for your soul if Jesus Christ leads you triumphantly through. How do I know? I know it by this principle—that the hotter the furnace, the better the refining. There have been thousands of men who have gone through the same path you are now going through with an aching heart. There are multitudes before the throne of God who were lashed with cares and anxieties innumerable, and were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were ejected, they were imprisoned for debt, they were maltreated, they were throttled by constables with whole packs of writs, they were sold out by sheriffs, they had to confess judgments, they had to compromise with creditors, and their last hour on earth was disturbed by the fact that their door-bell was rung loudly and angerily by the hand of some impetuous creditor, who was surprised that the sick man should be so impertinent and outrageous as to die before he had paid him the last three shillings and sixpence. Oh! how men are tossed and driven! I had a friend who went from one anxiety to another; a good and great heart he had, but everything he put his hand to seemed to fall. Misfortunes clustered around, and after awhile I heard he was dead; and the first word I said was: "Good! he has got rid of the sheriffs." There is a great multitude of business men who on earth had it hard, but, by the grace of God, they stand triumphant in heaven; and when the question is asked of them: "Who are they?" the angels of God, standing on a sea of glass, will cry out: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

I want you to seek business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, may do well for awhile; but there will come a time when the ground will slip from under your feet, and the world will frown, and the devils

will set after your soul, and you will want more than this world can give you. You will want the eternal rock to stand on. For the lack of that grace you have known men to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and you have seen their names bulletined among the scoundrels, and spit upon, and blistered by scorn, and ground to powder. They not only lost



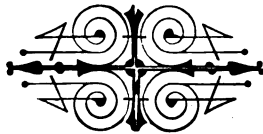
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN.

their property, but their souls were mauled, and putrefied and blasted for eternity. You could count up scores of such persons, while there are others who, tossed on the same sea, sustained by the grace of God, have all the time kept their eyes on the lighthouse. Men coming out of that man's store say:

“If there ever was a Christian trader that is one.” Stern integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the future world flashed through the show windows. Wrath never stamped

that floor, nor did sly dishonesty cover up imperfections in goods. Love to God and love to men were the principles that ruled in the store of that Christian trader. Some day the shutters are not let down from the store window and the bars are not taken from the door. Men pass along and stop, and stare, and go up to read a card on the door which announces: “closed on account of the death of one of the firm.” That day, in commercial circles, there is talk of the good man who has gone. Boards of Trade pass resolutions of sympathy,

and churches of Christ pray: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain. He has suffered his last loss. He has ached with his last fatigue. The results of his Christian industry will bless his children after he is dead, and bequests to the kingdom of God will gather many sons into glory. Everlasting rewards in place of business discipline. There "The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."



CHAPTER XI.

BANKERS AND TRUSTEES.

THE two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory, and the other builds a slaughter-house for flies. On a bright summer morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for supernatural beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which, in the latter part of that very day, ventures on it, and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed. The fly was informed that it was a free bridge and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the

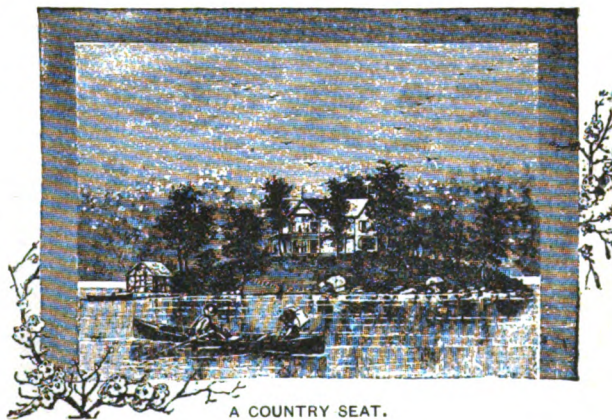


SPIDER AND WEB.

toll paid was its own life. The next day there came down a strong wind, and away goes the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes four million of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastille, France, had one so trained, that at the sound of a violin it every day came for its meal of flies. Job, the leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered by the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies.

There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men, having the financial interests of others in charge, has been more evident

than in these last few years. The unroofing of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disorder among postoffice accounts and deficits amid United States officials, have made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and christian to ask: What shall be done to stay the plague? There is a monsoon abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court, and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses, and members of expensive club houses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they

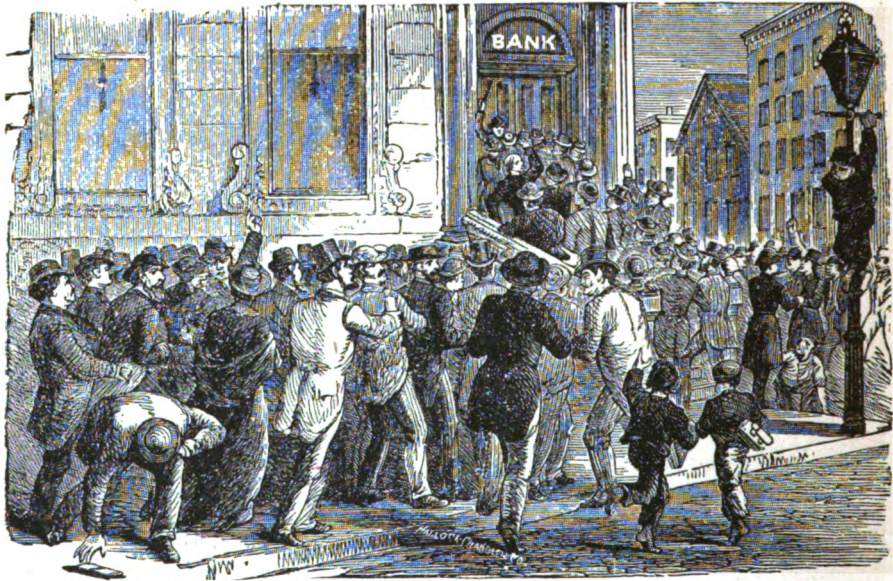


A COUNTRY SEAT.

blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors, that is, paid them nothing but regrets, and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is, that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts, and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, careless and indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions are to blame. It ought not to be possible for a president or a cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle

it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocketed half the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people



A RUN ON THE BANK.

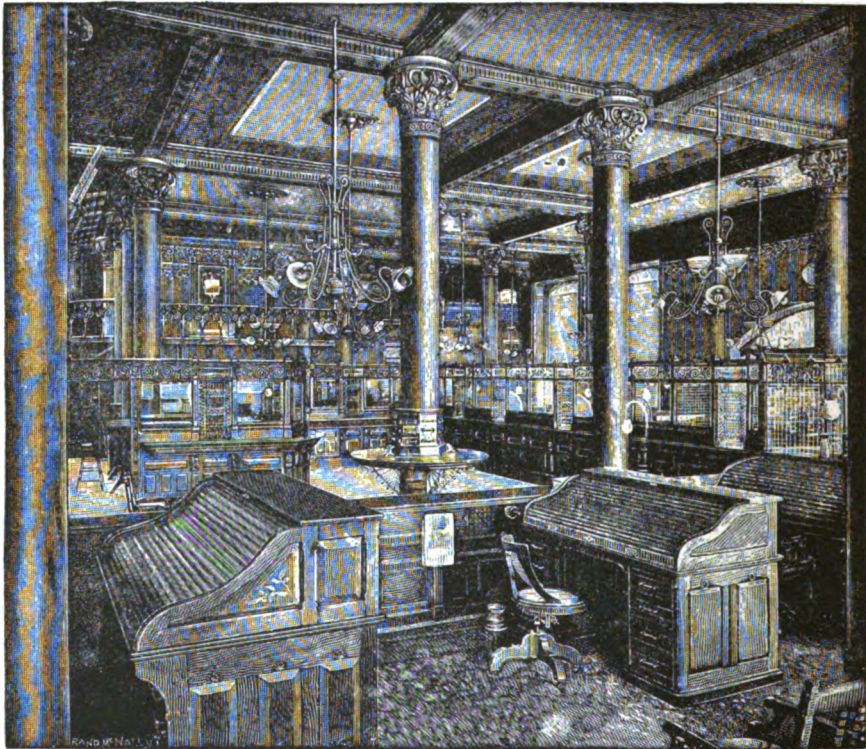
with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans, and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public had nothing to say, except; "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on."

It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that five thousand bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the President and Secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

“Oh!” some one will say “better confine yourself to the gospel and let business matters alone.” I reply: If your gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men, the sooner you close up your gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and drinking from all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about heaven, when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore the misfortune of banks in various parts of this country, in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender and with the other it blesses the borrower. The bank was born of the world's necessities, and is venerable with the marks of thousands of years. Two hundred years before Christ the Bank of Ilium existed and paid its depositors ten per cent. The Bank of Venice was established in 1171, and was of such high credit that its bills were at a premium above coins, which were frequently clipped. Bank of Genoa, founded in 1345;

Bank of Barcelona, 1401; Bank of Amsterdam, 1699; Bank of Hamburg, founded 1619, its circulation based on great silver bars kept in the vaults; Bank of England, started by William Patterson in 1642, up to this day managing the stupendous debt of England; Bank of Scotland, founded in 1695; Bank of Ireland, 1783; Bank of North America, planned by Robert Morris, 1771, without whose financial help all the bravery of our grandfathers would not have achieved American Independence. But now we have banks in all our cities and towns, thousands and thousands. On their shoulders are the interests of pri-



INTERIOR OF THE UNION NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.

vate individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State and national relief. At their head and in their management there is as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men—perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those

who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God-honored institution.

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because they fly in the face of that divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having another year of unexampled national harvest. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty, and everybody asking, what next? Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many bank directors are in imbecile silence letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought the judgment day was at least five thousand years off, found it in 1888, 1887, 1886; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital. If you have a mind to take your own money and turn it all into kites, to fly them over every commons in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poor house for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy and State prison and perdition than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow; that one word is responsible for all the defalcations, and embezzlements, and financial consternations of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin, they say they only borrow; when a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft, he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by flaming

advertisements in some religious papers, and gilt certificate of stock, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings into an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take the money, he only borrows. When a young man with easy access to his employer's money drawer, or the confidential clerk by close propinquity to the account books, takes a few dollars for a Wall street excursion, he expects to put it back; he will put it all back; he will put it all back very soon. He only borrows. What is needed is some man of gigantic limb to take his place at the curbstone in front of Trinity church, and when that word borrow comes bounding along, kick it clean through to Wall street ferryboat, and if, striking on that, it bounds



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CASHIER.

clear over till it strikes Brooklyn Heights or Brooklyn hill, it will be well for the City of Churches.

Why, when you are going to do wrong, pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters, when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only five letters, the word steal?

There are times when we all borrow and borrow legitimately, and borrow with the divine blessing, for Christ in his sermon on the mount enjoins "from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." A young man rightly borrows money to get his education. Purchasing a house and not able to pay all down in cash, the purchaser rightly borrows it on mortgage. Crises come in business when it would be wrong for a man not to borrow. But I roll this warning back and forth, never borrow to speculate; not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it. There are breakers distinguished for their shipwrecks—the Hanways, the Needles, the Caskets, the Douvers, the Anderlos, the Skerries—and

many a craft has gone to pieces on those rocks; but I have to tell you that all the Hanways and the Needles, and the Caskets, and the Skerries are as nothing compared with the long line of breakers which bound the ocean of commercial life north, south, east and west, with the white foam of their despair and the dirge of their damnation—the breakers of borrow.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent of those who go into speculation in Wall street lose all; but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind and soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. Render to all their dues. Owe no man anything. And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and the Girgashites of Bible times, when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans, “Provide things honest in the sight of all men;” wrote to the Corinthians, “Do that which is honest;” wrote to the Phillipians, “Whatsoever things are honest;” wrote to the Hebrews, “Willing in all things to live honestly.” The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug.

Here is something that needs to be sounded into the ears of all the young men of America, and iterated and reiterated. If this country is ever to be delivered from its calamities, and commercial prosperity is to be established and perpetuated, live within your means.

I have the highest commercial authority for saying that when the memorable trouble broke out in Wall street a few years ago there were two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in suspense which had already been spent. Spend no more than you make. And let us adjust all our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion.

Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between, and not be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought

to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church delectation, a kind of confectionery, a sort of spiritual caramel or holy gumdrop, or sanctified peppermint, or theological anæsthetic. It is an omnipotent principle—all controlling, all conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it, but you can not deceive God, and you can not deceive the world. The keen business man will put on his spectacles, and he will look clear through to the back of your head and see whether your religion is a fiction or a fact. And you can not hide your samples of sugar, or rice, or tea or coffee if they are false; you can not hide them under the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institution, and in the amount of the resources you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing-house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more loans, and more discounts than there really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid dividends, and the United States bank notes outstanding, and the individual deposits, and the obligations to other banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through your business.

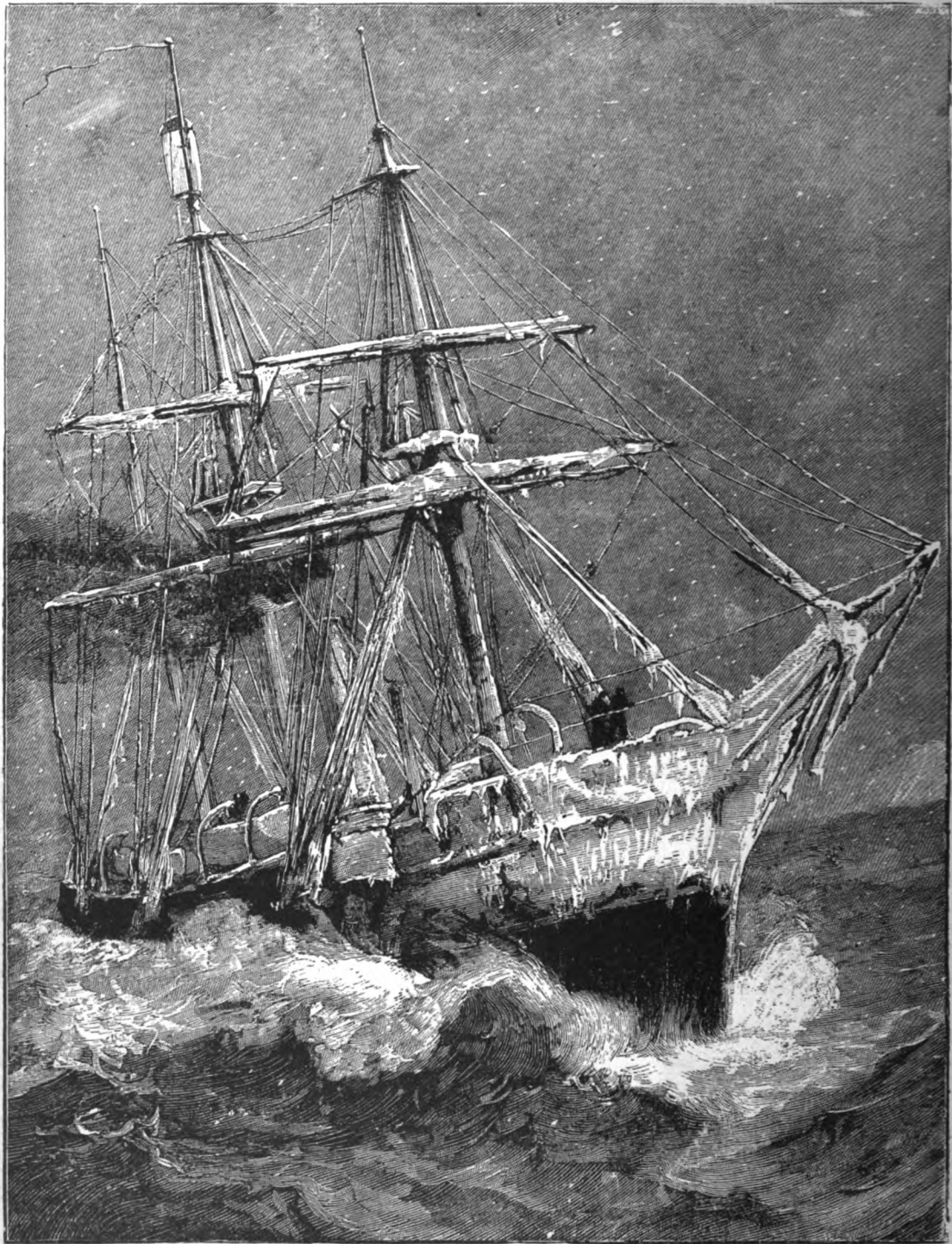
Many of my readers have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investments, and away it all goes, and they can not return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame, you did the best you could, but do not come into the delusion, which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. Among my readers there may be some who have misappropriated trust

funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you can not put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if, after you were dead, your administrator should find out from the account books, or from the lack of your vouchers, that you not only were bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners, and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshiping permit us to steal, but, according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

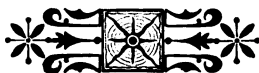
I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Philosophers tell us that a column of air forty-



THE RETURN OF THE POLARIS.

five miles in
compared wi
made up his
you to have.
and let you u
in business an
the maps of th
given, I suppo
Harbor." At
Some ships hav
that though on
sile and iceber
good-by to all
turbable water
and the weary

five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What a shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday. On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some polar expedition: "Cape Farewell" and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the *Polaris* wintered in 1871 and the *Tigress* in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. I have concluded that though our voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, we will in due time reach Cape Farewell and there bid good-by to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."



CHAPTER XII.

MERCHANTS.

HIS wealth, and splendor, and power, made Tyre the crowning city of the land. What Tyre was to that land, New York, with its surroundings, is to this country—the crowning city. Philadelphia has a more genial clime; and less superficiality of society; and Boston a reputation for



COAST OF TYRE.

higher culture; and Chicago more speed of advancement; but, taking all in all, New York is the crowning city of the United States. The question in Boston is: "How much does he know?" In Philadelphia: "Who was his father?" The question in New York is: "How much is he worth?" This tendency of things has developed the material advantages of our city until, like that of Tyre of old,

it may be called "the crowning city." "Its merchants are princes, and its traffickers the honorable of the earth."

It is to this royal family of merchants I would speak. I call them the royal family because they are higher in authority and power than Congresses or Parliaments. How often it has been the case that the cabinets of Europe have waited to hear what a Jewish banker had to say on the matter. This is a most cheering and brightening time. The merchandise of the land is waking up. In all circumstances merchants have their trials. If a man has any helpful word in their behalf, shall he not utter it? If a war break out, they furnish the means for the armament. If famine prey upon Ireland, merchants send out bread-stuffs. If there are churches to be built, and colleges to be endowed, and beneficent institutions to be supported, the merchants put their hands to the work, and they have a right to expect that in our ministration we will be sympathetic with their struggles and temptations.

A great many of our merchants are much tried with limited capital. Everybody knows it takes three or four times as much money now to do business well as once it did. Once, a man would take a few hundred dollars and put them into goods, and he would be his own store-sweeper, his own weigher, his own book-keeper, his own salesman, and having all the affairs under his own hand and brain, everything was net profit. So it was in the times when the Granvilles, and the Lenoxes, and the Stewarts, and the Lawrences of the world started. Oh, what a change! Heavy taxation, costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rent are only a part of the demand made upon our commercial men. The man waking up with a small capital says: "I can't endure this pressure any longer," and under this temptation of limited capital men ruin themselves in one of two directions. Some immediately succumb to the temptation. They surrender before the first shot of the battle is fired. At the first hard run they yield. Their knees knock together at the fall of the auctioneer's gavel. They do not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that no braver battle was ever won with the sword than has been won with the yard-stick. Their souls melt within them because sugars are up when they want to buy, and down when they want to sell, and because there are bad debts on their ledgers; the gloom of their souls overshadow their dry goods and groceries. Despondency blasts them.

Other men are ruined by the temptation in the opposite direction. They say: "Here, I have struggled as long as can be expected; I am going to stop this. I have been going along from hand to mouth long enough; I find by legitimate business and straightforward merchandise I can't succeed; now from this time it is make or break." The craft that did very well in a small storm is pushed out beyond the light-house on the great sea of speculation. The man borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who do not like to refuse him. He says: "I can't be any worse off than I am now; if I succeed with this borrowed money I shall give ten thousand dollars to the Bible Society, and ten thousand dollars to the Tract Society, and I will help to support all beneficent institutions; and if I fail, I'll be no worse off than I am now. One hundred thousand dollars subtracted from nothing, nothing remains." Perhaps stocks are the dice with which he gambles. Perhaps he buys large tracts of Western lands, and then some day meeting a farmer from a fat homestead in New Jersey, or Massachusetts, or New York State, he persuades the farmer to trade off his homestead for lots in western cities, with wide avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and lightning express trains coming down from all directions! There it is, all on paper! True, there has been no city built, and no railroad constructed as yet, but everything points in that direction, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. The man stops at no fraud, stops at no outrage. He dashes past in his splendid equipage after two years of business, and the laborer looks up as he goes by and says: "Well, I wonder where that man got his money!" and then the laborer, wiping the sweat from his brow, thinks to himself: "Why, two years ago that man was as poor as I am. I wonder where he got his money!" He stole it. After a while the bubble bursts, and the creditors rush in, and the law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The pictorials blaze the face of the man who had genius enough in a few years to fail for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I would not want to block up the path to lawful accumulation before any of our young men; but when I see so many men, through limited capital, tempted into reckless speculation, I think it is time for the church of God and the ministers of religion to raise a most emphatic and unmistakable protest. It is this process through which so many merchants go down into destruction and perdition. If ever tempted into reckless speculation, preach to your soul a sermon from the text: "As a partridge

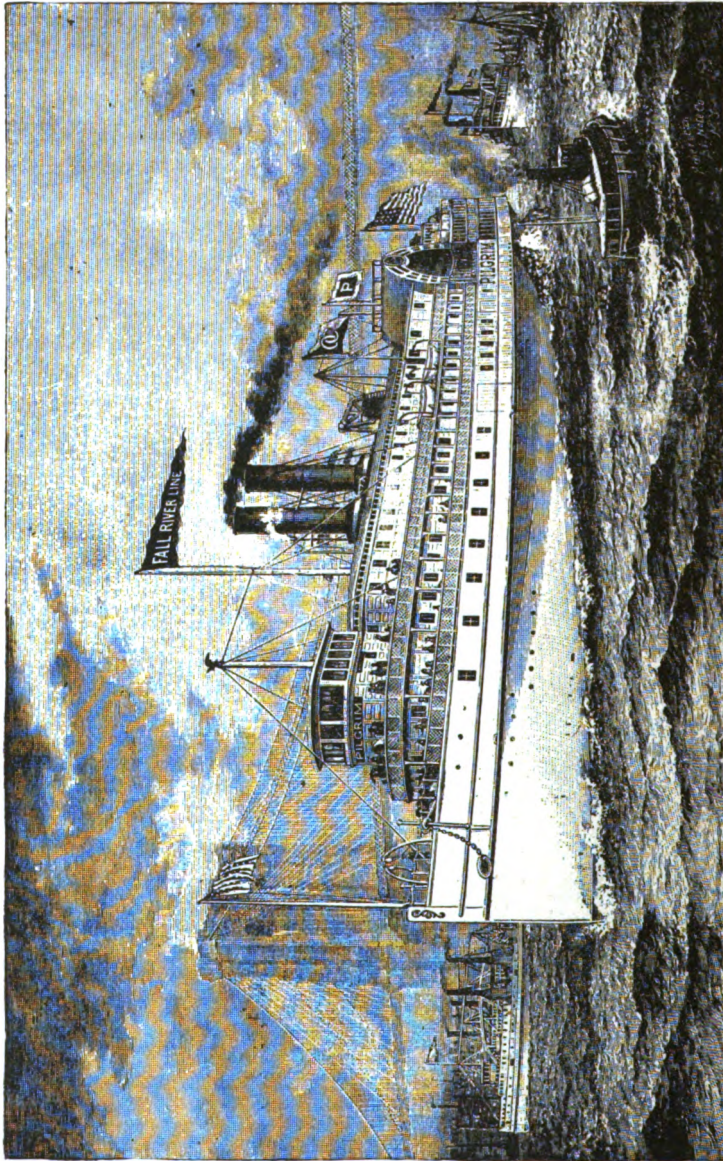
sitteth on egg and hatcheth them not, so riches got by fraud; a man shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool."

Again, a great many of our merchants are tempted to overcare and anxiety. All styles of merchandise seem overdone. Smitten with the love of quick gain, men rush into the cities resolved to get rich at all hazards. The money must come; they do not care how it comes. Our honest merchants are thrown into competition with men of larger means and less conscience, and if an opportunity for emolument be lost for an hour, somebody else picks it up. This spirit of strife and contention among the occupations—this rivalry in business—was well illustrated by Charles Kingsley, who says: "Go where you will, in town or country, you will find half-a-dozen shops struggling for a custom that would only keep up one. And so they are forced to undersell one another; and when they have got down the prices all they can by fair means, they are forced to get them lower by foul, and to sand the sugar, and poison the tea, and put, satan—who prompts them on—knows what, into the bread, and then they don't thrive—they can't thrive. God's curse must be on them. They began by trying to oust each other and eat each other up, and, while they are eating up their neighbors, their neighbors eat them up, and so they all come to ruin together."

Now what a contest it is for our honest, upright merchants, when they go out into this competition! From January to December it is one long struggle. No quiet at night for their tossing limbs and their brain that will not stop thinking. Even the Sabbath does not dam back this tide of worldliness, for its wave dashes clear over the church, and leaves its foam on the Bible and the prayer-book. Men on salaries, men culturing their farms, do not understand the wear and tear of body, mind and soul to which our merchants are subjected in this day, when their livelihood, their competency, their fortune, their business honor may all depend upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This perpetual excitement of the brain, the corroding care of the heart, this strain that exhausts the spirit, pushes many of our very best merchants mid-life into the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East River; it ends in Greenwood. Their life dashed out against a money-safe. They carry their store on their back.

Oh, if there is any class of men who have my hearty sympathies, it is these men who are toiling in merchandise. I wish I could rub out some of the lines

of care from your brow. I wish I could lift some of the burdens from your heart. I wish I could give relaxation to your worn-out muscles. Is it not time for you



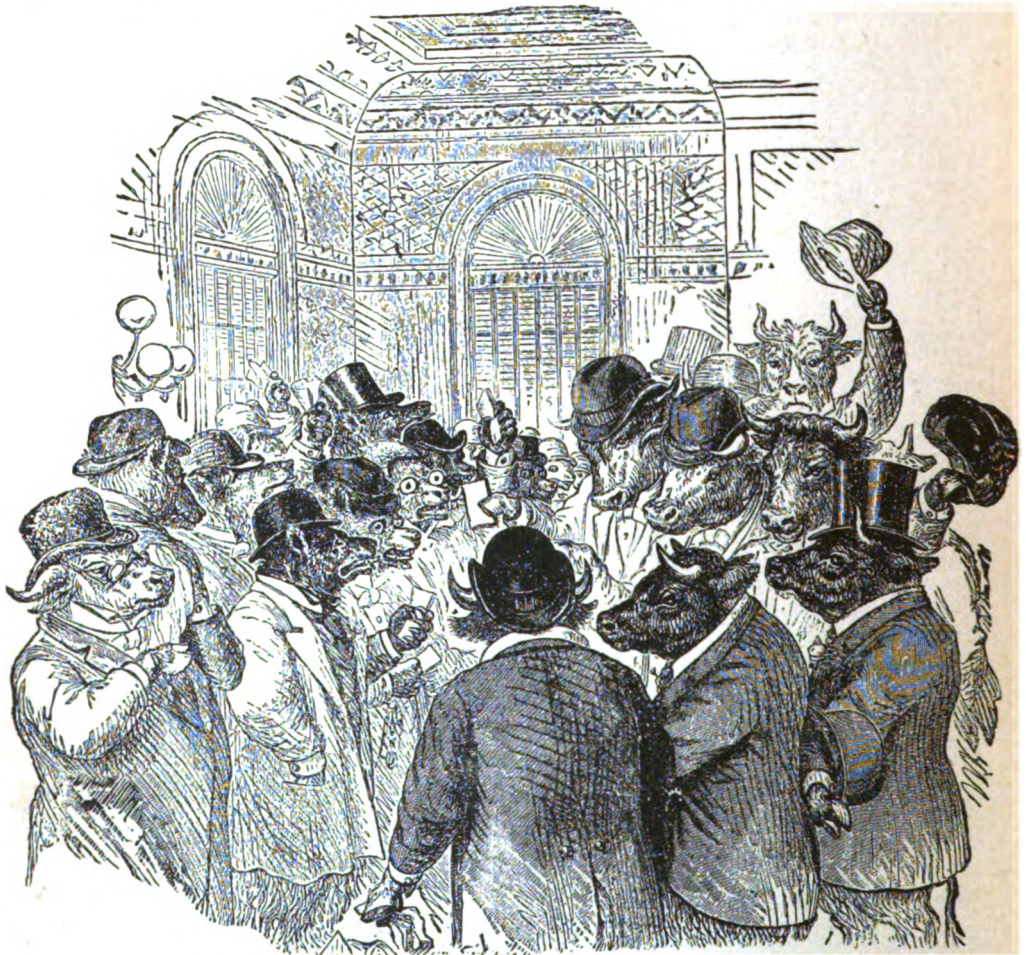
SCENE ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.

to take it a little easier? Do the best you can, and then trust the rest with God. Take a long breath. God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages

them for the best. Consider the lilies; they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air; they always have nests. Bethink yourself of the fact that God did not intend you to be a pack-horse. Dig yourself out from the hogsheads, the shelves, and, in the strength and faith of God, throw your fretfulness and fears to the wind. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out; having food and raiment, be therewith content. There was a man who went over from New York to Brooklyn some years ago, and threw himself down on the lounge in his house, and said: "Well, everything's gone." They said: "What do you mean?" "Oh," he replied, "we have had to suspend payment; our house has gone to pieces—nothing left." His little child bounded from the other side of the room and said: "Papa, you have me left." And the wife, who had been very sympathetic and helpful, came up and said: "Well, my dear, you have me left." And the old grandmother, seated in a corner of the room, put up her spectacles on her wrinkled forehead and said: "My son, you have all the promises of God left." Then the merchant burst into tears and said: "What an ingrate I am! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

What gives you so much worriment, is an idea that your happiness depends upon your commercial success. It does not. You are building on a very poor foundation if you are building on that foundation. You know the authentic statistic, that out of a hundred merchants only two succeed finally, and are you going into this struggle with the idea that your happiness for this world or the next depends upon commercial success? I want to explode that infatuation. Some years ago, a man wrote: "I called on a friend, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in all matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800 he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf; and that in 1840, which is as long as a merchant continues in business, only five in one hundred remained. They had all in that time failed, or died destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union Bank—a very strong bank. He told me that bank commenced business in 1798, that there was then another bank in Boston—the Massachusetts Bank—and that the bank was so overrun with business that the clerks and officers were obliged to work until 12 o'clock at night, and on Sunday; that they had occasion to look back—a year or two ago—and they found that of the one thou-

sand accounts which were opened with them in starting, only six remained; they had in the forty years either failed or died destitute of property. Houses whose paper had passed without question, had all gone in that time, 'Banking,' said he, 'is like death, and is as certain; they fall singly and alone, and are thus for-



BULLS AND BEARS OF WALL STREET.

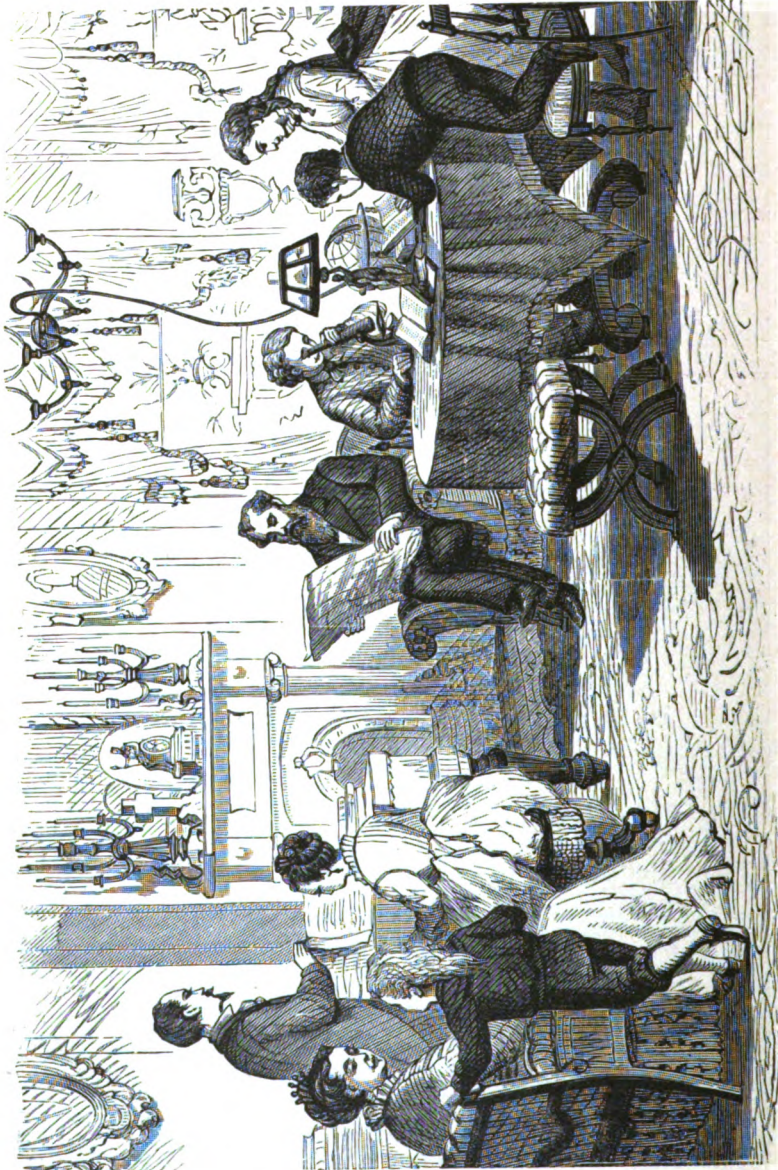
gotten; but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young!" Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the probate office a few years since, and was surprised to find over ninety per cent of all the estates settled there were insolvent. Now, what a foolish man that is who builds his happiness on the prospects of worldly success! You are not

dependent upon commercial prosperity for your peace here, or for your joy hereafter.

I notice that our merchants are tempted sometimes to neglect their home duties. There ought to be no collision between the store and the home; but there is sometimes a collision. There are merchants who are merely the cashier of their family; they are the agent to provide dry goods and groceries. They have nothing to do with the discipline and education of their children. Perhaps once or twice a year—some Sunday afternoon when they have nothing else to do—they call their children around about them, and review their good habits, and review their bad habits, and give them a quarter a-piece for their virtues, and chastise them for their faults, and give them a world of good advice, and then all the rest of the year, wonder that their children are not better for this semi-annual discipline and castigation. If they have family prayers, it is with a rush; and they read the twenty-third psalm of David—a psalm more read than any chapter in the Bible—first, because it is a very precious and glorious psalm; secondly, in many cases, because it is short. If they ask a blessing at the table, it is cut off at both ends, and with their hand on the carving-knife. While they are waiting for the dessert, they are counting on their fingers—making commercial estimate. Then the hat goes to the head, and they are down the street; and before their family have left the table, they are binding up another package of goods, and saying: “Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?”

Oh, my brother, you have not discharged your responsibilities to your household when you have given them a drawing master and a music teacher. It is your duty, O father—no other can do this but yourself—to look after the physical culture of your children. You ought sometimes to unlimber your dignity, you ought sometimes to run out with your children into their sports and games. That man who cannot sometimes turn his back upon the severe work of life, and fly the kite, and trundle the whoop, and jump the rope, and chase the ball with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty, unredeemable solitariness. Do you suppose you are going to keep your children home if you do not make your home bright? As long as they find the saloons of sin more beautiful, more attractive than the home circle, so long they will go there. Do you suppose you can sit down with your children in the evening, from seven to ten o'clock, groaning over your rheumatism, expecting them to be entertained

with that? Oh, no! do not give them any extra trouble. They will have their own rheumatism soon enough. Bring into your homes all brightness, all books,



"BRING INTO YOUR HOMES ALL BRIGHTNESS."

all musical instruments, so far as you can afford them. I do not invite you to extravagance, but I say so far as you can afford them; and above all, not by a

semi-annual discipline, but the year round, teach your children that religion is a great gladness that it is a chain of gold about the neck, that it takes no blitheness from the step, no lustre from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Many of our merchants are tempted to make financial gain of more importance than the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money; the more money you get the better, if it come honestly, and go usefully. There is no war between the Bible and worldly success. When I hear a man canting in pulpit, or pew, or prayer-meeting, against money, as though it had no practical use—well, I think the best heaven for such a man as that would be an everlasting poor-house. For the lack of money, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in an empty bread-tray. But while we admit that money has its lawful use, we must remember that it will not glitter in the dark valley, that it will not pay the ferriage across the Jordan of death, that it will not unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in our occupations and professions who act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages might be traded off at the last for a mansion in the skies, as though gold would be a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make paving-stones out of it.

Salvation by Christ is the old salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. I suppose you have all ciphered in arithmetic as far as loss and gain. If you have, then I will give you a sum in loss and gain: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However finely you may be attired, the winds of death will flutter your apparel like rags. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem ever brought up from the depths of the ocean—worth more than Australian and Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added to you." Yet, how many merchants there are who seem to get along without any religion. The fact is that a man is very seldom converted after he is worth forty thousand dollars. After a man gets a certain amount of worldly resources, he thinks: "Well, now I can take care of myself." Oh, how many there are who go down financially and go down eternally. You see it. You know it a great deal better than I do. You saw it yesterday; you have seen it every day for a long while. Men failing for this world and failing for eternity.

Money

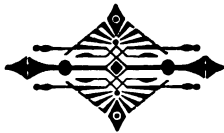
Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America, about twenty years ago. She was laden with a valuable cargo, and she had about five hundred passengers, I think. They had a prosperous voyage; but after a while a storm struck, and the surges trampled the deck and swung into the hatches, and there went up a five hundred-voiced death-shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer as though it would leap a mountain. The dismal blaze of the signal-rockets. The long cough of the smoke-pipes. The hist of extin-



SHIPWRECK OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

guished furnaces. The walking of God through the storm. That vessel did not go down without a great struggle. The passengers gathered in long lines, and, with their buckets, tried to bale out the sinking steamer. After a while there came a sail in sight. The people on that other vessel saw the flash of the distress-gun, but did not hear its sound, because the booming of the gun was drowned by the louder booming of the storm. The vessel came near. Very few got off. Suddenly the ship, the wounded steamer, gave a great lurch and went down. So there are men who are sailing on in life prosperously. All is well!

All is well! until, after awhile, a financial storm strikes them—a euroclydon—a cyclone—and they perish. Oh, my brother, because you lose your property, do not lose your soul, for there is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after awhile. This great ship of a world which God launched more than six thousand years ago, bearing a freightage of mountains and immortals, has been sailing on, sailing on, but some day it will be staggered with the cry of “Fire!” The timbers of rock will burn, and the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. But God will take His children off that deck, and from the berths those who are asleep in Jesus, and He will set them beyond the reach of storm and tempest. But how many will go down will never be known, until some day in heaven it is announced: “The shipwreck of the world! So many millions saved. So many millions drowned.” Oh, my readers, though your store go, though your house go, though your government securities go—may God, through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant, save all your souls!



CHAPTER XIII.

CLERKS.

IN Acts 26:14, we are introduced to Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living.

All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. Cor., 22:29, shows a man with head and hand and heart and foot all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."



THE YOUTH.
WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

There is great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magican, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or State who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench, but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores, and shops, and banking-houses of the country. They belong to a great company of tens and thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. Many of these people have already achieved

a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile, some December day, the



THE INDUSTRIOUS CLERK.



HONORED MERCHANT.

head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign, either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel as I write that some of my readers will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and will turn it this way or that; now clerks but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty "on 'Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forth with their millions to sustain the movement.



RETIRED MERCHANT.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in the transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you

consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down on a prominent street with his son, who has just



THE SHIFTLESS CLERK.

graduated from the University, and establishes him in business, putting fifty thousand dollars of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put fifty thousand dollars in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say: "Let me pilot this ship out of the Narrows." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know that it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea, than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know



THE SOT.



PHYSICAL WRECK.

nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving to their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask those men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the women who at one counter in a store sells five thousand dollars worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells five thousand dollars worth of goods. Merchants who have female clerks in their stores ought to treat them with great courtesy and kindness. When they are not positively engaged, let them sit down. In England and in the United States physicians have protested against the habit of compelling the female clerks in the stores to stand when it was not necessary for them to stand. Therefore, I add to the protest of physicians the protest of the Christian church, and in the name of good health, and that God who has made the womanly constitution more delicate than man's, I demand that you let her sit down.

discipline

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey, will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me, I am my own master, I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready

hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab! Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you some things if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again, search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store, and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the veridancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible

when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloaks and walk to the mirror to see how they would look, and then they sail out of the store, saying,



SHOPPING.

“I will not take it to-day;” which means, “I don’t want it at all,” leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloaks, to smooth out a thousand dollars’ worth of goods—not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell: “Stop thief!” When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too: “Stop thief!”

If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say: "Dry-goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "A dollar!" Outrageous. A dollar!" Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturer on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents! Of course the clerk! Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A great crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said, "I will tell you what is in your hearts: "To buy cheap and sell dear!" Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies—proving yourself to be a gentleman or lady. Remember, that if the prices are high and your purse is lean, that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid those perplexities of commercial life, and such a one comes home all worn out, be lenient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seven-times-heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or their interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder showers of scolding. Men imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you."

Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful; but, I mean in prosperous times. You remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in the value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times, over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, rumbling in the carriage wheels, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, thundering in the long roll of the ten-pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after a while a disaster will come along, and will put one hand on this pillar, and another hand on that pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshippers as grapes are mashed in a wine-press.

Then, there are boys in establishments who are ruined—in prosperous establishments—ruined by their lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast we see between such men and those Christian merchants who are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are

an immortal man ; you are an immortal woman ; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare ; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back thirty years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappen



THE SMART C. ENK.

failed. Yes he was unfortunate, like a great many good men ; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men who want a word of encouragement, Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them now in their places of business than a present of fifteen thousand dollars ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand ; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said : "God bless you my brother ; you have entered a glorious profession ; be faithful to God and he will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven fifteen years. There are old men who can look back to forty years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties of our own State—from the granite hills of the North, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West. They are here

to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

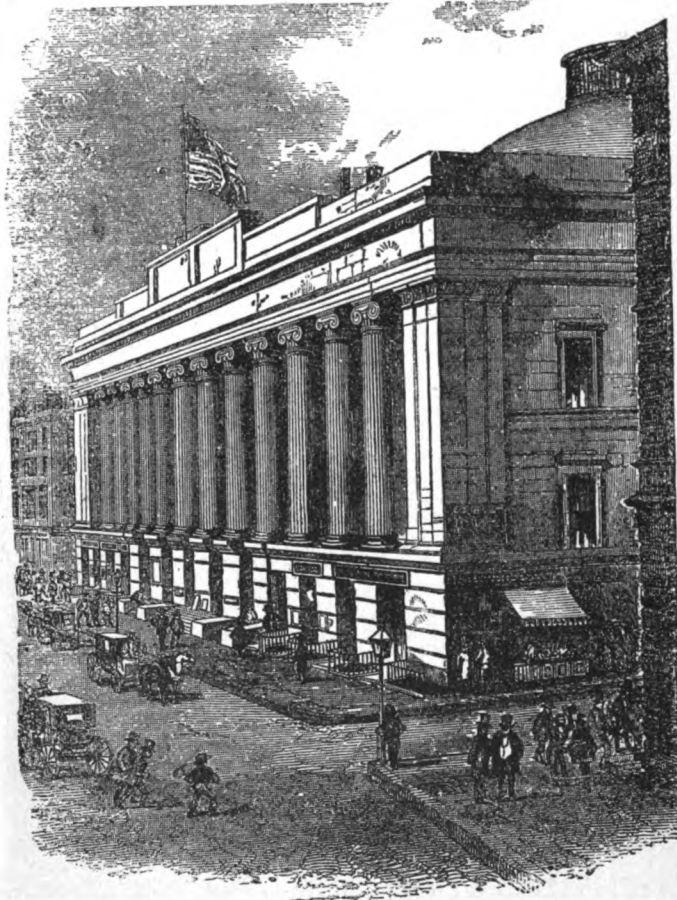
My word is to all clerks: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy, all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cap of sin to their lips, stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. Storms of trial have showered imperishable pearl into many a young man's lap. O young men, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In a hospital a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, became delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah! he was only battling the spectres of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God up and at them.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the Custom House steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Brooklyn, and New York and London and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire-bells of the judgment-day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day, all the affairs of banking-



THE FAITHFUL CLERK.

houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them—the people who owned thread-and-needle stores on the same footing with the Stewarts, and the Delanos, and the Abbotts, and the Barings. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks

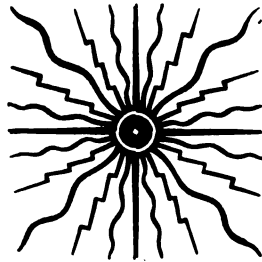


U. S. CUSTOMS HOUSE, NEW YORK.

of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gouging. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with copperas and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups, with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. All Swart-outs, and Huntingtons, and Ketchums. On that day when the cities of this world are smoking

in the last conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to

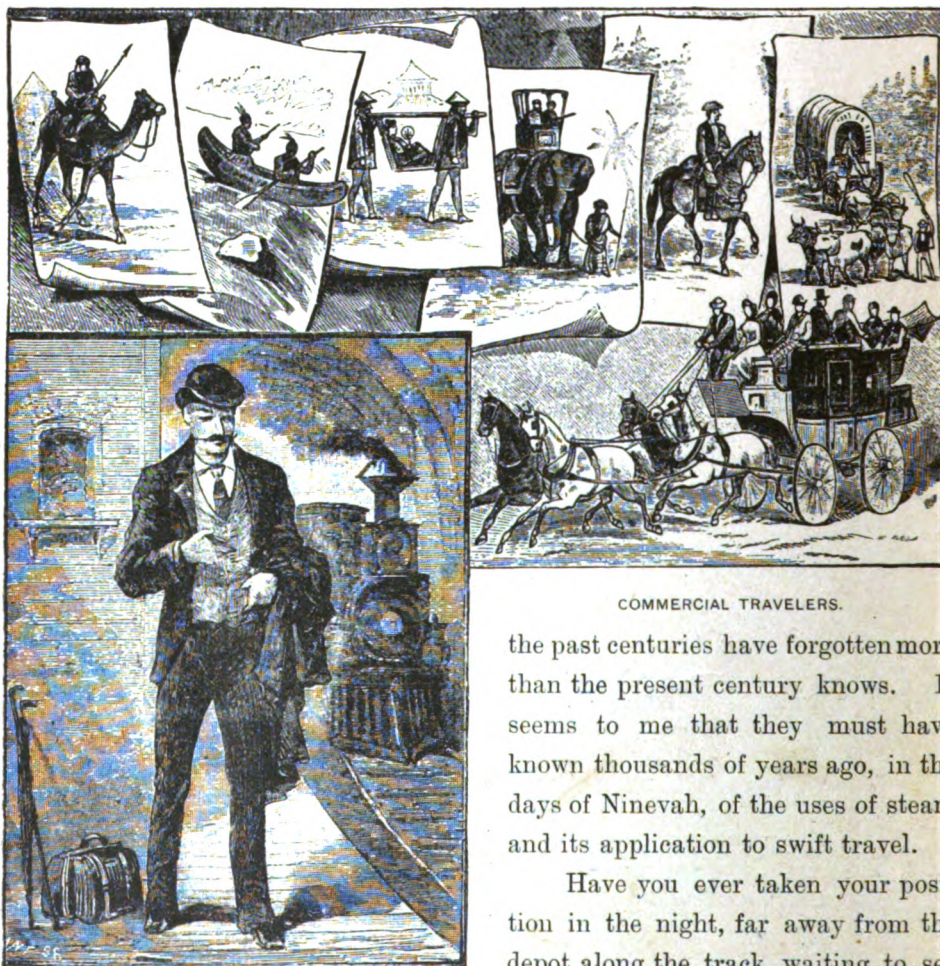
hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.



CHAPTER XIV.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

IT has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age, are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that



COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

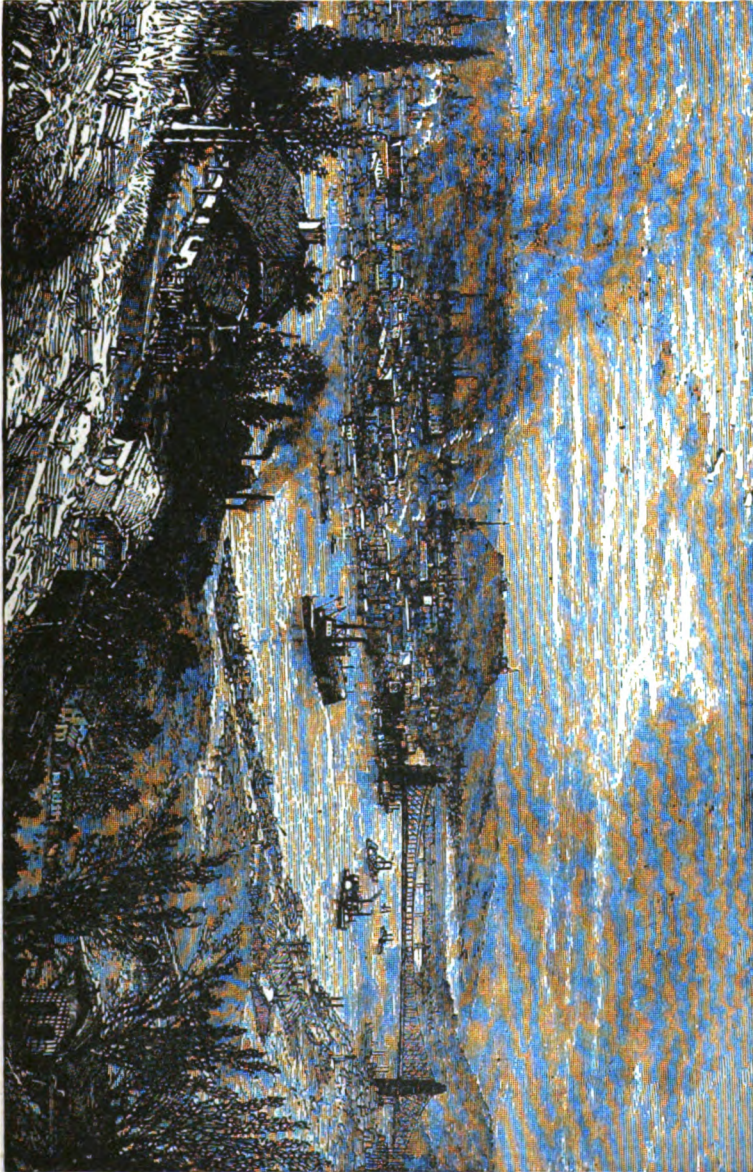
the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Ninevah, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel.

Have you ever taken your position in the night, far away from the depot along the track, waiting to see

the rail-train come at full speed? At first, you heard in the distance, a rum-

bling like the coming of a storm, then you saw the flash of the head-light of the locomotive as it turned the curve; then you saw the wilder glare of the fiery

VIEW OF CINCINNATI.



eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of

cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake, and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems to me that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in the words of Nahum. "Their chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

I halt the train long enough to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, and can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Bangor to Cincinnati. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are thirty thousand professed commercial travelers in New York City, one hundred thousand professed commercial travelers in the United States; but five hundred thousand would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the railroad trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, two thousand names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than sixty-eight thousand dollars among the families of deceased members. They are ubiquitous, unique, and tremendous for good or evil. All the tendencies of merchandise are toward their multiplication. The house that stands back on its dignity and waits for customers to come, instead of going to seek bargain-makers, will have more and more of unsalable goods on the shelf, and will gradually lose its control of the markets; while the great enterprising and successful houses will have their agents on all the trains, and "their chariots will rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

I think commercial travelers can stand much warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for; I never knew

a man yet that did not like to be helped. At this season of the year, there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. It is in all our commercial establishments a very busy time. Business men are looking for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute men feel that we are standing at the opening gate of wonderful prosperity. Let the manufacturers put the bands on their wheels, and the merchants open a new set of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let us start on a new commercial campaign. Let us drop the old tune of "Naomi," and take up "Ariel" or "Antioch." God hath not dealt so with any nation; as for his judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Now, you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursion. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases, and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you are to stand firm, and from what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother I will take the liberty. I look into your valise and I congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The seasons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snowbank and have to walk three or four miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make two or three suggestions about this valise?

What is this little package in the valise? "Oh," you say, "that is a pack of cards." Well, my brother, you do not want to be lumbered with unnecessary baggage, and if you want to play cards you will find persons equipped with them on all the rail trains and at all the depots; besides that, there are Christian people, weak-headed, if you will, but still Christian people, who do not like cards, and who do not like to trade with people who play cards. "But," you say, "there is certainly no harm in a pack of cards, is there?" Instead of directly answering your question, I will give you, as my opinion, that there are thousands of men with as strong a brain as you have who have gone through card-playing into games of chance, and have dropped

down into the gambler's life and into the gambler's hell. A Christian gentleman came from England to this country. He brought with him seventy thousand dollars in money. He proposed to invest the money. Part of it was his own; part of it was his mother's. He went into a christian church; was coldly received, and said to himself, "Well, if that is the kind of Christian people they have in America, I don't want to associate with them much." So he joined a card-playing party. He went with them from time to time. He went a little further on, and, after awhile, he was in games of chance, and lost all of the money. Worse than that, he lost all of his good morals; and, on the night that he blew his brains out, he wrote to the lady to whom he was affianced an apology for the crime he was about to commit, and saying in so many words: "My first step to ruin was the joining of that card party."

Well, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but what is this other little bundle in the valise? "Oh," you say "that is a brandy flask." Well, now, my brother, just empty the contents, and fill it with cholera mixture. It is very important, when you are absent from home and on the train, that you have medicine which you can take in case of sudden sickness. Then, if on a long route, your friends expect you take them to the end of the train, and pour out some disinfectant into the begrimed glass at the water-tank, while they are standing around, smacking their lips, waiting for a drink, pour out some of this cholera mixture.

Now, you have taken my advice about two things. I have only one more counsel to give you, and then I will bother you no more with your baggage. Make an addition of some good, wholesome reading. Let it be in history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail-train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—the one to show you the route through this world, and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one." But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say, "I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Beside that



GAMBLING AT LONG BRANCH.

before you get home, you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Beside that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram saying: "George is dying," or "Fannie is dead—come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for the newspapers, or for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible, whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not, you will want that book near you. Am I not wise and Christian when I say throw out the cards and put in the Bible?

Now, you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand, and you have your blanket and shawl-strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey; large sales—great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about! What train are you going to take? "Well," you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train." Why? "Oh," you say, "I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city, in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down." My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath-breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next. There was a large establishment in New York that said to a young man: "We want you to start to-morrow afternoon—Sunday afternoon—at five o'clock, for Pittsburg." "Oh," replied the young man, "I never travel on Sunday." "Well," said the head man of the firm, "you must go; we have got to make time, and you must go to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock." The young man said: "I can't go, it is against my conscience; I can't go." "Well," said the head man of the firm, "then you will have to lose your situation; there are plenty of men who would like to go." The temptation was too great for the young man, and he succumbed to it. He obeyed orders. He left on the five o'clock train Sunday afternoon, for Pittsburg. Do you want the sequel in very short metre? That young man has gone down into a life of dissipation. What has become of the business firm? Bankrupt—one of the firm a confirmed gambler. Out of every week, get twenty-four hours for yourself. Your employer, young man, has no

right to swindle you out of that rest. The bitter curse of the Almighty God will rest upon that commercial establishment which expects its employes to break the Sabbath. What right has a Christian merchant to sit down in church on the Sabbath when his clerks are traveling abroad through the land on that day? Go, professed Christian merchant, so acting; go out and call that boy back. There was a merchant who wrote: "I should have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning until night through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, that I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all and kept the Sabbath in the old way. On Monday all was sunshine, but had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been in my grave." Now, I say if the Sabbath is good for the employer, it is good for the employe. Young man, the dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar; and if you can put it into a bag with five thousand honest dollars, that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bottom of the bag, and let out all the five thousand honest dollars with it.

But I see you change your mind, and you are going on Monday morning, and I see you take the train—the Hudson River, or the Erie, or the Pennsylvania, or the Harlem, or the New Haven train. For a few weeks, now, you will pass half of your time in the rail-train. How are you going to occupy the time? Open the valise, and take out a book and begin to read. Magnificent opportunities have our commercial travelers for gaining information above all other clerks or merchants. The best place in the world to study is a rail-train. I know it by experience. Do not as some commercial travelers do—as many of them do, as most of them do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again, and all the advertisements through and through; then sit for two or three hours calculating the profits they expect to make; then spending two or three hours looking listlessly out of the window; then spending three to four hours in the smoking-car, the nastiest place in Christendom, talking with men who do not know as much as you do. Instead of that, call William Shakespeare, the dramatist, and John Ruskin, the essayist, and Tennyson, the poet, and Bancroft and Macaulay, the historians, and Ezekiel and Paul, the inspired men of God, and ask them to sit with you, and talk with you, as they will if you ask them. I hear you say: "I do wish I could get out of this business of commercial travel-

ing; I don't like it." My brother, why don't you read your self out? Give me a young man of ordinary intellect and good eyesight, and let him devote to valuable reading the time not actually occupied in commercial errand, and in six years he will be qualified for any position for which he is ambitious.

"Oh," you say, "I have no taste for reading." Now, that is the trouble,



ALFRED TENNYSON.

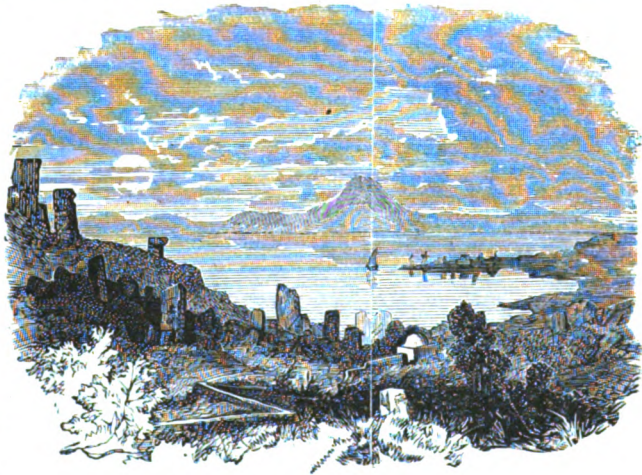
but it is no excuse. There was a time, my brother, when you had no taste for cigars, they made you very sick, but you persevered until cigars have become to you a luxury. Now, if you can afford to struggle on to get a bad habit, is it not worth while to struggle on to get a good habit like that of reading? I am amazed to find how many merchants and commercial travelers preserve their ignorance from year to year, notwithstanding all their opportunities. It was well illustrated by one who had been largely successful, and who wanted the show of a library at home, and he wrote

to a book merchant in London, saying; "Send me six feet of theology, and about as much metaphysics, and near a yard of civil law in old folio!" There is no excuse for a man lacking information, if he have the rare opportunities of a commercial traveler. Improve your mind. Remember the "Learned Blacksmith," who, while blowing the bellows, set his book up against the brick work, and became acquainted with fifty languages. Remember the scholarly Gifford, who, while an apprentice, wrought out the arithmetical problem with his awl on a piece of leather. Remember Abercrombie, who snatched here and there a

fragmentary five minutes from an exhausting profession, and wrote immortal treatises on ethics.

Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them, or the vineyards that grew them. Understand all about the laws that control commercial life; about banking; about tariffs; about markets; about navigation; about foreign people—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they effect ours; about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the tea fields of China. Learn about the great commercial centres of Carthage, and Assyria, and Phœnicia. Read all about the Medici of Florence,

mighty in trade, mightier in philanthropies. You belong to the royal family of merchants—be worthy of that royal family. Oh, take my advice and turn the years of weariness into years of luxury. Take those hours you spend at the depot, waiting for the delayed train, and make them Pisgah heights from which you can view the



VIEW OF CARTHAGE.

promised land. When you are waiting for the train, hour after hour in the depot, do not spend your time reading the sewing-machine advertisement, and looking up the time tables of routes you will never take, going the twentieth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists, and philosophers, and story-tellers, and thinkers of the ages, and have them entertain you.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car, that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry

book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In the uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room, and there you find the commercial travelers seated around a long table, with a great elevation in the center covered with advertisements; while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course, you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You begin business. Now, let me say there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine-glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveler gives as his experience that trade gotten by "treating" always damages the house that gets it, in one way or the other.

Beside that, you cannot afford to injure yourself for the purpose of benefiting your employers. Your common-sense tells you that you cannot get into the habit of taking strong drink to please others without getting that habit fastened on you. A close carriage came to the Tabernacle door one night, at the close of a religious service. Some one said: "A gentleman in that carriage wants to see you." I looked into the carriage, and there sat as fine a salesman, and as elegant a gentleman as New York ever saw; but that night he was intoxicated. He said he wanted to put himself under my care. He said he had left home, and he never meant to go back again. I got into the carriage with him, rode with him until after midnight, trying to persuade him to go home. I have been scores of times to Greenwood, following the dead; but that was the most doleful ride I ever took. After midnight I persuaded him to go home. We alighted at his door. We walked through his beautiful hall, his wife and daughter standing back affrighted at his appearance. Where is that home now? All broken up. Where are the wife and the daughter? Gone into the desolations of widowhood and orphanage. Where is the man himself? Dead, by the violence of his own hand. Oh, commercial traveler, though your firm may give you the largest salary of any man in your line, though they might give you ten per cent of all you sell, or twenty per cent, or fifty per cent, or ninety nine per cent, they cannot pay you enough to make it worth your while to ruin your soul.

Beside that, a commercial house never compensates a man who has been morally ruined in their employ. A young man in Philadelphia was turned out from his employ, because of inebriation gotten in the service of the merchant who employed him; and here is the letter he wrote to his employer:

“Sir: I came into your service uncorrupt in principles and in morals; but the rules of your house required me to spend my evenings at places of public entertainment and amusement in search of customers. To accomplish my work in your service, I was obliged to drink with them, and join them in their pursuits of pleasure. It was not my choice, but the rule of the house. I went with them to the theatre and the billiard table; but it was not my choice. I did not wish to go. I went in your service. It was not my pleasure so to do; but I was the conductor and companion of the simple ones, void alike of understanding and of principle, in their sinful pleasures and deeds of deeper darkness, that I might retain them as your customers. Your interest required it. I have added thousands of dollars to the profits of your trade, but at what expense you now see, and I know too well. You have become wealthy, but I am poor, indeed; and now this cruel dismissal from your employ is the recompense I receive for a character ruined and prospects blasted in helping to make you a rich man!”

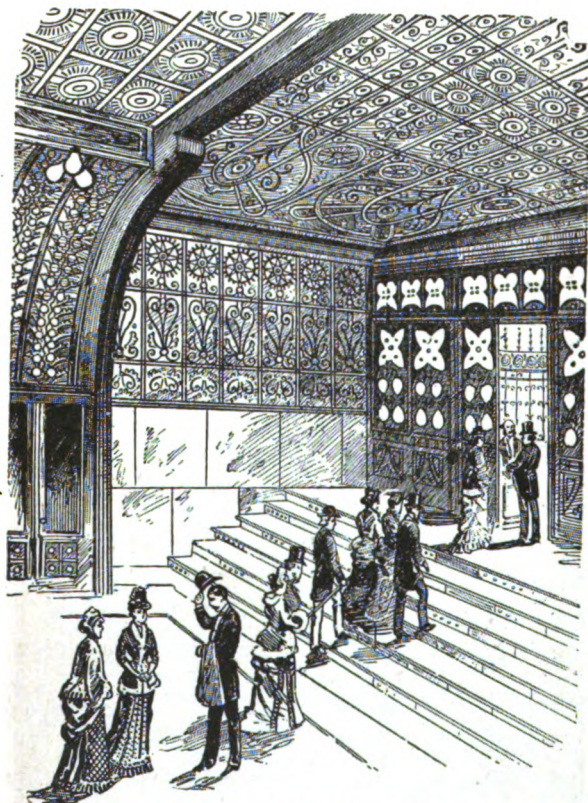
Alas! for the man who gets such a letter as that.

Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer, “It is my duty to



THE DRUMMER.

show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head man of the firm, hearing of it, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away; he will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head man of the firm said: "Why, your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady



ENTRANCE TO FOYER, McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.

wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers; customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get your hat and come home."

But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospect. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room

with the books. There are your Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There are the week night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theater. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But which, O immortal man, which? O God, which? "Well," you say, I guess I will—I guess I will go to the theater." Do you think the tarrying in that place until eleven o'clock at night will improve your bodily

health, or your financial prospects, or your eternal fortune? No man ever found the path to usefulness, or honor, or happiness, or commercial success, or heaven through the American theater. "Well," you say, "I guess, then, I will go to—I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look. Then you will go to play. You will make one hundred dollars; you will make five hundred dollars, you will make one thousand dollars, you will make one thousand five hundred dollars—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make fifty dollars, you will make two hundred dollars, you will make six hundred dollars—then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But you mark this: all gamblers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

"Well," you say, "if I can't go to the theater, and if I can't go to the gambling saloon, then I guess—I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Commercial travelers have told me that in the letter-box at the hotel, within one hour after their arrival, they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It is far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travelers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There are other gates of ruin, through which a man may go and yet come out, but that gate has a spring lock which snaps him in forever! He who goes there is damned already. He may seem to be comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and the satanic police have their eyes upon him to bring him in at any moment. The hot curse of God is on that crime, and because of it, there are men living to-day whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they be lost; they are lost now. I look through their glaring eyeballs down into the lowest cavern of hell! O destroyed spirit, don't think I have the power to break open the barred gateway of the penitentiary of the damned. There is a passage in Proverbs I somewhat hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long: "At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner; and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night:" "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver."

But now the question is still open: Where will you spend your evenings?

Commercial travelers, I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next, if you will take it. Go, before you leave home, to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no such Association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches, and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: "I am a commercial traveler; I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city, on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit, bad influences will seek you out; good influences you must seek out.

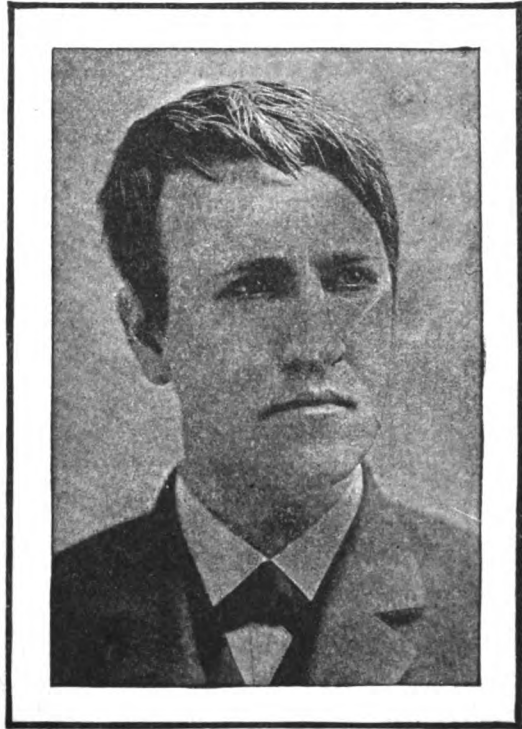
O commercial travelers, I pray for you the all sustaining grace of God. There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad dissipations. The other day, when you will especially need divine grace, will be when you have had a day of great success, and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a rail-car, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity! Show your ticket now for getting into the gate of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHAPTER XV.

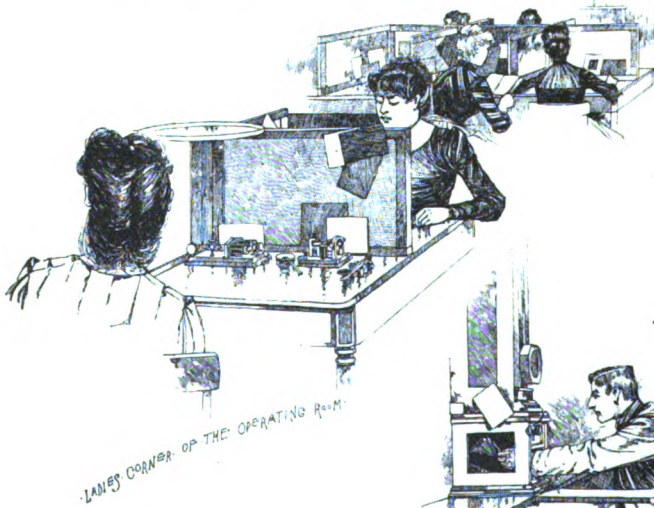
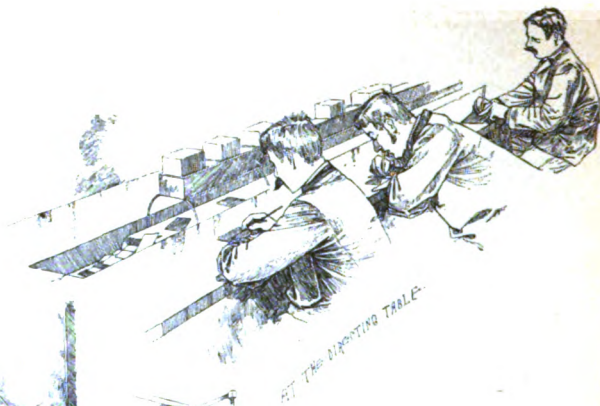
TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

AT BOSTON, Franklin lassoed the lightnings, and Morse put on them a wire bit, turning them around from city to city, and Cyrus W. Field plunged them into the sea; and whenever the telegraphic instrument clicks at Valentia, or Heart's Content, or London, or New York, the lightnings of heaven are exclaiming: "Here we are! we await your bidding; we listen to your command."

I now write to telegraph operators. They are not an exceptional class. There are thousands of persons engaged by the different telegraph companies, and in the United States they may be counted by the tens of thousands. I wish to recognize the fact that telegraphic operators have their hand on momentous, domestic, social, political, financial, moral, religious, ecclesiastical interests, and that they have trials and annoyances which prove that their nerves are not like the telegraph, made out of wire, and in the name of our all-sympathetic Christianity, I address them. In the first place, I charge you to gratitude to God for the fact that He has made you the means of so much advantage and blessing to the world. Oh, what a stride from the time when the Roman generals were dependent upon the signals given by the bonfires kindled on mountain-top, or the rockets, the torches,



THOS. A. EDISON.



the columns of smoke, or the rotating-beam upon which the world was dependent in after-centuries—the rotating-beam placed on high points, which in the time of Napoleon became enveloped in fog, so only half the message reached London, announcing “Wellington defeated,” throwing the whole city into consternation, until on the following day, when the fog lifted, the whole message arrived, saying: “Wellington defeated the French at Salamanca!” down on from those days until this time, when one telegraph company sends twenty million despatches in one year.

I am indebted to Mr. Chandler of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph



PROF. MORSE.

Company, and Mr. Prescott, the electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for an array of facts, and for an inspection of mechanism that has left me in a state of wonderment. One day while I was looking, in the Western Union Telegraph office, at the new electro-motor telegraph printing instrument, there unrolled before me a message plainly printed from the operator in the city of Washington, giving me his compliments, and saying: “How do you like this performance?” leaving me struck through, as never before, with a

sense of the almost omniscient and omnipresent power of American telegraphy. What painstaking since the day when Thales, six hundred years before Christ, discovered frictional electricity by the rubbing of amber; and Winbler, in the last century, sent electric currents along metallic wires, until in our day, Farraday, and Bain, and Henry, and Morse, and Prescott, and Orton, and Edison, some in one way and some in another way, have helped the lightning of heaven to come bounding along, crying: “Here we are!”

What meant those storm signals at Barnegat, and Haltnas, and St. John, and Key West, yesterday? By some color or some shape indicating a storm

from the North, or a storm from the South, or changeable currents. Why, it meant the telegraph is gathering up the reports of thermometers, and barometers, and wind vanes, all over the land. And as Elijah, the prophet, ran down Mount Carmel ahead of King Ahab's chariot, announcing the coming of the rain, so this scientific prophet ran ahead of the imperial storm—ran down from Mount Washington and the Alleghanies and up from the Carribbean Sea, crying: "A tempest! Get ready on all the coasts; let the fishing-smacks stand off from the breakers; let not the steamers attempt harbor to-night; let all those vessels



OFF BARNEGAT.

close reef main-topsail." "There are thousands of sailors sleeping amid the corals and the sea-weed who this morning would have been alive had the storm-signals been lifted years before. Telegraph operators! they who go down to the sea in ships bless you. And in all the homes from which you have signalled back bereavement, in the morning and the evening prayer before God, let mention be made of the mercies of telegraphy.

What mean those rail-trains going up and down the great thoroughfares without accident, or with but few accidents—with less comparative loss of life

than the old stage-coach—putting almost a quarter of a century between Norwalk and Ashtabula disasters? Telegraphs are watching around these chariots of fire, telling when they start—when they stop—all about them. Millions of people traveling one way, millions of people traveling the other way in perfect safety. What a grand accompaniment the telegraph has been to the rail-train was well illustrated in England in 1850, when there was a collision at Gravesend, and the engineer leaped from the locomotive, and it went on at full speed, and a telegram went along the line saying: “Clear the track for a fugitive locomotive!” And it dashed through twelve villages without any accident; and then an engineer waited along the track, and, as soon as the fugitive had passed, had his own engine switched on to the same track, and pursued, and ran it down, and got aboard it, and reversed the rods, and, within two miles of London, put an end to what would have been a great disaster to life and property. The multiplicity of trains on the Pennsylvania route, and the Erie route, and the Hudson River route, but for the clicking of the telegraph, would make one long scene of disaster.

What has this art done for literature? One great curse of literature is verbosity—long sentences for small ideas—a whole pack of hounding adjectives for one poor noun! The economics of telegraphy came and declared: “Put what you have to say in ten words, or pay extra for every preposition, every adjective, every conjunction.” Under this mighty pressure the land is learning the beauty of brevity. Men who would have taken two hours to tell a story, crowd, squeeze, compress and jam it all into the ten words of the electric telegram. Why be a spendthrift of words? With four words God ordered the illuminations of two hemispheres: “Let—there—be—light.” With five words the archangel shall preach the funeral sermon of the world: “Time—shall—be—no—longer!” The world is being talked to death! And the American telegraph is helping to abate the nuisance.

What has this art done for the domestic circle? In sudden exigency how quick it brings the physician! The fire, that in a few hours, would have burned the beautiful home into ashes, at the call of the electric telegraph is put out in five minutes. You are in a distant hotel, and in a paroxysm of pain. Yes, you are dying alone. No rail-train could have carried your message swift enough. You telegraph: “Come!” And very soon upon your dying vision there dawns the

familiar and sympathetic face of her who has been to you as a sweet song ever since the day when, amid the orange blossoms and the sound of wedding march, you put the ring on her hand and promised to be faithful until death doth you part. And though you are far away, her breath on your dying cheek makes you feel at home, and you look up into her tearful eyes, and say: "My dear I am so glad you have come." There is not a home in Christendom but has by the telegraph been put under everlasting obligation. A father may travel seven days in a straight line, and every night before retiring receive the salutations of his household.

What has this art done for the church of God? Gathering up the doings of conventions, and presbyteries, and conferences it comes bounding, saying: "Here we are!" Years ago, when a dying English soldier in India telegraphed to a Christian officer, hundreds of miles away: "What must I do to be saved?" the Christian officer telegraphed back: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What a question and answer to go to and fro! When the Agamemnon and the Niagara had successfully put down the Atlantic cable, the directors in London sent the first telegram to the directors in New York. The song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and in the earth, peace, good will to men." When the great revival occurred in 1857, the John Street prayer-meeting in New York telegraphed to the great meeting in Jaynes Hall, Philadelphia, saying: "Christian brethren, we greet you in brotherly love." The inhabitants of your city shall go to another, saying: "Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also. Praise the Lord; call upon His name; declare His doings among the people; make mention that His name is exalted." And immediately there came over the telegraph wires from Philadelphia the answer: "Jaynes Hall prayer-meeting crowded; with one mind and heart they glorify our Father in heaven for the work he is doing in our city and country: the Lord hath done great things for us; may He who holds the seven stars in His right hand and who walks in the midst of the churches be with you by His spirit this day!" Aye, in 1857, the telegraph was the torch that set the whole land on fire with Christian enthusiasm, and five hundred thousand souls stepped into the kingdom of God. There is not a day now that Christian messages do not go over the wires. Every morning the secular and religious news of the world is put on our breakfast tables by the telegraph

through the newspapers—the newspaper press of this and other countries in one year giving millions for telegraphic intelligence. The telegraph takes the whole earth in its benediction. The wires long enough to girdle the globe several times; from St. Kene to Brest, from Brest to Suez, from Suez to Bombay, from Bombay to Singapore. Oh, what a thrill of supremacy for the telegraph! The American villain lands in the arms of the Liverpool police. To arrest crime, to scatter good, to strike the key-note of musical accord, God has ordained the telegraph.



VIEW OF SUEZ.

I am glad that woman, shut out from so many other fields of employment, has been admitted here. Telegraphy says to her: "Come down out of that killing work, and put your hand on this cleanly, and intelligent, and healthful employment;" and woman is to-day refining all telegraphic circles. People are better behaved, have more elevated conversation, and brighter cheer where women are. Is not that so? If it is not, why do we all love to get into the ladies' cabin of the Fulton Ferry? I thank God that woman, who has never had any chance, has been permitted to enter upon this elevated realm of telegraphy.

Now let me say to the men and women engaged in this art, Do not make that art a mere matter of livelihood. Can it be that you have no Christian gratitude to God who has allowed you to put your hand upon this mighty fulcrum which is to help to raise a sunken world toward a stooping heaven? I write this chapter to magnify your office and to stir up in your soul an application of the grandeur of that work to which God has called you.

I charge that you maintain inviolate all the confidence intrusted to you. The affairs of homes, of commercial establishments, and of churches, are in your hands. Through no other channel do there go so many things never intended for public eye or ear. Resist all that inquisitiveness which has more interest in knowing about the business of other people than in minding its own. And at this point, let me say, I think the judges of courts, and the national government ought to be very slow to bring into public inspection private telegrams. What a scene it was when Mr. Orton, the late president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was arrested and brought before a confessional commission to display private telegrams of a political contest. We all admired the fact that he resisted as long as it was possible to resist. It is a simple fact that the men who compelled that display of private telegrams were worsted by the exposition. They got scorched with their own lightnings. When the lightnings came and said, "Here we are," they said: "Yes, I wish I had never seen you!" Such espionage may do very well under despotisms, but not in this country and in this day. The letters of a postoffice are no more sacred than the despatches of a telegraph. And public officials ought to be very careful how they tamper with this medium of intelligence, lest they cripple its influence and dishonor its name among the nations. A great many people are tempted to tell all they know, especially when they do not know much! And any institution like the telegraph, or the postoffice, that cultures in the people a healthful taciturnity ought to be encouraged. Men talk too much, and women too!

I charge you to seek divine solace in all your perplexities. To the outside world your work seems ambrosial. How easy to sit in a chair in a warm office and read, by the sound of the armature, or manipulate an instrument as easily as you would a piano! "Here, at last, is an occupation without any annoyances or trials." Alas! since the day you began to learn the art, you have not been free from annoyances and trials. Send five thousand telegrams without the mis-

take of a word, and in the five thousand and first telegram make the slightest mistake, and what a rattling there is at the other end of the lines. The officers of the company are besieged with charges of your inefficiency. People prowl around wanting to get your position. You are put down on a smaller salary in a less conspicuous position, or you are turned out, and you sit amazed that such attenuated lightning could make such loud thunder. Your nerves, your eyes, your heart, sore with annoyance. So it is all along the line of telegraphy, and in all departments, from the uniformed lads who run with the lead-pencil and the receipt book, and the message, clear up to the room of the electrician and, the room of the treasurer and the vice-president and the president.

The whole story of telegraphy has been a story of trials and struggles. Go back to 1844, in Boston, and you see a telegraph wire reaching from Milk street to School street, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, and the next year, 1845, in New York, you find a short telegraph running up Broadway, and the people paying twenty-five cents to see it operated, the operators going to bed hungry, their bed the hard floor of the office where they worked. It has been struggle all the way up and all the way down. Sebastopol and Austerlitz and Gettysburg were not more exciting scenes than those which were seen and suffered when the Atlantic cable was laid in 1858, 1865 and 1866. And Wellington won no more brilliant victory at Waterloo than did Cyrus W. Field when he landed at Heart's Content Office, after thirteen years of exposure and hardship, and caricature and scoffing, and telegraphed to New York City:

HEART'S CONTENT, July 27.

"Arrived safely. All well. The cable laid, and in perfect order."

Well might the choir of Old Trinity Church, New York, a few days after celebrate the event in the presence of two hundred gowned clergemen, chanting while the organs rolled out the harmony: "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation." You may weave your garlands around the brow of conquerors who have waded chin-deep in blood to get more territory. I shall save my garlands for the Galvanis, and the Davys, and the Bains, and the Captain Hudsons, who have helped, as by the smoke of God's omnipotence, to weld the continents together. And it has been trouble, and trial, and struggle, all the way through. The pioneers of the telegraph were the target for the ridicule of two hemispheres. When the cable broke, in 1858-



RETURN OF THE TEN THOUSAND UNDER XENOPHON.

all the nations jeered, and said: "We told you so." The Indians on the plain, the Arabs on the desert, the wild beasts in India, tore up the lines. The United States Government again and again has attempted to appropriate or steal the telegraphs of this country, and make them a mere system of political jobbery. Resistance to all this, and continuance amid all this, has made telegraphy in this country a strife, and a struggle, and a heroism.

Now, is there any comfort for these people in any department of this wonderful art? I have to tell you that God's Word, more wonderful than any siphon recorder, or galvanometer, or electromotograph, or writing instrument, or repeater that was ever invented, is charged to-day with comfort, and if you should touch it, you will feel an eternal thrill. Seated in your operating office—you are in quicker communication with heaven than with earth—you may with a stroke of your finger, call some one thousands of miles away, and because of the difference in time, your message may seem to arrive there an hour earlier than when it was sent; but here is something that beats all telegraphy, the promise of God: "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

It has only been a short time, you know, since you could send messages on the same wire in opposite directions and at the same time; but for thousands of years there has been such communications between heaven and earth—between God and the human soul—both speaking instantaneously, and at the same time. God is ever ready to transmit comfort to your soul. Go to Him with your great troubles and your small troubles. Do you not now already feel the shock of the Lord's battery? No people in all the world have such an opportunity of appreciating the Lord's presence as you have. He is not in the storm or earthquake so much as in the click of the telegraph. You every day have your finger on the pulses of the Omnipotent arm. You know that God is in the room when you are operating. Standing or sitting in such an august presence what consecrated men and women you ought to be! Yea, you ought to have larger hearts than other people, since you can realize, as no others can, that the San Franciscan, and Russian, and the Australasian is only your next-door neighbor; and seated in your chairs, you can shake hands with all nations. Yes, you ought to have a better appreciation than any other people of what Paul said when he declared: "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the earth and hath determined the times appointed and the bound of their habitation, that

they should seek after the Lord, if so be that, feeling after Him, they might find Him, though He is not far from any one of us." Working, as you do, with such tremendous agencies, and in such an august presence, you ought to be the most earnest of all Christian people. Ay, you need the religion of Jesus Christ not only for its inspiration and its comfort, but as an absolute necessity.

Lift the storm-signal to-day. There is a day coming which will try every man's work, of whatever sort it is. In Christ all are safe. Away from Christ all are in peril. If I had all the telegraph-wires of the world and I could send only one message, I think it would be this: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I am glad to know that God is going to take possession of all the world's telegraphy. The thought stirs my soul. Between ten and three o'clock the wires are now chiefly occupied by quotations of the cotton exchange and the stock market, and the bankers and brokers employ most of the time between those hours; but after a while, when all the telegraph lines are completed, and, instead of four or five cables through the ocean from here to Europe there will be twenty, and the wire of the telegraph shall insinuate itself into the hidden abodes of the human family—then, methinks, there shall be some great central instrument, and perhaps a herald of heaven will take his position, and put his hand on that instrument, and give the final call to all nations. Yea, perhaps, Christ himself, descended among men, may put his hand on that central instrument, giving the final and successful call to all people, and thrilling to all lands the message: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." And all the nations, instantly catching the invitation, shall respond, and China shall say, "I come," and India, "I come," and Siberia, "I come," and Russia, "I come," and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and North and South America, "We come." Nations born in a day. Empires saved. The world's work done. God glorified. Heaven full. God, hasten the day, and then the galvanometers may cease, and then the Atlantic cables may snap, and the lightnings of heaven having fulfilled all their errands, and completed all their circuits, shall return and kneel at the foot of the throne, crying, "Here we are!"

CHAPTER XVI.

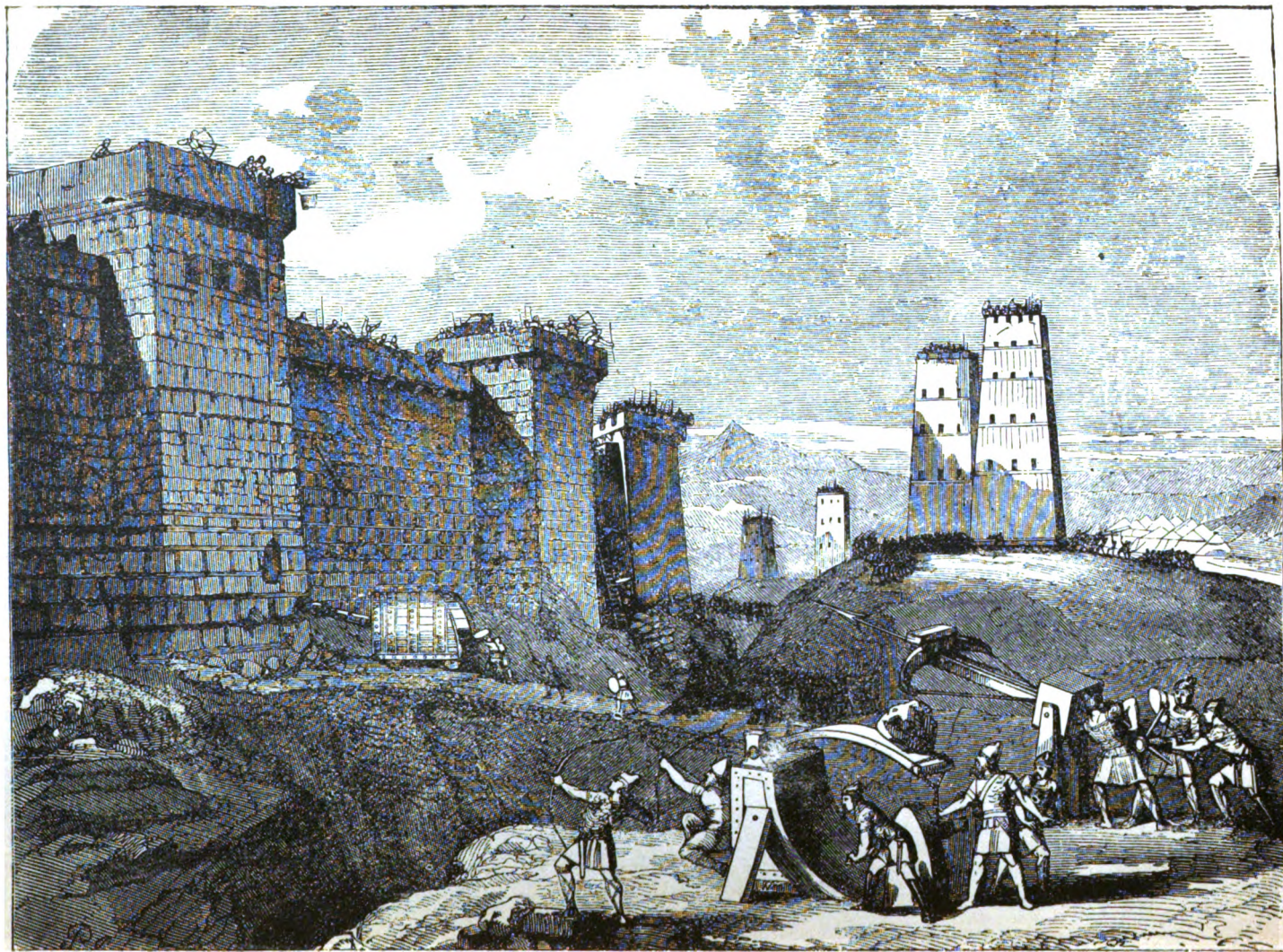
*SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.**



HERE is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between twenty and fifty years of age were enrolled in the army, and then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt—those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar; those who were yet in the first year of wedded life; those who were so nervous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled and could not look upon blood but they fainted.

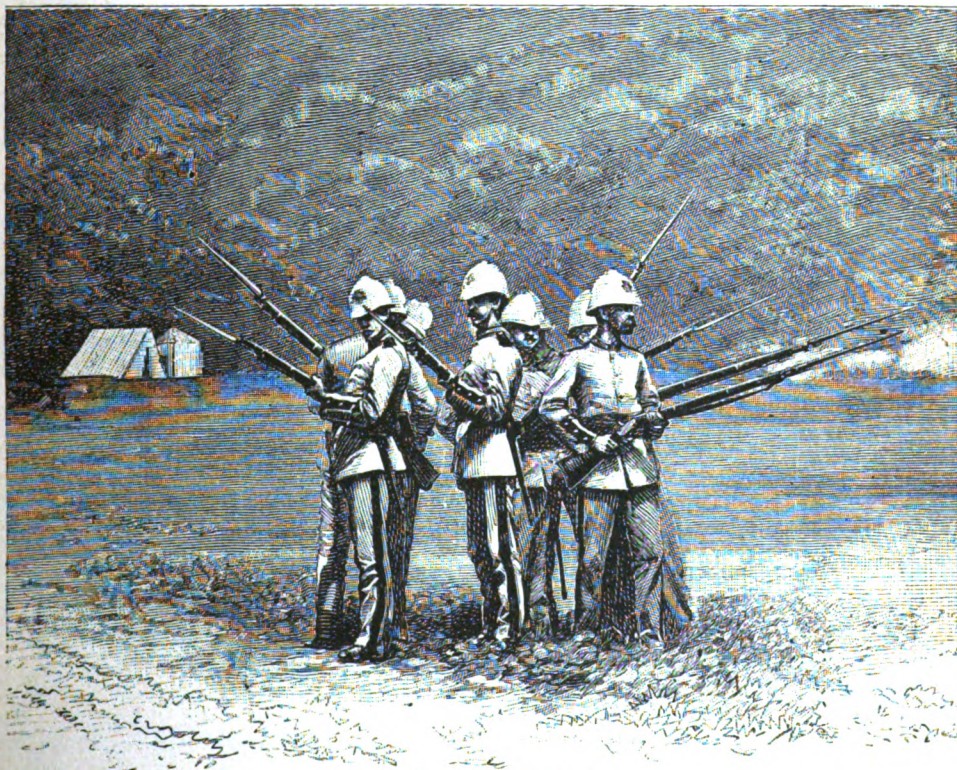
The army of Israel was divided into three divisions—the center and the right and left wings. The weapons of defense were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offense were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult—which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift, and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The shields were made of woven willow-work, with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level all these shields touched each other, making a moving but impenetrable wall; and when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling missiles. The breastplate was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior were two pieces fastened with buttons or clasps. The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he

*Delivered at Washington before soldiers from thirty-one States and nineteen Governors and their staffs.



ANCIENT WEAPONS OF DEFENSE.

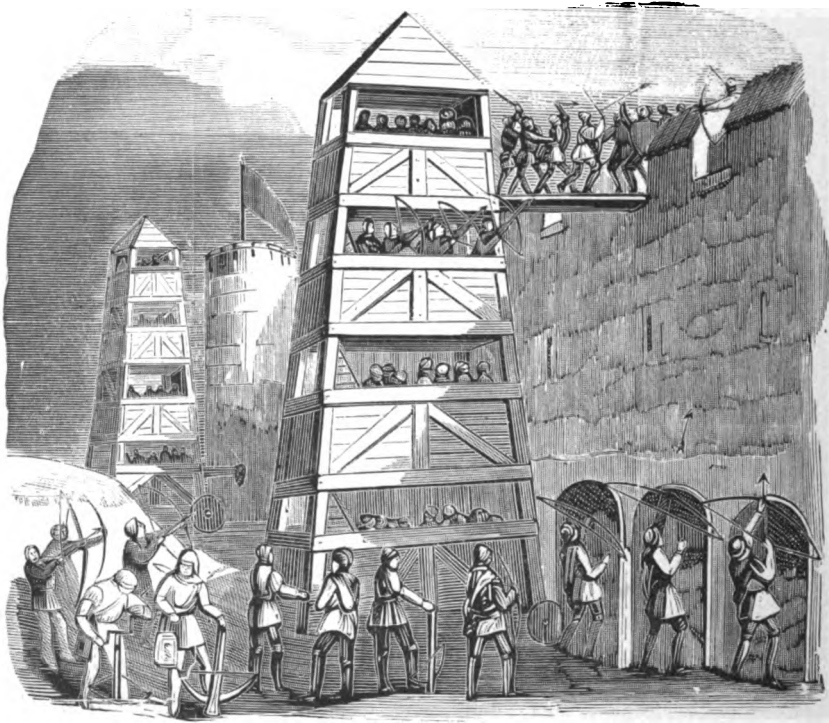
would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had an iron boot. When a wall was to be assaulted a battering-ram was brought up. A battering-ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go, and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction.



"RALLY BY FOURS."

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the moving tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue, and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses, so when they went ahead the sword thrust, and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried

flags beautifully embroidered. The tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; tribe of Reuben, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with a cherubim. The noise of the host as they moved on was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields and the rumbling of wheels and the shouts of the captains, and the vociferations of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advanc-

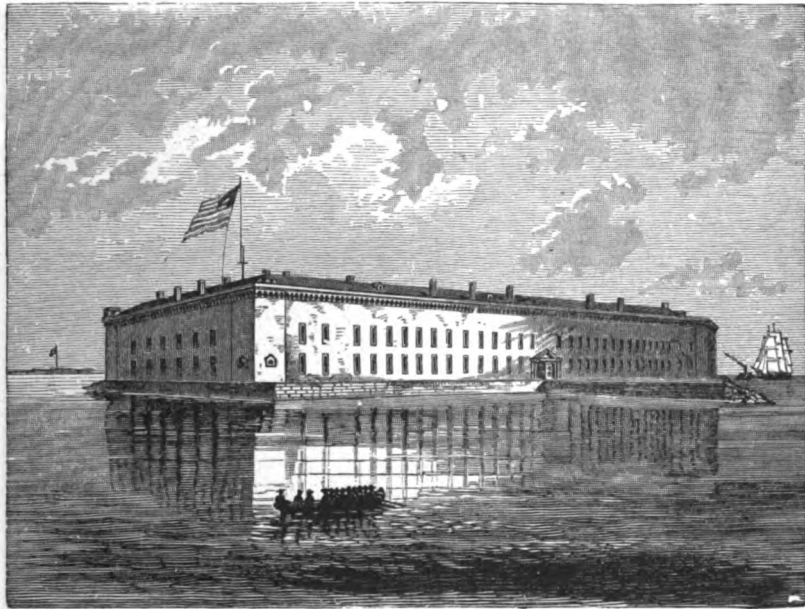


TAKING OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

ing all these years you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote four or five passages of Scripture showing that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder.

Nothing could be more important than this great national encampment. Undrilled troops can never stand before those which are drilled. At a time when other nations are giving such care to military tactics, it behoves this nation to lack nothing in skill. We shall never have another war between the North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has

been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can gnaw something off of it. We are floating off further and further from the possibility of sectional strife, but about foreign invasion I am not so sure. There is absolutely no room on this continent for any other nation. I have been across the country again and again, and I know that we have not a half-inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. I do not know but that a half-dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could



VIEW OF FORT SUMTER.

hardly keep their hands off of us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes it much longer it will be the exception. If a foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812, and like those who fought on both sides in 1862. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Fafayette and Fort Hamilton, men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honors

those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year, at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go, for God and my country."

If foreign foe should ever come all sectional animosities would be obliterated. Here go our regiments into battle, side by side, 15th New York Volunteers, 10th Alabama Cavalry, 14th Pennsylvania Riflemen, 10th Massachusetts Artillery, 7th South Carolina Sharpshooters. I have no faith in the cry: "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other; each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano in the grand march of the union.

I congratulate the officers and soldiers of this national encampment, that if a foreign attack should at any time be made you would be ready, and there would be millions of the drilled men of North and South who could keep rank, and that would not miss a hair-breadth.

At this National drill when thirty-one States of the Union are represented, and between the decorations of the graves of the Southern dead, which took place a few days ago, and the decorations of the graves of the Northern dead, which shall take place to-morrow, I would stir the Christian patriotism and gratitude not only of this soldiery here present, but of all the people, by putting before them the difference between these times, when the soldiers of all sections meet in peace, and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional unity now. At the first date the South had banished the national air, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the North had banished the popular air of "Way down South in Dixie." The Northern people were "mudsills," and the Southern people were "white trash." The more Southern people were killed in battle, the better the North liked it. The more Northern people were killed in battle, the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars, if delivered on either side the line. No need now of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. To estimate how dearly they loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled, and the carbines that were loaded, and the cavalry horses that were mounted; North and South facing each other all armed, in the attempt to kill. The two sections not

only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayer of the Northern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, President of the Oglethorpe University, in Georgia. He was about the grandest man I ever knew, and as good as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North



THE SKIRMISH DRILL.

prayed one way, and the ministry at the South prayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and the South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of war time I place the complete accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New York was held to raise money to build a home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and the leg not lost so hurt that it does not amount to much. The Cotton Exhibition held not long ago in Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of Northern people, and by Gen. Sherman, who was greeted with kindness as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans Exhibition held in 1885, every Northern State was represented. A thousand fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war. No more use of gunpowder in this country, except for the rifle practice

or Fourth of July pyrotechnics, or a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brigadier Generals in the Southern Confederacy making their fortunes as lawyers in the Northern cities. Rivers of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war—Fort Sumter, and Moultrie, and Lafayette, and Pickens, and Hamilton, sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, figure of Liberty



GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

with uplifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in. Instead of war antipathies, when you could not cross the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steel, or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll has there ever been in about two decades such an

overwhelming antithesis as between the war time of complete bitterness and this time of complete sympathy?

Contrast also the domestic life of those times with the domestic life of these times. Many of you were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letter. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside, but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray! whether you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scene at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landings. The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Don't you remember those charges to write home often, and take good care of yourself, be good boys, and the good-by kiss which they thought, and you thought, might be forever? Then the homesickness as you paced the river bank, on a starlight night on picket duty, and the sly tears which you wiped off when you heard a group at the camp-fire singing the plantation song about the old

folks at home. The dinner of hard-tack on Thanksgiving Day, the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital so different from the sickness when you were at home with mother and sister at the bedside and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine; and that forced march, when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and more than all your heart ached. Homesickness which had in it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war who heartlessly wrote home to his mother:

“I do not want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I put into my rifle after loading it, and have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to have a strong dislike of them. If you had seen as many of them killed as I have you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have.”

You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in the American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand, tens of thousands of homes waited for news. Parents saying: “Twenty thousand killed! I wonder if our boy was among them.” Fainting dead away in post-offices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred waiting news, or dropping under the announcement of bad news. Speak, swamps of the Chickahominy, and midnight lagoons and fire-rafts of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and weeks of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes of North and South, jeremiads of war times that have never been syllabled.

Besides that domestic perturbation and homesickness of those days put the sweet domesticity of to-day. The only camp-fire you now ever sit at is the one kindled in stove or furnace or hearth. Instead of a half-ration of salt pork, a repast luxuriant because partaken of by loving family circle and in secret confidence. O, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write, and that you were so particular to put in the mail without any one seeing you lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to get back, and though the old people have gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences and filial, and brotherly, and loverly heartbreaks with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven. The place where

your children were born is the place where you want to die. To write the figures of 1862 I set up four crystals—crystals of tears. To write the figures of to-day I stand up four members of your household, figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

Contrast also the religious opportunities of twenty-five years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or commanded by officers who considered the names of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drum-head the pulpit, and you standing in heat or cold, all the surroundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless. No privacy for prayer or Bible reading. No sound of church bells. Sabbath spent far away from the place where you were brought up. Now the choicest sanctuaries, easy pews, all Christian surroundings, the air full of God and Christ, and heaven and doxology. Three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light—Mount Sinai thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the sacrifice, Mount Pisgah displaying the promised land.

Contrast of national condition: 1862, spending money by the millions in devastation of property and life; now the finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street combined cannot make a national panic; 1862 surgeons of the land setting broken bones, and amputating gangrened limbs and studying gunshot fractures, and inventing easy ambulances for the wounded and dying; to-day, surgeons giving their attentions to those in casualty of agriculture, of commerce or mechanical life, the rushing of the ambulance through our streets, not suggesting battle, but quick relief of some one fallen in peaceful industries; 1862, thirty-five million inhabitants in this land; this year, fifty-five million; 1862, wheat about eighty million bushels; this year, the wheat will be about five hundred million bushels; 1862, Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; now, for three reasons—Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific—only seven days across. Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums and houses with which, during the last few years, this land has been decorated.

Living soldiers of the North and South, take a new and special ordination at this season of the year, to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill and Cold Harbor

and Murfreesboro, and Manassas Junction and Cumberland Gap and field hospital, receive these floral offerings of the living soldiers.

But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly military reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, in London in the time of Wellington, and in our own land, but what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I don't know but many of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle, that were wounded and

worn out in service; may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they should be resurrected for the grand review of the Judgment Day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment. They come up— all the armies of all lands



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

and all centuries, on whichever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus and Sennacherib and Joshua and David, leading forth the armies of Scriptural times; Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians; Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians: Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan followed by the armies of Asia; Gustavus Adolphus and Ptolemy Philopater and Xerxes and Alexander and Semiramis and Washington, leading battallion after battallion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812 and one million of Northern and Southern dead in our Civil War

—they come up; they pass on in review. The six million fallen in Napoleonic battles; the twelve million Germans fallen in the Thirty Years' War; The fifteen million fallen in the war under Sesostris; the twenty million fallen in the wars of Justinian; the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars; the eighty million fallen in the Crusades; the one hundred and eighty million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks; The thirty-five billion estimated to have fallen in battle—enough, according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth four hundred and forty-two times.

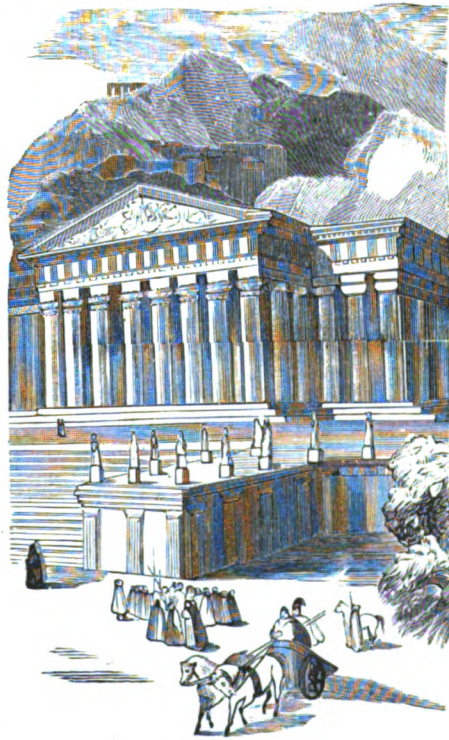
But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment, the cavalrymen, the artillerymen, the spearmen, the infantry, the sharpshooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to hear their tread. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Kylan or Borobino, Marathon or Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaklava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibbon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we are all marching in the right regiment and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander, all heaven, some on amethystine battlements, and others standing in the shining gates, some on pearly shore and others on turreted heights, giving us the resounding, million-voiced cheer: "Lo, him that overcometh!" Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

THE histrionic art has claimed much of the attention of the world since the day when Thespis acted his play in a wagon at the festival of Dionysius, until this hour when the finest audience-rooms in St. Petersburg, and Venice, and Milan, and Paris, and London, are given up to the drama. Professor Stacke, by his exhumation of the theatre of Bacchus, at Athens, has thrown much light upon the architecture of the ancient theatre. It was a vast building—the seats rising in concentric circles until no human voice could reach the multitude, and the play-actors had masks which served as speaking trumpets, while there were under the seats reflections of sound. The building was roofless, but covered with an awning to keep out the glare of the sun, as all the performances were in the daytime; while at the side there were porticoes into which many of the people retired in time of rain. These buildings were an over-mastering splendor of marble, and glass, and statuary, and gold, and silver, and precious stones. For twelve consecutive hours, yea, from morning until night, the audiences would assemble in multitudes of eighty or a hundred thousand people—ay, all the population of the city.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus was one of those buildings. It was six hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and in full accord with the architectural



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

pomp and magnificence of that wonderful city. Paul wanted to attend that theatre. His friends were determined he should not go there. He says: "I must go there," and when so determined a man as Paul proposes a thing, it is a very difficult matter to hinder him. But they held fast to him, and the chief



DIANA.

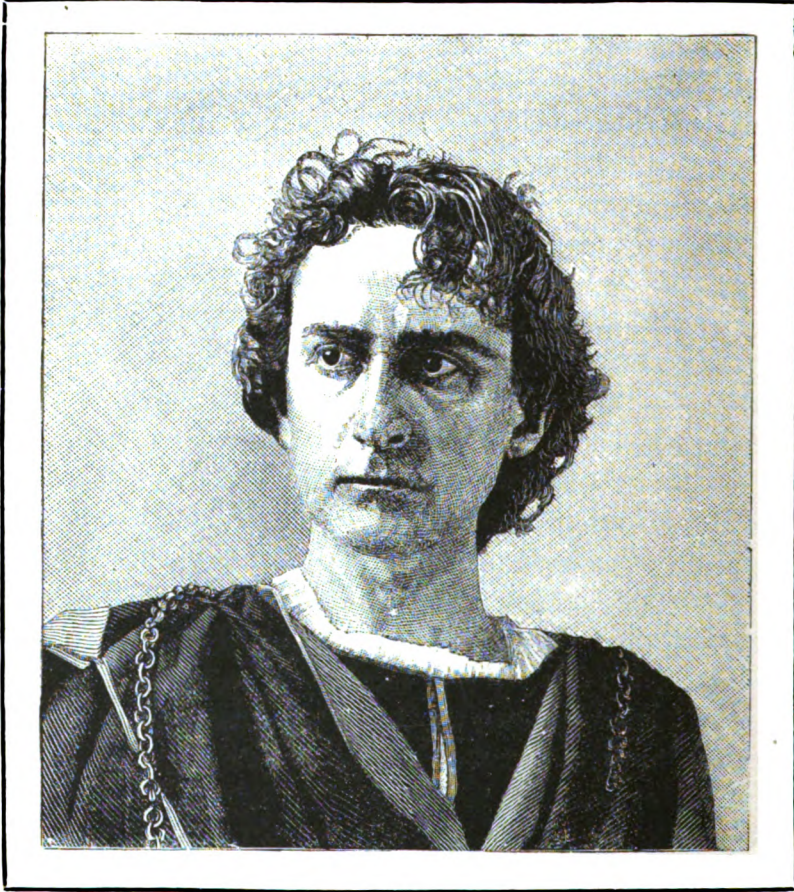
men of the city "sent unto him, desiring that he would not adventure himself into the theatre." What! had the apostle become so fond of the spectacular — had he been so pleased with the writings of Eschylus, the dramatist, and with the reputation of Sophocles and Euripides, the world-renowned tragedians, that between his sermons he must go and look upon the performances of the theatre? No! He wanted to go into that theatre to preach Christ to the people, and vindicate the cause of truth and righteousness. Indeed, I do not know any place more appropriate for the preaching of the gospel than these palaces of dramatic art. Christ says, "Go into all the world and preach my gospel." That

means preach it everywhere. No place too good for it. No place too bad for it. I never had a better time in proclaiming Christ to the people than one night in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, at the invitation of the owner of the theatre, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. We began the service by a prayer-meeting in the green room, and we concluded the service by an inquiry-meeting, in which scores of souls started out for heaven, afterwards joining the different churches of the city. Chatham Theatre, in New York, was never put to a grander purpose than when in 1857, during the great revival, the doors were thrown open for religious assemblages, and hundreds of souls found that their birthplace, and on one occasion the service of the main audience was overpowered by the Christian songs that came rolling up from the bar-room where men once destroyed their bodies and souls with strong drink. Until the ministry shall be invited to preach in all these places of dramatic art, the best thing we can do is, as far as possible, to imitate Paul the Apostle, and adventure ourselves into the theatre by preaching to those who attend upon it, and to those who act upon its stage, and to all the employes of the institution.

“But,” says some one, “you are the last man in the world to write to the theatrical profession, since you are their avowed enemy.” Before I get through I will show you whether or not I am their enemy. Some years ago I preached three or four sermons on the character and condition of the average American theatre. What I thought and felt then, I think and feel now; but my utterances were very much misrepresented. I never made any wholesale and indiscriminate assault upon the theatrical profession. I acknowledged then, as I acknowledge now, that there is as much genius in that profession as in any other profession; that there are men and women in that profession who are pure and honest; that the characteristic of many of them has been generosity, and I said other things in that direction; but the reports in the newspapers did not give that part of my sermons, while they gave those parts that were entirely critical of that profession—that omission, not from any desire to misrepresent me, but I suppose from the crowded state of the columns of the newspapers at that time. One sermon was ascribed to me, not one word of which did I preach. I have this fact authenticated: that in one of the newspaper offices in the country, on Sunday afternoon, the question was asked: “Where is Talmage’s sermon on the theatre?” The answer was, “The gentleman who went over to phonograph the sermon met with an accident, and he did not get to the Tabernacle, and so we haven’t received it. “Well,” said one in the office, “you go down and find out what the text was.” A messenger went and found out what the text was, and came back, and in that office my sermon was written out! and by a man who had never seen me—making me the foe of all kinds of amusements, representing me as the denouncer of all the men and women of the theatrical profession, without any exception, as profligate and abandoned. “Well,” you say, “why didn’t you correct the impression?” Oh, I never hunt lies! I have so many things to do, and that is not my business. My work is to proclaim the whole counsel of God as far as I understand it, and I leave the result with the Lord, and I find the plan works well.

We must acknowledge that there is an everlasting war between the church and the playhouse. You do not like the church. We do not like the theatre. But there is a common ground upon which we may meet as immortal men and women, with souls to be saved or lost, for whom there is a Christ ready to lift every burden, and heal every wound, and save every soul. Him I declare unto

you. I ask that the members of the theatrical profession reading these words, come immediately, and unconditionally surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. I make the request on two grounds. First, because of the vast amount of usefulness you might wield for Christ. It seems to me that the



EDWIN BOOTH.

entire course of the world's history would have been changed if men and women who have given themselves to the world's theatrical entertainment had given themselves to Christian work. It was the dramatic element sanctified in Robert Hall, and Thomas Chalmers, and George Whitfield, that made them become the irresistible and all-conquering instruments of righteousness. If Hackett, and Edmund Kean, and John Kemble, and George Frederick Cook, and Junius Booth,

and Garrick, and their contemporaries of the stage, had given themselves to the service of the Lord, this would have been a far different world from what it is. If the Davenports, and the Irvings, and the Wallacks, and the Edwin Booths of to-day would some night at the close of their performance come to the front of the stage and say to the people: "Ladies and gentlemen, from this time I begin the especial service of Jesus Christ; I give myself in private and in public to His cause; I am to be His for time and for eternity"—it would revolutionize the American cities—it would save the world!

"Oh," you say, "now you are talking about an impossibility; you know very well that there is such a prejudice against our profession that if we should come and knock at the door of a Christian church, we would be scouted and driven back." Great mistake. When Spencer H. Cone stepped from the burning theatre in Richmond, December 26, 1811, and stepped into the pulpit of the Baptist denomination, he was rapturously welcomed, and I ask what impression that man ever made as a play-actor compared with the influence with which he thrilled Christendom when the great tragedian had become the great apostle? I ask, then, in the name of God, that the dramatic talent of the world change its profession. I ask that you give to God your heart, your head, your hand, your foot, your power of impersonation, your grip over the human heart, your capacity to subdue and transport, and electrify great assemblages. Admitting, as you will, that it is every one's duty to put to the grandest possible use every faculty that God gives man, I ask you to come and throw yourselves into the stupendous work of preparing men and women for an unending eternity. Garrick, the actor, and Whitefield, the preacher, were contemporaries—were friends and admirers. Garrick said he would give a thousand guineas for the capacity to use the exclamation "Oh!" as George Whitefield used it. The triumph of the one was in Drury Lane Theatre; the triumph of the other was on Moorfields Common, where thousands of souls under his ministry cried out for God. From the door of eternity, which man has the pleasanter retrospect? Oh, I ask you to decide this matter as you will wish you had decided it after the curtain has fallen upon the last act of the tragedy of the world's existence.

I put this request for your surrender to the Lord, also on the ground of your own happiness and safety. There is no peace for any occupation or profession without Christ. Your profession is no exception. The huzza in the Haymarket

Theatre and in Convent Garden and in Goodman's Fields and in the Royal Theatre of London, could not give peace to Mrs. Siddons and Thomas Betterton and Edmund Kean and Macready. The world may laugh at the farce, but the comedian finds it a very serious business. Liston in his day had more power to move the mirth of an audience than any other man. He went one day to



MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

Dr. Abernethy, saying: "O doctor, I am so low-spirited, can't you cure me?" Dr. Abernethy did not know it was Liston, the comedian who had come as a patient, and he said to him: "Pooh, pooh, I am not the man you want to see; don't come and see a doctor; go and see Liston; two doses would cure a mad-man." Alas! for Liston, he might cure others, but he could not cure himself.

I tell you that without God there is no happiness and no permanent good cheer. At the wave of the orchestral baton, when the music rises, and the chandeliers gleam, and the play goes on plunging toward the castastrophe, it does not seem as if you had any disquietude at all; but there are times of heartache and exasperation and disappointment for you. A great London actor went into the mad-house for life, because by some unfortunate stroke of a sword he lost his wig in the play of *Hamlet*, and the guffaw of the audience utterly frenzied him.

Beside all the other annoyances of your life, there is the question of livelihood, and you know that in your profession it is a very precarious thing. Sometimes you are flush with money. Then a favorite troop comes along and pushes you off the stage. "Hush! hush!" said the French actress to the manager, as he conducted her from the theatre to her carriage. "Hush! don't you let my coachman hear that you have given me only eighteen hundred francs a year, when I give him twenty-four hundred!" Sometimes you have gone from the theatre, when in the play you were robed and garlanded and coronated like a queen, to a home where the struggle for bread is awful. Now, I ask you to come out and try the comforts of the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. "Oh," you say, "in order to do that I should have to give up my profession." My brother, my sister, decide one question at a time. First give your heart to the Lord, and then decide this question. You will be able to decide it better then. You will have God to help you to decide it.

When I was preaching on the condition of the average American theatre, there were several play-actresses who came to my house and said: "We would like to become Christians, if you could only find for us some other occupation." I said to them what I say to you, that no one ever becomes a Christian until he or she is willing to come in this spirit and say: "O Lord Jesus, I take thee now anyhow, come weal or woe, prosperity or privation, comfortable home or almshouse. It was in that spirit that the poor girl wrote the memorable hymn which you all know, after she had been turned out from her father's house, because he was an infidel, and she was determined to be a Christian, when she sat down and wrote in her banishment, these words:

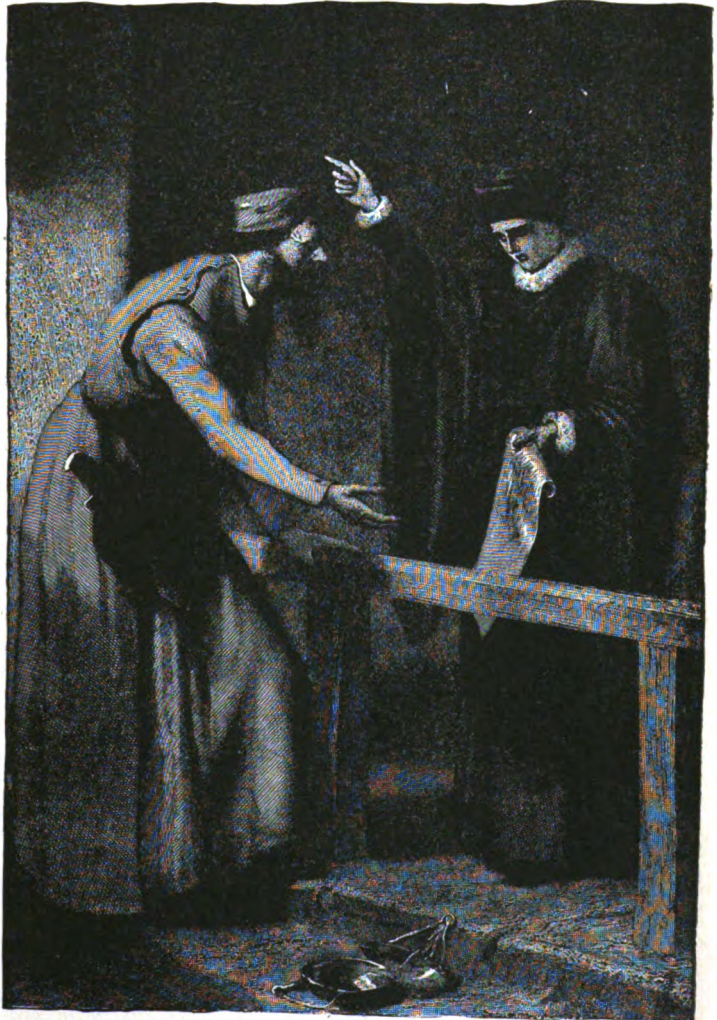
"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

"Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've hoped, or wished, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

But God lets no one be shelterless and hungry who comes in that spirit. She shall have the omnipotent God for her friend, and all the armed hosts of heaven will be her sworn allies. The poor girl will be richer than all the rich men of the earth who have made this world their God, and in their dying moment, saying a few nice religious things so as to help the minister through with his funeral sermon! Your safety and your happiness, as well as your usefulness, depends upon your being a Christian. Beside that, after the four acts have been gone through with—infancy, youth, manhood, old age—and you come to the fifth act, the last act, the catastrophe, the death-hour,—what then? I know not what may be the shifting scenes of the act, whether palace or garret, or whether the footlights may be glittering festivities, or the dim candle of destitution; but this I know, it will be a momentous hour. Enter, the King of Terrors, with all his courtiers of pain, and sickness, and bereavement. Exeunt, all the pleasures, and advantages, and enjoyments of this life. I don't know whether you will leave this world amid the excitement of the stage, as did Mr. Palmer, the London actor, who, while he was quoting the words of the play: "Oh, God, is there not another and a better world?" dropped lifeless in the presence of the aghast audience, and then was carried to the green room. I don't know what will be the circumstances of your leaving this world; but I know the hour will be a sifting process. In that hour all your past life will come before you—all you have been and all you might have been. I hope it will not be with you in that hour as it was with Madame Rachael, the celebrated actress, who ordered the jewels that had been given her by the kings of Europe to be brought to her, and with her dying hand she turned over the glittering jewels, and said: "Ah! my bright jewels, must I leave you so soon?" In the final hour it will be a grand thing if we can look back upon a life of usefulness, but it will be a dreadful thing if we look back upon an ill-spent life. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage. It was a very poor play, and he went to see it enacted. The whole audience condemned the play, but the loudest hissing came from the gallery where Charles Lamb sat, and the audience looked up and saw that it was the author of the play who was hissing his own production. And, my friends,

if at last we can look back upon a life wasted, or full of fatal mistakes, we ourselves will be the severest critics—we will be the most vehement in the denunciation of our own neglect and stupidity.

While in the great Brooklyn theatre disaster we were all warned to prepare for eternity, it seems to me that it was an especial call to the theatrical profession in the death of Claude Burroughs and Henry Murdoch, the two brilliant dramatists. Ah! they had but little time to prepare for eternity that night, when the play of "*The Two Orphans*" was exchanged for a scene which made many orphans. What difference does it make to them now whether the audience that sat before them that night were pleased or displeased with their acting? What differ-



PORTIA AND SHYLOCK.—"MERCHANT OF VENICE," ACT IV, SCENE I.

ence does it make now to Macready whether the Astor Place Opera House greeted him with a volley of stones, or whether he was carried off on the shoulders of the exultant people? What difference does it make to Edwin Forrest whether the critics liked or disliked his Richard III., or his Gladiator, or his

King Lear, or his *Metamora*, or his Shylock? When we have gone out of this world, if our life has been a failure, no clapping *encore* will ever bring us back to re-enact it. Our character in the last moment will be our character through eternity. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." He that is holy will be holy still. He that is unjust will be unjust still. He that is filthy will be filthy still. Oh, men of the theatrical profession, to whom these words may come, and men of all occupations and professions—prepare for eternity. After the first ordeal of death has passed, there will be a second ordeal, and that will be the judgment. On that day the audience will be a vaster audience than all the people that were ever gathered in Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, and Goodman's Fields, and Drury Lane. It will be an innumerable audience. The foot-lights will be burning mountains and burning seas. The orchestra will be the thunders of a parting heaven. The tragedy will be the rising of the righteous and the overthrow of the wicked. The closing scene will be the dispersing of the audience to their everlasting homes of gladness or retribution. Then the lights will go out, and the spectacle will be ended forever!



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RACE COURSE.

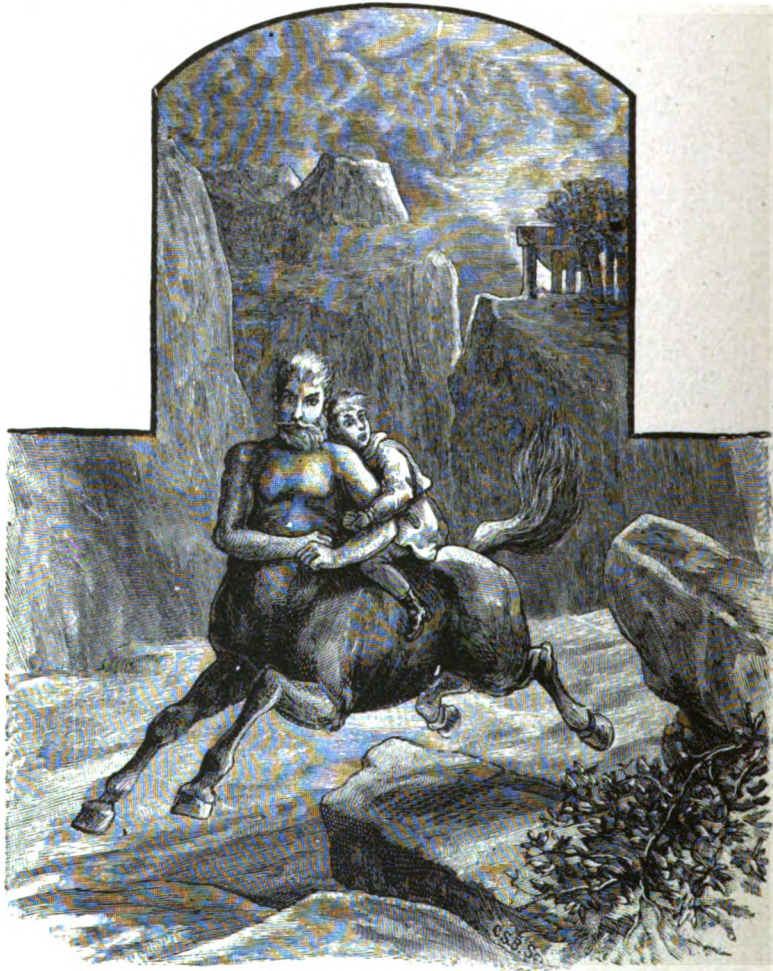


AT this season of the year, when there come long columns of intelligence from the race-course, and multitudes are flocking to the watering-places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time words are demanded of every one who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who are not willing to see an unrighteous abridgement of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all-absorbing, and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

Job set forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil did for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's

chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquests represents Him as



A RIDE ON A CENTAUR.

seated on a white horse. In the parade of Heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth should have some other

place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in Heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet,



DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize

so much are the description of Virgil and the description of Job alike. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war-horse, Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott had so much admiration of this divinely honored creature of God, that in "St. Roman's Well" he ordered the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon his neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers, in his day, felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse. All honor to Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he has demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless Ambrosial Nights speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human

race, who carries our burdens and pulls our ploughs, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen, and heated, and over-driven; into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics!

Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defence against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defence against insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull, and let his horse ride!

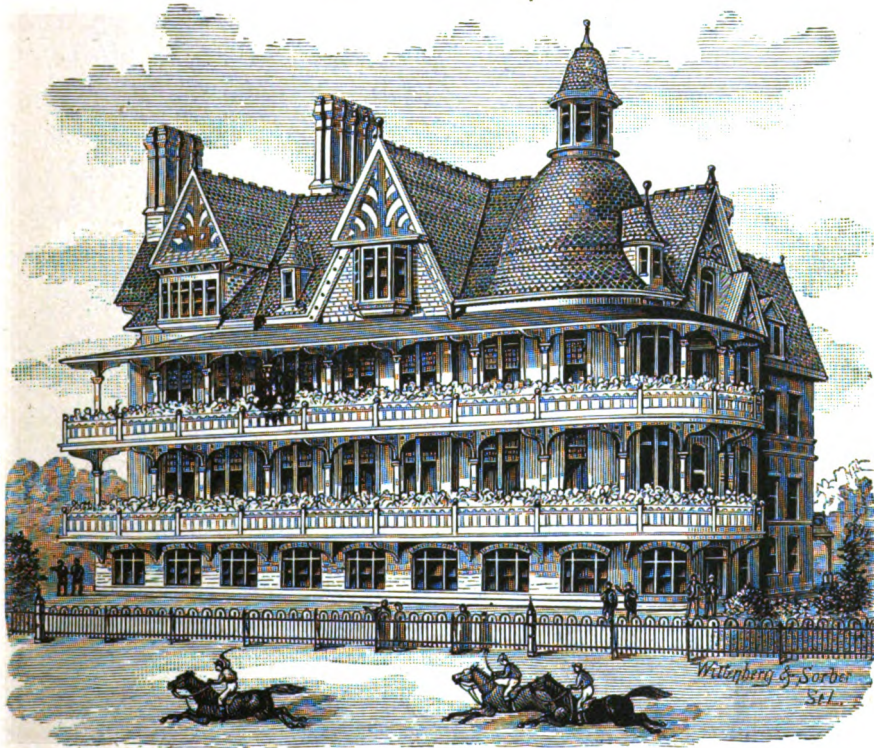
But not only do our humanity and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I go further and say that what ever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear and peach and plum and grape and apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barn-yard has become the Devonshire and the Alderney and the shorthorn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science or our civilization or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a

billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings, and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat-bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty.

There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the way some people drive, Elijah with his horses of fire would have taken three weeks to get into Heaven. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy-yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalymen. In this arm of the service, Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruc-

tion from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe



ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB HOUSE.

in the turf if it can be conducted on the right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved child. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself

is called a prize: "The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness, and beauty, and strength, will never be fully developed. If it cost one thousand or five thousand or ten thousand, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or five thousand dollars as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to someone who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the East River and pitch it off the docks. You can not afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all.

There is at this time a horse-betting craze. There are thousands of young men who have already taken a long stride on the down grade through the Brighton Beach races and the Sheepshead Bay races. There have been stores in New York and Brooklyn robbed of small sums of money by boys who wanted to get the money to buy betting tickets. The pool-rooms for betting on the horse-races at Coney Island and other points are always crowded and surrounded by boys and men, and the police have to stand and keep the way clear. What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a bet at horse-race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse-races, and they are about equally leprous: by "auction pools," by "French mutuels," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent. and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on

the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and written over every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is, "swindle!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday and every day they bet, they gain, they lose, and this summer, while the parasols swing and the hands clap and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people cajoled and deceived and cheated who will at the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition. Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations of the American race-course. They say that an honest race-course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race-course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad; but I tell you that every race track, surrounded by betting men, and betting women and betting customs, is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of His Gospels: "is not a man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is better than all the favorites that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race-course. That is a very poor job by which a man, in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of America—and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I am writing for square old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse, I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get in with some of the whiskey, rum-blotched

crew which I see going down on the ocean boulevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, five million to nothing, you will be debauched and damned. Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him; but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horse is headed. Forty years ago we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in



F. W. VANDERBILT'S TEAM, "ALDINE" AND "EARLY ROSE." THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon house never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse, and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire: "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

IT appears that in Solomon's time, as in all subsequent periods of the world, there were people too much disposed to tell all they knew. It was blab, blab, blab, physicians revealing the case of their patients, lawyers exposing the private affairs of their clients, neighbors advertising the faults of the next door resident, pretended friends betraying confidences. One-



THE CALUMET CLUB HOUSE, CHICAGO.

half of the trouble of every community comes from the fact that so many people have not capacity to keep their mouths shut. When I hear something disparaging of you my first duty is not to tell you. But if I tell you what somebody has said against you, and then go out and tell everybody else what I told you, and they go out and tell others what I told them that I told you, and we all go out, some to hunt up the originator of the story and others to hunt it

down, we shall get the whole community talking about what you did do and what you did not do, and there will be as many scalps taken as though a band of Modocs had swept upon a helpless village.

We have two ears but only one tongue, a physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a good deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill.

Solomon had a very large domestic circle. In his earlier days he had very confused notions about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the matrimonial state kept him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies of the city and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sorosis or female debating society of seven hundred, discussing day after day the difficulties between husband and wives, between employers and employes, between rulers and subjects, until Solomon deplores volubility about affairs that do not belong to us and extols the virtue of secretiveness.

By the power of a secret divulged, families, churches, neighborhoods, nations fly apart. By the power of a secret kept, great charities, socialities, reformatory movements and Christian enterprises may be advanced. Men are gregarious—cattle in herds, fish in schools, birds in flocks, men in social circles. You may, by the discharge of a gun, scatter a flock of quail, or by the plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the sea, but they will gather themselves together again. If you, by some new power, could break the associations in which men now stand, they would again adhere. God meant it so. He has gathered all the flowers and shrubs into association. You may plant one forget-me-not or heart's-ease alone, away off upon the hillside, but it will soon hunt up some other forget-me-not or heart's-ease. Plants love company. You will find them talking to each other in the dew. A galaxy of stars is only a mutual life insurance company.

You sometimes see a man with no outbranchings of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard like a ship's mast ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts, and blossom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency, we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather to-

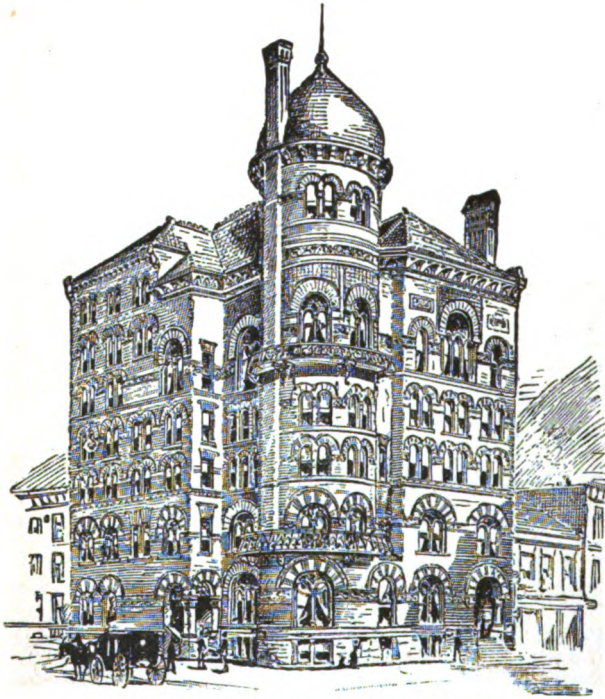
gether to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the State, some to discuss religious themes, some to kindle their mirth, some to advance their crafts. So every active community is divided into associations of artists, of merchants, of bookbinders, of carpenters, of masons, of plasterers, of shipwrights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades would accomplish no more than if you should preach to a busy ant-hill or bee-hive a long sermon against secret societies.

Here we find the oft-discussed question whether associations that do their work with closed doors, and admit their members by passwords, and greet each other with a secret grip, are right. I answer that it depends entirely upon the nature of the object for which they meet. Is it to pass the hours in revelry, wassail, blasphemy and obscene talk, or to plot trouble to the State, or to debauch the innocent, then I say, with an emphasis that no man can mistake, no! But is the object the defense of the rights of any class against oppression, the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the advancement of art, the defense of the government, the extirpation of crime or the kindling of a pure-hearted sociality, then I say, with just as much emphasis, yes!

There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our intentions. The general of an army never sends to the opposing troops information of the coming attack. Shall we who have enlisted in the cause of God and humanity expose our plans to the enemy? No! we will in secret plot the ruin of all the enterprises of satan and his cohorts. When they expect us by day we will fall upon them by night. While they are strengthening their left wing we will double up their right. By a plan of battle formed in secret conclave we will come suddenly upon them. Secrecy of plot and execution are wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every family is a secret society, every business firm and every banking and insurance institution. Those men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. There are thousands of men whose vital need is culturing a capacity to keep a secret. Men talk too much, and women too. There is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak.

Although not belonging to any of the great secret societies about which there has been so much violent discussion, I have only words of praise for those associations which have for their object the maintenance of right against wrong,

or the reclamation of inebriates, or, like the score of mutual benefit societies called by different names, that provide temporary relief for widows and orphans and for men incapacitated by sickness or accident from earning a livelihood. Had it not been for the large number of secret labor organizations in this country monopoly would long ago have, under its ponderous wheels, ground the laboring classes into an intolerable servitude.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE. CHICAGO.

The men who want the whole earth to themselves would have got it before this had it not been for the banding together of great secret organizations. And, while we deplore many things that have been done by them, their existence is a necessity, and their legitimate sphere distinctly pointed out by the providence of God. Such organizations are trying to dismiss from their associations all members in favor of anarchy and social chaos. They will gradually cease anything

like tyranny over its members, and will forbid violent interference with any man's work, whether he belongs to their union or is outside of it, and will declare their disgust with any such rule as that passed in England by the Manchester Bricklayer's Association, which says any man found running or working beyond a regular speed shall be fined two shillings six pence for the first offence, five shillings for the second, ten shillings for the third, and if still persisting, shall be dealt with as the committee think proper.

There are secret societies in our colleges that have letters of the Greek alphabet for their nomenclature, and their members are at the very front in scholarship and irreproachable in morals, while there are others the scenes of

carousal, and they gamble, and they drink, and they graduate knowing a hundred times more about sin than they do of geometry and Sophocles. In other words, secret societies, like individuals, are good or bad, are the means of moral health or of temporal and eternal damnation. All good people recognize the vice of slandering an individual, but many do not see the sin of slandering an organization.

There are old secret societies in this and other countries, some of them centuries old, which have been widely denounced as immoral and damaging in their influence, yet I have hundreds of personal friends who belong to them, friends who are consecrated to God, pillars in the church, faithful in all the relations of life, examples of virtue and piety. They are the kind of friends whom I would have for my executors if I am so happy as to leave anything for my household at the time of decease, and they are the men whom I would have carry me out to the last sleep when I am dead. You cannot make me believe that they would belong to bad institutions. They are the men who would stamp on anything iniquitous, and I would certainly rather take their testimony in regard to such societies than the testimony of those who, having been sworn as members, by their assault upon the society, confess themselves perjurers.

One of these secret societies gave for the relief of the sick in 1889, in this country, over a million dollars. Some of these societies have poured a very heaven of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. Several of them are founded on fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. I have never taken one of their degrees. They might give me the grip a thousand times, and I would not recognize it. I am ignorant of their pass-words, and I must judge entirely from the outside. But Christ has given us a rule by which we may judge not only all individuals, but all societies, secret and open. By their fruits ye shall know them. Bad societies make bad men. Good societies make good men. A bad man will not stay in a good society. A good man will not stay in a bad society. Then try all secret societies by two or three rules. Their influence on home, if you have a home. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of reform and art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on, if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door-step, and on the other side

by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power.

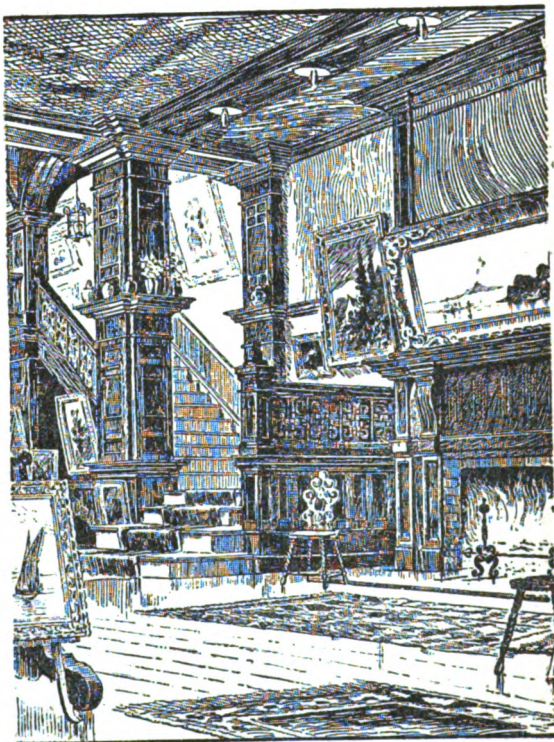
I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer-meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church, waits upon no charitable institution, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and I fear his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of humanity and of God or charity or art or anything elevating. But let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as many do. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the society room, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wives' dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful influence, a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process, the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart.

There are secret societies where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain kind, and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine-guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of these nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to my lodge." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to lodges and clubs and association and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I have spent the other five." That

man's obituary is written. Not one out of ten thousand that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail through late hours, and through too much stimulants he will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will talk in religious generalities. The men who got their yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin, will send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph: "Here lies the victim of dissipating association!"

Another test by which you can find out whether your secret society is right or wrong is the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial success. I know some

men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the secret society has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a good one. But has your credit failed? Are bargain-makers more anxious how they trust you with a bale of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A 1 before they entered the society been going down since in commercial standing? Then look out. You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excess of one or two members, their fortune beaten to death with ball-players bat, or cut amidship with the



RECEPTION ROOM, CHICAGO CLUB.

prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in the large potations of cognac or Monongahela. That secret society was the Loch Earn. Their business was the Ville de Havre. They struck and the Ville de Havre went under.

The third test by which you may know whether the society to which you belong is good or bad is this: What is the effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? If the names of all the people now enrolled in societies should be called a hundred years from now from A to Z, there would not one answer. I say that any society that makes me forget that fact is bad society. When I go to Chicago I am sometimes perplexed at Buffalo, as I suppose many travelers are, as to whether it is better to take the Lake Shore route or the Michigan Central, equally expeditious and equally safe, getting to their destination at the same time. But suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up, the bridges are down and the switches are unlocked, it will not take me a great while to decide which road to take.

Now, there are two roads in the future—the Christian and the unchristian, the safe and the unsafe. Any institution or any association that confuses my ideas in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined that society; did I have them afterward? I attended the house of God before I connected myself with that union; do I absent myself from religious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die—a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment—the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers—the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions—those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing, and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up, she has never gotten over it. She never will get over it. How long the evenings are with no one to put to bed and no one to whom to tell the beautiful Bible stories. What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear

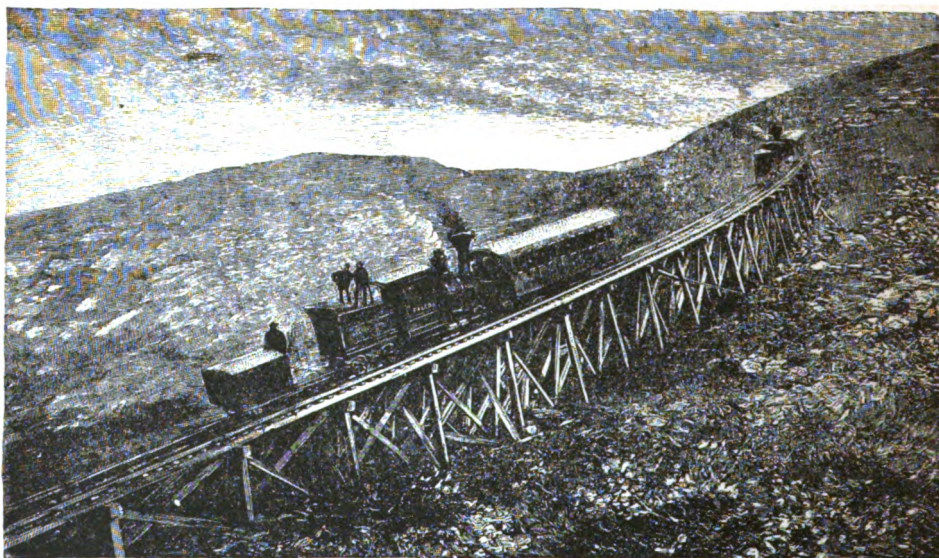
that sorrow. You can never drown that grief in the wine-cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say: "Papa, do stay with me to-night. Do stay with me to-night." You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a bad secret society is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then the returned father comes upstairs, and he sees the cradle gone and the windows up, and says: "What is the matter?" On the judgment day he will find out what was the matter.

Oh, man astray, God help you! I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a rope-maker will take very small threads and wind them together until after a while they become ship's cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day—a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection; and then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is enough to hold fast a world!" No; I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed; not to a pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and, having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

CHAPTER XX.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

UT in space there hung a great chunk of rock and mud and water and shell. Thousands of miles in diameter, more thousands of miles in circumference. A great mass of ugliness, confusion and distortion, uselessness, gastliness and horror. It seemed like great commons on



UP MT. WASHINGTON.

which smashed-up worlds were dumped. It was what poetry and prose, scientist and Christian agree in calling chaos. Out of that black, rough, shapeless egg our beautiful world was hatched. God stood over that original anarchy of elements, and said: "Atlantic ocean, you go right away and lie down there! Pacific ocean, you sleep there! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there! Mount Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there! Mississippi, you march there and Missouri you marry it there!" And he gathered in His almighty hands the sand and mud and rock, and rolled

and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places; and one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa, and another America, north and south.

That original chaos was like the confusion and anarchy into which the human race ever and anon has a tendency to plunge. God has said: "Let there be light of law, light of justice, light of peace, light of love!" "No! no!" say anarchic voices; let there be darkness, let there be cut-throatery, let there be eternal imbroglia, let there be chaos." Such a social condition many are expecting because of the overshadowing contest between labor and capital; there has not been an intelligent man or woman during the last two or three years who has not asked the question: "Shall we have bloody revolution in this country?" I have heard many answer the question in the affirmative; I answer it in the negative,

There may be, and there have been terrific outbursts of popular frenzy. but there will be no anarchy, for the church of Christ, the mightiest and grandest institution of the planet, shall, laying hold of the strength of the eternal God, come out, and putting one hand on the shoulder of labor, and the other on the shoulder of capital, say: "I come in the name of the God who turned chaos into magnificent order, to settle this dispute by the principles of eternal justice and kindness; and now I command you, take your hands off of each other's throats." The only impartial institution on this subject is the church, for it is made up of both capitalists and laborers, and was founded by Christ, who was a carpenter, and so has a right to speak for all laborers; and who owns the earth and the solar system and the universe, and so can speak for the capitalists.

As for myself, as an individual I have a right to be heard. My father was a farmer and my grandfather, and they had to work for a living; and every dollar I owe I earned by the sweat of my own brow, and I owe no man anything, and if any obligation has escaped my memory, come and present your bill and I will pay you. I am going to say all I think and feel on this subject, and without any reservation, praying that I may be divinely directed in the treatment of this important subject.

That labor has grievances I will plainly show you. That capital has had outrages committed upon it I will make evident beyond dispute. But there are right and wrong ways of attempting a reformation. When I say there will be no return to social chaos, I do not underrate the awful peril of these times. We



THE GREAT RIOT. MILITIA FIRING ON THE RIOTERS.

must admit that the tendency is toward revolution. Great throngs gather at some points of disturbance in almost all our cities. Railroad trains hurled over the rocks. Workmen beaten to death within sight of their wives and children. Factories assailed by mobs. The faithful police of our cities exhausted by vigilance night and day. In some cases the military called out. The whole country asking the question: "What next?" An earthquake has with one hand taken hold of this continent at the Pacific beach, and within the other hand has taken hold of the continent at the Atlantic beach, and shaken it till every manufacturing, commercial, agricultural, literary and religious interest has trembled. A part of Belgium one great riot. Russia and Germany and Austria keeping their workmen quiet only by standing armies so vast that they are eating out the life of those nations. The only reason that Ireland is in peace is because she is hoping for home rule and the triumph of Gladstoneism. The labor quarrel is hemispheric, aye, a worldwide quarrel, and the whole tendency is toward anarchy.

But one way in which we may avoid anarchy is by letting the people know what anarchy is. We must have the wreck pointed out in order to steer clear of it. Anarchy is abclition of right of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and death triumphant. It means no law, no church no defence, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means hell let loose on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good, and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foot-hold in America take a good look at the dragon. Look at Paris, where for a few days it held sway, the gutters red with blood, and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses; the archbishop shot as he tries to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or blundgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders. "No; there is too much good sense dominant in this country to permit anarchy. All good people will, together with the officers of civil government, cry: "Peace!" and it will be re-established. Soon there will be a kindlier understanding between labor and capital than has ever

been known in this country. They have had demonstrated, as never before, their absolute dependence upon each other.

Meanwhile, my brotherly counsel is to three classes of laborers. First to those who are at work. Stick to it. Do not amid the excitement of these times drop your employment, hoping that something better will turn up. He who gives up work now, whether he be railroad man, mechanic, farmer, clerk or any other kind of employe, will probably give it up for starvation. You may not like the



OUT OF WORK.

line of steamers that you are sailing in, but do not jump overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Be a little earlier than usual at your post of work while this turmoil lasts, and attend to your occupation with a little more assiduity than has ever characterized you. My brotherly counsel, in the second place, is to those who have resigned work. It is best for you and best for everybody to go back immediately. Do not wait to see what others do. Get on board the train of national prosperity before it starts again, for start it will, start soon and start mightily. Would you like me to tell you who will make the most out of the present almost universal strike. I can and will. Those will make the most

out of it who go first to work. My third word of brotherly advice is to another class of laborers—namely, those who have been a long time out of work. I have for the last ten years been busy much of the time trying to get people work who asked for it. I have worn myself out again and again, as many of you have, to get employment for those who besought it. In some cases we succeeded, in others failed. My brotherly counsel is to the people who could not get work before a strike began, and who have themselves and their families to support, to go and take the vacated places. Green hands you may be, but you will not be green hands long. My sentiment is full liberty for all who want to strike to do so, and full liberty for all who want to take the vacated places. Other industries will open for those who are taking a vacation, for we have only opened the outside door of this continent, and there is room in this country for eight hundred million people, and for each one of them a home, and a livelihood and a God.

So, however others may feel about strikes, as wide as is the continent, I am not scared a bit. The storm will hush. Christ will put his foot upon it as upon agitated Galilee. As at the beginning chaos will give place to order as the spirit of God moves upon the waters. But hear it, workingmen of America! Your first step toward light and betterment of condition will be an assertion of your individual independence from the dictation of your fellow-workmen. You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man or any body of men tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work; when you shall work or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand or foot or head or heart.

I belong to a ministerial association that meets once a week. I love all the members very much. We may help each other in a hundred ways, but when that association shall tell me to quit my work and go somewhere else, that I must stop right away because a brother minister has been badly treated down in Texas, I will say to that ministerial association, "Get thee behind me satan!" Furthermore, I have a right to resign my pastorate of my church and say to the people: "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-by." But I have no right after I have quit, to linger around the doors on Sunday mornings and evenings with a shot-gun to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to

take my place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor I become a criminal and deserve nothing better than soup in a tin bowl in Sing Sing penitentiary. Here is a statement that I would have every laborer put in his memorandum book or paste in his hat, and every newspaper put at the head of its columns. There are now about twelve million people in this country receiving wages, and about six hundred thousand belonging to organizations that control their labor. I would have all the six hundred thousand do as they please, and I would have all the other eleven and four-tenth millions do as they please. You will admit that those in such organizations ought not to control the laborers not in them. Your first duty, O laboring man! is to your family. Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right. When we emerge from the present unhappiness, as we soon will, we shall find many tyrannies broken, and labor and capital will march shoulder to shoulder.

There is a mutual dependance between capital and labor. An old tent-maker put it just right—I mean Paul—when he declared: “The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee.” You have examined some elaborate machinery—a thousand wheels, a thousand bands, a thousand levers, a thousand pulleys, but all controlled by one great water-wheel, all the parts adjoined so that if you jarred one part you jarred all the parts. Well, society is a great piece of mechanism, a thousand wheels, a thousand pulleys, a thousand levers, but all controlled by one great ever-revolving force—the wheel of God’s providence. So thoroughly is society balanced and adjusted, that if you harm one part you harm all the parts. The professions interdependent, all the trades interdependent, capital and labor interdependent, so that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill, and the man who breaks cobble-stones at the foot of the hill, affect each other’s misfortune or prosperity. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace get their own faces scorched and blackened. No such thing as independence. Smite society at any one point and you smite the entire community. Or to fall back on the old tent-makers figure, what if the eye should say: “I am overseer of this physical anatomy; I am independent of all the other members; if there

is anything I despise, it is those miserable and low-lived fingers!" What if the hand should say: "I am boss workman; I am independent of all the other members; look at the callous in my palm and the knots of my knuckles; if there is anything I hate it is the human eye, seated under the dome of the forehead, 'doing nothing but look!'" Now, we come to break up that quarrel, and we say: "Oh, silly eye, how soon you would swim in death if you had not the hand to support and defend you. Oh, silly hand, you would be a mere fumbler in the darkness if it were not for the human eye." "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Relief will come to the working classes of this country through a better understanding between capital and labor. Before this contest goes much further it will be found that their interests are identical; what helps one helps both; what injures one injures both. Show me any point in the world's history of six thousand years where capital was prospered and labor oppressed, or where labor was prospered and capital oppressed. What is the state of things now? Labor at its wit's end to get bread. Capital at its wit's end to pay the taxes and to keep the store and factory running. Show me any point in the last fifty years where capital was getting large accumulation, and I will show you the point at which labor was getting large wages. Show me a point in the last fifty years where labor was getting large wages, and I will show you the point where capital was getting large profits. Until the crack of doom there will be no relief for the working classes until there is a better understanding between labor and capital and this war ends. Every speech that capital makes against labor is an adjournment of our national prosperity. Every speech that labor makes against capital is an adjournment of our national prosperity. When the capital of the country maligns labor it is the eye cursing the hand. When labor maligns capital it is the hand cursing the eye. The capitalists of the country, so far as I know them, are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, here and there a stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of New York and Philadelphia, so far as I know them, were bookbinders or printers on small pay. The carriage manufacturers of the country used to sandpaper the wagon bodies in the wheelwright's shop. On the other hand, you will find in all our great establishments men on wages who used to employ their one hundred or five hundred hands.

Peter Cooper was a glue-maker. No one begrudged him his millions of dollars, for he built Cooper Institute and swung open its doors for every poor man's son, and said to the day laborer: "Send your boy up to my institute if you want him to have a splendid education." A young man of my church was the other day walking in Greenwood cemetery and he saw two young men putting flowers on the grave of Peter Cooper. My friend supposed the young men were relatives of Peter Cooper and decorated his grave for that reason. "No," they said, "we put these flowers on his grave because it was through him we got our education."

Abraham Van Nest was a harness-maker in New York. Through economy



HENRY CLAY.

and industry and skill he got a fortune. He gave away to help others hundreds of thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the scene when I, a green country lad, stopped at his house, and, after passing the evening with him, he came to the door and came outside and said: "Here, De Witt, is fifty dollars to get books with. Don't say anything about it." And I never did till the good old man was gone. The wealthy men of the twentieth century are in these last eleven years of the nineteenth century sitting with their feet on the shuttle, or standing up swinging the pickax, or doing some kind of hard work, and from the

same classes are to come the philosophers and poets and orators. Henry Clay was "the millboy of the slashes." Hugh Miller, a stone-mason; Columbus, a weaver; Halley, a soap-boiler; Arkwright, a barber; the learned Bloomfield, a shoemaker; Hogarth, an engraver of pewter plate, and Horace Greeley started in life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket.

The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side and those from the other side.

The combatants in this great war between capital and labor are chiefly, on the one side, men of fortune, who have never been obliged to toil, and who despise toil, and, on the other hand men who could get labor, but will not have it, will not stick to it. It is the hand cursing the eye, or the eye cursing the hand. I want it understood that the laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where is their investment? In the bank? No. In railroad stock? No. Their muscles, their nerves, their bones, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are the highest kind of capital. The man that has two feet and two ears and two eyes and ten fingers, owns a machinery that puts into nothingness Corliss' engine and all the railroad rolling stock, and all the carpet, and screw, and cotton factories on the planet. I wave the flag of truce between these contestants. I demand a cessation of hostilities between labor and capital. What is good for one is good for both. What is bad for one is bad for both.

Relief will come to the working classes of this country through a co-operative association. I am not now referring to trades unions. But I refer to that plan by which laborers become their own capitalists, taking their surpluses and putting them together and carrying on great enterprises. In England and Wales there are seven hundred and sixty-five co-operative associations, with three hundred thousand members, with a capital of fourteen million dollars, doing business in one year to the amount of fifty-seven million dollars. In Troy, N. Y., there was a co-operative iron foundry association. It worked well long enough to give an idea of what could be accomplished when the experiment is fully developed. Thomas Brassey, one of the first of the English Parliament, declared: "Co-operation is the one and only solution of this question; it is the sole path by which the laboring classes as a whole, or any large number of them, will ever emerge from the hand-to-mouth mode of living and get their share in the rewards and honors of our advanced civilization." Thomas Hughes, the ablest and the most brilliant friend of the workingman; Lord Derby, John Stuart Mill, men who gave half their lifetime to the study of this question, all favor co-operative association. You say that there have been great failures in that direction. I admit it. Every great movement at the start is a failure. The application of steam power is a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroad-ing a failure, but after a while the world's chief success. I hear some say: "Why, it is absurd to talk of a surplus to be put into this co-operative asso-

ciation, when men can hardly get enough to eat and wear and take care of their families." I reply: Put into my hand the money spent in the last five years in this country by the laboring classes for rum and tobacco, and I will start a co-operative institution of monetary power that will surpass any financial institution in the United States.

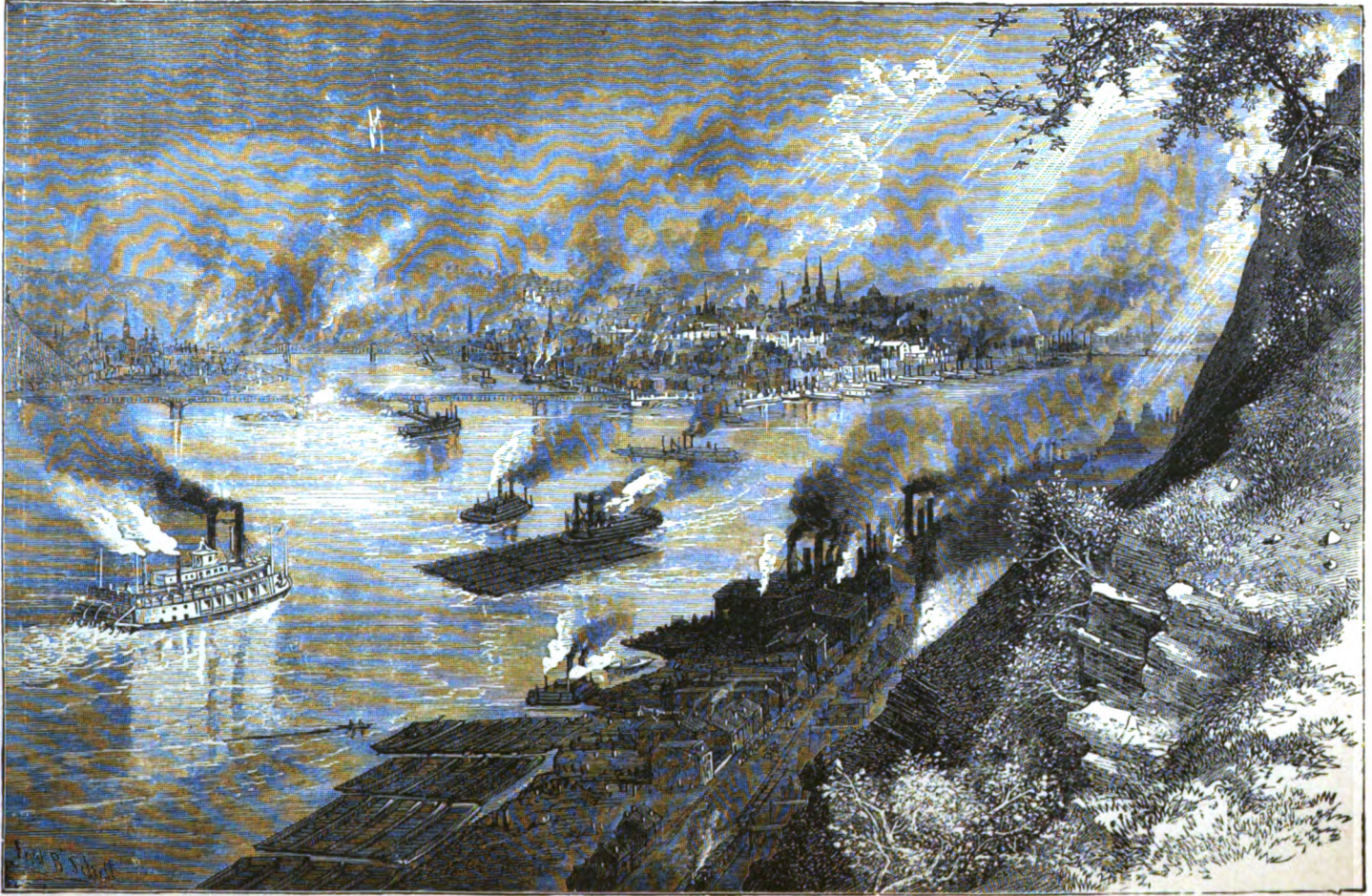
Relief will come to the working classes through more through discovery on the part of employers that it is best for them to let their employes know just how matters stand. The most of the capitalists of to-day are making less than six per cent, less than five per cent, less than four per cent on their investments. Here and there is an anaconda swallowing down everything, but such are the exceptions. It is often the case that employes blame their employer because they suppose he is getting along grandly, when he is oppressed to the last point of oppression. When a man goes among his employes with a supercilious air, and drives up to his factory as though he were the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and the moon in his vest pockets, moving amid the wheels of the factory, chiefly anxious lest a greased or smirched hand should touch his immaculate broadcloth, he will see at the end he has made an awful mistake. I think that employers will find out after awhile that it is to their interest, as far as possible, to explain matters to their employes. You be frank with them, and they will be frank with you.

Relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Why is our smallest coin a penny, while in China it takes six or a dozen pieces to make one penny, the Chinese carrying in his own country the "cash," as it is called, around his neck like a string of beads, a dozen of these pieces necessary to make the value of one of our pennies? In this country for nothing do we want to pay less than a penny. In China they often have to pay the sixth of a penny, or the twelfth of a penny. What is the difference? Christianity. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community that wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same

heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulcher or the judgment.

I do not care how much money you have, you have not enough money to buy your way through the gate of heaven. I do not care how poor you are, if you have the graces of God in your heart no one can keep you out. If the shining gate-keeper, smitten by some injustice, should try to keep you out, all heaven would fly from their thrones, and they would cry, "Let him in! Let him in!" My friends; you need to saturate our populations with the religion of Christ, and wages will be larger, employers will be more considerate, all the tides of thrift will set in. I have the highest authority for saying that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. It pays for the employer. It pays for the employe. The religion of Christ came out to rectify all the wrongs of the world, and it will yet settle this question between labor and capital just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. The hard hand of the wheel and the soft hand of the counting-room will clasp each other yet. They will clasp each other in congratulation. They will clasp each other on the glorious morning of the millennium. The hard hand will say, "I plowed the desert into a garden;" the soft hand will reply, "I furnished the seed." The one hand will say, "I thrashed the mountains;" the other hand will say, "I paid for the flail." The one hand will say, "I hammered the spear into a pruning-hook," and the other hand will answer, "I signed the treaty of peace that made that possible." Then capital and labor will lie down together, and the lion and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and there will be nothing to hurt or to destroy in all God's holy mount for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.





PITTSBURGH, THE CENTER OF THE IRON TRADE.

CHAPTER XXI.

EMPLOYERS.

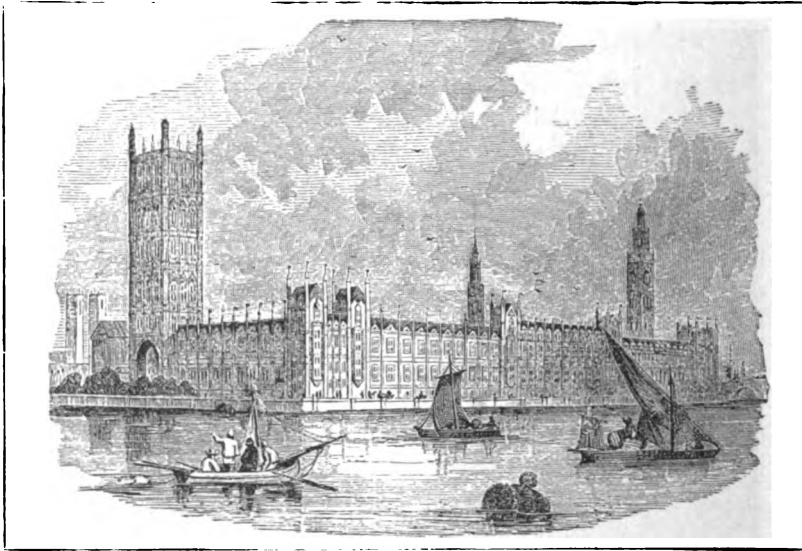
ALL labor agitation is of short duration. The mills will again open, the railroads resume their traffic, our national prosperities again start. Of course the damage done by strikes can not immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether they are right or wrong, always injure laborers more than the capitalists. You will see this in the starvation that follows. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different stages of anarchy. God never blessed murder. The worst use that a man can be put to is to kill him. Blow up tomorrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison square, and Brooklyn heights, and Bunker hill, and Rittenhouse square, and Beacon street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare hands of American labor. The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. The assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempt to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect—to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England. In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-tracks in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on ship-board the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was



ELIAS HOWE.

to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on louse scaffolding so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Tramps spring suddenly upon employers, and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it because it was



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

the old homestead, and he felt about as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence; and the king, with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck the officers of state—said to the miller; “Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won’t sell it I’ll take it anyway.” The miller said: “Your Majesty, you won’t.” “Yes,” said the king, “I will take it.” “Then,” said the miller, “if your majesty does take it I will sue you in the chancery court.” At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his infamous demand. The most imperious outrages against the working classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and contrary to the law

will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to law will accomplish it.

The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employe wider and wider. In olden times the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm worked side by side with their employes, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are many who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm. All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employe wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employe feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the capitalist feel: "Now my laborers are only beasts of burden; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, the bridge of sympathy is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said: "Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like says to hismen: 'Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage is yours. Adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat, each which I give you over and above.'"



THOMAS CARLYLE.

Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I want to put the trowel to one of the abutments; I speak more especially to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to both employer and employed.

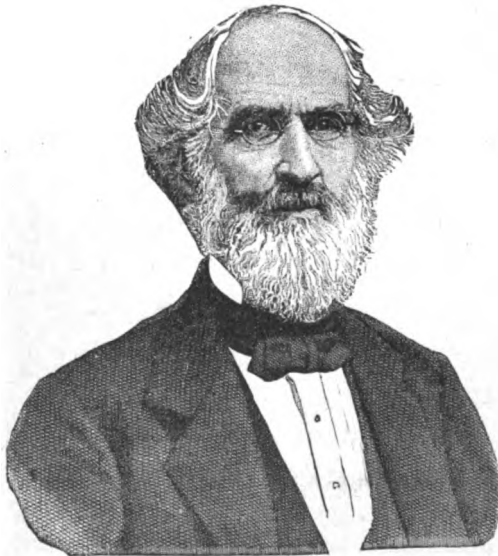
The outrageous behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers, behavior infamous and worthy of most condign punishment, may have induced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say that all ship-owners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire. First. Spend your life in getting and

keeping the earnings of other people. Second. Have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others. Third. Do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people. Now there are few men who would consent to go out into life with those three principles to earn a fortune.

First of all then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable. The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay, implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas are despicable. When any employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to a principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs and

put yourself, in imagination, in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well enough in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent, nor get shoes for the children. At the same time, the employer ought to remember through what straits and strains he got the fortune by which he built his store or runs his factory. He is to remember that he takes all the risks and the employe takes none, or scarcely any. He is to remember



THADDEUS FAIRBANKS.

that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make his machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set his business back hopelessly and forever. He must take all that into consideration, and and then pay what is reasonable.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages."—Malachi. "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning."—Leviticus. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."—Colossians. So you see it is not a question between you and your employe so much as it is a question between you and God. Do not say to your employes, "Now, if you do not like this place get another," when you know they can not get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes, your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold. On the morning, when you come into your counting-room and draw the check which will bring the money for the wages or the salaries, you will have a thrill of satisfaction in knowing that it is not only the money you give to the young man, but the relief to the dire necessities which stand back of him.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mold the welfare of the employe. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings bank. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employes. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employes, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employes, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. You are expected to understand better than they all these questions of ventilation and sunshine, and all the laws of hygiene. There are stores and banking houses and factories and newspaper establishments where the atmosphere is death. Your employes may not always appreciate your work, as that

style of kindness was not appreciated in the instance mentioned by Charles Reade, where in a great factory a fan was provided for the blowing away of the dust of metal and stone, the dust arising from the machinery, and some of the workmen refused to put this great fan in motion. They seemed to prefer to inhale the filings, the poisonous filings, into their lungs. But in the vast majority of cases your employes will appreciate every kindness in that direction. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day, when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyances and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless those female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down. At the end of the year you will find that they have sold as many goods and made as fine bargains—yea, better; for one clerk with a clear brain and rested body and radiance will sell more goods than two clerks with health bedraggled.

Then I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. Some time ago—whether it has been changed I know not—there were one thousand grocer clerks in Brooklyn who went to business at five o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. Now that is inhuman. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the public library, to the reading-room, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the ten or eleven hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen. I do not think that any intelligent employer can afford to be reckless of the physical and mental health of his subordinates.

But above all, I charge you, oh, employers, that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employes. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see Jack Sheppard. A man that

comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evenings in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement, is the young man for your store. Without any disgusting inquisitiveness, without any impertinence, you ought to have your young men understand that you are interested so much in their welfare that you want to know where they spend their leisure hours, and they will frankly and gladly tell you.

Do not say of these young men: "If they do their work in the business hours that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Be father to that clerk. There is nothing more beautiful than to hear an aged merchant addressing his clerks, and saying: "My son." That young man in your employ has a history. His father was a drunkard. His first remembrance of his father was his coming home late at night intoxicated, and the children hiding under the bed frightened. And that young man has stood many a time between father and mother, keeping her from the brutal blow. He is prematurely old in trying to provide for the house rent and clothing for his younger brothers and sisters. He may seem to you like all other young men, but God and his mother know he is a hero. At twenty years of age he has suffered as much as many have suffered at sixty. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand! Say, "good morning" and "good night" and "good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds.



CYRUS McCORMICK.

One of my earliest remembrances is of old Arthur Tappan. There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his

store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employes together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon. Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and "Fletcher's Family Devotions" and Wesleyan hymn-books, and he gathered his employes together every morning, and, having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and employes. Do you wonder at the man's success, and that though thirty years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions. God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

Sir Titus Salt had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were three thousand five hundred people present, and in his after-dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I can not look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work-people without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the noblemen at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work-people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well-paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and if my life is spared by Divine providence, I hope to see contentment, satisfaction and happiness around me."

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employes. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember the first yard of nankeen they measured, the first quarter of tea they weighed, the first banister they turned, the first roof they shingled. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between

en and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker-basket, satin-lined, fanned by cherubic wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you, but you are also to see that your boss workman and your head clerks and your agents and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but now. Alas, for some of the cash boys, and messenger boys, and the boys that sweep the store. Alas, for some of them! Now, you capitalist; you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

And then I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall street having thirty years of reputation for honesty have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence do not call in the police, but take him home, tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once, who will never do wrong again. Ah, my friends! I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if he had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then if, in moving around your factory or mill or barn or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of

fortune will turn and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the work house, and your son will die on the scaffold. If, in moving among your young men, you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him: "Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him at least a week to get over that which he will never get over.

Employers, urge upon your employes above all a positive religious life. You can do it. You are in a position not to be laughed at, or scoffed at, or jeered at. You hold the keys of the establishment, and by your position you



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

demand reverence, now, urge all those employes into a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen, a brave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was an infidel. One say Ziethen, the venerable, white-

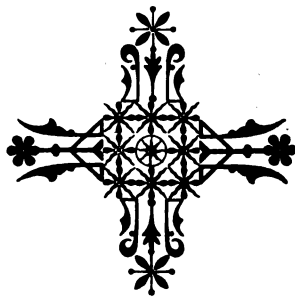
haired general, asked to be excused from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia, when Frederick the Great, in a jocose way, said: "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The venerable old warrior arose and said: "For your majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battle-field, and for your majesty I would be willing any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and Saviour." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen! forgive me, forgive me. You will never be bothered again."

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion! and I thank God there are as many men as brave as Ziethen. Go to heaven yourself, oh, employer! take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you "Where are all those people over whom you had so great an influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" Oh, shipowner! into what harbor will your crew sail? After being tossed on so many seas, will they gain the port of heaven? Oh, banker! will those young men who are running up and down the long lines of figures, and handling the checks and drafts, and handling the rolls of government securities—are they keeping their accounts right with God—the credit account of mercies received, and the debit account of sins forgiven? Oh, dry goods merchants! are those young men under your care who are providing fabrics of apparel for head and hand and foot and back, to go unclothed into eternity? Oh, merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? Oh, manufacturers of this United States! with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped—are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments, working out everything by their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care, five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves. Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of his disciples.

One summer, in California, a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of the disease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy. On one of the healthy islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day this physician came to the city authorities and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law. "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while


and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are further gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of the lepers."

They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of the lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh! what a magnificent self-denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of Him who exiled Himself from the hearth of heaven to this leprous island of a world, that He might physician our wounds and weep our griefs and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprous world into a great blooming paradisaical garden. Whether employer or employe, let us catch that spirit.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE LABORING CLASSES.

OU have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it until the work is done. So Isaiah describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with a hammer him that smote the anvil." When they met they talked over their work and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which was an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought that if men in bad work can encourage each other, ought not men engaged in honest partisanship and in honest mechanism to speak words of good cheer?

The Bible comes down to the minutiae of everything. It tells us how many dollars Solomon paid for his horses. It tells us in Deuteronomy what kind of a roof we ought to have on our houses. It applauds the industry and generosity of the Israelitish spinsters. It gives us specimens of old-time needle-work, leather-making, tanning establishment, pottery, brick-kiln, city water-works, ship-building.

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest, and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get into other occupations and professions. I hear men in all kinds of toil wishing they were enabled to do something else, saying to me: "I have mistaken my path in life; I ought to have been a mechanic and I am a merchant." Or, "I ought to have been a merchant and I am a mechanic. I ought to have been a lawyer and I am an artist; if I had undertaken some other path in life I would have had an easier time, and I would have had a grander success."

I suppose when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money markets, he says: "O, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done, the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind and healthy in soul, but he can't sleep." While at that very moment the mechanic is wishing he were a banker or a merchant. He says: "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up my children in a very different sphere from that in which I am compelled to bring them up." Now, the beauty of our holy religion is that God looks down upon all the occupations and professions, and while I can not understand your annoyances and you can not understand mine, God understands them all.

I will treat of the general hardships of the working classes. You may not belong to this class, but you are bound as Christian men and women to know their sorrows and sympathize with them, and as political economists to come to their rescue. There is a great danger that the prosperous classes, because of the bad things that have been said by the false friends of labor, shall conclude that all this labor trouble is a "hullabaloo" about nothing. Do not go off on that tangent. You would not, neither would I, submit without protest to the oppressions to which many of our laborers are subjected. You do a great wrong to the laboring classes if you hold them responsible for the work of the scoundrelly anarchists. You can not hate their deeds more thoroughly than do all the industrial classes. At the head of the chief organ of the Knights of Labor, in big letters during anarchist excitement was the following vigorous disclaimer: "Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor have no affiliation, association, sympathy or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cut-throats and robbers known as anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of anarchy and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielding, Most, and all their followers, sympathizers, aiders and abettors should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools." You may do your duty towards your employes, but many do not, and the biggest business firm in America to-day is Grip, Gouge, Grind & Co.



THE ANARCHIST RIOT AT CHICAGO.

Look, for instance, at the woes of the womanly toilers, who have not made any strike and who are dying by the thousands and by inches. Some of the worst villians of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaw is picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs. I never swore a word in all my life, but I confess that when I read that I felt a stirring within me that was not at all devotional.

By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well, if not better done, women receive far less compensation than men. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive one thousand eight hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill-stones of his wrath, and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principle in a school gets only eight hundred twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principle gets one thousand six hundred fifty? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She

knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice. There are sixty-five thousand sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-picked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! The working girls of New York and Brooklyn. These engaged in bead-work, these in flower making, in millinery, paper-box making; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she



BISHOP RIDLEY.

gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread. My readers, there is something in this world awfully

atwist. When I think of these things I am not bothered as some of my brethren with the abstract question as to why God let sin come into the world. The only wonder with me is that God don't smash this world up and start another in place of it.

One great trial that the working classes feel is physical exhaustion. There are athletes who go out to their work at six or seven o'clock in the morning and come back at night as fresh as when they started. They turn their backs upon the shuttle or the forge or the rising wall, and they come away elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory bell taps for six o'clock, the hard working man wearily puts his arm into his coat-sleeve and starts for home. He sits down in the family circle resolved to make himself agreeable, to be the means of culture and education to his children; but in five minutes he is sound asleep. He is fagged out—strength of body, mind and soul utterly exhausted. He rises in the morning only half rested from the toil. Indeed he will never have any perfect rest in this world, until he gets into one narrow spot which is the only perfect rest for the human body in this world. I think they call it a grave. Has toil frosted the color of your cheeks? Has it taken all spontaneity from your laughter? Has it subtracted the spring from your step and the luster from your eye, until it has left you only half the man you were when you first put your hand on the hammer and your foot on the wheel? To-morrow, in your place of toil, listen, and you will hear a voice above the hiss of the furnace and the groan of the foundry and the clatter of the shuttle—a voice not of machinery nor of the task-master, but the voice of an all-sympathetic God, as he says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let all men and women of toil remember that this work will soon be over. Have they not heard that there is a great holiday coming? Oh, that home, and no long walk to get to it. Oh, that bread, and no sweating toil necessary to earn it. Oh, those deep wells of eternal rapture and no heavy buckets to draw up. I wish they would put their heads on this pillow stuffed with the down from the wing of all God's promises. There remains a rest for the people of God.

Do you say: "We have sewing machines—now in our great cities and the trouble is gone." No, it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a

house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child, and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be, and how she ought to put her trust in God. "Oh!" she said, "I have no God. I work from Monday morning until Saturday night, and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good; and when Sunday comes I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray, and then I got up saying to my husband: 'My dear, there is no use of my praying; I am so distracted I can't pray: it don't do any good.' Oh! sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from Him. Oh, if I were only ready to die." May God comfort all who toil with the needle and the sewing-machine, and have compassion on those borne down under the fatigues of life.

Another great trial is privation of taste and sentiment. There are mechanics who have their beautiful homes, who have their fine wardrobes, who have all the best fruits and meats of the earth brought to their tables. They have their elegant libraries. But they are the exception. A great many of the working people of our country are living in cramped abodes, struggling amid great hardships, living in neighborhoods where they do not want to live, but where they have to live. I do not know of anything more painful than to have a fine taste for painting and sculpture and music and glorious sunsets, and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men of great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women who are born artists and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture and every sweet song and every musical instrument. Oh! let me cheer such persons by telling them to look up and behold the inheritance that God has reserved for them. The king of Babylon had a hanging garden that was famous in all the ages, but you have a hanging garden better than that. All the heavens are yours. They belong to your Father, and what belongs to your Father belongs to you.

Then there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life, that were well described by an English writer in these words :

To be a poor man's child and look through the rails of the play-ground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance. To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger and feel forever banished



HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

from a mother's tenderness and a sister's love. To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore. To see a wife or a darling child wasting away and not to be able to get the best advice. To hope for the better food or purer air which might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe. To be obliged to

let her die. To come home from the daily task some evening and see her sinking. To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them. To have no mourners at the funeral, and even have to carry on your own shoulders through the merry streets the light deal coffin. To see huddled into a promiseous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone. Some bitter winter or some costly spring to barter for food the clock or the curious cupboard, or the Henry's Commentaries on which you prided yourself as the heirloom of a frugal family, and never to be able to redeem it. To feel that you are getting old, nothing laid aside, and present earnings scarce sufficient. To change the parlor floor for the top story, and the top story for a single attic, and wonder what change will be next.

I will not dwell longer upon the hardships and the trials of those who toil

with hand and foot; but will offer them some grand and glorious encouragements; and one of the first greatest safeguards against evil is plenty to do. When men sin against the law of their country, where do the police detectives go to find them? Not amid the dust of factories, not among those who have on their "overalls;" but among those who stand with their hands in their pockets around the doors of saloons and restaurants and taverns. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life. There are but very few men with character stalwart enough to endure consecutive idleness. Sin is an old pirate that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working apron. Be encouraged by the fact that your shops, your rising walls, your anvils are fortresses in which you may hide, and from which you may fight against the temptations of your life. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and week-days, thank God for plenty to do.

Another encouragement is the fact that their families are going to have the very best opportunity for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but the children of fortune are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming by twelve years of age—he finds out there is no necessity of toil; and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or into stupidity. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men in our great cities who are toiling on, denying themselves all luxuries, year after year toiling and grasping. What for? To get enough to spoil their children. The father was fifty years getting the property together. How long will it take the boys to get rid of that property, not having been brought up in prudent habits? Less than five years to undo all the work of fifty. You see the sons of wealthy parents going out into the world, inane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless; while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical constitution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of church and State. Who are the men mightiest in our legislatures and Congress and cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no. The mother put him down under the tree in the shade, while she spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until,

after awhile, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. A clipper likes a stiff breeze. The sledge hammer does not hurt the iron that it knocks into shape. Trouble is a hone for sharpening very keen razors. Aken-side rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prideau used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker, and the son of every man of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power, if he will only trust God and keep busy.



ROBERT BURNS.

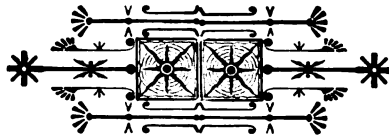
Then you have so many opportunities for gaining information. Plato gave one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. The Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep for one volume. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one copy of Origen. Oh, the contrast. Now there are tens of thousands of pens gathering up information. Type-setters are calling for "copy." All our cities quake with the rolling cylinders of the Harpers and the Appletons, and the Lippincotts and the Petersons and the Ticknors, and you now buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew for fifty cents! A hard-working man comes along toward his home, and he looks into the show-window of the book store and sees an elegantly bound volume. He says: "I wish I had that book; there must be a great deal of information in it." A few months pass along, and though that book which he looked at cost five dollars, it comes now in pamphlet shape and costs him fifty cents. The high wall around about the well of knowledge is being broken down, and people come, some with porcelain pitchers and some with pewter mugs, to dip up the living water for their thirsty lips. There are people who toil from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, who know more about anatomy than the old physiologists, and who know more about astronomy than the old philosophers. If you should take the learned men of two hundred years ago and put them on one bench, and take twenty children from our common schools, and put them

down on the other bench, the children could examine the philosophers and the philosophers could not examine the children.

“Ah,” says Isaac Newton, coming up and talking to some intelligent lad of seven years: “What is that?” “Oh, that is a rail-train.” “What is that?” “That is a telegraph.” “What is that?” “It is a telephone.” “Dear me! I think I shall go back to my bed in the dust, for I am bewildered and my head turns.” Oh! rejoice that you have all these opportunities of information spread out before you, and that, seated in your chair at home, by the evening light, you can look over all nations and see the descending morn of a universal day.

One more encouragement. Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for heaven. “Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy,” and tell you that Christ, the carpenter, of Nazareth, is the workingman’s Christ. You get his love once in your heart. Oh, workingman, and you can sing on the wall in the midst of the storm, and in the shop amidst the shoving of the plane, and down in the mine amid the plunge of the crowbar, and on shipboard while climbing rat-lines. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ he will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary? He will give you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of his eternal love. And besides that, my friends, you must remember that all of this is only preparatory—a prefatory and introductory. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? You say, “those are princes. They must have always been in a royal family. They dress like princes; they walk like princes; they are princes. There are none of the common people there—none of the people that ever toiled with hand and foot.” Ah, you are mistaken. Who is that bright spirit before the throne? Why, that was a sewing-girl, who, work as hard as she could, could make but two shillings a day. Who is that other illustrious soul before the throne? Why, that man toiled among the Egyptian brick kilns. Who is that other illustrious soul before the throne! Why, her drunken father drove her out on a cold winter night and she froze into heaven. What are those kings and queens before the throne! Many of them went up from Birmingham mills and from Lowell carpet factories.

And now I hear a sound like the rustling of robes, and now I see a taking up of harps as though they were going to strike a thanksgiving anthem, and all the children of the saw, and the disciples of the shuttle are in glorious array, and they lift a song so clear and sweet, I wish you could hear it. It would make the pilgrim's burden very light, and the pilgrim's journey very short. Not one weak voice or hoarse throat in that great assemblage. The accord is as perfect as though they had been all eternity practicing, and I ask them what is the name of that song they sing before the throne, and they tell me it is the song of the redeemed working people. And the angel cries out: Who are these so near the throne? And the answer comes back: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WORKING-MAN'S WORST ENEMY.

IN PERSIA, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them.

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of this money has gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe or family expenses or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years and I will build for every working-man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitation to the mechanic or operative on his way to work; and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide, or Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago.

“Forward march,” says the rum power, “and take possession of the American nation.”

The rum business is pouring its vitrious damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes. I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalists on a small scale. Our country in a year spends over fifteen hundred million dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expended in liquors five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and calculate, oh working-man, how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: “I became a temperate man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest field that though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants; I took none.” A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: “The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand.

There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotallers. When an army goes out to the battle field the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whisky in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that is at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When

the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He can not endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta or for a ball club or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on the hurtful indulgence they will put into co-operative association, and so become capitalists. If the working man puts down his wages and then takes his expenses and spreads them out so they



THE REGATTA.

will just equal, he is not wise. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

When I was out West a minister of the gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in our own almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident. I have no sympathy for skin-flint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think

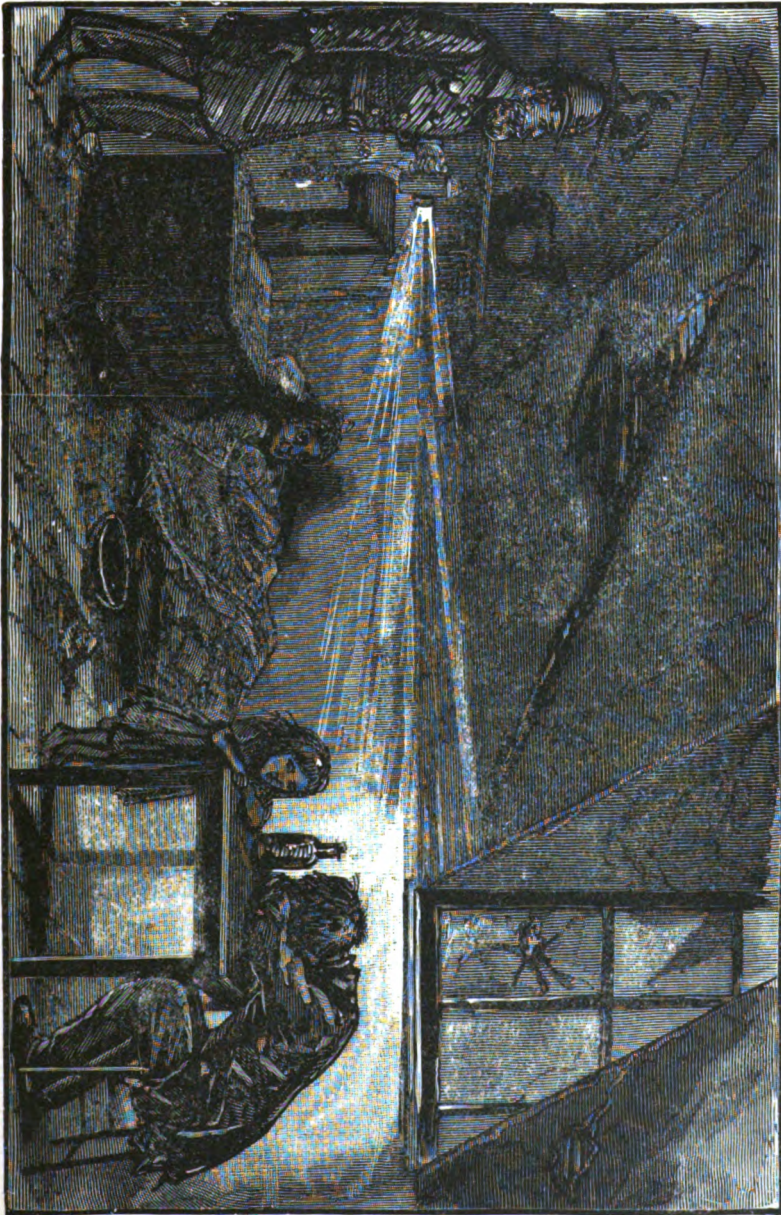
it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and six pence expenditure; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, nineteen shillings and six pence expenditure; result, happiness." But working-man of America, take your morning dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever. If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent or fifty per cent or one hundred per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money the more ruin; the more wages the more holes in the bag.

My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whisky bottle, the beer mug and the wine flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes and the literary classes and the professional classes and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of his self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the cap-

tive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say: "I don't care." He does care. He cannot look a pure man in

A DISCIPLE OF ALCOHOLISM.



the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature

is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He can not. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He can not stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He can not. Perhaps



THE GIN SHOP'S VICTIM.

he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He can not; he knows he can not, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop at any time." He is dead now. Killed by rum. He did not stop it because he could

not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes, he can not stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

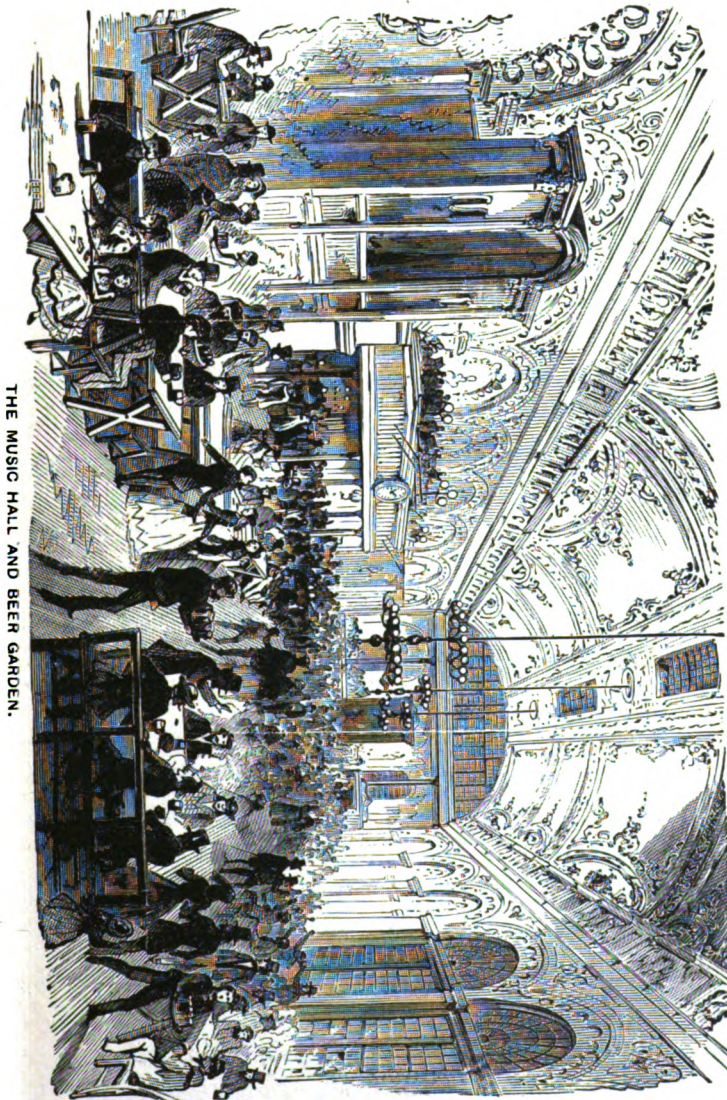
The disciple of rum suffers from loss of physical health. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "Oh God! oh God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfulls and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them: "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the

devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die.

The inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children; if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances—who would have been as well clad as the best, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of fire will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw-dust floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds then for the rind thrown out of the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a friend came up to the earth for some infernal word in a grog-shop and should go

back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there? Put that one drop from off the friend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid



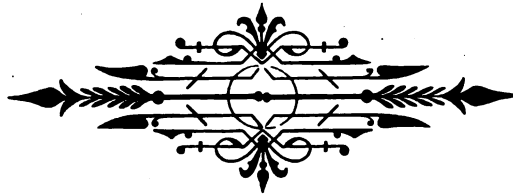
brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and

he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be in the absence of rum. Oh, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cups, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man can not stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by his grace, can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God He will help you by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril, and judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know this is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, beware. Oh, if you could only hear intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of

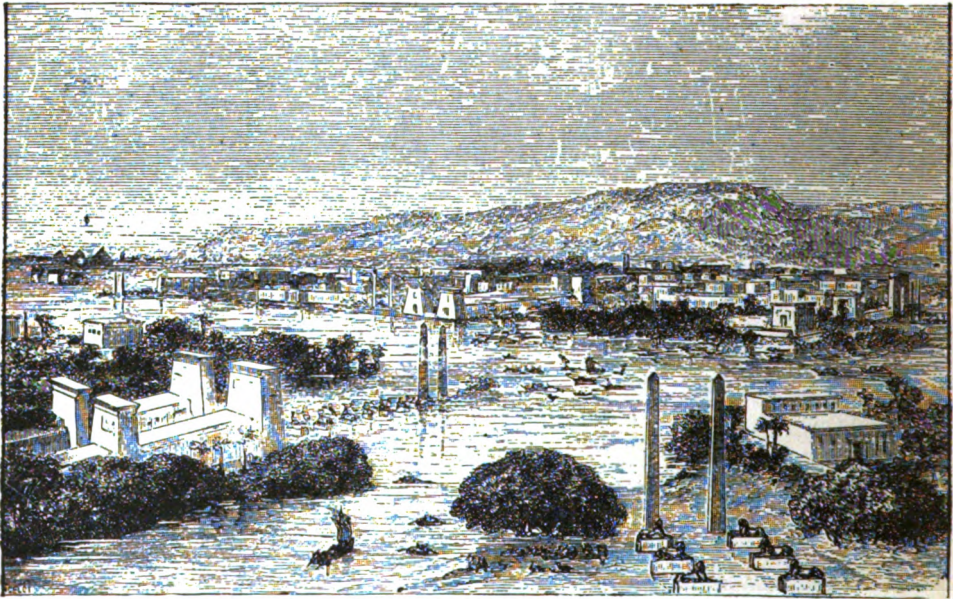
the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted breath of a drunkard's sepulcher?



CHAPTER XXIV.

MONOPOLY AND SOCIALISM.

AS THE greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, the exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of Isaiah when he said, "Thy land shall be married." So many are depressed by the labor agitation and think



VIEW OF THEBES (RESTORED) DURING THE INUNDATION.

everything in this country is going to pieces. I have only words of good cheer and anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation and "Thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded,

as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march for "Thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.



BABYLON (RESTORED).

In the first place, there is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His scepter is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse, until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, for the most part, monopoly decides everything. If monopoly favor a law it passes. If monopoly oppose a law it is rejected. Monopoly stands in this railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred million dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for service. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam

power of locomotives, and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators—giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods fifteen per cent. less if they are merchants; and if he finds a case very stubborn, as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But monopoly is not so easily caught now as when, during the term of Mr. Buchanan, the Legislative Committee in one of our States expressed and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company procured a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars among them, sixty members of the lower house of that State received five thousand and ten thousand dollars each, the Governor of the State received fifty thousand dollars, his clerk received five thousand dollars, the Lieutenant Governor received ten thousand dollars, all the clerks of the Legislature received five thousand dollars each, while fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobby agents.

That thing, on a larger or smaller scale, is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not as easily exposed or arrested. The overshadowing curse of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed depotism. In three-fourths of the States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation! I wish that this question might be the question of our Presidential elections, and that we could compel the political parties to recognize it in their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. There is not a laborer in this land who would not be worth a million dollars if he could. I have nothing to say against corporations as such—without them no great enterprise would be possible; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from your property

without adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damage the property of the people without any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds and thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness.

Five hundred acres in this country makes an immense farm. When you read that in Dakota Mr. Cass has a farm of fifteen thousand acres, and Mr. Grandon twenty-five thousand acres, and Mr. Dalrymple forty thousand acres, your eyes dilate, even though these farms are in great regions thinly inhabited. But what do you think of this which I take from the Doomsday Book, showing what monopoly is on the other side the sea? I give it as a warning of what it would do on this side the sea if in some lawful way the tendency is not resisted. These are figures from Scotland:

	Acres.		Acres.
J. G. M. Heddie.....	50,400	Marquis of Bute.....	93,000
Earl of Wemyss.....	52,000	The Chisholm.....	94,500
Sir J. Riddell.....	54,000	E. Ellice.....	99,500
Sir C. W. A. Ross.....	55,000	Sir G. M. Grant.....	103,000
E. H. Scott.....	59,700	Duke of Portland.....	106,000
S. Baird.....	60,000	Cameron of Lochiel.....	109,500
Earl of Dunmore.....	60,000	Sir C. W. Ross.....	110,400
Duke of Roxburgh.....	60,000	Earl of Fife.....	113,000
Earl of Moray.....	61,700	The Mackintosh.....	124,000
Countess of Home.....	62,000	Lord Macdonald.....	130,000
Lord Middleton.....	63,000	Earl of Dalhousie.....	136,000
Earl of Aberdeen.....	63,500	Macleod of Macleod.....	141,700
Mackenzie of Dundonnell.....	64,000	Sir K. Mackenzie of Gairlock.....	154,680
J. J. H. Johnstone.....	64,000	Duke of Argyle.....	175,000
Earl of Airlie.....	65,000	Duke of Hamilton.....	183,000
Sir J. Colquhoun.....	67,000	Duke of Athole.....	194,000
C. Morrison.....	67,000	Duke of Richmond.....	255,000
Duke of Montrose.....	68,000	Earl of Stair.....	270,000
Meyrick Banks.....	70,000	Evan Baillie.....	300,000
Grant of Glenmoriston.....	74,000	Earl of Seafield.....	306,000
Marquis of Ailsa.....	76,000	Duke of Buccleugh.....	432,183
Baroness Willoughby d' Eresby..	76,000	Earl of Breadalbane.....	437,693
J. Malcolm.....	80,000	A. Matheson.....	220,436
Marquis of Huntly.....	80,000	Sir J. Matheson.....	406,070
Balfour of Whittinghame.....	81,000	Duchess of Sutherland.....	149,879
Sir J. O. Orde.....	81,000	Duke of Sutherland.....	1,176,343

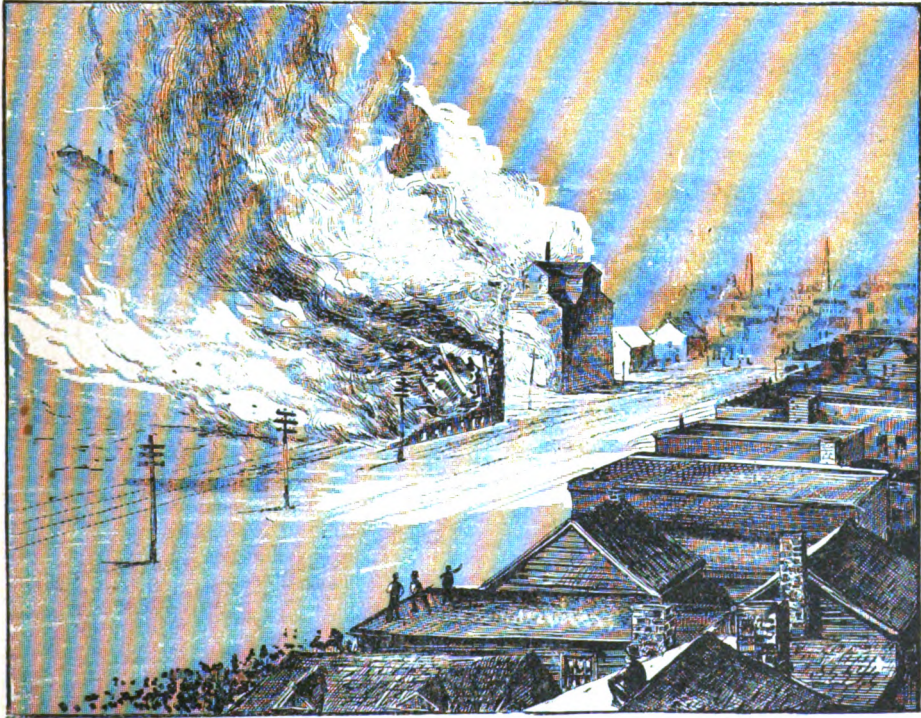
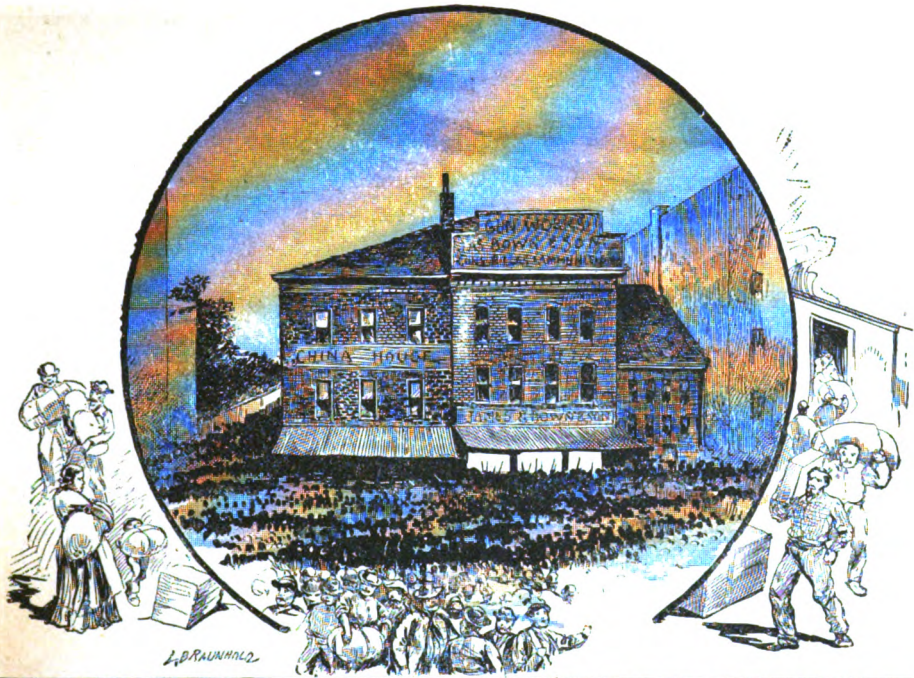
Such monopolies imply an infinite acreage of wretchedness. There is no poverty in the United States like that in England, Ireland and Scotland, for the

simple reason that in those lands monopoly has had longer and larger sway. In Edinburgh, Scotland, after preaching in Synod Hall, I stood on a chair in the front of the hall and preached to an audience of twenty thousand people, standing in one of the most prosperous parts of the city, and reaching out toward the castle; as fine an array of strength and health and beauty as one ever sees. Three hours after I preached in the Grass market and to the wretched inhabitants of the Cowgate and Canongate, the audience exhibiting the squalor and sickliness and despair that remains in one's mind like one of the visions of Dante's Inferno.

Great monopolies in any land imply great privation. The time will come when our Government will have to limit the amount of accumulation of property. Unconstitutional do you say? Then constitutions will have to be changed until they allow such limitation. Otherwise the work of absorption will go on, and the large fishes will eat up the small fishes, and the shad will swallow the minnows, and the porpoise swallow the shad, and the whales swallow the porpoises, and a thousand greedy men will own the whole world, and five hundred of these will eat up the other five hundred, and one hundred eat up the other four hundred, and finally there will only be fifty left, and then forty, and then thirty, and then twenty, and then ten, and then two, and then one.

But would a law of limitation of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so near my neighbor's foundations in order to build my house that I endanger his, the law would grab me. If I have a tannery or a chemical factory, the malodors of which injure residents in the neighborhood, the law says: "Stop that." If I drain off a river from its bed, and divert it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the bed of the river a breeding place for malaria, the law says: "Quit that outrage." And has not a good government a right to say that a few men shall not gorge themselves on the comforts and health and life of generations? Your rights end where my rights begin.

Monopoly, brazen-faced and iron-fingered, vulture-hearted monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes, and up the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central Railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people, North, South, East and West, forbid the bands of that marriage—forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on



SCENES FROM THE RIOTS AT PITTSBURGH.

the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiments of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that his land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is nihilism. He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven and no hell, except what he can make on earth. He slew the Czar of Russia, kept Emperor William of Germany practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and, if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from His throne and take it himself—the universal butcher. In France it is called communism, in the United States it is called socialism, in Russia it is called nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart and apply a torch to your dwelling, and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In St. Louis, in Chicago, in Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. The devil of destruction is an old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days, when in our literary society in New York University we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art gallery, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine fresco on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration. Sometimes the evil spirit shows itself by throwing vitriol into a beautiful face; sometimes by willfully scaring a horse with a velocipede; sometimes by crashing the cartwheel against a carriage.

The philosophy of the whole business is that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing, and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring classes never had anything to do with such murderous enterprises. It is the villainous classes, who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of state would allow them, as wreckers, to carry off the cargo. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot box, the legislative hall, the congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paws on our soil, and is only waiting for the time to spring upon its prey. It was nihilism that massacred the heroic policemen of Chicago and St. Louis, and that burned the railroad property at Pittsburgh during the great riots; it was nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was nihilism that again and again and again in San Francisco and in New York mauled to death the Chinese; it is nihilism that glares out the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school-house, college and home in ashes.

Let me say, it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people, or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillaleh, not firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled into coming under the bloody banner of nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this nihilism, with feet red with slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for the republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If



*THEN FROM THE BOSOM OF THE BURNING MASS "O GOD OF MERCY!"
HEARD I SUNG, AND FELT NO LESS DESIRE TO TURN.*

—DANTE'S INFERNO, CANTO XXV.

so, where shall the marriage alter be? And who will be the officiating priest? And what will be the music? That alter will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruit must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to nihilism, the sanguinital monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is infidelity. Mark you that all anarchists are infidels. Not one of them believers in the Bible, and very rarely any of them believe in a God. The police of Chicago, exploring the dens of the anarchists, found dynamite and vitriol and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and obscene pictures, and complimentary biographies of thugs and assassins; but not one Testament, not one of Wesley's hymn books, not

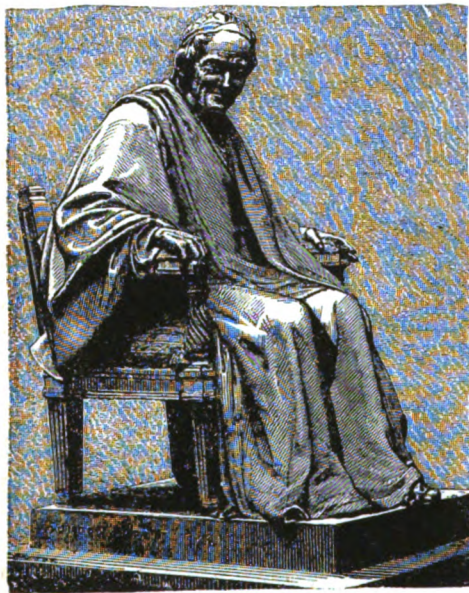


TOM PAINE.

one Roman Catholic breviary. There are two wings to infidelity—the one calls itself liberalism, and appears in highly literary magazines and is for the educated and refined; the other wing is in the form of anarchy and is for the vulgar. But both wings belong to the same old filthy vulture, infidelity! Elegant infidelity proposes to conquer this land to itself by the pen; anarchy proposes to conquer it by bludgeon and torch.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's church-yard, everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and to substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you can not read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity

proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme Court, and the Governors of States, and the witnesses in the court-room, with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason" or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom of Dahomey, between Amer-



VOLTAIRE.

ican civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If infidelity could destroy the Scriptures it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had, has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all chari-

ties—mother of English Magna Charta, and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin holding that holy book in his hand, stood before an infidel club at Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Consort to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two-thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east

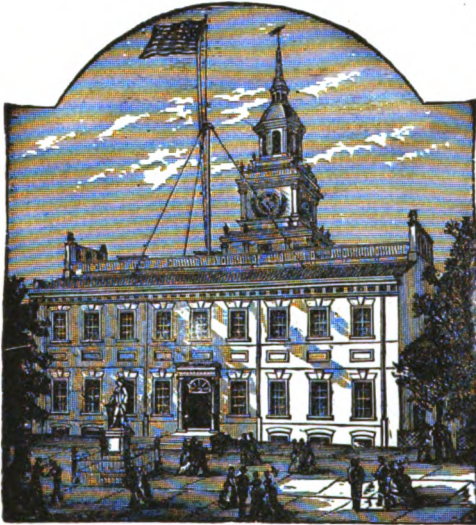
of the Mississippi with the keys of the church and the Christian printing-presses; then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado—give me all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, and I will take these places and keep them by right of possession long before the gospel can be fully entrenched.” And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? “No!” say the home missionaries of the West—a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues and malaria and starvation. “No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage?” “No!” say all patriotic voices, “our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too dear a sacrifice, be so cheaply surrendered.” “No!” says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence Hall and Gettysburgh; “I did not start this nation for such a farce.” “No,” cry ten thousand voices; “to infidelity this land shall not be married!”



KING JOHN'S ANGER.

But there is another suitor that presents his hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned by Isaiah: “As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall thy God rejoice over thee.” It is not my figure, it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love him that he stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares himself to a hen gathering her chickens, and he compares himself to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, this King, deserve this land? Behold

Pilate's hall and the insulting expectoration on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorrhage of five wounds. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture thirty-three years to win the love of the world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage. Before Colum-



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

bus and his one hundred and twenty men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They kneeled down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country, and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." After Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ships' decks to the

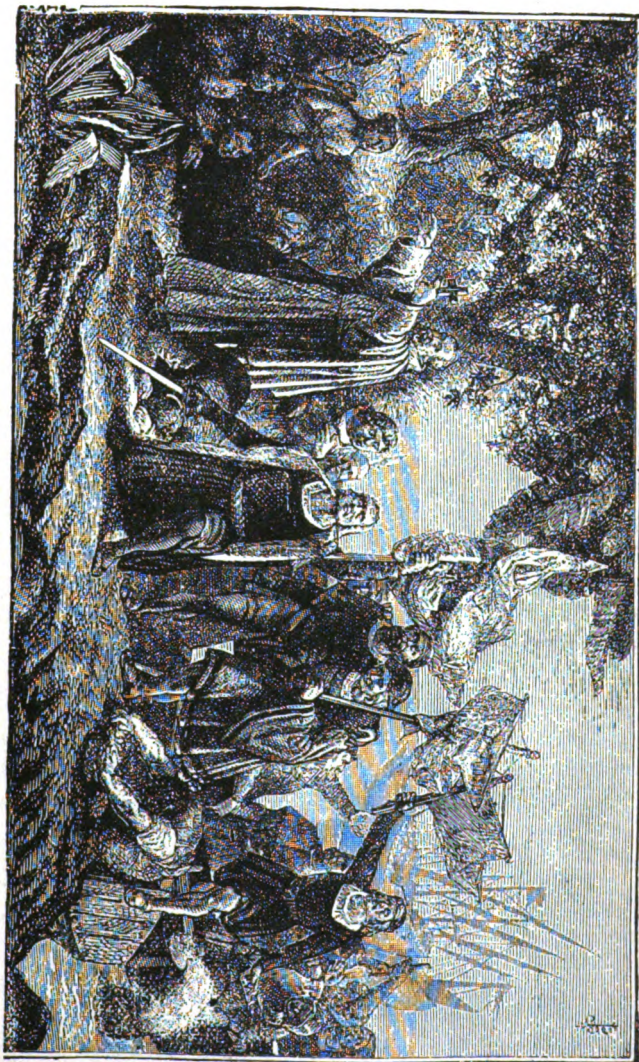
solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they had landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do when they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven-besieging prayers they took possession of this country for God. How was the first American congress opened? By prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the top and sides,

metalled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, four hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn

and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor more sympathy, for the industrious more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good he has been to us and our children! To

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.



Him!—blessed be his mighty name!—to him of cross and triumph, to him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the Pilgrim Fathers—to him shall this land be married. O, you Christian patriots! by your contribution and your prayers hasten on the fulfillment of the marriage.

We have during the past six or seven years turned a new leaf in our national history by the sudden addition of millions of foreigners. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there averaging in worldly estates eight hundred dollars. I was told in the City of Washington by an officer of the Government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone averaging one thousand dollars in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Emigration that twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps—additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn-books, thanking God for his kindness in helping them across the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the Commission of Emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination, and there they will turn your territories into states and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches and establish for them schools and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah! that shows you have not been to California; that shows that you have not been to Oregon; that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign population in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city saying: "Stand back!" to foreign population, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" "But," say

you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains,



SIERRA NEVADA.

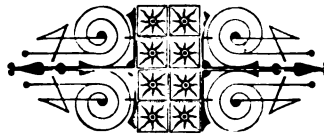
when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grainfields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundation of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full

diapson of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nation, saying:

“As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee.”

At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spice of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulation from all the free nation of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven.

“And so thy land shall be married.”



CHAPTER XXV.

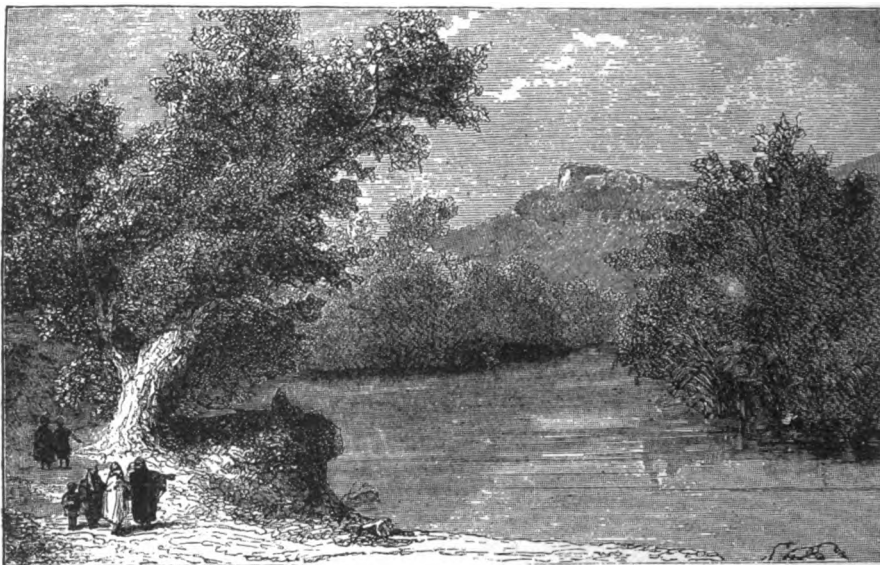
THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.



THE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork, which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows, teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostrich of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle, symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican, emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night-hawk, the essifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare. I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are!—some of them like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebræ of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid and extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun.

Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for the quail's whistle and lark's carol and the twitter of the wren—called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who could fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the key-note to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident given in the Bible that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the Brook Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave the prophet looks into the dry and pitiless heavens, and he sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only part-



THE BROOK CHERITH.

ridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer he finds they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck" prove them to be ravens. They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, the breakfast and a supper bell sounded as these ravens rang out their "cruck! cruck."

Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say the whole story is improbable, for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and that ceremonially unclean, or it was carrion, and it would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say that they were no ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" ought to have been translated "Arabs," so it would have read: The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything, but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you who these purveyors were—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage of Scripture I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud lest some one should drop down under its power: "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city.

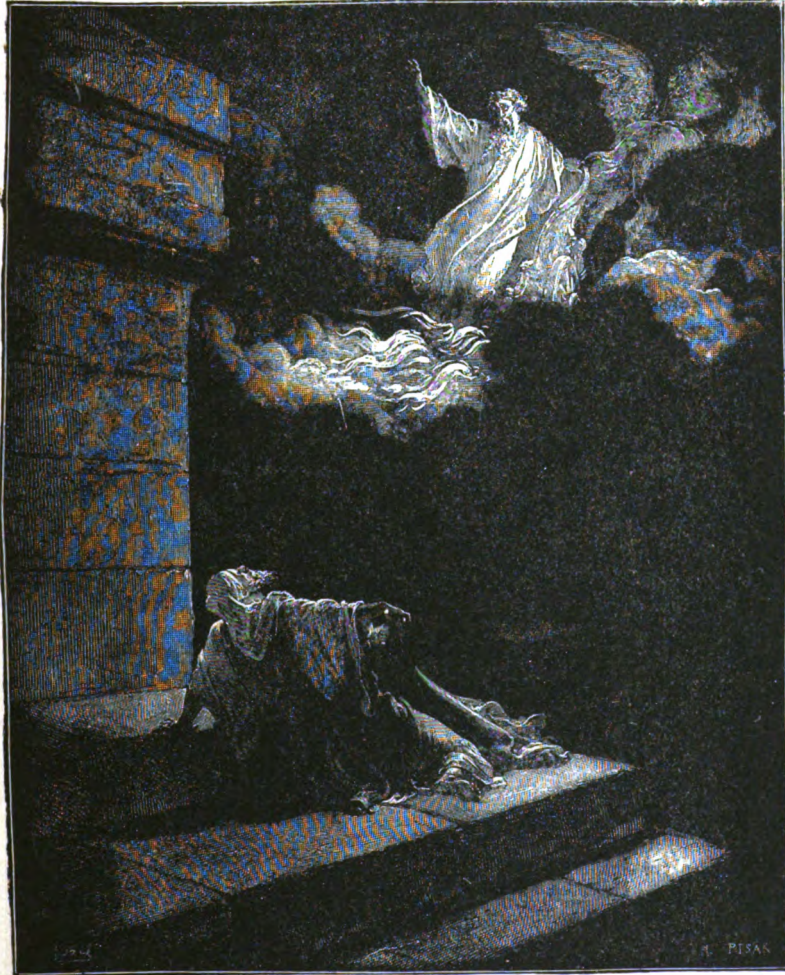
On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that the great conflict to-day is on the Thames, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Kennebec, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are fourteen hundred million, and those who have fallen are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread. Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the case, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado

hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric at the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers.

The great question with the vast majority of people to-day is not "home rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether they shall have anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is: "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me!" Oh, if God would help me to assist anyone in the solution of that problem I would be the happiest man in this world.

Notice in the story of the ravens, that these winged caterers came to Elijah directly from God. "I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. This is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; but God knows without calculation. You have a plate at his table and you are going to be waited on, unless you act like a naughty child and kick and scramble and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things. God has a vast family, and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need, down to the last suit in which you shall be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat, down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer. The sensible parent depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family.

Now, God is our father and we are minors, and he is going to clothe us and feed us, although he may not always yield to our wishes. These ravens of the Bible did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Ahab. They brought bread and meat. God had all the heavens and the earth before him



TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

and under him, and yet he sends this plain food, because it was best for Elijah to have it. Oh, be strong, my friend, in the fact that the same God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with him. His ships never break on the rocks. His banks never fail. He has the supply for you and he has the means of sending it. He has not only the cargo, but the ship. If it were necessary he

would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from his gate to yours, until the food would be flung down from the sky from beak to beak, and from talon to talon.

Notice again in this story, that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I that the great fret of the world is that we want a surplus—we want the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. You have more confidence in the Fulton Bank or the Nassau Bank or Bank of England than you have in the royal bank of heaven. You say: "All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens; give me the golden eagles." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eat up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say: "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About five or six or seven o'clock in the morning, just look up and you will see two black spots on the sky, and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "Only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or the two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shell fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drouth. The crops failed, but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough promising as much more. But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drouth in Connecticut. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after awhile began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak: "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more, our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves

of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish. The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for, and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now, I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me and all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not fail.

If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned him as guilty of cruelty, I move now for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written I will tell you what the first chapter and the middle chapter and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

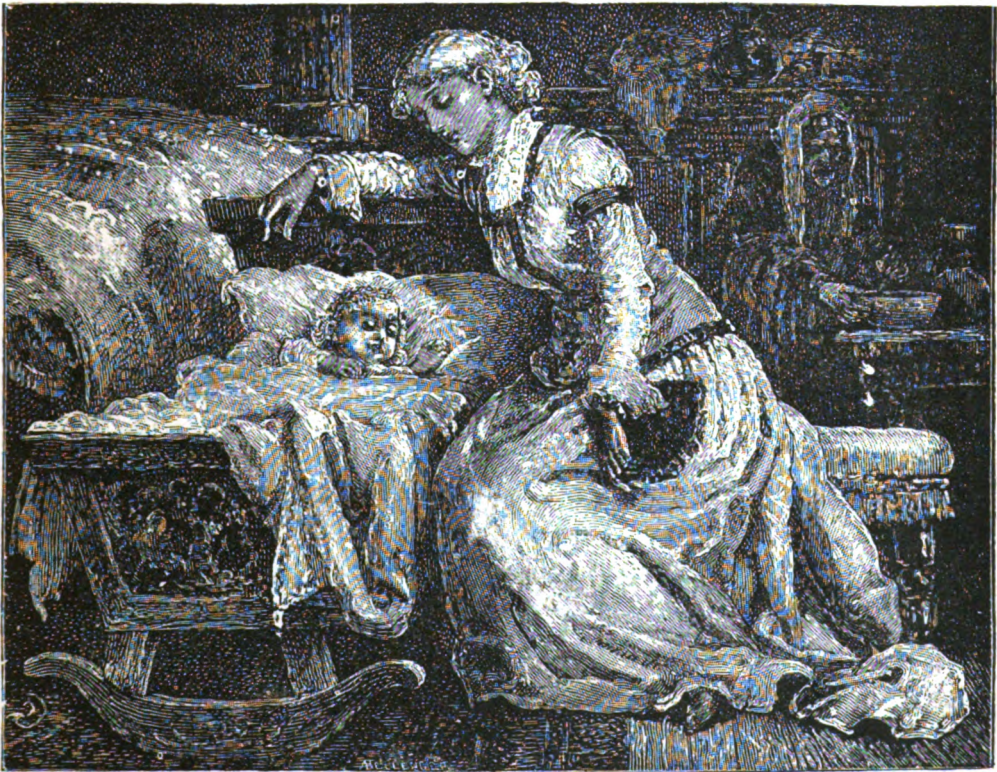
Again, this story impresses me that relief came to Elijah with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin-redbreast or a musical meadow lark or a meek turtle dove or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicious that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from

ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source. You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed suspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut, it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes to us and we say: "Oh, it is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say. "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have fifty thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh and fierce and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven.

There was a child born in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new comer, and asked a great many questions, geneologically and chronologically. You said that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very center of your sanctuary of affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor all ceased. As the great friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in his arms, and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow him, and you followed the treasure he carried, and you have been following them ever since; and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are

more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self-righteous in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery: it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven—it was a raven! Dear Lord, teach this people



"THERE WAS A CHILD BORN IN YOUR HOUSE."

that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do that always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your despondency. The Lord never had so many ravens as he has now. Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said under some childish vexation: "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick

flowers. Until then, what ever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers, or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it; ask God in the right way for what you want, and you shall have it if it is best for you. Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half-dollar and a cottage. She was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said: "You have not asked for coal, and the coal is out." Then they stood and prayed for coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said: "The coal has come." A generous man whose name I could give you had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has he not done it two or three times every day? That is most marvelous. I look back and I wonder that God has given me food three times a day regularly all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains; but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

The Lord is so good that I wish all would trust Him with the two lives—the life now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock informs is approaching. Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness for they shall be filled. To all the sinning and the sorrowing and the tempted deliverance comes now. Look down and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. But look up and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ and the face of a pardoning God and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whirr of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of the air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens! There is only one question I want to ask: How many of my readers are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the hoofs and the clang of the wheels of the judgment-chariot the whole matter will be demonstrated.

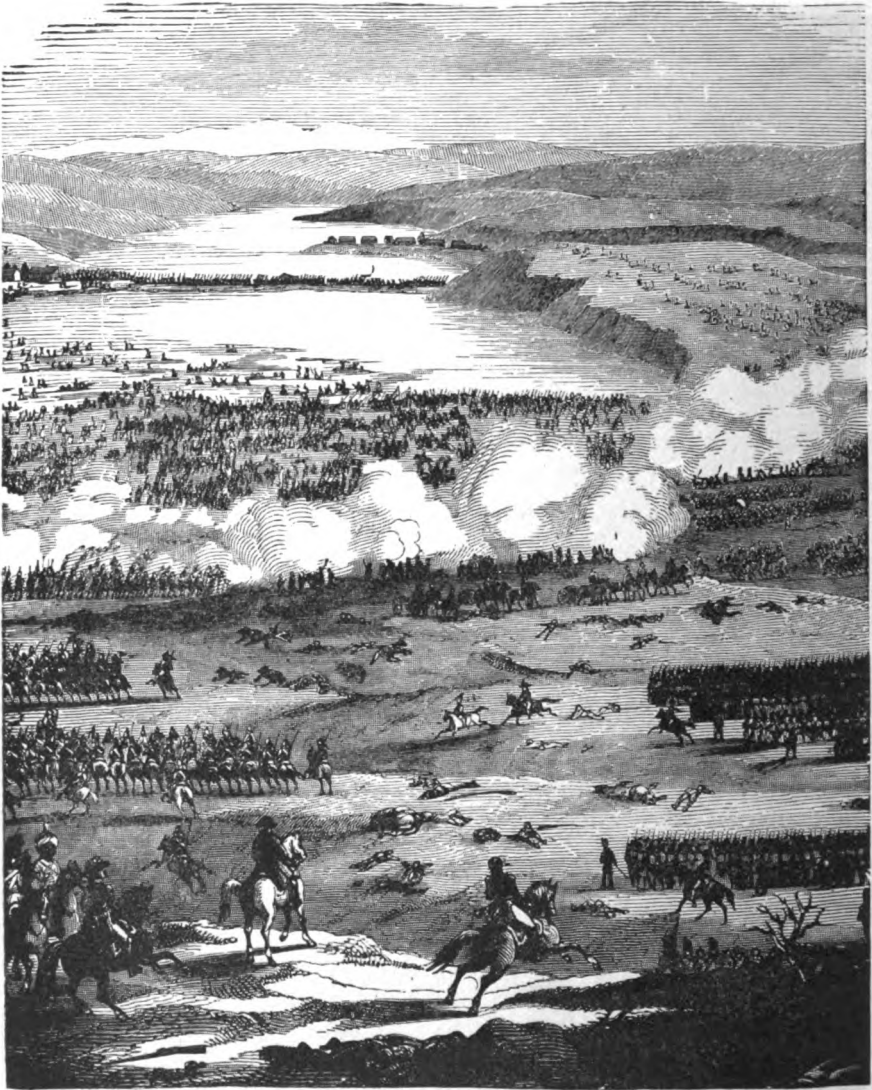
CHAPTER XXVI.

HELP FOR ALL.

THOSE of my readers who have visited Versailles know that the picture-galleries were full of representations of the Napoleonic victories. It was Napoleon at Austerlitz, Napoleon crowned, Napoleon here and Napoleon there. When the Germans, a few years ago, took Versailles, the first thing they did was to cut out of the canvas all the representations of those Napoleonic victories. They wanted nothing that showed the defeat of the Germans and the triumph of the French. So I would to God that all trace of sinful victory in our souls might be obliterated, and that nothing might be left but the triumphs of grace. The first thing that a man does after waking up to his sinful condition is to try to help himself. He looks over his character. "Now," he says, "here I have some bad habits I must get rid of. I'll stop this, and I'll stop that. I have been given to profanity; I'll stop swearing. I have been given to over-reaching my neighbors in bargaining; I'll be honest. I have been in the habit of Sabbath-breaking; I'll observe the Lord's day, and whatever I did wrong I'll do right."

There is no war between the Gospel and morality. We must give up our evil habits if we are going into the Kingdom of God; but if you have the idea that by changing your habits you can change your nature, you have made an awful mistake. A pomologist goes into his orchard, and he sees a valuable tree dying, and he knows that it has a worm gnawing at the root. Does he begin by chopping off branches in order to get the health of that tree? No; he begins to dig in the earth, and he comes down until he is able to destroy the worm at the root. Now, how are we to come to moral and spiritual health? Will we accomplish the thing by chopping off this bad habit and chopping off that bad habit; chopping off this evil proclivity and chopping off that evil proclivity? No; there is trouble at the root. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." As long as the heart is wrong, the life will be wrong.

Now, in a great many things, it is well for people to help themselves. If you want to get the favor of the world, go to work and win it. If you want to get a fortune, go to work and earn it. If you want to be a geologist, delve



NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

with your own crowbar; or a mineralogist, smite with your own hammer; or a surgeon, cut with your own knife; or a poet, chime your own cantos; but if you have any idea that you are going to change your heart and hew

your own way into heaven, by your own strength, you are attempting an impossibility. You know very well that if a man be sinking in a quagmire, the more he struggles the deeper he sinks. If you are now in the depths of your sin, struggling by your own power to get out, you will only sink deeper. You want a strong arm on the outside to clutch you and lift you up, and plant you on the rock. In other words, you want some one to cry out from the solid land, "In me is thy help." There are those in the world who not only feel they have a sinful nature, but that they are helpless. I congratulate them, I am glad that they feel they are helpless. You say: "That isn't brotherly; that isn't humane." Well, I say that in the same spirit which Lady Huntington said it to a man who exclaimed, "I am a lost man." She said, "I am glad of it." He said, "That's a most unkind remark." "Ah!" she said, "I am glad of it because you must first feel you are lost before you will win salvation." And so if you know you not only have a sinful nature, but that you are helpless, I congratulate you. For now comes the clarion voice, like ten thousand thunders bursting from the throne: "In me is thy help."

There is a fountain in the city of Rome, about which is the superstition that if a man once drinks of it he will some time certainly come there to drink again. He may be gone fifty years, he may wander all the world over; but the superstition says that that man will certainly come back and drink again of the fountain. He cannot help it. But it is no superstition for me to say that when a man drinks of this fountain of grace, he is sure to come again, some a hundred times, some a thousand times, and will come yet again and again; perhaps with more joy than when they came the first time. Drinking once, they drink again. Now, I feel the great heart of God, the great heart of a loving and sympathetic God, throbbing against the heart of each one of my readers, and every word is a throb: "In me—is—thy—help."

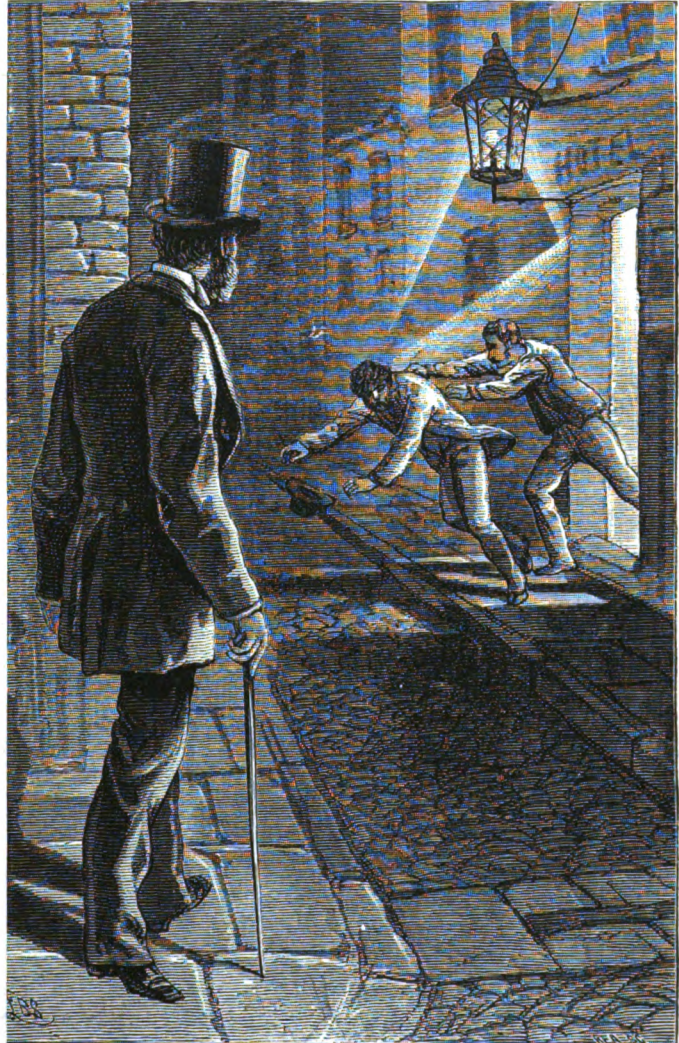
"God in the first place, is willing to help you by giving you the Holy Spirit to show you and me just the position we occupy. "Now, what is the use of conviction?" some one says. "If God is going to save me, why not save me? What is the use of my being harrowed up by the sense of my past deficits? I am ready now to begin a new life; why be bothered about the past?" My brother, I will tell you the use of conviction. You go out into the street, and there is a

gay equipage dashing past, and you rush out and take the horses by the bit, and you stop them. The occupant of the carriage says: "Why do you stop me, sir?" and you offer him fifty cents. He throws the money back in your face. He says: "Do you think I am a beggar? How dare you stop me? Get out of the way, or I will ride over you. Drive on!" Next morning you are coming out of your front doorway, and you see a poor man on the steps, hungered and in rags, and you give him fifty cents. He says: "Thank you. God bless you! I was near unto death for lack of bread. Thank you, thank you." In other words, the Gospel of the Son of God is a charity to our impoverished race. You offer that charity to a man who deems he is in need of nothing. He says: "Why do you offer me deliverance? I am not incarcerated. Why do you offer me pardon? I am no sinner. I want none of your help. Drive on!" Another man, by the power of the Holy Ghost, is persuaded that without Jesus Christ he is pauperized, impoverished, and beggared for eternity. You offer him the Gospel. He says: "God bless you for this offer. Hear all the earth and all the heavens that I am to be pardoned and blessed. Thank you, thank you." In other words, without conviction a man does not want Christ and his salvation. The Holy Spirit coming on the heart, a man wakes up to see his true state.

I remember in the first year of my pastorate in the little village of Belleville, I was very much discouraged because there were so few conversions, and one Sabbath morning I went into the pulpit utterly disheartened, and preached what it seemed to me was a very lame sermon. The next morning, passing down the street, a lady of one of the first families of the village said to me, "I wish you would come in and see my family." I said: "Are any of them sick?" I passed in, and I found the Holy Ghost was mightily working upon all their hearts, and before that nightfall that whole family were in the kingdom of God. Moreover, it was the beginning of a great awakening, and the Holy Spirit moved on scores of hearts. When the Holy Spirit mightily appears, an aged man drops his head and says: "O Lord, though it is the eleventh hour, have mercy on me." And there a worldling says: "O God, give me a better portion than this world offers." And a young man: "Lord, I have been a wanderer, I would like to come home." There is a prayer from each and all. "God help me!" My readers, I ask you the potent question which Paul asked of the

Ephesians: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" Pliny says that the first three days of the young lion's existence it seems to be dead, and the lioness is in seeming grief at the unconsciousness of her young; but on the third day the lion lifts up his voice, and at the roaring the young lions seem to wake out of death. Oh, that the lion of Judah's tribe would utter his arousing and resurrectionary voice until all the dead should rise!

God is ready to help you by giving you repentance. There is a great difference between seeing your sin and turning from it, there is a great difference between finding your lost condition and getting out of it, there is a great difference between finding yourself on the wrong road and getting on the right road. I explode the delusion that conviction and conversion are the same thing. Thousands of people get convicted who never get



SCENE OF RIOT AND DEBAUCHERY."

converted. I will illustrate the difference. A man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into a prison at night. In the morning he wakes up and he sees only walls, he feels his wretchedness, he says: "Aching

head, aching feet, aching heart. Miserable, miserable." He sits down and mourns. That same night another man is picked up from a scene of riot and debauchery and thrust into prison, and in the morning he wakes up and sees only walls, and feels his own wretchedness, and says: "Aching head, aching feet, aching heart. Miserable, miserable. I can't endure it," and he raps on the wicket of the prison, and he calls the jailer. He says, "Come here, come here. There is a man on such and such a street who is my friend, and he knows the governor. You just ask that friend to go to the governor's office and get a pardon for me, and get it right away." The message is carried, the pardon is obtained, the prison doors are swung open, the man comes forth. In the first case it was conviction; in the last case it was conversion. Where are we to get this repentance from? From God. "Prove it," you say. I will prove it. "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour." What for! "To give repentance unto Israel." Oh that the Lord would help us all to repent. Rowland Hill says: "When I put down my pilgrim's staff at the gate of heaven, if I drop a tear it will be because I have to part forever with the sweet and pleasant companion, repentance." You hear about the sorrows of repentance. I will tell you of the joys of repentance.

God is willing to help you by enabling you to exercise faith in Christ. Now, you say, we have come to a technicality. There is no technicality about it. You tell me that a man can believe as easily as turning his hand over. You make a misstatement. I often hear Christian men in prayer-meeting say: "It is easy to believe, perfectly easy to believe." I deny it. The most exhausting undertaking to which I ever put the energies of my soul, the most exhausting undertaking to which you ever put the energies of your soul, was to believe in Christ. I go further, and say it is so great an undertaking that no man can accomplish it of himself. "Prove it," you say again. I will prove it. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God." "Well," you say, "If it is a gift of God, that discharges all my responsibility. If God is the only one who can give it, and doesn't give it, I have no responsibility in the matter." Ah, you make a mistake, my brother! A farmer plants the corn. He knows he cannot raise the corn; he cannot make the corn grow. He knows the sun and the shower do that. The farmer does his work; the sun and the shower do their work. God's work is to give faith. What is your work? To ask for it, to implore

for it, to agonize for it until you get it. If you could exercise that faith my brother, my sister, what a revolution in your feelings! At a religious meeting a man heard the Gospel and he mounted his horse and rode homeward during the night. While riding homeward Christ spoke peace to his soul. The man believed, and the burden was gone, and he was so overjoyed he could not contain the joy. He knew if he rode on to his home there would be no one there to sympathize with this spiritual joy, and so he turned his horse about and he rode back through the darkness to the pastor's house. It was quite late. He called the pastor out, and seizing him by the hand, he said: "Oh, what a God we have!" And if you could only trust him, that man's exclamation would not seem at all extravagant.

God is willing to help you by giving you the pardon and peace of the Gospel. He is not a king hard to get at. Earthly kings are sometimes almost unapproachable. You have to go with a certain style of dress, and you have to come at certain hours. Not observing those rules, the guard will roughly thrust you back from the castle gate, and will say to the officers of the law: "Take that man into custody; he has no business here in that attire." History tells us of a man who, having offended a king, had to stand barefoot on the cold pavement in front of the palace day after day, doing penance before the king would admit him. Our King is not of that sort, he throws open the palace door, and he says: "Come in; never mind the court dress; come in your rags, come in your poverty, come now. Come any hour of the day, come any hour of the night. You cannot come any time when I will not be glad to see you. Come in, come in." And while he is calling, all the bells of the tower begin to ring, and they chime just one thing: "Come, come, come, come."

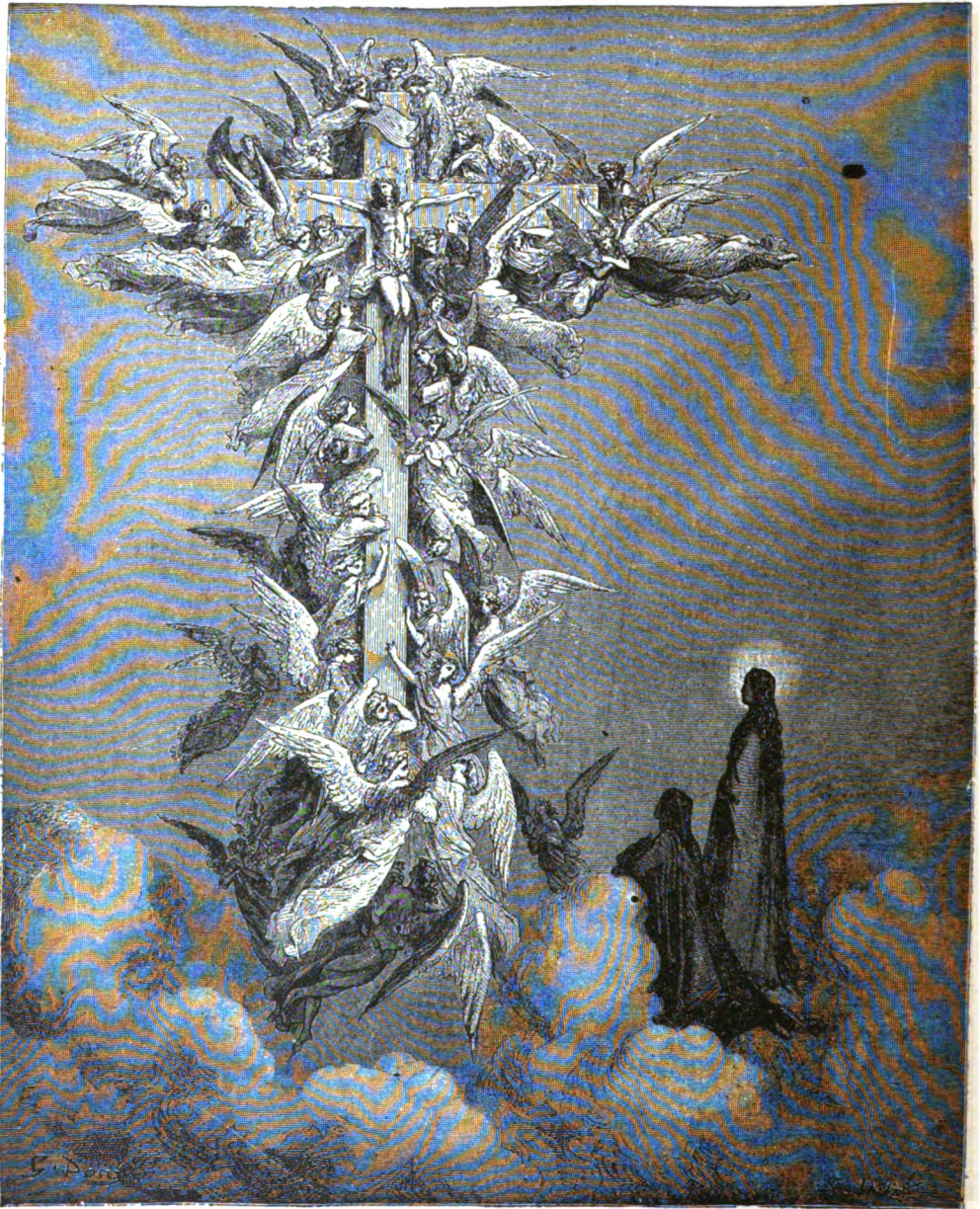
Oh, what a tremendous thing it is to have God put his hand on your shoulder and say: "As far as the east is from the west, so far I will remove your transgressions from you. I have loved you with an everlasting love. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee." Oh, that unhorses the last error that sheathes the last sword, that raptures the soul with a great joy, that turns the face of God, the full face of Christ on you. He can do it. He can save you. He hushed Genesaret and he can quiet your perturbation. He gave sight to Bartimeus, and he can fill you with irradiation. He restored Malchus's hearing, and he can

make you hear the glad tidings of great joy. Do not look back, it is all sin—do not look down, it is all destruction; but look up and see written over the mangled brow, printed on the bleeding hand, punctured in the pierced side, and hear dropping from the lips: "In me—in me is thy help." O blessed God, that is what we want, that is what we all want. It is help. Help for that formalist who is depending upon his ceremonies. Help for that moralist who is depending on his good deeds. Help for that wanderer who is so discouraged. Help for the young. Help for the old. Help now—infinite, instant, and everlasting help. Hear it ringing from the throne. Hear it in the multitudinous chorus of the white-robed choristers, Hear it in the jarring of the wide-open gate of heaven. "In me is thy help!" Oh, yes, my friends, we want help. We want help while we live, and we want help when we die. There is no need of wasting my time or your time in flatteries. What we want is help. You have perplexities the world cannot sympathize with. You have annoyances the world cannot help you in. When some great trouble comes you have sympathizers, but there are annoyances in your life that nobody understands. Now, you want God to help you just at that point. When the doctor told Walter Scott he must stop worrying, stop fretting, he said: "Ah, doctor, Molly might as well put the kettle over the fire and tell it not to boil, as for you to tell me not to fret when I have so many things to fret about!"

Yes, you want God in those things where the world cannot give you sympathy. It is a rough path, it is a rugged path, it is a very narrow path many of you have to travel. I know, I know all about it. God only can guide you and strengthen you. When a man came in a stormy night, and during a great freshet, and rapped at a farmer's door, the farmer opened the door and said, "Why, what are you doing here to-night? How did you get across the river? The bridge is down." "Oh, no," said the man, "the bridge isn't down; I just came across the bridge." "But the bridge is down," said the farmer; "it fell this afternoon and was washed away in the freshet." The man said, "The bridge isn't down, I just rode over it." Then they went out with their lanterns, and just one timber remained. The man's horse had cautiously walked that timber. A few inches either way and it would have been death; but God helped that man right across. And it is a narrow path some of you walk, a dangerous path. God only can help you, and He will help you. "In me is thy help."

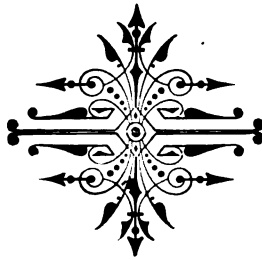
Then we will all soon want help when we leave the world. Skepticism does very well, or seems to do very well while we live and **everything** goes brightly; but it fails at the last, as it did Princess Alice when she wrote to Strauss, the world-renowned skeptic, saying to him: "I am about to leave the world, and I want you to send back all my letters, all my infidel letters; for I am dying now, and I am going to die in the faith of Christ, and I want to burn my letters." Ah, your skepticism may do a little while longer, but it will not do all the way through. "In me is thy help." I would rather have the experience of a good woman, who stood at the head of the stairs in her house and said: "Come, come, my daughter." The daughter came, and the Christian mother, putting her hand on her head, said: "If this be death, I am satisfied," and fell senseless, and in a few moments was with God on high. I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness, and so will you. I would rather have that experience than all the experience of the brilliant skeptics of the world. I would rather have the experience of the young man, who, on his dying bed, had such enrapturing views of the world to come, that he wanted to go, and after the physician had said some encouraging words about convalescence, the mother took the doctor into the next room, and said, "Doctor, don't discourage him by telling him he is going to get well." Oh yes; in that hour we will want help, we will want Christ.

I pray God that the effect of these words may be eternal. Let those of us who are children of God be earnest. Let there be nothing in our conversation to indicate that religion is a trivial thing, that this divine help is of no importance. A Christian father with his impenitent son passed out of the church, passed down the street, and the Christian father said to the impenitent son: "My son, that was a good sermon; that was a very good sermon, one of the best sermons I ever heard." And in a few moments he whistled and he laughed. Getting to their home, the son went to his room and said: "The Gospel is a lie. If father thought I was on my way to a judgment, and I was unprepared for the great future, and I was in infinite peril, he couldn't have whistled and laughed all the home, if he knew I wasn't a Christian. The Gospel is a lie." God forbid that we should throw dishonor upon a religion which is a tremendous reality. Let me say to the many earnest souls who have not yet found God, decide the matter quickly and now. Adjournment is perilous. More souls



THE APPEARANCE OF THE BLEST. FROM DANTE.

are lost through adjournment and procrastination than in any other way. When Sir Colin Campbell, with his army, retreated from Lucknow, there was one man left. Captain Waterman overslept himself in a place where they did not see him and did not arouse him. At two o'clock he wakened, and lo! the English army was gone, and he was surrounded by fifty thousand savages. He said his horror was indescribable, and he sped away as rapidly as he could, until he came to the rear guard of the English army, and he was insane with excitement. God forbid that it should be said of you, while multitudes march on into the kingdom of the Gospel, you have overslept in sin, waking up amid ten thousand spiritual enemies, the everlasting captive of you own somnolence. Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead.



CHAPTER XXVII.

FARMERS.

WE were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the



HARVEST TIME.

horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions.

The Bible is full of

Christ takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the Husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten-acre lot, for we find him ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession. Just as now in Nebraska the Government on the payment of sixteen dollars will give pre-emption right to one hundred and sixty acres to any man who will settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although sometimes ministers do deal in stocks, I am told, and they are superior judges of horses, and make one think sometimes of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plough turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river where ever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The kings heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but sometime in his life or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in the reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord.

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid one hundred thousand sheep as an annual tax. Job had seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the winepress, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine-vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the winepress alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plough. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—



CATO.

larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place in grace as in the fields there must be a plough. That which theologians call conviction is only the ploughshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent

son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and ploughed the field from fence to fence, and he ploughed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep ploughing for a crop. Deep ploughing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I ploughed a field with a team of spirited horses. I ploughed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plough with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't ploughed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he ploughed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plough of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plough deep! plough deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep ploughing for a crop. Deep ploughing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer ploughing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plow-

share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked ploughing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We ploughed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. If it is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plough up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plough up to the cross!

In grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed-corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane. The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you



PLOUGHING.

believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York the other day preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston the other day advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after awhile. All from the gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent, or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand, ten thousand, the ten thousand, one hundred thousand—on, on forever.

In grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the underside of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses are hitched to it, it goes tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it springs up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the gospel truth into your heart. These were truths that you heard thirty years ago, they have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up State street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there

were five hundred thousand souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

In grace, as in the farm, there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have,



SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL.

and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man has five hundred acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You

wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! reap! reap!

In grace, as in farming, there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of the straw,



"ONLY YESTERDAY PLAYING WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN."

so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick bed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail-trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the

morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away."

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the ploughing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak of the garnering. Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the “cup of trembling” and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” With tongues of burning agony they cried: “O Lord, deliver my soul!” But they got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow these sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after awhile the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their back, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn, it seemed as if the load would go no further, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VOICES OF THE GARDEN AND FIELD,

THE Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprel. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, won't he care for you, an immortal? We associate God with revolution. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the gunpowder plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives.

We think of God as making a record of the starry hosts, but can not realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we can not appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence; but can not understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or how he finds room to stand without being crowded between the alabaster pillars of a pond lily. We can see God in the



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet? We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting him there to act out his stupendous projects; but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or



THE GUNPOWDER PLOTTERS.

a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees every thing. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough, but no more certainly than he is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! But no more certain truth than that he decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that he stands beside you and

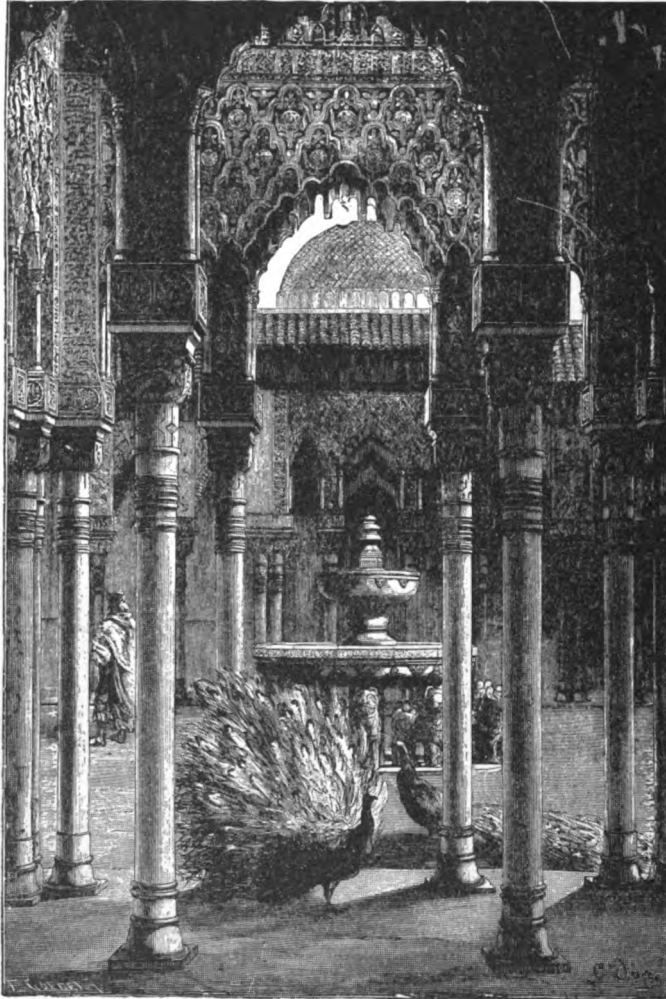
stands beside me and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place God chooses for us our occupation. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a good deal of time regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way, God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God—a beneficent God, a kind God, a loving God—arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says: "I will be a stonemason." God says: "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine; to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plow that tough glebe," and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best; and so it is with the Lord. He calls us up and points us to that field for which we are best fitted. Stay cheerfully where God puts you.

God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and he selected just that one house as better for you than any one of the ten thousand inhabitants in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin.

God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say: "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certain as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends,



THE ALHAMBRA.

Your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outpost of heaven to greet you at your coming. You always will have friends, warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends, and when sickness comes to your dwelling there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart there will be sympathizers; when death comes there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. We are compassed by a

body-guard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle, wishing him well; those in the next circle, willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who

would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends! He has not behaved well.

God puts down the limit of our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You can not tell where a man will land. The affluent fall. The poor rise. The ingenious fall; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him, and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best way for God's dear children. My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This hand is rolling off this way, and another hand another way; one down and another up. You say: "What confusion in a factory!" O, no! All these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and I see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being. Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage, is often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods, using your best discretion in the matter, and then say: "O Lord! I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into thy hands." That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about: First, things that you can help; and, second, things which you cannot help.

If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so desponding upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and, although your debtors may abscond; although your securities may fail; although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results. Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably and employ usefully, and control righteously; and at the end of the year you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you one hundred dollars for every penny beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and he is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity, and he will do it in the best way.

Your little child says: "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife, and you will cut yourself." He says: "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treat's his children. I say: "I wish, heavenly Father, to get that." God says, "No, my child." I say, "I must have it." God says, "You cannot have it." I get angry and say, "I will have it." God says, "You shall not have it;" and I do not get it. Is he not kind and loving and the best of fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons: "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After a while the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says: "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth con-

sider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop or our store, and says: "Things are going wrong, I come to take charge. I am master and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates.

It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up; and the teacher,

looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and cleaning the slate, says: "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and he rubs everything out and says: "Begin again?" Is he not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says

is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Nassau Bank, or the Park Bank, or the Fulton Bank, or some bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all that gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

I want to bring this truth close up to the heart of those who have to calculate rigid economy, who are perplexed how they will make the old garment hold out a little longer, with whom the great question is not which is the best investment



SCHOOL TIME.

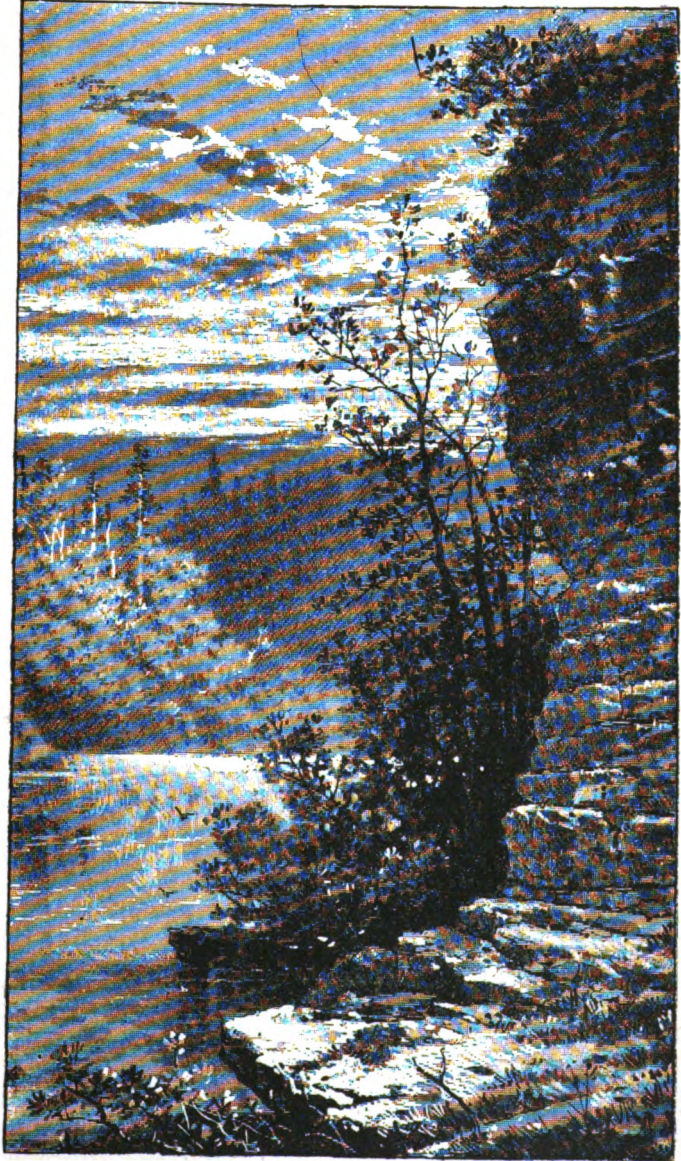
or the most lucrative security, but how shall I make the two ends meet? To such people I bring the condolence of this Christian truth. You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the Promised Land. You see how they took this and that direction crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea? but, blessed be God! the path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that!

All those things that seem to be accidents in our life are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say: "If I had some other trade: if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with horror, God met with perfect placidity, because he knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity, when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past, and the other chain reaching through all eternity future, so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary, coming from India to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and, falling, instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had he allowed his servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven God will demonstrate his mercy.

I hear a man say: "That idea belittles God. You bring him down to such

little things." Oh, I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things. The mother does not wait until the child has mashed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials and throws over us the arms of his mercy. Going up the White Mountains some years ago, I thought of the passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains I thought, can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a bluebell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington,



IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says: That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply, it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask: "Are these the shawls that I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor," and I got up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out. I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience, we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say: "Just and true are all Thy ways." It is all right at the bottom. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you have been disappointed the past summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever have been your perplexities and worrisements, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask the aged men if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I staid in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West—all the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." So, my dear friends be content with such things as you have. From every grass blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth, that "Five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Blessed be his glorious name forever.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ART OF MAKING FRIENDS.



ABOUT the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I write—a subject on which I never heard of any one writing—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of haphazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not “just happen so” any more than the tides just happens to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation. Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you got their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you. The best friends we ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded.

There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago—the captain of that craft (one Adam) and his first mate running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the River Hiddekel; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that

some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honeysuckle. If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equipoise, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after awhile with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on his arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out



THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

of the hymn books of the sky bound in black lids of midnight. Had it not been for the heavy and jagged and tortuous cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the eastern or western hemispheres. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic admirers. In other words, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

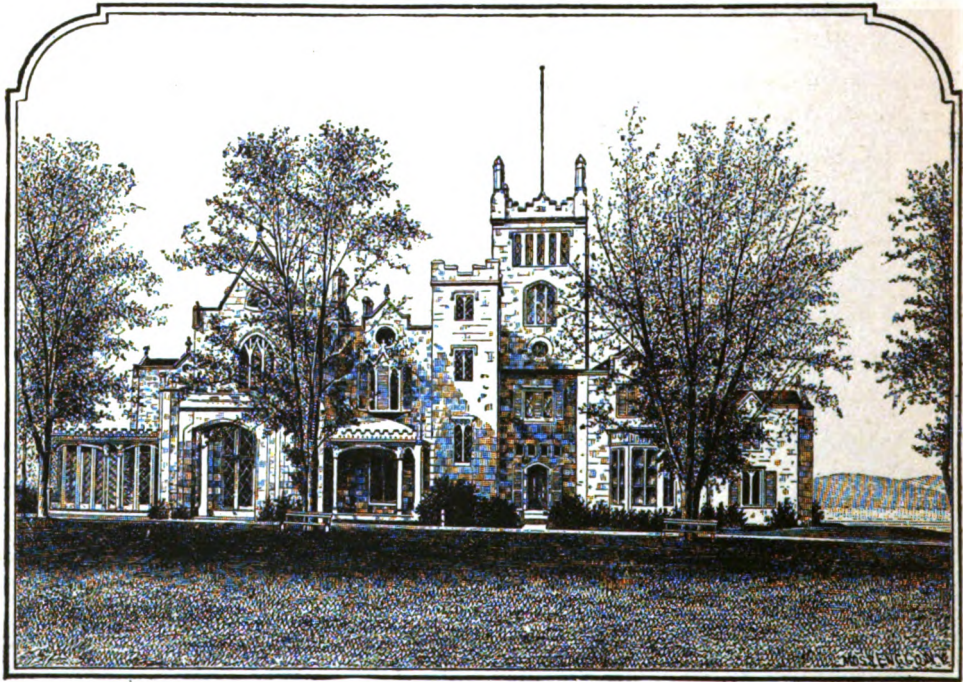
It is my ambition to project especially upon the young a thought which

may benignly shape their destiny for the here and the hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly, you must be friendly. I do not recommend a dramatized geniality. There is such a thing as pretending to be en rapport with others when we are their dire destructants, and talk against them and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demoniacal. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheeps clothing, its brindle hide covered up by deceitful wool, and its deathful howl cadenced into an innocent bleating. Disraeli writes of Lord Manfred, who, after committing many outrages upon the people, seemed suddenly to become friendly, and invited them to a banquet. After most of the courses of food had been served he blew a horn, which was in those times a signal for the servants to bring on the dessert, but in this case it was the signal for assassins to enter and slay the guests. His pretended friendliness was a cruel fraud; and there are now people whose smile is a falsehood. Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it.

Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses and pulled on the grounded ship and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So, we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get it into better condition; but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace to hoist us into this kindness I am eulogizing. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost we see our own follies and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient and very easy with others. We will look into their character for things commendatory and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadax and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the character of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them, delightful and fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country seat and spend a few days. Thank

you. I arrive there about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond lillies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters, and the high-stepping steeds by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then



RESIDENCE OF JAY GOULD.

we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light and show me the Ken-setts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music room and show me the bird cages, and the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do that way in regard to the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say come along and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must

be a black snake. Come and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances.

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues, and this habit of universal friendliness once established will become as easy as it is for a syringa to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it is for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say: "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character, I will take off from it twenty-five per cent. for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent." Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it.

But here comes in a defective maxim, so often quoted: "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." Look at all the smoke for years around Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and the smoke around Columbus, the discoverer; and the smoke around Martin Luther, and Savonarola, and Galileo, and Paul, and John, and Christ, and tell me where was the fire? That is one of the satanic arts to make smoke without fire. Slander, like the world, may be made out of nothing. If the Christian, fair-minded, common-sensical spirit in regard to others predominated in the world we should have the millennium in about six weeks, for would not that be the lamb and lion, cow and leopard lying down together? Nothing but the grace of God can ever put us into such a habit of mind and heart as that. The whole tendency is in the opposite direction. This is the way the world talks: "I put my name on the back of a man's note and I had to pay it, and I will never again put my name on the back of any man's note. I gave a beggar ten cents and five minutes after I saw him entering a liquor store to spend it. I will never again give a cent to a beggar. I helped that young man start in business, and lo, after awhile, he came and opened a store almost next door to me, and stole my customers. I will never again help a young man start in business. I trusted in what my neighbor promised to do,

and he broke his word, and the Psalmist was right before he corrected himself for 'all men are liars'."

So men become suspicious and saturnine and selfish, and at every additional wrong done them they put another layer on the wall of their exclusiveness, and another bolt to the door that shuts them out from sympathy with the world. They get cheated out of one thousand dollars, or misinterpreted, or disappointed, or betrayed, and higher goes the wall, and faster goes another bolt, not realizing that while they lock others out they lock themselves in, and some day they wake up to find themselves imprisoned in a dastardly habit. No friends to others, others are no friends to them. There is an island half way between England, Scotland and Ireland called the Isle of Man, and the seas dash against all sides of it, and I am told that there is no more lovely place than that Isle of Man; but when a man becomes insular in his disposition, and cuts himself off from the main land of the world's sympathies, he is despicable, and all around him is an Atlantic Ocean of selfishness. Behold that Isle of Man!

Now, supposing that you have, by a divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutations. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long and every day you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also the structure of the hand indicates handshaking; the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in as in clasping hands; and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other, and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to handshaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out load yourself up with pleasing thoughts, kind words, helpful expressions and cheering greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well

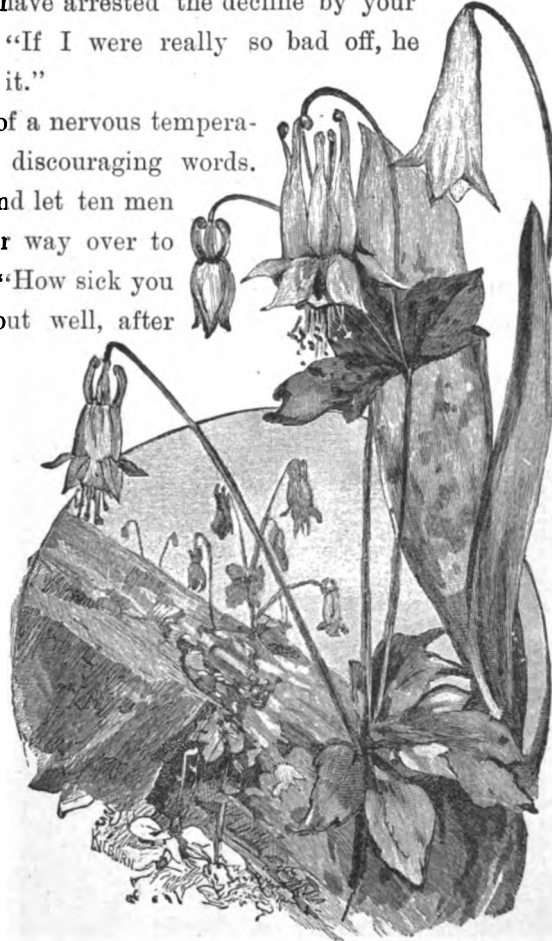
you look!" But if on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life, he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical conditions. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse towards the robust and the jocund; while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: "If I were really so bad off, he would have said something about it."

We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind and discouraging words.

Form a conspiracy against us, and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way over to business, and let each one say, "How sick you look," though we should start out well, after

meeting the first and hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting, we would conclude we did not feel quite as well as usual. After meeting the third, our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we expected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six pessimists would be a useless surplus of discouragement. My dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about this world with dis-

heartenments? Is not the supply of gloom and trouble and misfortune enough to meet the demand without your running a factory of pins and spikes? Why should you plant black and blue in the world when God so seldom plants them? Plenty of scarlet colors, plenty of yellow, plenty of green, plenty of pink, but very seldom a plant black or blue.



BLUE BELLS.

I never saw a black flower, and there is only here and there a bluebell, or a violet; but the blue is for the most part reserved for the sky, and we have to look up to see that, and when we look up no color can do us harm. Why not plant along the paths of others the brightness instead of the glooms? Do not prophesy misfortune. If you must be a prophet at all be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremian. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were doing right, for they were divinely directed; but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets. Some of our weather-wise people are prophesying that we shall have a summer of unparalleled scorch. It will not be that at all. I think we are going to have a summer of great harvest and universal health; at any rate I know as much about it as they do. Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzards on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remembered to have passed. Indeed, the autumn and the spring almost shoved winter out of the procession.

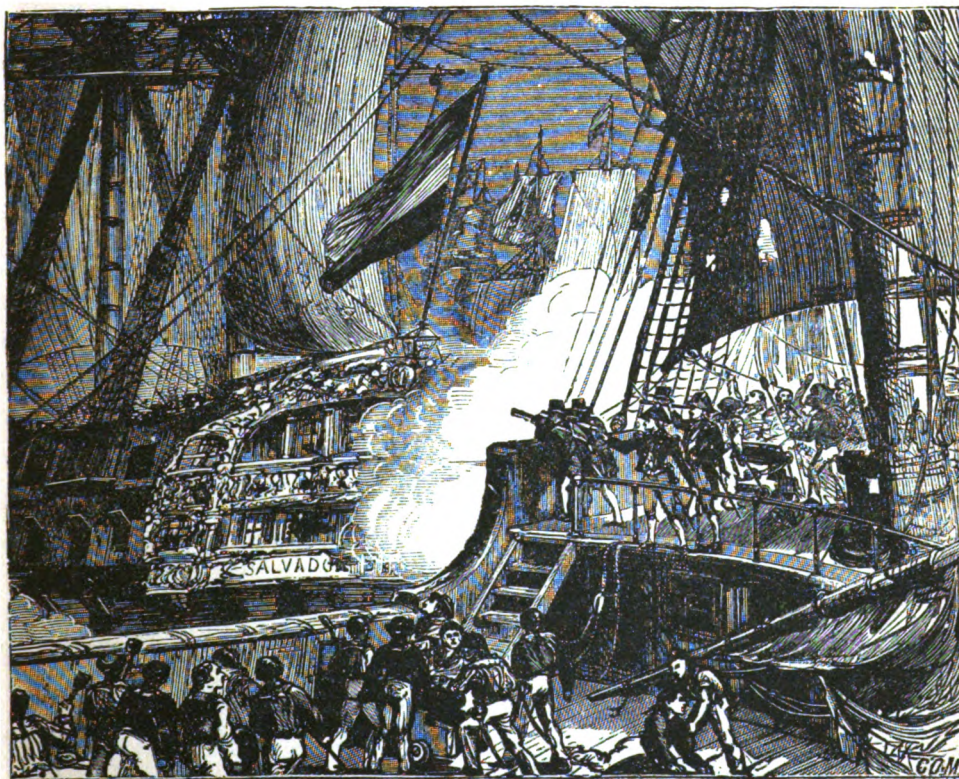
Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their sombre chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourself up with hopeful words and deeds. The hymn once sung in our churches is unfit to be sung, for it says:

We should suspect some danger near
Where we possess delight.

In other words, manage to keep miserable all the time. The old song sung at the pianos a quarter of a century ago was right: "Kind Words Can Never Die." Such kind words have their nests in kind hearts, and when they are hatched out and take wing they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportsman's gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they cease flight in these lower skies of earth they sweep around amid the higher altitudes of heaven. At Baltimore, some time ago, I talked into a phonograph. The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder, from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I had uttered the day before, and with the same intonations. Scold into a phonograph, and it will scold back. Pour mild words into a phonograph, and it will return the gentleness.

Society and the world and the church are phonographs. Give them acerbity and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. Give

them practical friendliness, and they will give back practical friendliness. A father asked his little daughter: "Mary, why is it that everybody loves you?" She replied: "I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody." "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English Channel, where, in the storm, a boat containing three men was upset, and all three were in the water



LORD NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief, and a rope was thrown to one of them, and he refused to take it, saying: "First fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down I can last some time longer." A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was reading of a sea fight, in

which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson his hand Nelson replied; "First give me your sword, and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must put up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the divine hand.

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand and God's arm and God's shoulder and God's foot; then suppose he should put hand and arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could he not make? That God, of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your everlasting friend. But a stately and reticent friend, hard to get at, but as approachable as a country mansion on a summer day when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said: "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an-always-open door.

My four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her: "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love and get his love; your service and secure his help; your repentance and have his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, all your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven. If God is your friend, you can not go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned.

There were two Christians last Tuesday who entered heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health watching a shower, and the lightning

instantly slew him ; but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two failing in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door knocking and waiting and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing is human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is re-enforcement, and when they have entered we say: "Now it is all right." Oh, what would we do without friends, personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies. When Jonathan Ed-

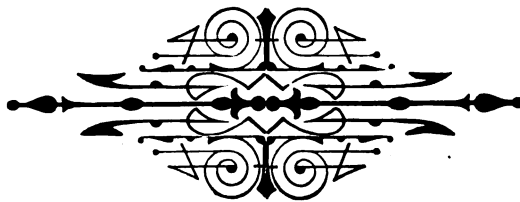


PARTING OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

wards, in his final hour, had given the last goodbye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas Moore, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that he himself might take the point of the dagger

so the other might be spared, of Eppaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul.

Yet after all I have said I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Capt. Sutter, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill-race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.



CHAPTER XXX.

CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

THE Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you, in the house of her husband. This was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpha, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried womanhood. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil would take their cases in hand if God did not.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for martial contract on their part, but their own culture and refinement and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their declinature. They have seen so many women marry imbeciles, or ruffians, or incipient sots, or life-long incapables, or magnificent nothing, or men who before marriage were angelic and afterward diabolic, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the malestrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she live a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming in each house is the morning, and her going away is the night.

In my large circle of kindred, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phœbe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phœbe, our



VIEW OF ANCIENT ROME.

ister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her kindness and Christian service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phœbe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console. The children rushed out at her first appearance crying, "Here comes Aunt Phœbe," and but for parental interference they would have pulled her down with their caresses, for she was not very strong, and many severe illnesses had given her enough glimpses of the next world to make her heavenly-minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and like books, which have fitted out whole generations for the heaven upon which they have already entered.

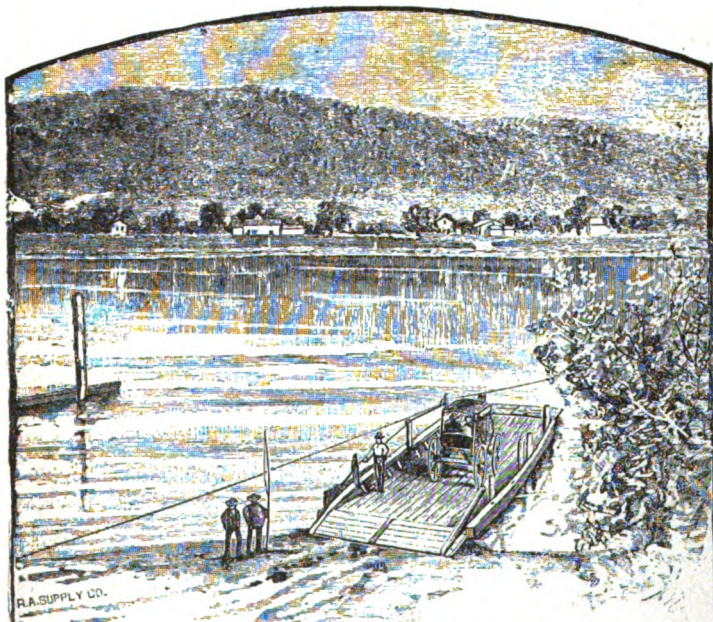
"DeWitt," she said to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could hardly be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an anxiety, or lift a burden, or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the Talmages. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded, but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all knew that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household instead of being a benediction on a whole circle of households. At about seventy years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my Philadelphia church, I was more embarrassed at her presence, than by all the audience, because I felt that in religion I had got no further than the a b c, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had finished the y and z. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear to the back seat in the highest gallery! I saw the other day in the village cemetery of Summerville, N. J., her resting place, the tombstone having on it the words which, thirty years ago, she told me she would like to have inscribed there, namely: "The Morning Cometh." Had she a mission in the world? Certainly. As



THE ACCEPTED.

much as Caroline Herschel, first amanuensis for her illustrious brother, and then his assistant in astronomical calculations, and then discovering worlds for herself, dying at ninety-eight years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much as had Florence Nightingale, the nurse of the Crimea; or Grace Darling, the horsewoman of the Long Stone Light House; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; or Hannah Moore, the Christian authoress of England; or Dorothea Dix, the angel of mercy for the

insane; or Anna Etheridge, among the wounded of Blackburn's Fort; or Margaret Breckinridge, of Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses and grapes and cologne in Western hospitals; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this, my sister,



MT. HOLYOKE FROM HOCKANUM FERRY.

and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of the single state into another, unless you are sure of betterment.

Deliberate and pray. Pray and deliberate. A man ought to supplicate divine guidance in such a crisis; but how much more important that you solicit it. It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore he has made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in Paradise, it is evident that woman is an im-



MARIAGE ROMAIN.

SNEYTON, Tilly. sc.

proved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of lifetime companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke, but woman has no clubroom for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of martial selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading except for those who write them. Pray God that you may be delivered from irrevocable mistake. Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such an engagement, your first duty is to break it. My word may come just in time to save your soul.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits, in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of your present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm, with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship, with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The alms-house could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train. What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim to wine or whisky, but to logwood and

strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he can not do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for anyone to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a lifelong protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men so severely tied to their literary work, as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the Lord Mayor. Chatterton made out the following account: "Lost by the Lord Mayor's death in this essay, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays, five pounds five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the Lord Mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under it: "And glad he is dead by three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence. When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books are all the companionship needed. Indeed, some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot, were single. Some of these marriage would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtaxed brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all "Vanessa." The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

Amid so many possibilities of fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the unerring wisdom of God, and before you are infatuated? Because most

marriages are fit to be made convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north, or south, or east, or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them and the changes of fortune may for a time arrest the two journeys, but on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other. But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles, are nearing. After eighteen, twenty or thirty years, the two come within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step; yet something that the world calls fate, and that religion calls providence, urges them on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after awhile to join hands in friendship, after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father. The delegate from the other cradle comes up the west isle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity, that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God there are thousands of women every year going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of a dead husband. We have a worse spectacle than that in America—women innumerable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

Avoid all proposed alliances through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for fun, have answered such advertisements and have been led on from step to step to catastrophe infinite. All the men who write such advertisements are villians and lepers—all, without a single exception. All! All! Do you answer them just for fun? I will tell you a safer and healthier fun. Thrust your hand through the cage at a menagerie, and stroke the back of a cobra from

the East Indies. Put your hand in the mouth of a Numidian lion to see if he will bite. Take a glassful of paris-green mixed with some delightful henebane. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisement for a wife.

My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, land and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of fifty thousand dollars a year or an income of five hundred dollars. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the vacillation of circumstances, which may leave him with a large amount of resources to-day, and withdraw them to-morrow. If a man is worth nothing but money he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character, he is rich. Property may come and go; he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out; nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate. You do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incap-



"THEY MUST MEET"

able of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been disturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words, there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

us wofully. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.

But do not become cynical on this subject. Society has a great multitude of grand men, who know how to make home happy. When they come to be husbands they evince a nobility of nature and a self-sacrificing spirit that surprises even the wife. These are the men who cheerfully sit in dark and dirty business offices, ten feet by twelve, in summer time, hard at work, while the wives and daughters are off at Saratoga, Mount Desert, or the White Sulphur. These are the men who, never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Yale and Harvard and Virginia University. These are the men who

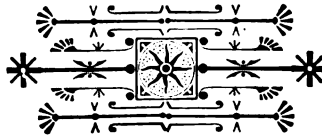
work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go out to Greenwood, leaving large estate and generous life insurance provision for their families. There are husbands and fathers innumerable who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities they would stand in their doorway, and with their one arm would cleave down, one by one, their invaders, face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defense of a country fight more desperately than an army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract sentiment of a flag as it is the wife and children at home that turns enthusiasm into a fury. The world has such men by the million, and the homunculi that infest all our communities must not hinder women from appreciating the glory of true manhood.

I was reading of a bridal reception. The young man had brought home the choice of his heart, in her elaborate and exquisite apparel. As she stood in the gay drawing room and amid the gay group, the young man's eyes filled with tears of joy as he thought that she was his. Years passed by, and they stood at the same parlor on another festal occasion. She wore the same dress, for business had not opened as brightly to the young husband as he expected, and he had never been able to purchase for her another dress. Her face was not as bright and smooth as it had been years before, and a careworn look had made its signature on her countenance. As the husband looked at her he saw the difference between this occasion and the former, and he went over where she sat and said: "You remember the time when we were here before. You have the same dress on. Circumstances have somewhat changed, but you look to me far more beautiful than you did then." There is such a thing as conjugal fidelity, and many of you know it in your own homes. But after all the good advice we may give you, we come back to the golden pillar from which we started, the tremendous truth that no one but God can guide you in safety about this matter, that may decide your happiness for two worlds, this and the next.

I imagine the hour for which you pledged your troth has arrived. There is much merry-making among your own friends, but there is an undertone of sadness in all the house. Your choice may have been the gladdest and the best, and the joy of the whole round of relatives, but when a young eaglet is about to leave the old nest and is preparing to put out into sunshine and storm for itself, it feels its wings tremble somewhat. So she has a good cry before leaving home,

and at the marriage father and mother always cry, or feel like it. If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home—aye, all the redolence of orange blossoms, and all the chime of marriage bells, and all the rolling of wedding march in full diapason, and all the hilarious congratulations of your friends, can not make you forget that you are suffering a loss irreparable. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it twenty-five or thirty years ago, in which you were one of the parties, and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you say: “Good by.”

I hope that you, the departing daughter, will not forget to write often home; for what ever betide you, the old folks will never lose their interest in your welfare. Make visits to them also, as often and as long as you can, for there will be changes at the old place after awhile. Every time you go you will find more gray hairs on father’s head, and more rinkles on mother’s brow, and after awhile you will notice that the elastic step has become decrepitude. And some day one of the two pillars of your early home will fall, and after awhile the other pillar of that home will fall, and it will be a comfort to yourself if, when they are gone, you can feel that while you are faithful in your new home, you never forget your old home, and the first friends you ever had, and those to whom you are more indebted than you ever can be to anyone else, except to God—I mean your father and mother.



CHAPTER XXXI.

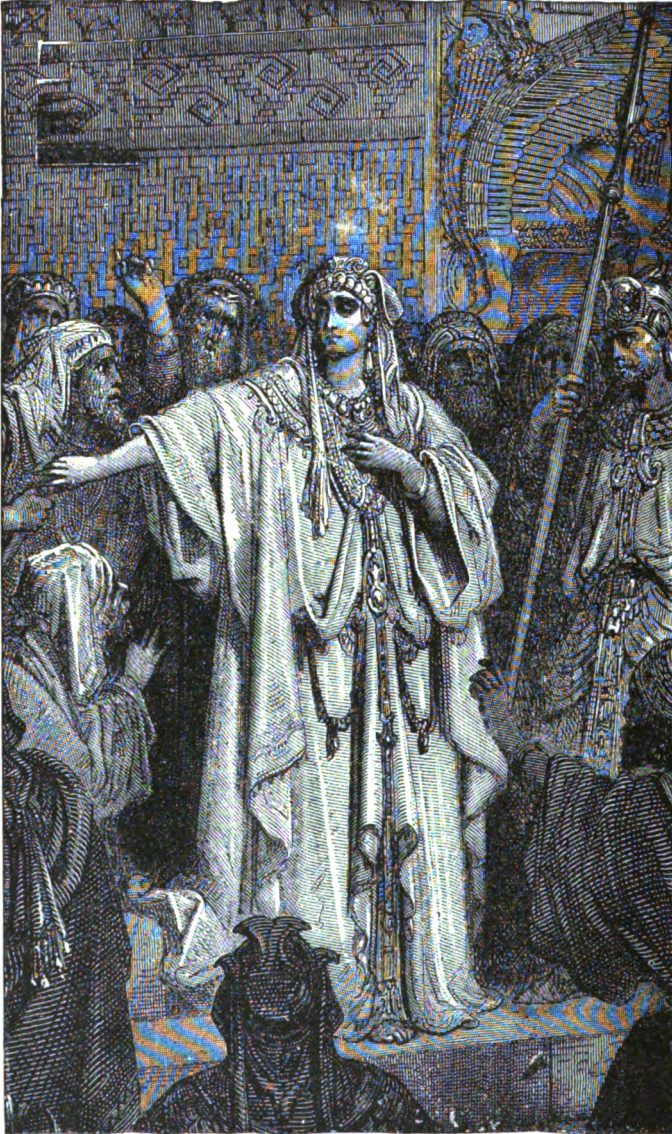
CHOICE OF A WIFE.



AMSON, the giant, asked consent of his father and mother to marriage with one whom they thought unfit for him. He was wise to ask their counsel, but not wise to reject it. Captivated with her looks, the big son wanted to marry a daughter of one of the hostile families, a deceitful, hypocritical, whining and saturnine creature, who, afterward, made for him a world of trouble till she quit him forever. His parents forbade the banns, practically saying: "When there are so many honest and beautiful maidens of your own country, are you so hard put to for a lifetime partner that you propose conjugality with this foreign flirt? Is there such a dearth of lilies in our Israelitish gradens that you must wear on your heart a Philistine thistle? Do you take a crab-apple because there are no pomegranates? Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" Excuseless was he for such a choice in a land and amid a race celebrated for female loveliness and moral worth; a land and a race of which self-denying Abigail, and heroic Deborah, and dazzling Vashti, and pious Esther, and glorious Ruth, and Mary, who hugged to her heart the blessed Lord, were only magnificent specimens. The midnight folded in their hair, the lakes of liquid beauty in their eye, the gracefulness of spring morning in their posture and gait, were only typical of the greater brilliance and glory of their soul. Likewise excuseless is any man in our time who makes life-long alliance with any one who, because of her disposition, or heredity, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or moral twistification, may be said to be of the Philistines.

The world never owned such opulence of womanly character or such splendor of womanly manners or multitudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly, sisterly devotion as it owns to-day. I have not words to express my admiration for good womanhood. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is seventy-five per cent his

superior. Yea, during the last twenty years, through the increased opportunity opened for female education, the women of the country are better educated than



VASHTI

the majority of men; and if they continue to advance in mentality at the present ratio, before long the majority of men will find difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make an appropriate consort. If I am under a delusion as to the abundance of good womanhood abroad, consequent upon my surroundings since the hour I entered this life until now, I hope the delusion will last until I embark from this planet. There are in almost every farmhouse of the country, in almost every home in the great town, conscientious women, worshipful women, self-sacrificing women, holy women, innumerable Mary's, sitting at the feet of Christ; innumerable

mothers helping to feed Christ in the person of his suffering disciples; a thousand capped and spectacled grandmothers Lois, bending over Bibles whose



THE LOVERS.

precepts they have followed from girlhood; and tens of thousands of young women that are dawning upon us from school and seminary, that are going to bless the world with good and happy homes, that shall eclipse all their predecessors, a fact that will be acknowledged by all men except those who are struck through with moral decay from toe to cranium; and more inexcusable than was Samson is that man who, amid all the unparalleled munificence of womanhood, marries a fool. Some of you are abroad suffering from such disaster—but I warn others to halt before going over the same precipice.

There are thousands of American pulpits, among them my own, guilty in the fact that on some of the subjects on which men and women need practical advice they have been silent, or teaching them only in forceless circumlocution. About the choice of a life-time companion, a question in which so much of time and all of eternity is involved, what almost universal silence in the church, so that there are few people who have ever heard a discourse upon this theme. We leave to the flippant novel, or the spectacular play, or the jingle of a doggerel rhyme, that which ought to burden the most tremendous sermon a minister ever preached from the day when he takes ordination to the day when in judgment he meets his God.

That marriage is the destination of the human is a mistake that I want to correct before I go further. There are multitudes who never will marry, and still greater multitudes who are not fit to marry. In Great Britain to-day there are nine hundred and forty-eight thousand more women than men, and that, I understand, is about the ratio in America. By mathematical and inexorable law, you see, millions of women will never marry. The supply for matrimony greater than the demand, the first lesson of which is that every woman ought to prepare to take care of herself if need be. Then there are thousands of men who have no right to marry, because they have become so corrupt of character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman. Society will have to be toned up and corrected on this subject, so that it shall realize that if a woman who has sacrificed her honor is unfitted for marriage, so is any man who has ever sacrificed his purity. What right have you, oh, masculine beast, whose life has been loose, to take under your care the spotlessness of a virgin reared in the sancity of a respectable home? Will a buzzard dare to court a dove?

But the majority of you will marry and have a right to marry, and, as your

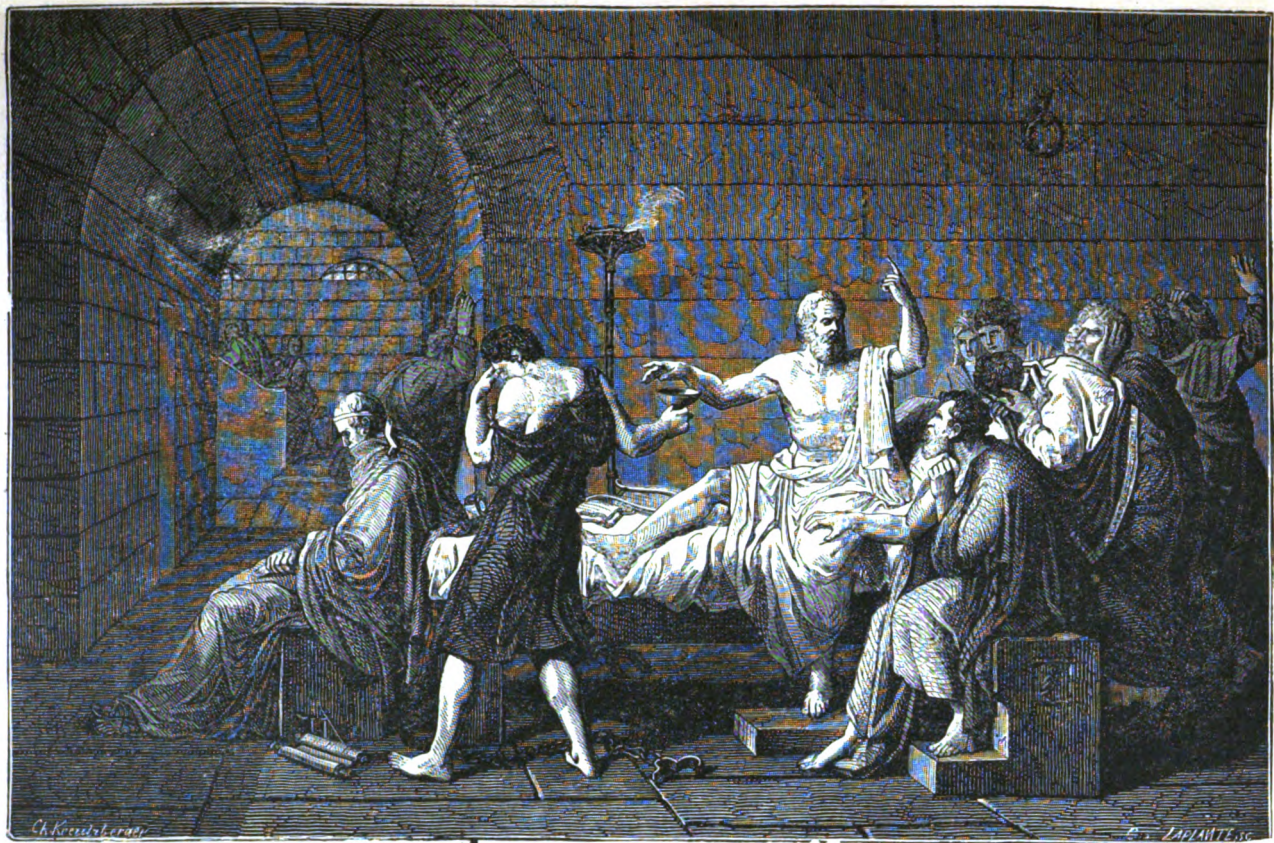
friend I say, in the choice of a wife, first of all seek divine direction. About thirty-five years ago when Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, urged men to prayer before they decided upon matrimonial association, people laughed. And some of them have lived to laugh on the other side of their mouth. The need of divine direction I argue from the fact that so many men, and some of them strong and wise, have wrecked their lives at this juncture. Witness Samson and this woman of Timnath. Witness Socrates, pecked of the historical Xantippe. Witness Job, whose wife had nothing to prescribe for his carbuncles but allopathic doses of profanity. Witness Ananias, a liar, who might perhaps have been cured by a truthful spouse, yet marrying as great a liar as himself—Sapphira. Witness John Wesley, one of the best men that ever lived, united to one of the most outrageous and scandalous of women, who sat in City Road Chapel making mouths at him while he preached. Witness the once connubial wretchedness of John Ruskin, the great art essayist, and Frederick W. Robertson, the great preacher. Witness a thousand hells on earth kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March northeaster; female spend-thrifts, that put their husbands into fraudulent schemes to get money enough to meet the lavishment of domestic expenditure; opium-eating women—about four hundred thousand of them in the United States—who will have the drug though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household; heartless and overbearing, and namby-pamby and unreasonable women, yet married; married perhaps to good men. These are the women who build the low club houses, where the husbands and sons go because they can't stand it at home. On this sea of matrimony, where so many have been wrecked, am I not right in advising divine pilotage.

Especially is devout supplication needed because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweler, and the hair-adjuster, and the dancing-master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics, and to make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart. That is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods delivered are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and

they backed out. They mistook Jezebel for Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lucretia Borgia for Martha Washington. Aye; as the Indian chief boasts of the scalps he has taken, so there are in society to-day many coquettes who boast of the masculine hearts they have captured. And these women, though they may live amid richest upholstery, are not so honorable as the cyprians of the street, for these advertise their infamy, while the former profess heaven while they mean hell. There is so much counterfeit womanhood abroad it is no wonder that some cannot tell the genuine coin from the base. Do you not realize you need divine guidance when I remind you that mistake is possible in this important affair, and, if made, is irrevocable?

The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked together. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite side of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring off of the finger, might rend the wedding veil assunder, might tear out the marriage leaf from the family Bible record; but all that would fail to unmarry you. It is better not to make the mistake than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after their marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder? There is only one being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, but it is fortunate judging from some mistakes which she afterward made, that it was Eve or nothing.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;" by the fate



THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES.

of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the one dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose the poet said: "I am no judge of colors, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;" by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew, whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and a heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.

By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretense of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the bookcases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louis' time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband, while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Mme. Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counselor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God, morning, noon and night, that at the right time and in the right way he will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife, or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

At this point let me warn you not to let a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment divinely illuminated. These brokers in matrimony are ever planning how they can unite impecunious innocence to an heiress, or celibate woman to millionaire or marquis, and that in many cases, makes life an unhappiness. How can any human being, who knows neither of the two parties as God knows them, and who is ignorant of the future, give such direction as you require at such a crisis. Take the advice of the earthly matchmaker instead of the divine guidance, and you may some day be led to use the words of Solomon,

whose experience in home life was as melancholy as it was multitudinous. One day his palace, with its great wide rooms and great wide doors and great wide hall, was too small for him and the loud tongue of a woman belaboring him about some of his neglects, and he retreated to the housetop to get relief from the lingual bombardment. And while there he saw a poor man on one corner of the roof with a mattress for his only furniture, and the open sky his only covering. And Solomon envies him and cries out: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

And one day during the rainy season the water leaked through the roof of the palace and began to drop in a pail or pan set there to catch it. At one side of him all day long the water went drop, drop, drop, while on the other a female companion quarreling about this and quarreling about that, the acrimonious and petulant words falling on his ear in ceaseless pelting—drop, drop, drop, drop, and he siezed his pen and wrote: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." If Solomon had been as prayerful at the beginning of his life as he was at the close, how much domestic infelicity he would have avoided. But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough. Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite presence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God.

If you have this prayerful spirit you will surely avoid all female scoffers at the Christian religion; and there are quite a number of them in all communities. It must be told that, though the only influence that keeps woman from being estimated and treated as a slave—aye, as a brute and a beast of burden—is Christianity, since where it is not dominant she is so treated, yet there are women who will so far forget themselves and forget their God, that they will go and hear lecturers malign Christianity and scoff at the most sacred things of the soul. A good woman, overpersuaded by her husband, may go once to hear such a tirade against the Christian religion, not fully knowing what she is going to hear; but she will not go twice. A woman not a Christian, but a respecter of religion, said to me: "I was persuaded by my husband to go and hear an infidel lecturer once, but going home I said to him: "My dear husband, I would not go again, though my declinature should result in our divorcement forever." And the woman was right. If after all that Christ and Christianity have done for a

woman she can go again and again to hear such assaults, she is an awful creature and you had better not come near such a reeking lepress. She needs to be washed and for three weeks to be soaked in carbolic acid, and for a whole year fumigated, before she is fit for decent society. While it is not demanded that a woman be a Christian before marriage, she must have regard for the Christian religion, or she is a bad woman and unworthy of being your companion in a life charged with such stupendous solemnity and vicissitudes.

What you want, oh man! in a wife, is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a giggling nonentity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gad-about, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humbug ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul, one that can not only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steadying when you come to the verge of them. I tell you! When your fortune fails you will want some one to talk of treasures in heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it sincerity and earnestness are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that and you get all. Fail to get that and you get nothing but what you wish you never had got,

Don't make the mistake of letting the eye settle the question in which coolest judgment directed by divine wisdom are all important. He who has no reason for his wifely choice except a pretty face is like a man who should buy a farm because of the dahlias in the front-door yard. Beauty is a talent, and when God gives it he intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. When I saw the radiant face, I could understand how, when she visited the hospitals, all the sick were cheered at her coming, and those who could be roused neither by doctor nor nurse from their stupor would get up on their elbows to look at her, and wan and wasted lips prayed an audible prayer: "God bless the Princess of Wales! Dosen't she look beautiful?"

But how uncertain is the tarrying of beauty in a human countenance. Explosion of a kerosene lamp turns it into scarification, and a scoundrel with one dash of vitriol may dispel it, or time will drive its chariot wheels across that bright face, cutting it up in deep ruts and gullies. But there is an eternal beauty on the face of some women whom a rough and ungallant world may criticise as homely, and though their features may contradict all the laws of

Lavater on physiognomy, yet they have graces of soul that will keep them attractive for time and glorious through all eternity.

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband, whatever her stature or profile. By financial panic or betrayal of business partner, the man goes down, and returning to his home that evening he says: "I am ruined; I am in disgrace forever; I care not whether I live or die." It is an agitated story he is telling in the household that winter night. He says: "The furniture must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking, and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depends on these trappings you do not know me, though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the National Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment, and if you don't mind I don't care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning-needle. And, John, light one of the other gas-burners. And, Jimmy, open the register for a little more heat. Fanny, fetch your father's slippers, I declare! I have forgot to set the rising for those cakes!" And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-morrow."



LOUIS XV.

It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too;
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree either
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding
 I cannot but rejoice.

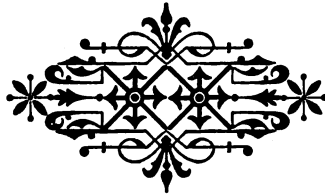
The husband looks up in amazement and says: "Well, well, you are the greatest woman I ever saw. I thought you would faint dead away when I told you." And as he looks at her, all the glories of physiognomy in the court of Louis XV., or the modern fashion plates are tame as compared with the super-human splendors of that woman's face. Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette and La Belle Hamilton, the enchantment of the court of Charles II., are nowhere.

There is another time when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband. She has done the work of life. She has reared her children for God and heaven, and though some of them may be a little wild they will yet come back, for God has promised. She is dying and her husband stands by. They think over all the years of their companionship, the weddings and the burials, the ups and the downs, the successes and the failures. They talk over the goodness of God and his faithfulness to children's children. She has no fear about going. The Lord has sustained her so many years she would not dare to distrust him now. The lips of both of them tremble as they say good-by, and encourage each other about an early meeting in a better world. The breath is feebler and feebler, and stops. Are you sure of it? Just hold that mirror at the mouth, and see if there is any vapor gathering on the surface. Gone! As



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

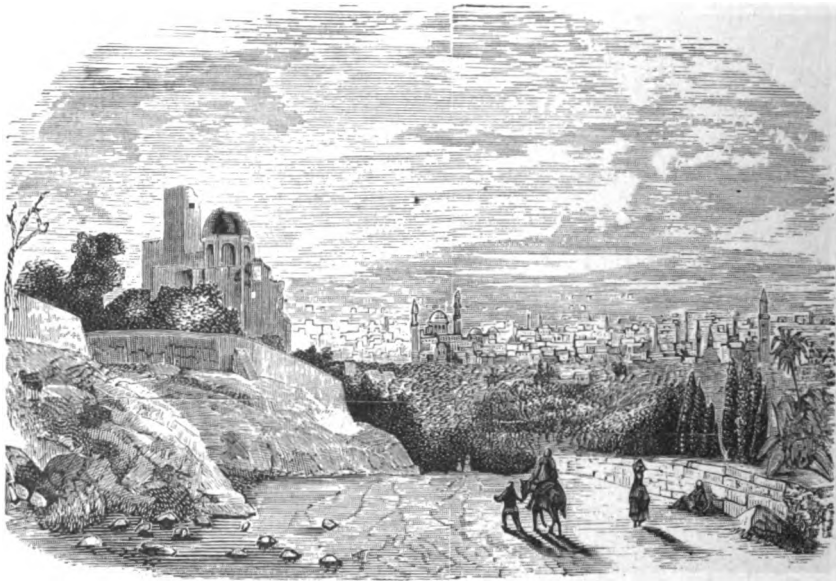
one of the neighbors take the old man by the arm gently and says: "Come, you had better go into the next room and rest;" he says: "Wait a moment; I must take one more look at that face and at those hands!" Beautiful! beautiful! My friend, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumn sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the solo of human life overpowered by hallelujah chorus. That is a queen's coronation. That is heaven. That is the way my father stood at eighty-two, seeing my mother depart at seventy-nine. Perhaps so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well.



CHAPTER XXXII.

DUTY OF HUSBAND TO WIFE.

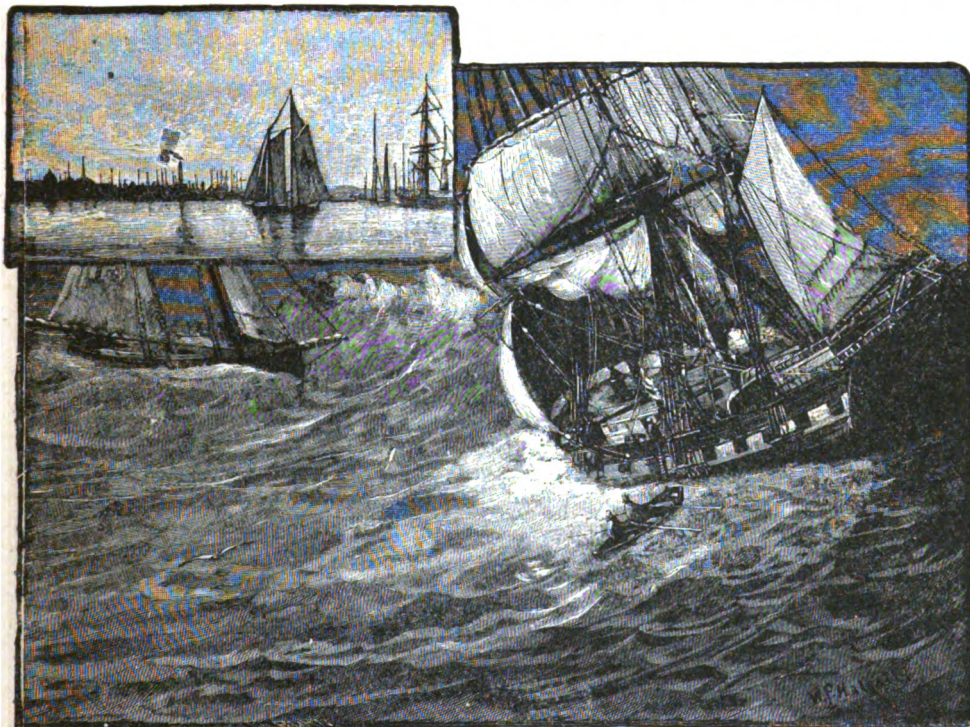
THE camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swinging motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows, though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four



VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

thousand travelers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. Isaac, we are told, at eventide went out into the field to meditate, “and he lifted up his eyes, and saw and behold the camels were coming.” We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay comparison of saddle and girth and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun; and the hilarity of the mounted passengers; and we cry out, “who are they?” Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah; and

with her companions and her maidens she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the blessings of all her friends. Isaac is in the fields, meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people, and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan. The drivers cry "Kneel!" to the camels, and they kneel, and putting foot on the neck of the stooping beast the bride dismounts and greets the man

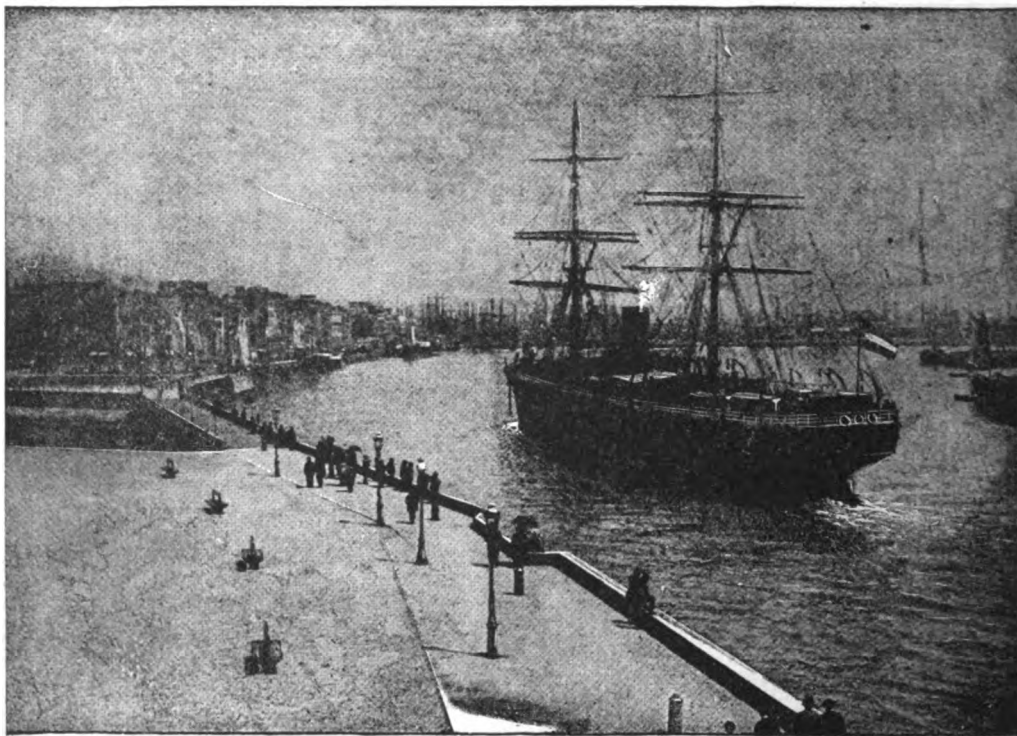


SCENE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

who was as worthy of her as she was worthy of him. Having previously spoken of the choice of a lifetime companion, I take it for granted, O man, that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction, and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort, a Rebekah and not a Jezebel, I proceed to show you how you ought to treat your wife, and my ambition is to tell you much plain truth.

First of all, I want you to realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody and care and homestead in which she was once sheltered.

What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself, to say to her practically: "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you ever had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life in safety. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm



HAVRE.

chair in which you were rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed, and the trundle-bed in which you slept, and in the sitting-room are the father and mother who have got wrinkle-faced and stoop-shouldered and dim eye-sighted in taking care of you, yet you will do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and unbuilt.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a

great lack of sea captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say, "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and passing out into the sea plunge through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of one, that would be the ship that would never be heard of. But that is the boldness of every man that professes marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a lifetime. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experi-



RUTH GLEANING IN THE FIELD OF BOAZ.

ence and I have no sea port, but all aboard for the voyage of a lifetime! I admit that there have been ten thousand shipwrecks on this very route, but don't hesitate. Tut! Tut! There now! Don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says; "I have but one life to live and I entrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity. in your keep-

ing. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honorable in my father, and all that was good in my mother, and all that was pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more self-abnegation than I make, when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." "Side by side in life. Side by side in the burying ground. Side by side in heaven. Before God and before man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than any one in the universe except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin or Bach or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead and under her eyes and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say in the words of Solomon's song: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately, in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink or heart or brain to write:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 We climb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

If any one assail her good name you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as

complete a surrender as the universe ever saw, except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine, she has a first mortgage on your body, mind and soul, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and you do not more thoroughly own your two eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes, and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind and indulgent and worthy. Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy. Are you making her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretense, and then you ought to be mulct in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism and romance and a joke," and that "they all talk that way."

Well, let that plan be tried on yourself! Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with roseate speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gives no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars, and my speech glows with enthusiasm until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn and the money paid down and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the El Dorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter. You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors, and take the train, and after many days' journey, you arrive at a quiet depot from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in the swamp and shaking with his fifteenth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask him where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be if the company get

their bill for the track through the next Legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this chill is off I will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along these lowlands, out there by those weeds, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for everybody else you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than many men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and, out of breath in your indignation, you say, "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean by deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; that was sentimentalism and romance and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who, by glow of words and personal magnetism, induced a womanly soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, shelterless, comfortless and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a lifetime. My brother, honestly compare the promises you made and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spend every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulation, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come in the house in the evening when you were attempting the capture of her affection, and the way some of you come into the house now. Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week!

Now some of you put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticise the way the food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all

day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet, and with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no question. The wife has had enough annoyance in the nursery and parlor and kitchen to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer and the intelligent improvement and the moral entertainment of that home, which at the longest can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that soon these children will be grown up or in their sepulchers, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts, Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, and so many cattle or sheep. In one country the man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her struggling and resisting on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance and bravery and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love.

Business men have in their fireproof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony, but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock, you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal prayer-book, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge

thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

The fact is that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal-scuttle up-stairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen common among men, namely, husbands in flirtation. The attention they ought to put upon their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile on them coyly and askance and with a manner that seems to say: "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings?" And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home whistling and hilarious, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meanness immeasurable for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife: "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O, domestic Shylock? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife, that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections, that when, as time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face, and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obeisance to cheeks more rubicund and figure lighter and more agile, and as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the emphasis of an Edwin Forest or a Macready, have tapped the eccentric marriage document and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting, she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padan-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or in licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is either a fraud or a rake. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of either the masculine or the feminine flirt.

The most worthy thing for the thousands of married men is to go home and

apologize for past neglects, and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics in the box inside the drawer containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-covered letters that were written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her everything. Walk arm and arm with her into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through the dark ravine, and when one trembles on the way, let the other be re-enforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society try to look young-manish. Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all her Christian resources, and certainly when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worldly husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears. "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

Aye, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and safe thing for you to join her on the road to heaven? You think you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if you both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your marital relation, and what a new light it would throw on the forehead of your children. In sickness, what a comfort! In reverses of

fortune, what a wealth! In death, what a triumph! God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirits will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer, I will give you a prayer, namely: "Lord God, I surrender to thee myself and my beloved wife, and these dear children. For Christ's sake forgive us all the past and help us for all the future. We have lived together

here; may we live together forever. Amen and amen!" Dear me! what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in heaven!

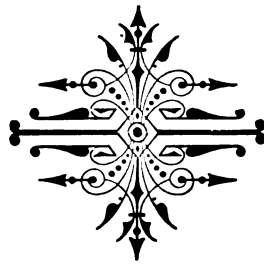


EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

Joseph II., the Emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration, and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The Emperor dismounted and asked the cause of her grief, she said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the Emperor and had

declined to take her with him, for, as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness and goodness and greatness she had an unpeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to see him was simply unbearable. The Emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clapped her hands in gladness before him. The Emperor took the name of her husband and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the Emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the Emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in His beauty." and he has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God and without hope in the world," and imprisoned in worldliness and sin. Oh, that they might arm in arm go and see him who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth and air and sky." His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.





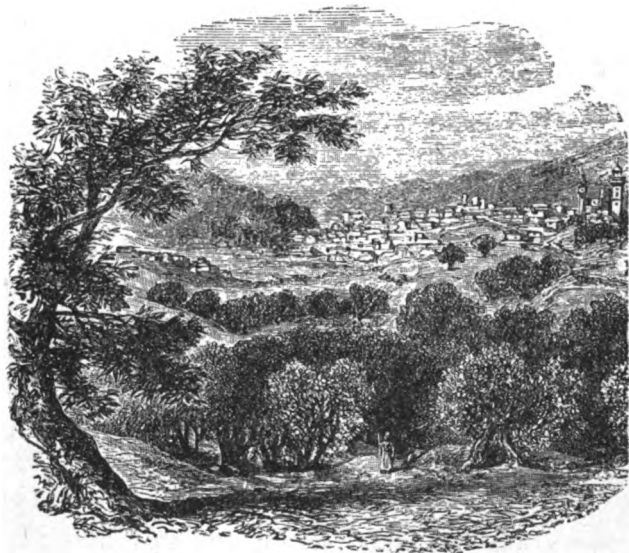
AFFECTION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DUTY OF WIFE TO HUSBAND.

THE ground in Carmel is white, not with fallen snow, but the wool from the backs of three thousand sheep, for they are being sheared. We hear the grinding of the iron blades together, and the bleating of the flocks, held between the knees of the shearers while the clipping goes on, and the rustic laughter of the workmen. Nabal and his wife Abigail preside over this homestead. David, the warrior, sends a delegation to apply for aid at this prosperous time of sheepshearing, and Nabal peremptorily declines his request. Revenge is the cry, yonder over the rock come David and four hundred angry men with one stroke to demolish Nabal and his sheepfolds and vineyards. The regiment march in double-quick, and the stones of the mountain loosen and roll down as the soldiers strike them with their swift feet, and the cry of the commander is, "Forward! Forward!"

Abigail, to save her husband and his property, hastens to the foot of the hill. She is armed, not with sword or spear, but with her own beauty and self-sacrifice, and when David sees her kneeling at the base of the crag he cries: "Hold! Hold!" Abigail is the conqueress! One woman in the right mightier than four hundred men in the wrong! A hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lily! a dew-drop dashed back Niagara! By her prowess and tact she has saved her husband and



MT. CARMEL.

saved her home, and put before all ages an illustrious specimen of what a wife can do if she be godly and prudent, and self-sacrificing and vigilant, and devoted to the interests of her husband, and attractive.

As I have taken the responsibility of telling husbands how they ought to treat their wives—I now take the responsibility of telling how wives ought to treat their husbands. I hope your domestic alliance was so happily formed that while married life may have revealed in him some frailties that you did not suspect, it has also displayed excellencies that more than overbalanced them. I suppose that if I could look into the heart of a hundred wives and ask them where is the kindest and best man they know of, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would say: "My husband." Though sometimes you may have snapped each other a little quick, I think the most of you are as well paired as a couple of whom I have read. The wife said to her husband: "I have made up my mind to be submissive notwithstanding all the misfortunes that have come upon us." They had lost their children, he had lost his health, and hence, the income of his profession, and the wife had temporarily lost her eyesight. "Yes," said the husband, "we ought to be submissive. Let me see what we have to submit to. First, we have a home; we can submit to that. Then we have each other; we can submit to that. Then we have food and raiment; we can submit to that. Then we have a great many friends; we can submit to that. We have a heavenly Father to provide for us—" "Stop! Stop!" said the wife, "I will talk no more about submission."

I hope, my sister, you have married a man as Christian and as well-balanced as that. But even if you were worsted in conjugal bargain, you cannot be worse off than was Abigail, the wife of Nabal. Her husband was coarse and ungrateful, an inebriate, for on the very evening of her heroic achievement at the foot of the hill, where she captured a whole regiment with her genial and strategic behavior, she returned home and found her husband so drunk that she could not tell him the story, but had to postpone it until the next day. So, my sister; I do not want you to keep saying within yourself as you read, "That is the way to treat a perfect husband;" for you are to remember that no wife was ever worse swindled than was Abigail. At the other end of her table sat a mean, selfish, snarling, contemptible sot, and if she could do so well for a dastard, how ought you to do with the princely and splendid man with whom you are to walk the path of life.

I counsel the wife to remember in what a severe and terrific battle of life her husband is engaged. Whether in professional, or commercial, or artistic, or mechanical life, your husband from morning to night is in a Solferino if not a Sedan. It is a wonder that your husband has any nerves or patience or suavity left. To get a living in this last decade of the nineteenth century is a struggle. If he come home and sit down preoccupied, you ought to excuse him. If he does not feel like going out that night for a walk or entertainment, remember he has been out all day. You say he ought to leave at his place of business his annoyance and come home cheery. But if a man has been betrayed by a business partner, or a customer, has jockeyed him out of a large line of goods, or a protested note has been flung on his desk, or somebody has called him a liar, and everything has gone wrong from morning to night, he must have great genius and forgetfulness if he does not bring some of the perplexity home with him. When you tell me he ought to leave it all at the store or bank or shop, you might as well tell a storm on the Atlantic to stay out there and not touch the coast or ripple the harbor. Remember, he is not overworking so much for himself as he is overworking for you and the children. It is the effect of his success or defeat on the homestead that causes him the agitation. The most of men after forty-five years of age live not for themselves, but for their families. They begin to ask themselves anxiously the question: "How if I should give out? what would become of the folks at home? Would my children ever get their education? Would my wife have to go out into the world to earn bread for herself and our little ones? My eyesight troubles me; how if my eyes should fail? My head gets dizzy; how if I should drop under apoplexy?" The high pressure of business life and mechanical life and agricultural life is home pressure.

Some time ago a large London firm decided that if any of their clerks married on a salary less than one hundred and fifty pounds, that is, seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, he should be discharged, the supposition being that the temptation might be too great for misappropriation. The large majority of families in America live by utmost dint of economy, and to be honest and yet meet one's family expenses is the appalling question that turns the life of tens of thousands of men into martyrdom. Let the wife of the overborne and exhausted husband remember this, and do not nag him about that and say you might as well have no husband, when the fact is he is dying by inches that the home

may be kept up. I charge also the wife to keep herself as attractive after marriage as she was before marriage. The reason that so often a man ceases to love his wife is because the wife ceases to be lovable. In many cases what elaboration of toilet before marriage and what recklessness of appearance after. The most disgusting thing on earth is a slatternly woman. I mean a woman who never combs her hair till she goes out or looks like a fright until somebody calls. That a man married to one of these creatures stays at home as little as possible is no wonder. It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years and in a leaky ship. Costly wardrobe is not required; but, O woman, if you are not willing, by all that ingenuity of refinement can effect, to make yourself attractive to your husband, you ought not to complain if he seek in other society those pleasant surroundings which you deny him.

Again, never talk to others about the frailties of your husband. Some people have a way, in banter, of elaborately describing to others the shortcomings or unhappy eccentricities of a husband or wife. Ah, the world will find out soon enough all the defects of your companion. No need of your advertising them. Better imitate those women who, having made a mistake in affiance, always have a veil to hide imperfections and alleviations of conduct to mention. We must admit that there are rare cases where a wife cannot live longer with her husband, and his cruelties and outrages are the precursor of divorcement or separation. But until that day comes, keep the awful secret to yourself. Keep it from every being in the universe, except the God to whom you do well to tell your trouble. Trouble only a few years at most, and then you can go up on the other side of the grave and say: "O, Lord, I kept the marital secret. Thou knowest how well I kept it, and I thank thee that the release has come at last. Give me some place where I can sit down and rest awhile from the horrors of an embruted earthly alliance, before I begin the full raptures of heaven." And orders will be sent out to the ushering angels saying: "Take this Abigail right up to the softest seat in the best room of the palace, and let twenty of the brightest angels wait on her for the next thousand years.

Further, let there be no outside interference with the conjugal relation. Neither neighbor nor confidential friend, nor brother nor sister, nor father nor mother, have a right to come in here. The married gossip will come around and by the hour tell you how she manages her husband. You tell her plainly

that if she will attend to the affairs of her household you will attend to yours. What damage some people do with their tongues! Nature indicates that the tongue is a dangerous thing by the fact that it is shut in, first by a barricade of teeth and then by the door of the lips. One insidious talker can keep a whole neighborhood badly stirred up. The Apostle Peter excoriated these busybodies in other people's matters, and St. Paul, in his letter to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, gives them a sharp dig, and the good housewife will be on the lookout for them and never return their calls and treat them with coldest frigidity. For this reason better keep house as soon as possible. Some people are opposed to them. But I thank God for what are called flats in these cities. They put up a separate home within the means of nearly all the population. In your married relations you do not need any advice. If you and your husband have not skill enough to get along well alone, with all the advice you can import you will get along worse. What you want for your craft on this voyage is plenty of sea-room.

Make yourself the intelligent companion of your husband. What with these floods of newspapers and books, there is no excuse for the wife's ignorance either about the present or the past. If you have no more than a half hour every day to yourself you may fill your mind with entertaining and useful knowledge. Let the merchant's wife read up on all mercantile questions, and the mechanic's wife on all that pertains to his style of work, and the professional man's wife on all the legal or medical or theological or political discussions of the day. It is very stupid for a man, after having been amid active minds all day, to find his wife without information or opinions on anything. If the wife knows nothing about what is going on in the world, after the tea hour has passed, and the husband has read his newspaper, he will have an engagement, and must go and see a man. In nine cases out of ten, when a man does not stay at home in the evening, unless positive duty calls him away, it is because there is nothing to stay for. He would rather talk with his wife than anyone else if she could talk as well.

My sister, in every way make your home attractive. I have not enough of practical knowledge about house adornment to know just what makes the difference, but here is an opulent house, containing all wealth of bric-a-brac, and of musical instrument, and of painting, and of upholstery, and yet there is in it a chill like Nova Zembla. Another home, with one-twentieth part of the outlay,

and small supply of art, and cheapest piano purchasable, and yet, as you enter it, there comes upon body, mind and soul a glow of welcome and satisfied and happy domesticity. The holy art of making the most comfort and brightness out of the means afforded every wife should study.

At the siege of Argos, Pyrrhus was killed by the tile of a roof thrown by a woman, and Abimelech was slain by a stone that a woman threw from the tower



PYRRHUS OF EPIRUS.

of Thebez, and Earl Montfort was destroyed by a rock discharged at him by a woman from the walls of Toulouse. But without any weapon save that of her cold cheerless household arrangement, any wife may slay all the attractions of a home circle. A wife and mother in prospered circumstances and greatly admired was giving her chief time to social life. The husband spent his evening away. The son, fifteen years of age, got the same habit, and there was a prospect that the other children as they got old enough would take the same turn. One day the wife aroused to the consideration that she had better save her husband and her boy. Interesting and stirring games were introduced into the house. The mother studied up interesting things to tell her children. One morning the son said: "Father, you ought to have been home last night. We had a grand time.

Such jolly games and such interesting stories." This went on from night to night, and after a while the husband staid in to see what was going on, and he finally got attracted and added something of his own to the evening entertainments; and the result was that the wife and mother saved her husband and saved her boy and saved herself. Was not that an enterprise worth the attention of the greatest woman that ever lived since Abigail at the foot of the rock arrested the four hundred armed warriors?

Do not, my sister, be dizzied and disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too insignificant for a woman's career, and who want to get you out on platforms and in conspicuous enterprises. There are women who have a special outside mission, and do not interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can re-

enforce her husband in the work of life, and rear her children for positions of usefulness is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness, than if she spoke on every great platform and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote aye or nay, but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?

Compare such a one with one of these dieaway, attitudinizing, frivolous, married coquettes of the modern drawing-room, her heaven an opera-box on the night of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," the ten commandments an inconvenience, taking arsenic to improve the complexion, and her appearance a confused result of belladonna, bleached hair, antimony and mineral acids, until one is compelled to discuss her character and wonder whether the line between a decent and indecent life is like the equator, an imaginary line.

What the world wants now is about fifty old-fashioned mothers, women who shall realize that the highest, grandest, mightiest institution on earth is the home. It is not necessary that they should have the same old-time manners of the country farm-house, or wear the old-fashioned cap and spectacles and apron that her glorified ancestry wore; but I mean the old spirit which began with the Hannahs and the Mother Lois and the Abigail of Scripture days, and was demonstrated on the homestead where some of us were reared, though the old house long ago was pulled down and its occupants scattered never to meet until in the higher home that awaits the families of the



CARD PLAYING.

righteous. While there are more good and faithful wives and mothers now than there ever were, society has got a wrong twist on this subject, and there are influences abroad that would make women believe that their chief sphere is outside instead of inside the home. 7

Hence in many households children, instead of a blessing, are a nuisance. It is a card case versus child's primer, carriage versus cradle, social popularity versus domestic felicity. Hence infanticide and ante-natal murder are so common that all the physicians, allopathic, hydropathic, homœopathic and eclectic, are crying out in horror, and it is time that the pulpits joined with the medical profession in echoing and re-echoing the thunder of Mount Sinai, which says: "Thou shalt not kill," and the book of Revelation, which says, "All murderers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." And the man or the woman who takes life a minute old will as certainly go straight to hell as the man or woman who destroys life forty years old. And the wildest, loudest shriek of judgment day will be given at the overthrow of those who moved in the high and respected circles of earthly society, yet decreed by their own act as far as they could privately effect it, the extermination of the advancing generations, abetted in the horrid crime by a lot of infernal quacks with which modern medicine is infested. When, on the last day, the cries of the Court shall, with resounding "Oyez," "Oyez!" declare the "Oyer and Terminer" of the universe opened, and the Judge, with gavel of thunderbolt, shall smite the nations into silence, and the trial of all the fratricides and parricides and matricides, and patricides, and uxoricides and regicides and deicides and infanticides of the earth shall proceed, none of my readers can say that they knew not what they were doing. Mighty God! Arrest the evil that is overshadowing this century.

My sister, take your husband along with you to heaven. Of course, this implies that you yourself are a Christian. I must take that for granted. It can not be possible that after what Christianity has done for woman, and after taking the infinitely responsible position you have assumed at the head of the household, that you should be in a position antagonistic to Christ. It was not a slip of the tongue when I spoke of you as being at the head of the household. We men rather pride ourselves as being at the head of the household, but it is only a pleasant delusion. To whom do the children go when they have trouble?



THE MOTHER.

When there is a sore finger to be bound up, or one of the first teeth that needs to be removed to make way for one that is crowding it out, to whom does the child go? For whom do children cry out in the night when they get frightened at a bad dream? Aye, to whom does the husband go when he has a business trouble too great or delicate for outside ears? We, the men, are heads of the household in name, but you, O wives! are the heads of the household in fact, and it is your business to take your husband with you into the kingdom of God and see that house prepared for heaven.

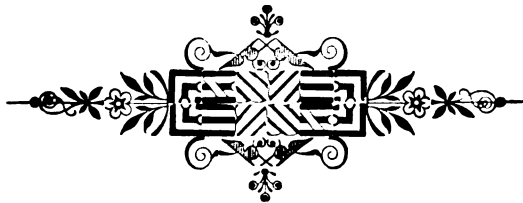
You can do it. Of course, God's almighty grace alone can convert him, but you are to be the instrument. Some wives keep their husbands out of heaven, and others garner them for it. If your religion, O, wife, is simply the joke of the household, if you would rather go to the theater than the prayer meeting, if you can beat all the neighborhood in progressive euchre, if your husband never sees you kneel at the bedside in prayer before retiring, if the only thing that reminds the family of your church relations is that on communion day you get home late to dinner, you will not be able to take your husband to heaven, for the simple reason that you will not get there yourself. But I suppose your religion is genuine, and that the husband realizes there is in your soul a divine principle, and that though you may be naturally quicker tempered than he is, and have many imperfections that distress you more than they can any one else, still you are destined for the skies when the brief scenes of this life are over. How will you take him with you? There are two oars to that boat—prayer and holy example.

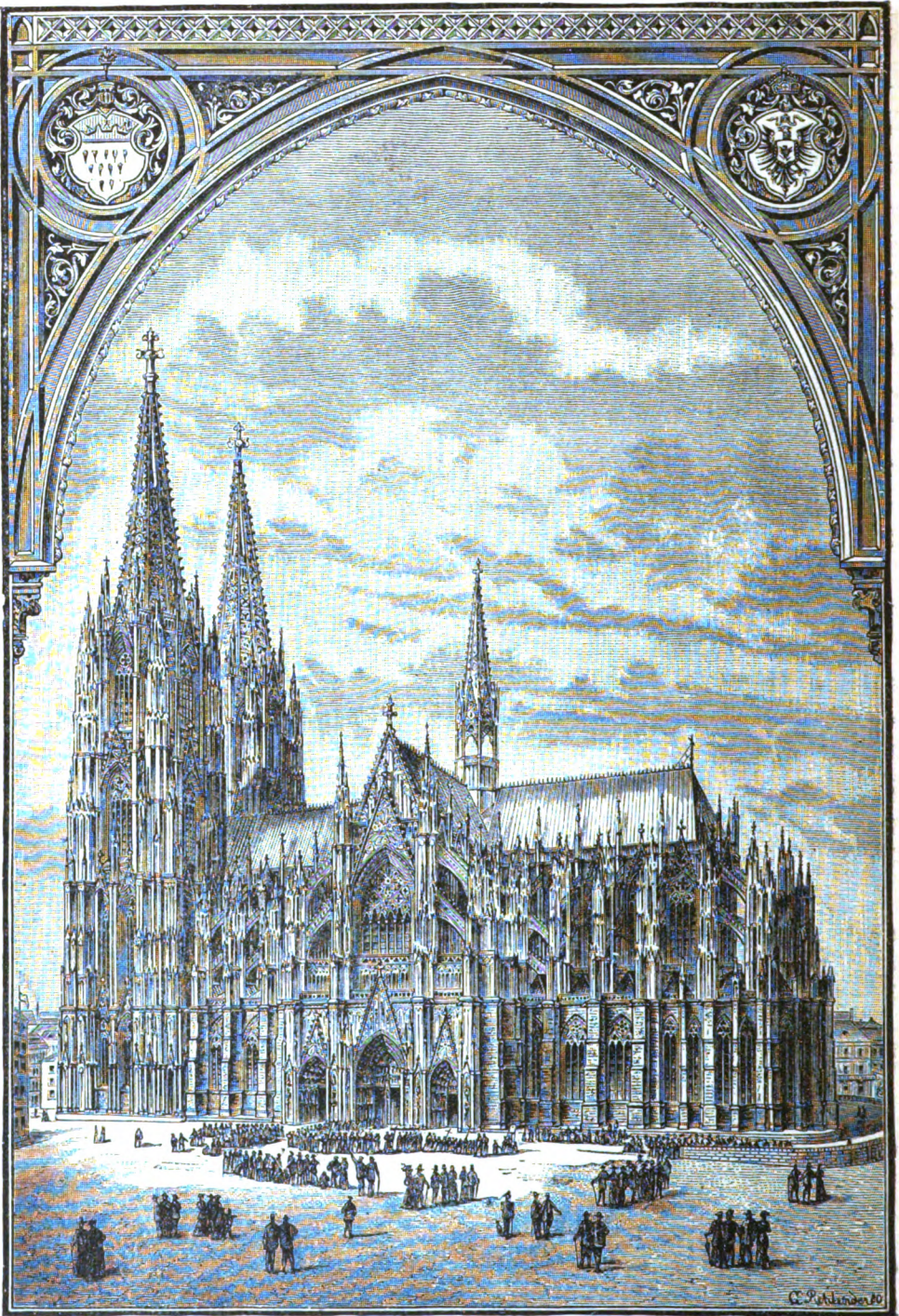
But you say he belongs to a worldly club, or he does not believe a word of the Bible, or he is an inebriate and very loose in his habits? What you tell me shows that you don't understand that while you are at the one end of a prayer, the omnipotent God is at the other end, and it is simply a question whether almightiness is strong enough and keeps his word. I have no doubt there will be great conventions in heaven called for celebrative purposes, and when in some Celestial assemblage the saints shall be telling what brought them to God, I believe that ten thousand times ten thousand will say, "My wife."

I put beside each other two testimonies of men concerning their wives, and let you see the contrast. An aged man was asked the reason of his salvation. With tearful emotion he said: "My wife was brought to God some years before

myself, I persecuted and abused her because of her religion. She, however, returned nothing but kindness, constantly maintaining an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness, and it was her amiable conduct when suffering ill-treatment from me that first sent the arrows of conviction to my soul." The other testimony was from a dying man: "Harriet, I am a lost man; you opposed our family worship and my secret prayer; you drew me away into temptation and to neglect every religious duty. I believe my fate is sealed. Harriet, you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." How many glorious married couples in heaven—Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Lapidoth and Deborah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Joseph and Mary and many whom we have known as good as most of them.

As once you stood in the village or city church or in your father's house, perhaps under a wedding bell of flowers, to-day stand up, husband and wife, beneath the cross of a pardoning Redeemer, while I proclaim the banns of an eternal marriage. Join your right hands. I pronounce you one forever. What God hath joined together let neither life nor death nor time nor eternity put asunder. Witness men and angels, all worlds, all ages! The circle is an emblem of eternity, and that is the shape of the marriage ring.





CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CREED IN MARRIAGE.

ABRAM and Lot, the uncle and nephew, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle that their herdsmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best pasture, or about the best water privilege, or because the cow of one got hooked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth, was the cause of controversy between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Bedouin shiek, such controversy seemed absurd. It was like two ships quarreling for sea-room in the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

There was a vast reach of country, corn-fields, vineyards, harvests, and plenty of room, in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by the tonic sea breeze, and with wide-reaching prospect, or there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either." Lot, who was not as rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection, and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile, said to him:

"You may have the rocks and the fine prospect; I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all its luxuriance of cornfields, and the river to water the flocks, and the genial climate, and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled, and great-souled Abram carried out the suggestion. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

In this, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in this beautiful land, which was called America, after Americus Vespuccius, but ought to have



A BEDOUIN SHIEK.

been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a wealth of religious privilege and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches of all styles of creeds, and of all styles of government, and all styles of worship, and all styles of architecture. What opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, and it must be that or nothing, in the opulent districts of this country there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about vestments, or between liturgical or non-liturgical adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell in the heights, where he can only get a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordon in which to immerse himself. Especially is it unfortunate when families allow, at the breakfast, or dinner or tea table, angry discussion as to which is the best church or denomination, one at one end of the table saying he could never endure the rigid doctrine of Presbyterianism, one at the other end responding that she never could stand the reforms of Episcopacy, and one at one side of the table saying he did not understand how anybody could bear the noise of the Methodist church, and another declaring all the Baptists bigots. There are hundreds of families hopelessly split on ecclesiasticism, and in the middle of every discussion on such subjects there is a kindling of indignation, and it needs some old father Abram to come and put his foot on the loaded fuse before the explosion takes place, and say: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake an exceedingly delicate subject, but I approach it without the slightest trepidation, for I am sure I have the divine direction in the matters I propose to present. It is a tremendous question, asked all over Christendom, often asked with tears and sobs and heartbreaks, and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls: In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband, or the husband go with the wife?

First, remember that all the evangelical churches have enough truth in them to save the soul and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well-selected theological library and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as a sinner and

Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole gospel. Get **that** into your soul and you are fitted for the here and the hereafter. The world has twenty-six letters in its alphabet and there are only two letters in the Gospel alphabet—S and C; S standing for our sin, C standing for Christ, our rescue; blessed be his glorious name forever! In any church where you can thoroughly learn these two letters, and all they stand for, you ought to be edified



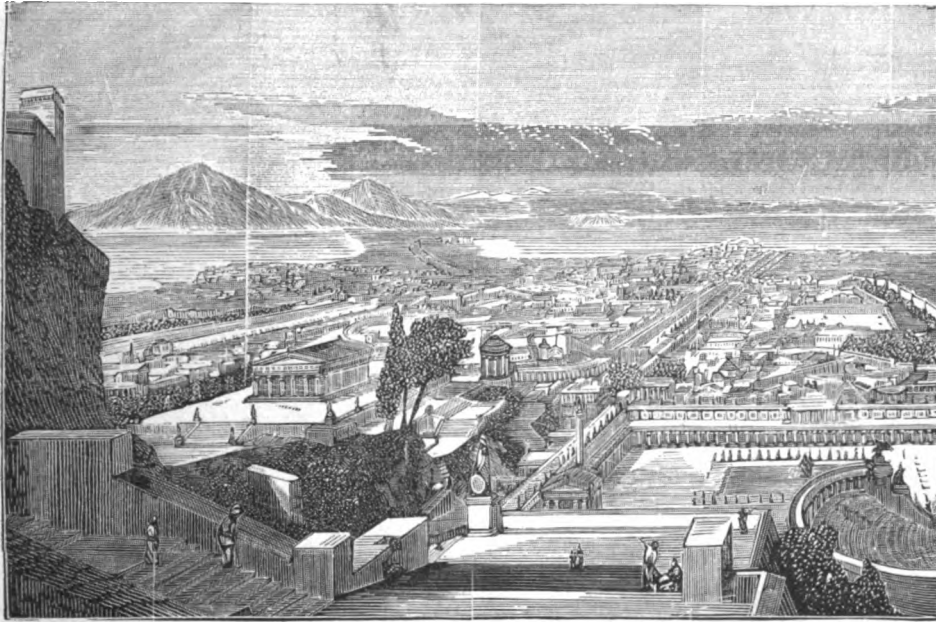
LAKE MICHIGAN OFF CHICAGO.

and happy. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations we like better than others. But suppose three or four of us make solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business, and one goes by the New York Central Railroad, another by the Erie Railroad, another by the Pennsylvania Railroad, another by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. One goes this way because the mountains are grander; another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another that because the speed is greater; another takes the other because he has long been accustomed to that

route and all the employes are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned it makes no difference if we only get there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practice its teaching—although some of their trains run on a broad gauge and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of the New Jerusalem.

It being evident that you will be safe in any of the evangelical denominations, I say: If one of the married couple be a Christian and the other not, the one a Christian is bound to go anywhere to a church where the unconverted companion is willing to go, if he or she will go to no other. You, of the connubial partnership, are a Christian. You are safe for the skies. Then it is your first duty to secure the eternal safety of your lifetime associate. Is not the everlasting welfare of your wife impenitent, or your husband impenitent, of more importance than your church relationship? Is not the residence of your companion for the next quadrillion of years a mightier consideration to you than the gratification of your ecclesiastical taste for forty or fifty years? A man or a woman that would stop half a minute to weigh preferences as to whether he or she had better go with the unconverted companion to this or that church or denomination, has no religion at all, and never has had, and I fear never will have. You are loaded up with what you suppose to be religion, but you are like Capt. Frobisher, who brought back from his voyage of discovery a ship-load of what he supposed to be valuable minerals, yet, instead of being silver and gold, were nothing but common stones of the field, to be hurled out finally as useless. Mighty God! In all Thy realm is there one man or woman professing religion, yet so stolid, so unfitted, so far gone unto death that there would be any hesitancy in surrendering all preferences before such an opportunity of salvation and heavenly reunion? If you, a Christian wife, are an attendant upon any church, and your unconverted husband does not go with you because he does not like its preacher, or its music, or its architecture, and goes not to any house of worship, but would go if you would accompany him somewhere else, change your church relations. Say good-by to your friends, and go with him to any one of the many churches, till his soul is saved and he joins you in the march to heaven. More important than that ring on the third finger of your left hand, it is, that your Heavenly Father command the angel of mercy concerning your husband at his conversion, as in the parable of old: "Put a ring on his hand."

No letter of more importance ever came to the great city of Corinth, situated on what was called the "Bridge of the Sea," and glistening with sculpture, and gated with a style of brass, the magnificence of which the following ages have not been able to successfully imitate, and overshadowed by the Aero-Corinthus, a fortress of rock two thousand feet high—I say no letter ever came to that great city of more importance than that letter in which Paul puts the two startling questions: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"

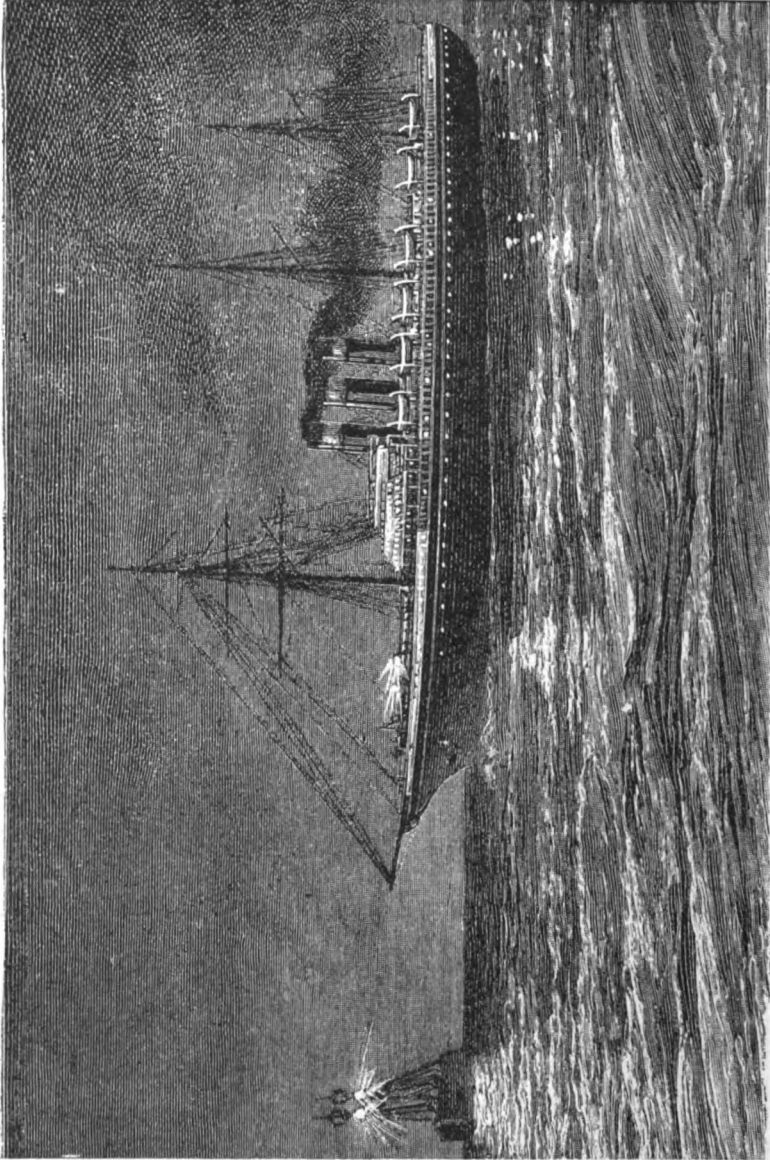


VIEW OF ANCIENT CORINTH.

The dearest sacrifice on the part of the one is cheap if it rescues the other. Better go to the smallest, weakest, most insignificant church on earth, and be co-partners in eternal bliss, than pass your earthly membership in a most gorgeously attractive church while your companion stays outside of evangelical privileges. Better have the drowning saved by a scow or sloop than let him or her go down while you sail by in the gilded cabins of a *Britannic* or a *Great Eastern*.

If both of the married couple be Christians, but one is so naturally constructed that it is impossible to enjoy the services of a particular denomination, and the other is not so sectarian or punctilious, let the one less particular go

with the other who is very particular. As for myself, I feel as much at home in one denomination of evangelical Christians as another, and I think I must have



THE "CITY OF NEW YORK" (INMAN LINE) PASSING THE LIGHT SHIP.

been' born very near the line. I like the solemn roll of the Episcopal liturgy, and I like the spontaneity of the Methodists, and I like the importance given to

the ordinance of baptism by the Baptists, and I like the freedom of the Congregationalists, and I like the government and the sublime doctrine of the Presbyterians, and I like many of the others just as good as any I have mentioned, and I could happily live, and preach and die, and be buried from any of them. But others are born with so stout, and unbending, and inexorable a liking for some denomination that it is a positive necessity they have the advantage of that one. What they were intended to be in ecclesiasticism was written in the sides of their cradle, if the father and mother had eyes keen enough to see it. They would not stop crying until they had put in their hands as a plaything a Westminster Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. The whole current of their temperament and thought and character runs into one sect of religionists as naturally as the James River into Chesapeake. It would be a torture to such persons to be anything outside of that one church. Now, let the wife or husband who is not so constructed sacrifice the milder preference for the one more inflexible and rigorous. Let the grape-vine follow the rugosities and sinuosities of the oak or hickory. Abram, the richer in flocks of Christian grace, should say to Lot, who is built on a smaller scale: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" As you can be edified and happy anywhere, go with your companion to the church to which he or she must go or be miserable.

If both the married couple are very strong in their sectarianism, let them attend the different churches preferred. It is not necessary that you attend the same church. Religion is between your conscience and your God. Like Abram and Lot, agree to differ. When on Sabbath morning you come out of the door of your home together, and one goes one way and the other the other, heartily wish each other a good sermon and a time of profitable devotion; and when you meet again at the nooday repast let it be evident, each to each, and to your children, and to the hired help, that you have been on the Mount of Transfiguration, although you went up by different paths, and that you have both been fed by the bread of life, though kneaded by different hands in different trays, and baked in different ovens.

"But how about the children?" I am often asked by hundreds of parents. Let them also make their choice. They will grow up with reverence for both the denominations represented by father and mother, if you, by holy lives, com-

mend those denominations. If the father live the better life they will have the more favorable opinion of his denomination. If the mother live the better life they will have the more favorable opinion of her denomination. And some day both the parents will, for at least one service, go to the same church. The neighbors will say: "I wonder what is going on to-day, for I saw our neighbor and his wife, who always go to different churches, going arm in arm to the same sanctuary." Well, I will tell you what has brought them together, arm in arm, to the same altar. Something very important has happened. Their son is to-day uniting with the church. He is standing in the aisle taking the vow of a Christian. He had been somewhat wayward, and gave father and mother a good deal of anxiety; but their prayers have been answered in his conversion, and as he stands in the aisle and the minister of religion says: "Do you consecrate yourself to the God who made and redeemed you, and do you promise to serve him all your days?" and with manly voice he answers, "I do," there is an April shower in the pew where father and mother sit, and a rainbow of joy which arches both their souls, that makes all difference of creed infinitesimal. And the daughter, who had been very worldly, and gay, and thoughtless, puts her life on the altar of consecration, and as the sunlight of that Sabbath streams through the church window and falls upon her brow and cheek, she looks like their other daughter, whose face was lumed with the brightness of another world on the day when the Lord took her into his heavenly keeping years ago. I should not wonder if, after all, these parents pass the evening of their life in the same church, all differences of church preference overcome by the joy of being in the house of God where their children were prepared for usefulness and heaven.

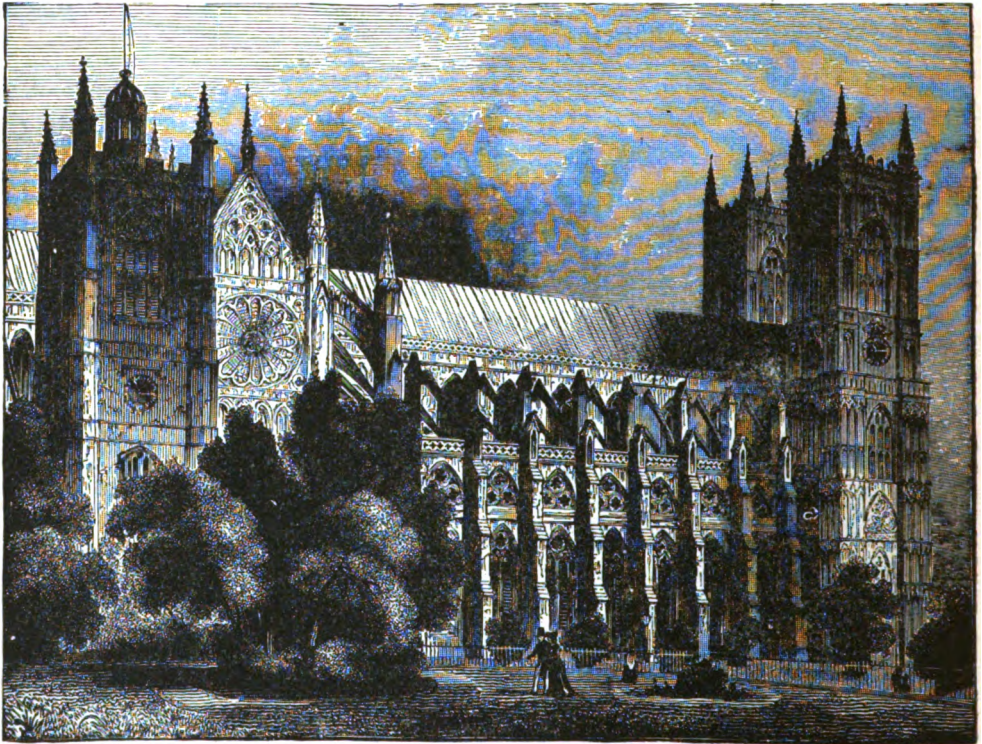
But I can give you a recipe for ruining your children. Angrily contend in the household that your church is right and the church of your companion is wrong. Bring sneer and caricature to emphasize your opinions, and your children will make up their minds that religion is a sham, and they will have none of it. In the northeast storm of domestic controversy, the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley will not grow. Fight about apostolic succession, fight about election and free agency, fight about baptism, fight about the bishopric fight about gown and surplice, and the religious prospects of your children will be left dead on the field. You will be as unfortunate as Charles, Duke of Bur-

gundy, who in battle lost a diamond the value of a nation, for in your fight you will lose the jewel of salvation for your entire household. This is nothing against the advocacy of your own religious theories. Use all forcible argument, bring all telling illustration, array all demonstrative facts, but let there be no acerbity, no stinging retort, no mean insinuation, no superciliousness, as though all others were wrong and you infallibly right.

Take a hint from astronomy. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the center of the solar system, and everything was thought to turn around the earth. But the Copernican system came and made the sun the center, around which the planets revolved. The bigot makes his little belief the center of everything, but the large-souled Christian makes the Sun of Righteousness the center, and all denominations, without any clashing, and each at its own light, and in its own sphere, revolving around it. Over the tomb of Dean Stanley, in Westminster Abbey, is the passage of Scripture: "Thy commandments are exceeding broad." Let no man crowd us on to a path like the bridge Al Sirat, which the Mohomedan thinks leads from this world over the Abyss of hell into paradise. The breadth of the bridge less than the web of a starved spider or the edge of a sword or razor, off the edges of which many fall. No; while the way is not wide enough to take with us any of our sins, it is wide enough for all Christian believers to pass without peril into everlasting safety. But do not, any of you, depend upon what you call a sound creed for salvation. A man may own all the statutes of the State of New York, and yet not be a lawyer; and a man may own all the best medical treatises, and not be a physician; and a man may own all the best works on painting and architecture, and not be either painter or architect; and a man may own all the sound creeds in the world, and yet not be a Christian. Not what you have in your head and on your tongue, but in your heart and in your life will decide everything.

In olden times in England before the modern street lamps were invented, every householder was expected to have a lantern suspended in front of his house, and the cry of the watchmen in London as they went along at eventide was, "Hang out your lights." Instead of disputing in your home about the different kinds of lanterns, as a watchman on the walls of Zion, I cry: "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Hang out your lights! You may have a thousand ideas

about religion and yet not the great idea of pardoning mercy. It is not the number of your ideas, but the greatness of them. A mouse hath ten offspring in her nest, while the lioness hath one in her lair. All ideas about forms and ceremonies and church government put together, are not worth the one idea of getting to heaven yourself and taking your family with you. But do not reject Christianity, as many do, because there are so many sects. Standing in Westminster



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Hotel, London, I looked out of the window, and saw three clocks, as near as I can remember, one on the Parliament House, another on St. Margaret's Chapel, another on Westminster Abbey, and they were all different. One said twelve o'clock at noon, another said five minutes before twelve, another said five minutes after twelve. I might as well have concluded that there is no such thing as time because the three timepieces were different, as for you to conclude that there is no such thing as pure Christianity because the churches differ in their statements of it. It is about twelve o'clock, noon, of the glorious gospel dispensation,

although the church clocks somewhat differ, and under the present light you have no excuse for neglecting your duty because you do not like this or do not like that. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation."

But let us all rejoice that although part of our family may worship on earth in one church, and part in another church, or, bowed at the same altars, it must be in a compromise of preferences, we are, if redeemed, on the way to a perfect church, where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedral of eternity, with arches of amethyst, and pillars of sapphire, and floors of emerald, and windows aglow with the sunrise of heaven! What wide aisles, spacious enough to allow empires to enter! What amphitheatres of piled-up splendor, gallery above gallery, princes and princesses, kings and queens bending over them! What stupendous towers, with chimes angel-hoisted and angel-rung! What myriads of worshippers, white-robed and coroneted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession!" What walls, hung with the captured shields and flags, by the church militant passed up to the church triumphant! What doxologies of all nations! Coronet to coronet, cymbal to cymbal, harp to harp, organ to organ! Pull out the tremulant stop to recall the suffering past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!





THE REJECTED.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SECRET MARRIAGES.

THE garden of Eden was a great orchard of fruit-bearing trees, bushels and bushels of round, ripe, glorious fruit, but the horticulturist and his wife having it in charge, hankered for one special tree, simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children will now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This kink in the human race is not easily unsnarled. Tell a company that they may look into any twenty rooms of a large house except one, and their chief desire is to see that one, though all the others were picture galleries, and that, a garret. If there were in a region of mineral springs, twenty fountains, but the proprietor had fenced in one well against the public, the one fenced in would be the chief temptation to the visitor, and they would



ADAM AND EVE DRIVEN FROM EDEN.

rather taste of that than of the other nineteen. Solomon recognized this principle, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct, when he said: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." I aim a point blank shot at "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades." Yonder comes up through the narrows of New York harbor a ship having all the evidence of tempestuous passage; salt

water mark reaching to the top of the smoke stack. Mainmast, foremast, mizzenmast twisted off. Bulwarks knocked in. Lifeboats off the davit. Jib-sheets and lee-bowlines missing. Captain's bridge demolished. Main shaft broken. All the pumps working to keep from sinking before they can get to



"SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL."

wharfage. That ship is the institution of Christian marriage, launched by the Lord grandly from the bank of the Euphrates, and floating out on the seas for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But free-loveism struck it from one side, and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes of libertanism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repairs in every plank and beam and eail and bolt and clamp and transom and stanchion. In other words, the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of the marriage institution. And when we have got it back somewhere near what it was when God built it in Paradise, the earth will be far on toward resumption of Paradaisical conditions. Do you ask what is the need of discussing this subject? The man or woman who asks this question is either ignorant or guilty. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States,

there are two thousand divorces per year. And in Massachusetts, the headquarters of steady habits, there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. The State of Maine, considcred by many almost frigid in proprieties, has in one year four hundred seventy-eight divorces. In Vermont, swapping wives is not a rare transaction. In Connecticut, there are women who boast that they have four or five times been divorced. Moreover, our boasted Protestantism

is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except the reason that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country, the larger the ratio of divorce. Do you not then think that Protestantism needs some toning up on this subject?

Aye, when you realize that the sacred and divine institution is being caricatured and defamed by clandestine marriages and escapades all over the land, does there not seem a call for such discussion? Hardly a morning or evening paper comes into your possession without reporting them, and there are fifty of these occurrences where one is reported, because it is the interest of all parties to hush them up. The victims are, all hours of the night, climbing down ladders or crossing over from State to State that they may reach laws of greater laxity, holding receptions six months after marriage to let the public know for the first time that a half year before they were united in wedlock. Ministers of religion and justices of the peace, and mayors of cities willingly joining in marriage runaways from other States and neighborhoods; the coach-box and the back seat of the princely landeau in flirtation; telegrams flashing across the country for the arrest of absconded school misses who started off with armfuls of books, and taking rail trains to meet their affianced—thousands of people in a marriage whose banns have never been published; precipitated conjugality; bigamy triumphant; marriage a joke; society blotched all over with a putrefaction on this subject, which no one but the Almighty God can arrest.

We admit that clandestinity and escapade are sometimes authorized and made right by parental tyranny or domestic serfdom. There have been exceptional cases where parents have had a monomania in regard to their sons and daughters, demanding their celibacy or forbidding relations every way right. Through absurd family ambition parents have sometimes demanded qualifications and equipment of fortune unreasonable to expect or simply impossible. Children are not expected to marry to please their parents, but to please themselves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and quality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart. Rev. Philip Henry, eminent for piety and good sense, used to say to his children: "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me."

During our civil war a marriage was about to be celebrated in Charleston, S. C., between Lieut. de Rochelle and Miss Anna, the daughter of ex-Governor Pickens. As the ceremony was about to be solemnized, a shell broke through the roof and wounded nine of the guests, and the bride fell dying, and, wrapped in her white wedding robe, her betrothed kneeling at her side, in two hours she expired. And there has been many as bright a union of hearts as that proposed, that the bomb-shell of outrageous parental indignation has wounded and scattered and slain. If the hand offered in marriage be blotched with intemperance, if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched, if he has no visible means of support, poverty and abandonment seem only a little way ahead; if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition, protest and forbid and reinforce your opinion by that of others, and put all lawful obstacles in the way; but do not join



DOCKS OF THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.

that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness which has caused more than one elopement. I know of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we have admitted there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, yea, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East river and depend on being able to swim to the other shore or get picked up by a ferry-boat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the probability is that she will not. Read the story of the escapades in the

newspapers for the last ten years and find me a half dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court divorce, death and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket office for the rail train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles an hour, he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for while Satan has a genius for getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting people out. He induced Jonah to take ship for Tarshish, when God told him to go to Nineveh; but provided for the recreant prophet no better landing-place than the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

The modern novel is responsible for many of these abscondings. Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and heroine get acquainted in the usual way and carry on their increased friendliness until, with the consent of parents, the day of marriage is appointed, and amid the surrounding group of kindred the vows are taken? Oh, no! There must be flight and pursuit, and narrow escape, and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine and parental forgiveness and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapade the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel, ten cents worth of unadulterated perdition.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored, for the reason that nearly all them are proposed by bad men. If the man behave well he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire about me, there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No, the heroes of escapades are nearly all either bigamists, or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned and pomatumed and padded and diamond-ringed and flamboyant-cravated, until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories, but they are double-distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them.

Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. If the man was of a

higher plane, or the marriage on an equality, there would be no objections, and hence no inducement to clandestiny. In almost all cases it means the lowering of womanhood. Observe this law: A man marrying a woman beneath him in society, may raise her to any eminence that he himself may reach; but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society, she always goes down to his level. That is a law inexorable, and there are no exceptions. Is any woman so high up that she can afford to plot for her own debasement? There is not a State in the American Union that has not for the last twenty years furnished an instance of the sudden departure of some intelligent woman from an affluent home to spend her life with some one who can make three dollars a day provided he keeps very busy. Well, many a man has lived on three dollars a day and been happy, but he undertakes a big contract when with three dollars a day he attempts to support some one who has lived in a home that cost twenty-thousand dollars per annum. This has been about the history of most of such conjunctions of simplicity and extravagance, the marriage of ox and eagle: The first year they got on tolerably well, for it is odd and romantic, and assisted by applause of people who admire outlawry. The second year the couple settle down into complete dislike for each other. The third year they separate and seek for divorce, or, as is more probable, the man becomes a drunkard and the woman a blackened waif of the street.

These truant marriages are also to be deplored, because in most instances they are executed in defiance of parental wisdom and kindness. Most parents are anxious for the best welfare of a child. If they make vehement and determined opposition it is largely because it is a match unfit to be made, and they can see for their daughter nothing but wretchedness in that direction. They have keener and wiser appreciation, for instance, of the certain domestic demolition that comes from alcoholism in a young man. They realize what an idiot a woman is who marries a man who has not brains or industry enough to earn a livelihood for a family. No bureau of statistics can tell us the number of women who, after marriage, have to support themselves and their husbands. If the husband becomes an invalid, it is a beautiful thing to see a wife, uncomplainingly, by needle or pen or yard-stick or washing-machine, support the home. But these great lazy masculine louts that stand around with hands in their pockets, allowing the wife with her weak arm to fight the battle of bread, need

to be regurgitated from society. There are innumerable instances where the wife pays the rent and meets all the family expenses, and furnishes the tobacco and the beer for the lord of the household. No wonder parents put on all the brakes to stop such a train of disaster. They have too often seen the gold ring put on the finger at the altar turning out to be the iron link of a chain of domestic servitude. What a farce it is for a man who cannot support himself and not worth a cent in the world, to take a ring which he purchased by money stolen from his grandmother's cupboard and put it on the finger of the bride, saying: "With this ring I thee wed and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

It is amazing to see how some woman will marry men knowing nothing about them. No merchant or merchantess would sell one hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with incumbrances of mortgages and liens, and judgments against it uncanceled; and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years, there have not been women by hasty marriage intrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens and judgments and first mortgages and second mortgages and third mortgages of evil habits. No wonder that in such circumstances parents, in conjugating the verb in question, pass from the subjunctive mood to the indicative, and from the indicative to the imperative. In nearly all the cases of escapade that you will hear of the rest of your lives, there will be a headlong leap over the barriers of parental common sense and forethought.

We also deplore these fraudulent espousals, and this sneaking exchange of single life for married life, because it is deception, and that is a corroding and damning vice. You must deceive your kindred, you must deceive society, you must deceive all but God, and him you can not deceive. Deception does not injure others so much as it injures ourselves. Marriage is too important a crisis in one's life to decide by slight of hand or a sort of jugglery, which says: "Presto change! Now you see her and now you don't." Better wait for years for circumstances to improve. Time may remove all obstacles. The candidate for marital preferences may change his habits, or get into some trade or business that will support a home, or the inexorable father and mother may be promoted

to celestial citizenship. At the right time have the day appointed. Stand at the end of the best room in the house with joined hands and minister of religion before you to challenge the world that "if they know of any reason why these two persons shall not be united they state it now, or forever hold their peace," and then start out with the good wishes of all the neighbors and the halo of the divine sanction. When you can go out of harbor at noon, with all flags flying, do not try to run a blockade at midnight.

In view of all this I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you to the post-office under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy lest some one by mistake open your letters. Do not employ terms of endearment at the beginning and close of letters, unless you have a right to use them. That young lady is on the edge of danger who dares not allow her mother to see her letters.

If you have sensible parents take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare, or on



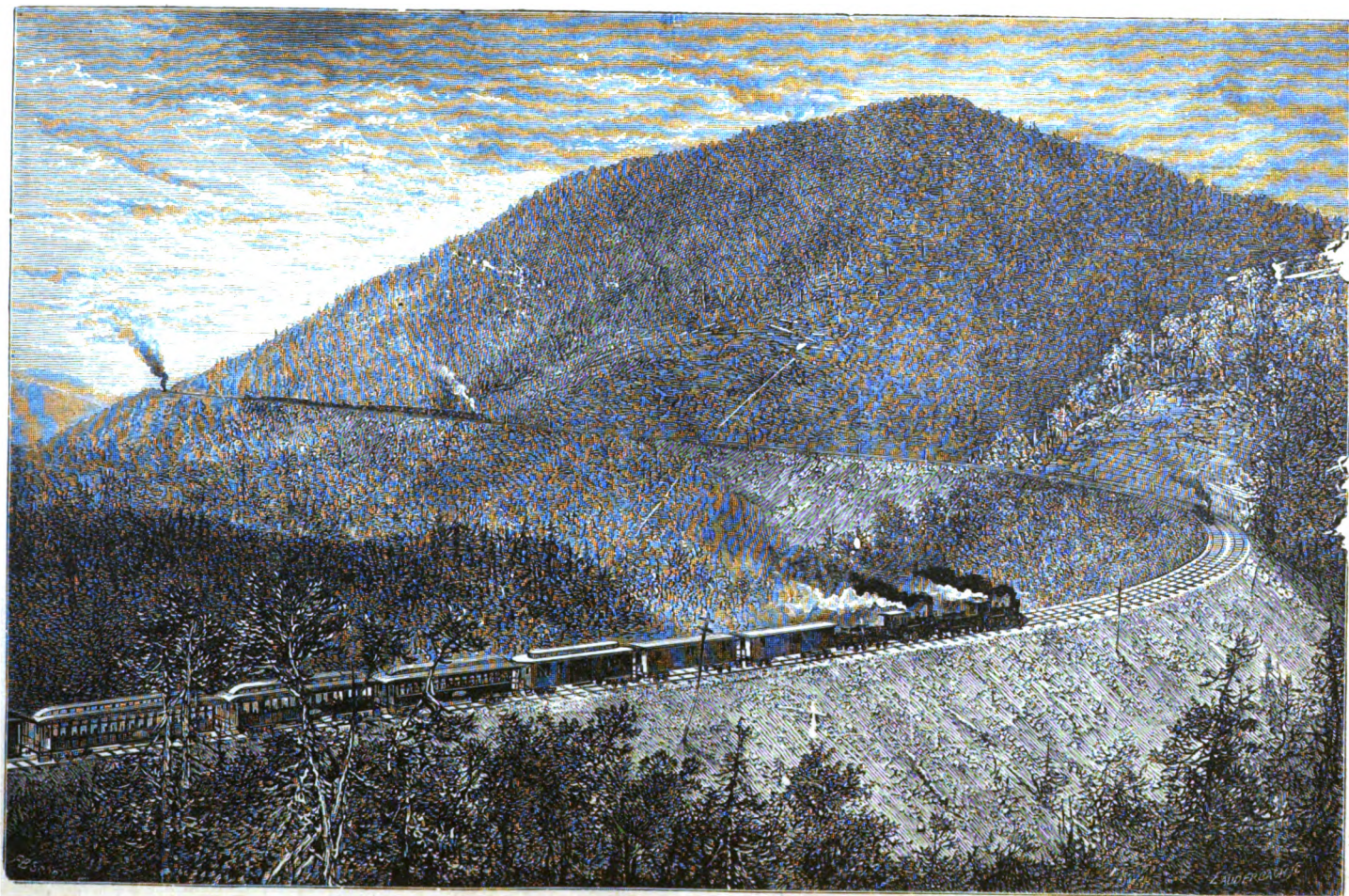
WILLIAM PITT.

some whim or notion, or prejudice, or selfishness, fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt inquired what was the matter, and Sir Walter told him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt said: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable in himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken, and a happy married life ensued. Let ministers and officers of the law decline officiating at clandestine marriages. When they are asked to date a marriage certificate back, as we all are asked, let them peremptorily decline to say that

the ceremony was in November instead of January, or decline to leave the date blank lest others fill out the record erroneously. Let a law be passed in all our States, as it has already been in some of the States, making a license from officers of the law necessary before we can unite couples, and then make it necessary to publish beforehand in the newspapers, as it used to be published in the New England churches, so that, if there be lawful objection, it may be presented, not swinging the buoy on the rocks after the ship has struck and gone to pieces. And here it might be well for me to take all the romance out of an escapade by quoting a dozen lines of Robert Pollock, the great Scotch poet, where he describes the crazed victim of one of these escapades :

* * * Yet had she many days
 Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
 She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
 Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
 When any asked the cause, she smiled and said
 They were her sisters, and would come and watch
 Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
 Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
 Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still
 In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
 Upon the withered stalks and talked to them;
 Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
 With woe too wide to see beyond, she died.

But now I turn on this subject an intenser light. The headlight of a locomotive is terrible if you stand near enough to catch the full glare of it. As it sweeps around the "Horse-shoe curve" of the Alleghanies, or along the edge of the Sierra Nevadas, how far ahead and how deep down, and how high up, it flashes, and there is instantaneous revelation of mountain peak and wild beasts hieing themselves to their caverns, and cascades a thousand feet tall, clinging in white terror to the precipices! But more intense, more far-reaching, more sudden, swifter and more tremendous, is the headlight of an advancing Judgment Day, under which all the most hidden affairs of life shall come to discovery and arraignment. I quote an overwhelming passage of Scripture, in which I put the whole emphasis on the word "secret:" "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil." What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from



HORSESHOE CURVE, ON PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

every heart. The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well-known on that day as the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been forgiven. All the fingers of universal condemnation will be pointed at it. The archangel of wrath will stand there with uplifted thunderbolts ready to strike it. The squeamishness and prudery of earthly society, which hardly allowed some sins to be mentioned on earth, are past, and the man who was unclean and the woman who was impure will, under a light brighter than a thousand noonday suns, stand with the whole story written on scalp and forehead and cheek and hands and feet; the whole resurrection body aflame and dripping with fiery disclosures, ten thousand sepulchral and celestial and infernal voices crying "Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!"

All marital intrigues and all secret iniquities will be published as though all the trumpets spoke them and all the lightnings capitalized them and all the earthquakes rumbled them. Oh, man, recreant to thy marriage vow! Oh, woman in sinful collusion! What then will become of thy poor soul? The tumbling Alps and Pyrenees and Mount Washington cannot hide thee from the consequences of thy secret sins. Better repent of them now, so that they cannot be brought against thee. For the chief of sinners there is pardon, if you ask it in time. But I leave you to guess what chance there will be for those who on earth lived in clandestine relations, when on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of the marriage relation that he compared it to his own relation with the church, shall appear at the door of the great hall of the last assize, and all the multitudes of earth and hell and heaven shall rise up and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh."





BROKEN PROMISES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BROKEN PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

CEN. JEPHTAH, the commander-in-chief of the Israelitish forces, buckled on the sword for the extermination of the pestiferous Ammonites, and looking up to the sky he promised that if God would give him the victory he will put to death and sacrifice as a burned offering the first thing that comes out from the door of his homestead when he goes back. The hur-



JEPHTAH'S DAUGHTER.

rahing of triumph soon runs along the line of all the companies, regiments and divisions of Jephthah's army. A worse beaten enemy than those Ammonites never strewed any plain with their carcasses. Gen. Jephthah, fresh from his victory, is now on his way home. As he came over the hills and through the valleys the whole march homeward for his men is a cheer, but for him a great anxiety, for he remembers his vow to slay and burn the first thing that comes forth from his house to greet him after his victory. Perhaps it may be the old

watch-dog that shall first come out, and who could get heart to beat out the life of a faithful creature like that as he comes fawning and barking and frisking and putting up his paw against his master in merry welcome after long absence? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Perhaps it may be a young dove let out from its cage in the General's home, which, gaining its liberty, may seem to rejoice in the public gladness and flutter on the shoulder of the familiar head of the household. But who could have the heart to slay such a



HANDEL.

winged innocent? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Or it may be some good neighbor that will rush out to greet him, after having first been in to tell the family of the near approach of the General. But who could slay a neighbor who had come on the scene to rejoice over the re-united household? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah.

As he advances upon his home the door opens and out of it comes one whose appearance under other circumstances would have been an indescribable joy, but under the pledge of a sacrifice becomes a horror which blanches his cheek and paralyzes his form and almost hurls him flat to the earth. His child, his only child, his daughter, comes skipping out to greet him, her step keeping time to a timbrel which she shakes and smites. Did ever a conqueror's cheer end in such a bitter groan? No wonder Dore, in two of his masterpieces, presents the scene. And Handel made it the last and climacteric work of his life to put this pathetic and overpowering circumstance in an oratorio, seven months

toiling amid its majestic harmonies until his eyesight gave out, and, as though the sad scene of Jephthah's daughter's sacrifice were too much for mortal vision, the grand old musician was led blind into the orchestra for the first rendering of Jephthah. All the glories of victorious war are blotted out from Jephthah's memory, and his banner is folded in grief, and his sword goes back into the scabbard with dolorous clang, and the muffled drum takes the place of the cymbals, and the "tremolo" the place of the trumpet, and he cries out: "Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I can not go back." During two months amid the mountains, without shelter, the maidens who would have been at the wedding, ranged with Jephthah's daughter up and down, bewailing her coming sacrifice. Commentators and theologians are in dispute as to whether that girl was slain or not, and as to whether, if she were slain, it was right or wrong in Jephthah to be the executioner, a discussion into which I shall not be diverted from the overmastering consideration that we had better look out what we promise, better be cautious what engagement we make, better that in regard to all matters of betrothal and plighted vow we feel the responsibility lest we have either to sacrifice the truth or sacrifice an immortal being, and we be led to cry out with the paroxysm of a Jephthah: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I can not go back."

There is one ward in almost all insane asylums and a large region in almost every cemetery that you need to visit. They are occupied by the men and women who are the victims of broken promises of marriage. The women in those wards and in these mortuary receptacles are in the majority, because woman lives more in her affections than does man, and laceration of them in her case is more apt to be a dementia and a fatality. In some regions of this land the promise of marriage is considered to have no solemnity or binding force. It was only made in fun. They may change their mind. The engagement may stand until some one more attractive in person or opulent in estate appears on the scene; then the rings are returned and the amatory letters and all relationship ceases. The whole subject needs to be taken out of the realm of comedy into tragedy, and men and women need to understand that, while there are exceptions to the rule, once having solemnly pledged to each other heart and hand, the forfeiture and abandonment of that pledge makes the transgressor, in

the sight of God, a perjurer, and so the day of judgment will reveal it. The one has lied to the other; and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

If a man or woman make a promise in the business world, is there any obligation to fulfill it?

If a man sign a note for five hundred dollars, ought he to pay it? If a contract be signed involving the building of a house or the furnishing of a bill of goods, ought they to stand by that contract. "Oh, yes," is always answered. Then I ask the future question: Is the heart, the happiness, the welfare, the temporal and eternal destiny of a man or woman worth as much as the house, worth five hundred dollars, worth anything? The realm of profligacy is filled with men and women as a result of the wrong answer to that question. The most



GOD'S ACRE.

aggravating, stupendous and God-defying lie is a lie in the shape of broken espousal. But suppose a man changes his mind, ought he not back out? Not once in ten thousand times. What if I changed my mind about a promis-

sory note and decline to pay it, and suddenly put my property in such shape that you could not collect your note? How would you like that? That, you say, would be a fraud. So is the other a fraud, and punish it God will, certainly as you live and just as certainly if you do not live. I have known men betrothed to loving and good womanhood resigning their engagement, and the victim went down in hasty consumption, while suddenly the recreant man would go up the aisle of a church in a brilliant bridal party, and the two promised "I will" with a solemnity that seemed insurance of a lifetime happiness. But the simple fact was, that was the first act of a Shakesperean play entitled, "Taming the Shrew." He found out when too late that he had not married into the family of the "Graces," but into the family of the "Furies." To the day of his death the murder of his first betrothal followed him.

The Bible extols one who "swareth to his own heart and changeth not." That is, when you make a promise keep it at all hazards. There may be cases where deception has been used at the time of engagement, and extraordinary circumstances where the promise is not binding, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, engagement is as binding as marriage. Robert Burns, with all his faults, well knew the force of a marital engagement. In obedience to some rustic idea, he, standing on one side the brook Ayr, and Mary Campbell on the other, they bathed their hands in the water and then put them on the boards of a Bible, making their pledge of fidelity. On the cover of the Old Testament of that book to this day, in Robert Burns' handwriting, may be found the words: "Leviticus xix., 12: Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord." And on the cover of the New Testament, in his own handwriting: "Matthew v., 33: Thou shalt not foreswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

Suppose a ship captain offers his service to take a ship out to sea. After he gets the ship a little way he comes alongside of a vessel with a more beautiful flag, and which has perhaps a richer cargo and is bound for a more attractive port. Suppose he ring a bell for the engineer to slow up and the wheel stops. Now I see the captain being lowered over the side of the vessel into a small boat, and he crosses to the gayer and wealthier craft, and climbs up the sides and is seen walking the bridge of the other ship. I pick up his resigned speaking trumpet and I shout through it: "Captain, what does this mean? Did you not promise

to take this ship to Southampton, England?" "Yes," says the Captain, "but I have changed my mind, and I have found I can do better, and I am going to take charge here. I shall send back to you all the letters I got while managing that ship, and everything I got from your ship, and it will be all right." You tell me that the worst fate for such a captain as that is too good for him. But



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

it is just what a man or woman does who promises to take one through the voyage of life, across the ocean of earthly existence, and then breaks the promise. The sending back of all the letters and rings and necklaces and keepsakes can not make that right which is in the sight of God, and ought to be in the sight of man, an everlasting wrong. What American society needs to be taught is that betrothal is an act so solemn and tremendous that all men and women must

stand back from it until they are sure that it is right, and sure that it is best, and sure that no retreat will be desired. Before that promise of lifetime companionship any amount of romance that you wish; any ardor of friendship, any coming and going. But espousal is a gate, a golden gate, which one should not pass unless he or she expects never to return. Engagement is the porch of which marriage is the castle, and you have no right in the porch if you do not mean to pass into the castle.

The trouble has always been that this whole subject of affiancing has been relegated to the realm of frivolity and joke, and considered not worth a sermon or even a serious paragraph. And so the massacre of human lives has gone on and the devil has had it his own cruel way; and what is mightily needed is that pulpit, and platform, and printing-press, all speak a word of unmistakable



DANTE.

and thunderous protest on this subject of infinite importance. We put clear out into thin poesy and light reading the marital engagements of Petrarch and his Laura, Dante and his Beatrice, Chaucer and his Philippa, Lorenzo de Medici and his Lucretia, Spenser and his Rosalind, Waller and his Saccharissa, not realizing that it was the style of their engagement that decided their happiness or wretchedness, their virtue or their profligacy. All the literary and military and religious glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign can not blot out from one of the most

conspicuous pages of history her infamous behavior towards Seymour and Philip and Melville and Leicester and others. All the ecclesiastical robes that Dean Swift ever rustled through consecrated places can not hide from intelligent people of all ages the fact that by promises of marriage which he never fulfilled he broke the heart of Jane Waring after an engagement of seven years, and the heart of Stella after an engagement of fourteen years, and the poetic stanzas he dedicated to their excellences only make the more immortal his own perfidy.

“But suppose I should make a mistake,” says some man or woman, “and I find it out after the engagement and before marriage?” My answer is, you have no excuse for making a mistake on this subject. There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum. Notice what society your especial friend prefers, whether he is industrious or lazy, whether she is neat or slatternly, what books are read, what was the style of ancestry, noble or depraved, and if there be any unsolved mystery about the person under consideration postpone all promises until the mystery is solved. Jackson Hollow, Brooklyn, was part of the city not built on for many years, and every time I crossed it I said to myself or to others, why is not this land built on? I found out afterward that the title to the land was in controversy, and no one wanted to build there until that question was decided. Afterward I understood the title was settled, and now buildings are going up all over it. Do not build your happiness for this world on a character, masculine or feminine, that has not a settled and undisputed title to honor and truth and sobriety and kindness and righteousness.

O woman, you have more need to pause before making such an important promise than man, because if you make a mistake it is worse for you. If a man blunder about promise of marriage, or go on to an unfortunate marriage, he can spend his evenings away, and can go to the club, or the Republican or Democratic headquarters, and absorb his mind in city, or state and national elections. But there is no place of regular retreat for you. Before you promise pray and think, and study and advise. There will never again in your earthly history be a time when you so much need God.

It seems to me that the world ought to cast out from business credits and

from good neighborhoods those who boast of the number of hearts they have won, as the Indian boasts of the number of scalps he has taken. If a man will lie to a woman and a woman will lie to a man about so important a matter as that of a lifetime's welfare, they will lie about a bill of goods and lie about finances and lie about anything. Society to-day is brim full of gallants and man-milliners and carpet knights and coquettes and those most God-forsaken of all wretches—flirts. And they go about drawing-rooms and the parlors of watering places, simpering and bowing and scraping and whispering, and then return to the clubrooms if they be men, or to their special gatherings if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Condign punishment is apt to come upon them and they get paid in their own coin. I could point you to a score whom society has let drop very hard in return for their base traffic in human hearts. As to such men they walk around in their celibacy after their hair is streaked with gray, and pretending they are naturally short-sighted when their eyes are so old in sin that they need the spectacles of a septuagenarian, an eyeglass about number eight, and think they are bewitching in their stride and overpowering in their glances, although they are simply laughing-stocks for all mankind. And if these base dealers in human hearts be females, they are left after awhile severely alone, striving in a very desperation of agony of cosmetics to get back to the attractiveness they had when they used to brag how many masculine affections they had slaughtered. Forsaken of God and honest men and good women, are sure to be all such masculine and feminine triflers with human and yet immortal affections. Oh man, oh woman, having plighted your troth, stick to it.

And here my ideas widen and I have to say not only to those who have made a mistake in solemn promise of marriage, but to those who have already at the altar been pronounced one when they are two, or in diversity of tastes and likes and dislikes are neither one nor two, but a dozen—make the best you can of an awful mistake. And here let me answer letters that come from every State of the American Union, and from across the sea, and are coming year after year from men and women who are terrifically allied and tied together in a hard knot. A very hard knot. The letters run something like this: "What ought I to do; my husband is a drunkard?" "My wife is a gad-about and will not stay at home." "My companion is ignorant and hates books and I revel in them." I like

music, and a piano sets my husband crazy." "I am fond of social life and my companion is a recluse." "I am trying to be good and my life-long associate is very bad. What shall I do?" My answer is, there are certain good reasons for divorcement. The Bible recognizes them. Good society recognizes them. But it must be the very last resort, and only after all reasonable attempts at reclamation and adjustment have proved a dead failure. When such attempts fail it is generally because of meddling outsiders, and women tell the wronged wife how she ought to stand on her rights, and men tell the wronged husband how he ought to stand on his rights. And let husband and wife in an unhappy marriage relation stand punctiliously on their rights and there will be no re-adjustment, and only one thing will be sure to them and that is a hell on earth.

If you are unhappily married, in most cases I advise you, make the best you can of an awfully bad bargain. Do not project your peculiarities more than is necessary. Perhaps you may have some faults of your own which the other party in the marital alliances may have to suffer. You are in the same yoke. If you pull aside the yoke will only twist your neck. Better pull ahead. The world is full of people who make mistakes about many things, and among other things about betrothal and marriage, and yet have been tolerably happy and very useful in the strength of God and by the grace promised in every time of need if those who seek it conquer the disadvantageous circumstances. I am acquainted with lovely women married to contemptible men and genial men yoked with termagants inspired with the devil. And yet under these disadvantages my friends are useful and happy, God helps people in other kinds of martyrdom and to sing in the flame, and he will help you in your life-long misfortune. Remember the patience of Job. What a wife he had! At a time when he was one great blotch of eruptions, and his property was destroyed by a tornado, and, more than all, bereavement had come and the poor man needed all wise counsel, she advises him to go to cursing and swearing. She wanted him to poultice his boils with blasphemy. But he lived right on through his marital disadvantages, recovered his health and his fortune and raised a splendid family, and the closing paragraph of the book of Job has such a juoillance that I wonder people do not often read it.

Now, my badly-married friend of either sex, if Job could stand it by the help of God, then you can stand it by the same divine re-enforcement. You have

other relations, Oh, woman, beside the wifely relation. If you are a mother, train up your children for God and heaven. If you are a member of a church, help move on its enterprises. You can get so much of the grace of God in your heart that all your home trials will seem insignificant. How little difference does it make what your unrighteous husband calls you, if God calls you His child and you are an heiress of whole kingdoms beyond the sky? Immerse yourself in some kind of outside usefulness, something that will enlist your prayers, your sympathies, your hand, your needle, your voice. Get your heart on fire with love to God and the disenthralment of the human race, and the troubles of your home will be blotted out in the glory of your consecrated life. I cry out to you, Oh, woman, as Paul exclaims in his letter to the Corinthians: What knowest thou, Oh, wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? And if you can not save him you can help in the grander, mightier enterprise of helping save the world. Out of the awful mistake of your marriage rise into the sublimest life of self sacrifice for God and suffering humanity. Instead of settling down to mope over your domestic woes, enlist your energies for the world's redemption.



"TRAIN UP YOUR CHILDREN FOR GOD."

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean only by dikes or walls of stout masonry. The engineer having these dikes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength of these dikes. And there was to be a great feast in one of the villages that approaching evening in honor of the coming bridegroom. That day a great storm threatened the destruction of the dikes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the villages sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dikes, and the tides and the terror were still rising.

“Shall I go the feast,” says the engineer, “or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dikes?” “Take care of the dikes,” he said to himself, “I must and will.” As he appeared on the wall the men working there were exhausted and shouted: “Here comes the engineer. Thank God! Thank God!” The wall was giving way, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving way. “More stones!” cried the men. “More mortar!” But the answer came: “There is no more!” “Then,” cried the engineer, “take off your clothes, and with them stop the holes in the wall.” And so, in the chill and darkness and surf it was done, and with the workmen’s apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose and still the ocean reared itself for more awful stroke and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages. “Now we have done all we can,” said the engineer, “down on your knees, my men, and pray to God for help.” And on the trembling and parting dikes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villagers below, which, knowing nothing of the peril, were full of romp and dance and hilarity, were gloriously saved.

Now, what we want in this work of walling back the oceans of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin is the help of more womanly and manly hands. Oh, how the tides comes in! Atlantic surge of sorrow after Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and satanic fury are in full cry. Oh, woman of many troubles, what are all the feasts of worldly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping to build and support barriers which sometimes seem giving way through man’s treachery and the world’s assault? Oh, woman, to the dikes! Bring prayer, bring tears, bring cheering words! Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the other. To the dikes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughters of America, to the dikes! The mightiest catholicon for all the wounds and wrongs of woman or man is complete absorption in the work to rescue others. Save some man, some woman, some child! In that effort you will forget or be helped to bear your own trials, and in a little while God will take you up out of your disturbed and harrowing conjugal relation of earth into heaven, all the happier because of pre-

ceding distress. When Queen Elizabeth, of England, was expiring, it was arranged that the exact moment of her death should be signaled to the people by the dropping of a sapphire ring from the window into the hands of an officer, who carried it at the top of his speed to King James, of Scotland. But your departure from the scene of your earthly woes, if you are ready to go, will not be the dropping of a sapphire to the ground, but the setting of a jewel in the King's coronet. Blessed be his glorious name forever!



CHAPTER XXXVII.

A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS.

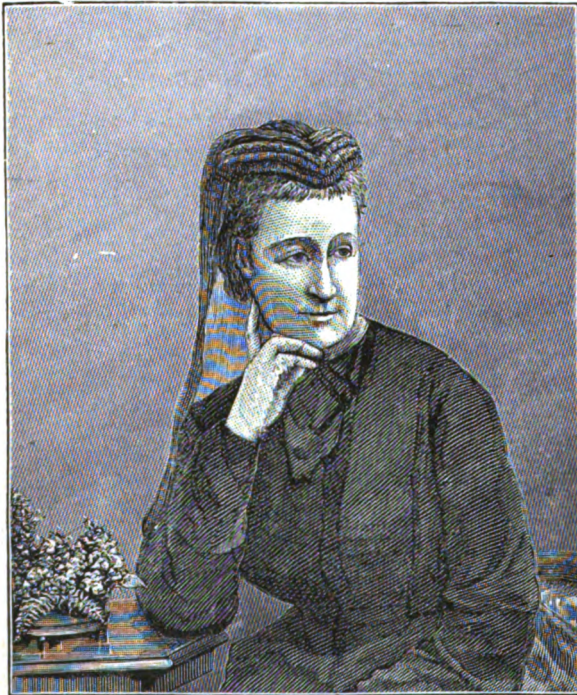
THE editor of a Boston newspaper, a short time ago wrote, asking me the terse questions: "What is the road to happiness?" and "Ought happiness to be the chief aim of life?" My answer was: "The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness; but happiness always follows usefulness." This in a strong way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in a worldly advantage her chief enjoyment, will come to disappointment and death. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

My readers, you all want to be happy. You have had a great many receipts by which it is proposed to give you satisfaction—solid satisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well as older people what it is to be depressed. As dark shadows sometimes fall upon the geography of the school girl, as on the page of the spectacled philosopher. I have seen as cloudy days in May as in November. There are no deeper sighs breathed by the grandmother than by the granddaughter. I correct the popular impression that people are happier in childhood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older the happier. The happiest woman that I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be; the sunlight of heaven late in the afternoon gilding the peaks of snow. For a great many young people the most miserable time they are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing this-tle down and grasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of the everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

Horatio Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man every lives—the life of an American artist—wrote: “I don’t want to leave this world until I give some sign that, born by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and not the dark and bitter thing with which my early prospects were clouded.” Albert Barnes, the good Christian, known the world over, stood in his pulpit in Philadelphia, at seventy or eighty years of age and said: “This world is so very attractive to me I am very sorry I shall have to leave it.” I know that Solomon said some very dolorous things about this world, and three times declared: “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” I suppose it was a reference to those times in his career when his seven hundred wives almost pestered the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another place: “Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. You plant one grain of corn and it will send up a stalk with two ears each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted will produce nineteen hundred grains, and ought not the implantation of a grain of Christian principle in a youthful soul develop into a large crop of gladness on earth and to a harvest of eternal joy in heaven.

I advise you not to build your happiness upon mere social position. Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that if, by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than that in which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Infinite mistake! The palace floor of Ahasuerus is red with the blood of Vashti’s broken heart. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine. If the sob of unhappy womanhood in the great cities could break through the tapestried wall, that sob would come along your streets like the simoon of the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the rustling of the robes on the city pavement, the hiss of the adders that followed in the wake. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up at the great house and coveted a life under those arches, when, perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror and the very agony of hell. I knew such a one. Her father’s house was plain, most of the people who came there

were plain; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there, but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly



EMPERESS EUGENIE.

had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadows. Cruelties and unkindnesses changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the casket of pure gold, the head-dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festal music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plush was a reptile coil, and the upholstery that swayed

in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness! It matters not how fine you have things; There are other people who have them finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of the day, some one will correct your timepiece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jeweled. Ride in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will

meet with one that cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Copley, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt.

All that this world can do for you in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten-thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The English lord, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his chin on his hand and his elbow on the window-sill, looking out and saying: "Oh, I wish I could exchange places with that dog!" Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young women that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the brightness of her early life in this unsatisfactory struggle and omits the present opportunity of usefulness in the home circle; what a mistake! So surely as the years roll around, that home in which you now dwell will become extinct. The parents will be gone, the property will be turned over into other possession, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which, only a year ago was full of congratulation, will be extinguished. When that period comes, you will look back to see what you did or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the tomb, if you did not make their last days bright and happy; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world unhallowed by Christian and sisterly influences; if you allowed the younger sisters of your family to come up without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part, there will be nothing but bitterness of lamentation. That bitterness will be increased by all the surroundings of that home; by every chair, by every picture, by the old-time mantel ornaments, by everything you can think of as connected with that home. All these things will rouse up agonizing memories. Young women, have you anything to do in the way of making your father's home happy? Now is the time to attend to it, or leave it forever undone. Time is flying very quickly away. I suppose you notice the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you; there is frost in the locks; the foot is not as firm in its

step as it used to be; and they will soon be gone. The heaviest clod that ever falls on a parent's coffin-lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter.

Oh, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, seek their prayers, and, after long years have passed, and you go out to see the grave where they sleep, you will find growing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something chaster than the lily—the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindness performed ere the dying Land dropped on you a benediction, and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the wornout pilgrim. Better that, in the hour of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had been handed over into the cold arms of the world, rather than that you should have been brought up under a father's care and a mother's tenderness at last to scoff at their example and deride their influence; and on the day when you followed them in long procession to the tomb to find that you are followed by a still larger procession of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. The one procession will leave its burden in the tomb and disband; but that longer procession of ghastly memories will forever march and forever wail. Oh, it is a good time for a young woman when she is in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare. How watchful those parents of all her interests. Seated at the morning repast, father at one end of the table, children on either side and between, but the years will roll on and great changes will be effected, and one will be missed from one end of the table, and another will be missed from the other end of the table. God pity that young woman's soul who, in that dark hour, has nothing but regretful recollections.

I go further and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere personal attractions. It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselves, to despise or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it he gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebekah, and Abishag, Absalom's sister, and Job's daughters, and says: "They were fair to look upon." By out-door exercise, and by skillful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or

upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that



"FAIR TO LOOK UPON."

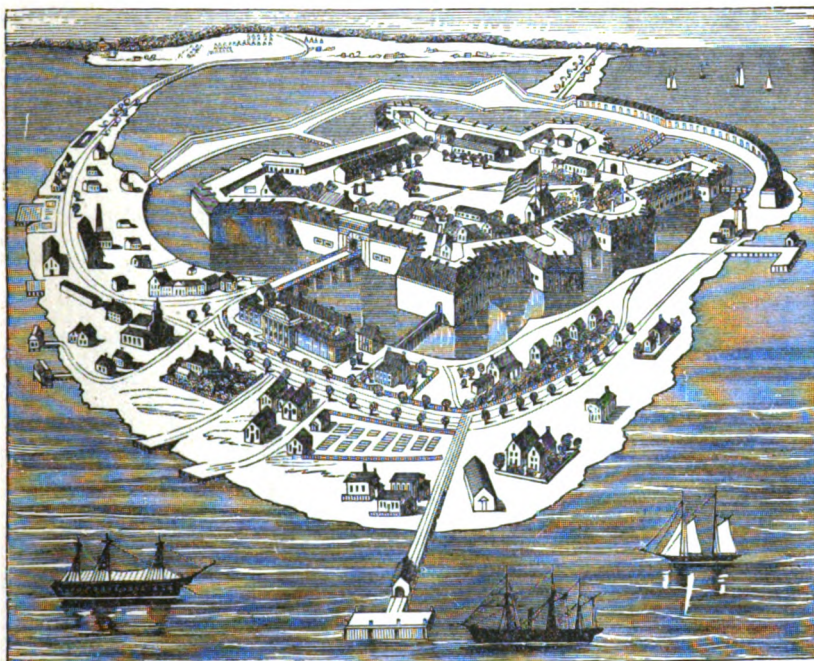
makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There

are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and trouble, and age, do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worshipped is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. How they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof-marks remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!

Why should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is a sign—it is a *prima facie* evidence that you have behaved tolerably well or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was white as snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the luster from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who have built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity, and kindness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last war two hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women from the churches went out that night to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman go through the wards of the hospital, her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair disheveled, in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put round the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow, and he started in his dream and said: "Oh, I thought an angel touched me!"

There may have been no classic elegance in the features of Mrs. Harris, who came into the hospital after the "seven days" awful fight, as she sat down by a wounded drummer boy and heard him soliloquize: "A ball through my body; and my poor mother will never again see her boy. What a pity it is!" And she leaned over him and said: "Shall I be your mother and comfort you?" And he looked up and said: "Yes, I'll try to think she's here. Please to write

a long letter to her and tell her all about it, and send her a lock of my hair and comfort her. But I would like to have you tell her how much I suffered—yes, I would like you to do that, for she would feel so for me. Hold my hand while I die.” There may have been no classic elegance in her features, but all the hospitals of Harrison’s Landing and Fortress Monroe would have agreed that she was beautiful; and if any rough man in all that ward had insulted her,



FORTRESS MONROE IN 1861.

some wounded soldier would have leaped from his couch, on his best foot, and struck him dead with a crutch.

Do not depend for happiness upon the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged, in your presence, to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere, sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense, and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress and about your appearance that you know and they know are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. Determined to tell the truth in office and store and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman.

The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. Oh, let no one trample on your self-respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

Do not depend for happiness upon the discipleship of worldliness. I have seen men as vain of their old-fashioned and their eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud of his dangling fooleries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable



THE BALL ROOM.

demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf; the honeysuckles have their fashion of ear-drop, and the snow flakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower the sky weds the earth with ring of rainbow. And I do not think we have

a right to despise the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body and death to the soul. I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvelous things that the granddaughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back to the Bible times, and you will find that in those times fashion wielded a more terrible sceptre.

All the splendors and extravaganza of this world dyed into your robe and

flung over your shoulder can not wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Savior's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection



"I KNOW IT IS A BRIGHT WORLD"

angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. Young women this world can not make you happy. I know it is a bright world with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire-worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the wrathiest wave has its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in the final conflagration. You will never be happy until you get your sins forgiven and allow Christ Jesus to take full pos-

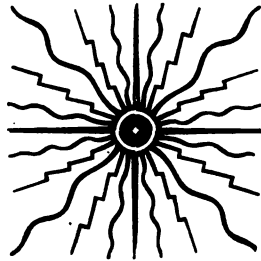
session of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. I do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but to bring your all to the feet of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His look is love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is heaven. Come, then, in flocks and groups. Come like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come like the morning light tripping over the mountains. Wreath all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet.

The snow was very deep, and it was still falling rapidly when, in the first year of my Christian ministry, I hastened to see a young woman die. It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the Banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her own living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures, no tapestry, not even a cushioned chair. The snow on the window casement was not whiter than the cheek of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul and faith in God had given her a matchless beauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outlines of those features and frozen them into stone would have made himself immortal. With her large brown eyes she looked calmly into the great eternity. I sat down by her bedside and said: "Now tell me all your troubles, and sorrows, and struggles, and doubts." She replied: "I have no doubts or struggles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when you go to your pulpit next Sunday, you would tell the young people that religion will make them happy. 'O death, where is thy sting?' Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of dying?" I said: "Yes I think it must be." I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle. She lighted the candle for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed no candle. I rose to go, and she said: "I thank you for coming. Good night! When we meet again it will be in heaven—in heaven! Good night! good night!"

For her it was good night to tears, good night to poverty, good night to death; but when the sun rose again it was good morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good morning! Her sun rising. Her palm waving. Her spirit exulting before

the throne of God. Good morning! Good morning! The white lily of poor Margaret's cheek had blushed into the rose of health immortal, and the snow through which we carried her to the country graveyard were symbols of that robe which she wears, so white that no fuller on earth could whiten it.

My sister, my daughter, may your last end be like hers!



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

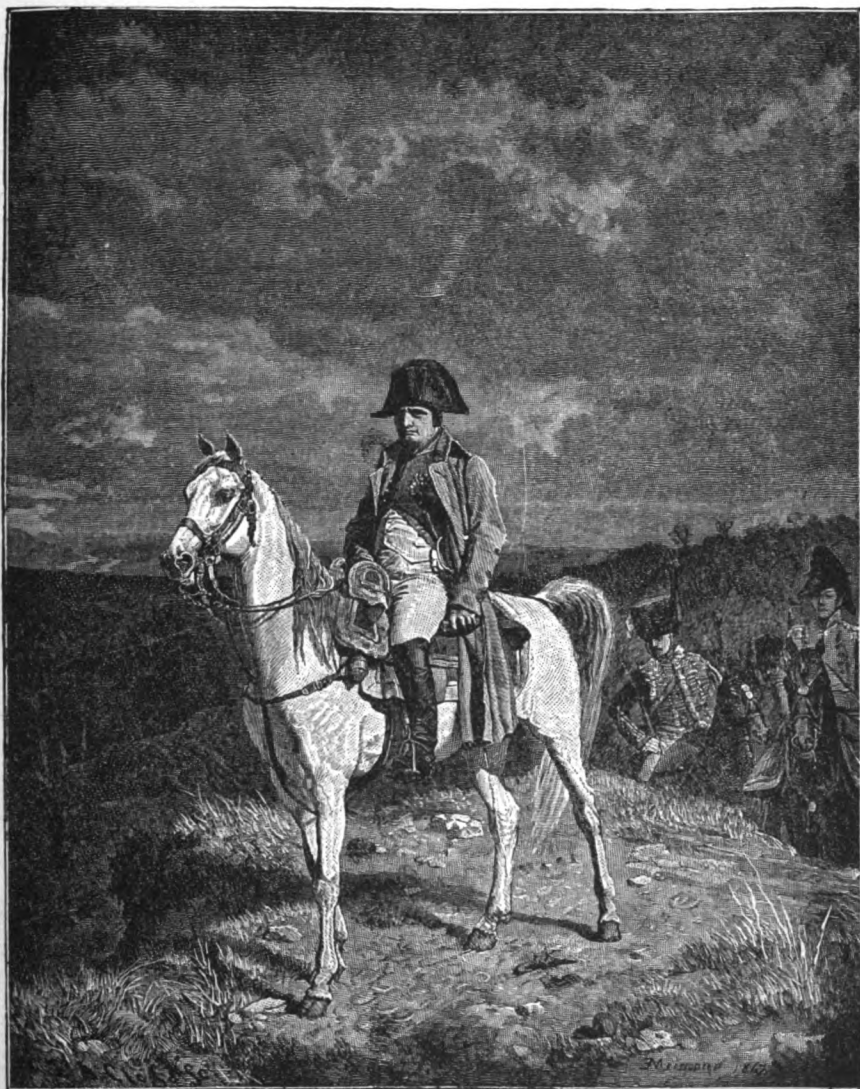
HEROES OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

HISTORIANS are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons, and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastille. To be so nervous you can not endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or to throw the whole body into the blaze of a fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the people are never sick.

Through the dead silence of the night they have heard the chorus of the angels.

Those who suffered on the battlefield, amid shot and shell, were not so



NAPOLEON ON HORSEBACK.

much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgeon could cure. No shout of

comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sickheadache, heroes of life-long invalidism, heroes and heroines, they shall reign forever and forever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that.

I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing-machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperation of business life augmented by the exasperation of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks

of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry! That is prose! But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist: unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress.

Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrow, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" And rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the thrones of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor! put it on that pale brow.

When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and the swindlers who destroyed her husband, will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and a clank of a celestial door, and a shout, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in." And Christ will step forth, and say, "Come in! ye suf-

fered with Me on earth, be glorified with Me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say, "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? It seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she, with cheerful patience, endured all her earthly torture.

We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. When Moses H. Grinnell was buried, the most significant thing about the ceremonies was that there was no sermon and no oration; a plain hymn, a prayer and a benediction. "Well," I said, "that is very beautiful." All Christendom pronounces the eulogium of Moses H. Grinnell, and the icebergs that stand as monuments to Franklin and his men, will stand as the monument of this great merchant, and the sunlight that plays upon the glittering cliff will write his epitaph.

But I am thinking of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who are living on two hundred and fifty dollars a year, that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them writing to the secretary in New York, saying, "I thank you for that twenty-five dollars. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are more hungry; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled.

You call them paupers, or ragmuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will

become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I

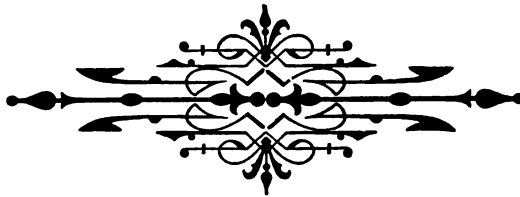


IN THE COTTON FIELD.

was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey. The tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house; the inscription most significant, but I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh! when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it.

Do not envy any man his money, or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero

or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house, and you do not know where your children are to get bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window-pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain field, and then take the grain, and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O troubled soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."



CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOME.

THERE are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they



LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS

only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come; all they want is only an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. If one is not faithful in an insignificant

sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?

Ask ten different men the meaning of the word home, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth; it means plenty at the table, industry at the work-stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray, the damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and murderers in embryo, obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case meant everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

Home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private life it is in dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming their irrit-

ability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may be only a magnificent show-window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is

affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them on the domestic circle. The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the

value. As sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that



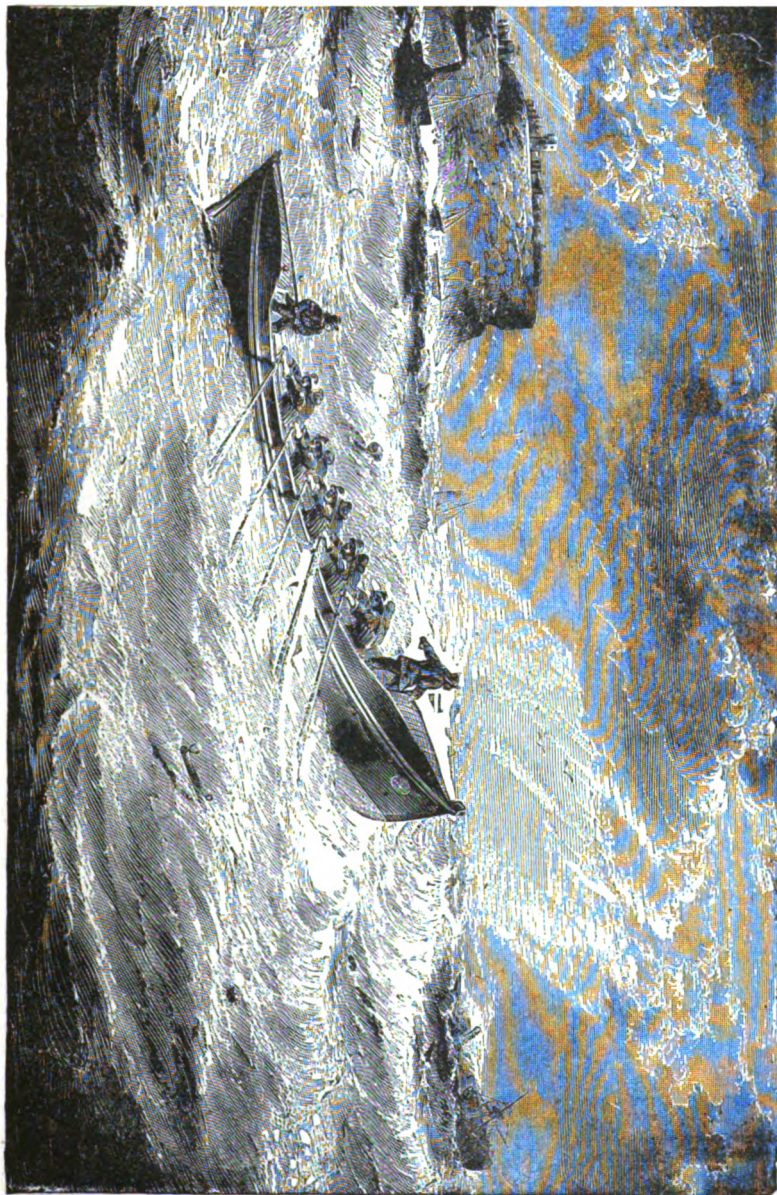
A HAPPY HOME.

the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly unreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm. Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private, is making a fraudulent overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four hundred thousand dollars or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vaults. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp fire of the home circle. Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and bulk aleak we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the dry-dock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the light-house guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the "Narrows" take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Home is a political safe-guard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home. Why can not France come to a placid republic? Ever

A STORM AT SEA.



and anon there is a threat of national capsize. France as a nation has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner

stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overtower and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails, will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home, no republic.

Home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plows, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation, all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affections. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject.

Make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots on the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet

to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocent." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there was nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only a bear's bark, and panther's



"ALL INNOCENT HILARITY."

scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, take into your homes Christian principles. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my readers the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. O, parents! when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will

they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul on their death-bed and in their day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register of the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or turning it into a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof, over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled into dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my childhood, I will forget thee; the family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voice of affection, father and mother, with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget them—then and only then. You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any

other world. I think that the windows and balconies were thronged, and that the pearline beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds, I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham an exile of Ur of the Chaldees; John an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko an exile from Poland; Mazzini an exile from Rome; Emmet an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo an exile from France; Kossuth an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to help him in—that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the small wheels of the great machinery of the universe, turning round some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation; and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when he came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is, when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles from the domestic circle. Christ was more millions of miles away from home than you could calculate if all your life you did nothing else but calculate. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasurable surroundings; but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was anhungered, and he was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's



KOSCIUSKO.

grave. I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into



"HEAVEN IS OUR HOME."

melancholy, and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty, homesick for celestial riches. Persecution,

homesick for hosanna. Weariness, homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to go out of the night and the storm and the world's execration, and all that homesickness suffered to get us home!

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday times to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly, now it is face to face; corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Death while they passed through dry shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid processions of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.



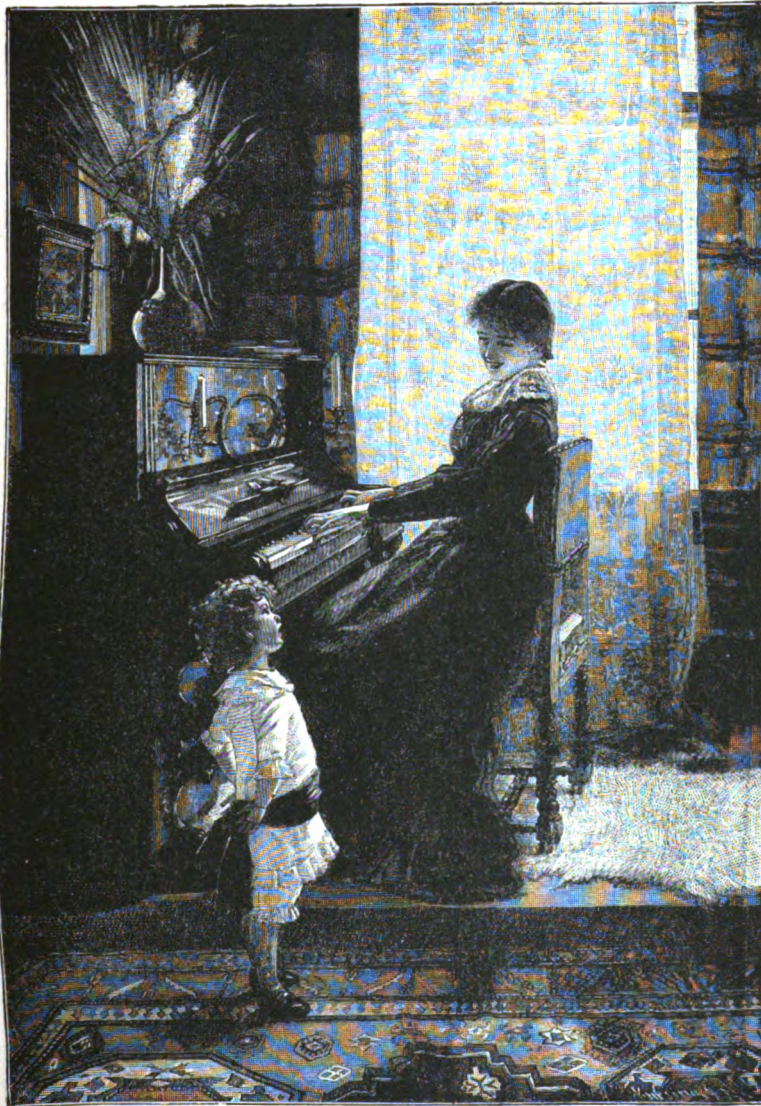
CHAPTER XL.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

QUVER there is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha, of Bethany. The pet of the household is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or perturbation. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as in so short a time Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appareled or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always have on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master; come in, and be seated." Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with Him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guest than she fled to that room.

Mary had no anxiety about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seemed to say: "Now let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters. There is Martha, hard working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cooking and housekeeping. There is Mary, also, fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions

of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelter's at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a

good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and He did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas, me! if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been. But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something burned black that ought only to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and, perhaps, with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have his scolding than any body else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get him something to eat, and so he throws a world of tenderness into his intonation as he seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry; let the dinner go; sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door, I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store and office and shop, or coming from the stock exchange, say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while: you ought to have to manage eight or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir! the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an armchair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exception. I am speaking of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The

fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo, are a small number compared with the slain in the Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery, and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones could speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing machine, or a ladle." You think, Oh! man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and the anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum.

The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but if the butcher has sent meat un-masticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or the autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must



"READY FOR SCHOOL."

be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen croup—something to cool the burn—something to poultice the inflammation—something to silence the jumping tooth—something to soothe the ear-



ELIZABETH FREY.

ache. You must be in a half dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all the wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing room, be patient.

Oh! woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Frey, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper. Jesus was never married that he might be the special friend and confidante of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder: Christ was married. The Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize.

Again, there is the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it—some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make five dollars do the work of seven dollars. How the bills do come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and there is a panic every few weeks! This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economies, this life-long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers. O! my sister, this is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarepath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Beside that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that.

It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life, if in this world you had a

country seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage; and if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, O! the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do. Martha has had no drudgery for eighteen centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. O! what a change from here to there—from the time when they put down the rolling-pin to when they took up the scepter. If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth avenue were to be lifted into the Celestial City, they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to be going in and out of them.



JOHN KNOX PREACHING TO QUEEN MARY.

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache or pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may, until ten o'clock at night, fill the house with laughing racket; but to do the work of life with worn-out constitution, when whooping-cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day—that is not so easy. Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left des-

olation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh! she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone. Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is mother-like to brood both flocks; and one wing she puts over the flock in the house and the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go. The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man can not be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

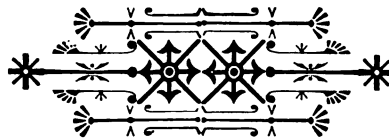
How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers. Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a commander or king, has defeated an army or overthrown an empire. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences, they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal des-

tiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others, but how very hard it is for us to cultivate ourselves. When in Brooklyn, young Doctor Hutchinson, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When in the burning hotel at St. Louis, a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying: "Mother! where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christ-like spirit—a willingness to suffer for others. A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half starved lad, who had offended against the laws of the school, and said: "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off. Whereupon the teacher said again: "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame; he had no undergarment, and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow; whip me; see, he's nothing but a poor chap; don't you hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. "Bravo!" says every man—"Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people? Beautiful thing to admire, but how little we have of that spirit. God gave us that self-denying spirit, so the whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres, we may perform our whole duty—for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how


she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say, "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "DeWitt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "O, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died."

That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There the was country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years' smile—not the smile of inanimation, but of courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."



CHAPTER XLI.

'BOARDING-HOUSES.

HE good Samaritan spoken of by Luke (xli) paid the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found that unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road where, to this very day, depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be four or five dollars a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two day's wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

Hotels and boarding-houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, who were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners; as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when Lydia urged the apostles to accept of her home; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding-houses presided over by excellent host or hostess, in all neighborhoods, villages and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such of those whose business keep them migratory, such as those ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding-houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed, and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvelous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding-houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies show that these critical guests had had early rearing, and that in the making up of their natures all that constitute the gentleman and lady were left out. Some of the most princely men and some of the most elegant women that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding-houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transition, but, as a terminus, they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate.

There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press I utter warning and burning protest, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

In these public caravansaries the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gantlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear and what they do not wear, and how they eat and what they eat, and how much they eat and how little they eat.

If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him. Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime, and does not want to be known; there must be something wrong about him or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest until the subject has become a monomania.

The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies cannot some times hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowdery reputation.

The reason is, that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would get out of breath before reaching there, and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But room 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 are on the same corridor, and when one carrion crow goes "caw! caw!" all the other crows hear it and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh, I heard something rich! Sit down and let me tell you all about it."

And the first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all over again, and as they separate each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle, until from the coal heaver in the cellar to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs in the hay-mow required three or four weeks of brooding, but there are new modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time to do the work by wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement.

It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden, yours will get all overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullen-stalks. One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts; but, by twelve years of age, in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies and see quarrels, and get precocious in sin, and what the bar-tender does not tell them, the porter or hostler or bell-boy will. Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadyng and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations.

As the fish already surrounded by the long, wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God, and further and further

from shore—five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering, and though they make desperate efforts to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after awhile are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, Oh father and mother, let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding-house or a family hotel you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffee perpetually steaming and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door until the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place home.

A home is four walls inclosing one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission; bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his castle—as much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion, and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it.

Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence. The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading room, or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies, and if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have overwhelmed thousands of husbands with as good intentions as yours.

Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation,

which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences, so that they may give their entire time to operas, theaters, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip-top spinning round and round and round, very prettily, until it loses its equipoise and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top and in the other a soul.

Besides this, there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementoes, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cozy lounge, upholsteries, pictures, and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because



AT THE OPERA.

there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set.

You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own, and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is the home in which for a whole life-time they have been gathering, until every figure on the carpet, and every panel of the door, and every casement of the window, has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend that was with us awhile.

What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such a one was born; in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from a sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking chair. What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences!

The public residence of hotel and boarding-house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hypercriticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruise because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zaccheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the Island of Melita in the healing of his father, because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality.

I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gospelization that looked out from every lineament of their countenances and their departure was the sword of bereavement.

The Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark had a royal cup of ten curves or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drunk from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment.

But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own. It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three. In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife, and fork, and a cup, and a chair, and you can raise a young paradise. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow. When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend the king made the one condition of his coming that the only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have sometimes banqueted on the plainest fare. Do not be caught in the delusion of many thousands in postponing a home until they can have an expensive one. That idea is the devil's trap that catches men and women innumerable who will never have any home at all. Capitalists of America, build plain homes for the people. Let this tenement-house system, in which hundreds of thousands of the people of our cities are wallowing in the mire, be broken up by small homes, where people can have their own firesides and their own altar. In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it.

We want done all over this land what George Peabody and Lady Burdett-Coutts did in England, and some of the large manufacturers of this country have done for the villages and cities, in building small houses at cheap rents, so that the middle classes can have separate homes. They are the only class not provided for. The rich have their palaces, and the poor have their poor-houses, and criminals have their jails; but what about the honest middle classes who are able and willing to work and yet have small incomes? Let the capitalists, inspired of God and pure patriotism, rise and build whole streets of small residences. The laborer may have, at the close of the day, to walk or ride further than is desirable to reach it, but when he gets to his destination in the eventide he will find something worthy of being called by that glorious, and impassioned, and heaven-descended word, "home."



GEORGE PEABODY.

Young married man, as soon as you can, buy a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much-abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune, for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourselves all superfluities and all luxuries until you can say, "Everything in this house is mine, thank God! every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every door-sill." Do not have your children born in a boarding-house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout, and sing, and romp, without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dispeptics. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such a daily wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life, and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima dona, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

Have a sitting-room with at least one easy chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checkerboards and guessing matches with an occasional blind man's buff, which is, of all games, my favorite. Rouse up your house with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up to your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothered into a sob.



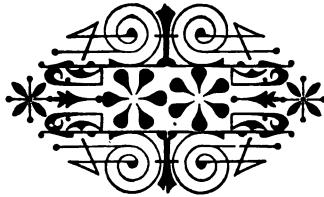
JULIUS CAESAR

First, last and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream, by stating: "So long as Cæsar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its

influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm.

At seventy-six years of age, the Demosthenese of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and “the old man eloquent,” after a long and exciting public life, transatlantic and cisatlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again: “My mother! mother! mother!” May the parental influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the homes on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say, in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family, we dwell in Him;
 One church above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death—
 Our army of the living God,
 To his command we bow.
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.





YOUNG MOTHERHOOD.

CHAPTER XLII.

MOTHERS.



THE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever can achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." Hannah was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in the ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come the model Christian mother.

Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah.

The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks, and an ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the temple.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the Temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you then, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need for her to work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family, for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jereboam, the son of Elihu, the son of John, the son of Zulph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself with her family, and with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment, and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel.

Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness, and the vivacity of girlhood have given place for the grander dignity, and usefulness, and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there has come a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who

are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own doormats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle and brass breastpins and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part, were industrious, hard-working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's looks, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, to make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on a man who is so unfortunate as to have a lazy mother.

Hannah stands before you as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked, and from the way in which she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well informed as mothers. Oh! this work of culture in children for his world and the next. This child is timid and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishment for

another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having their ears boxed.

Oh! how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and incompetent livers among children. If parents knew more, of physiology there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful; there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantages over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of cultivating children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Hannah stands before you as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house; and exquisite music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woeful-looking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother.



HOME JEWELS.

I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers—not many of them. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their children. There are hundreds of mothers who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery they bethought themselves, “This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself how can I ever expect him to become a Christian? Lord help me!”

Are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend them to Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows, and bright eyes, and soft hands, and innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shrivelling up, and poisoning, and putrifying, and scathing, and scalding, and blasting, and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer, and walk, and ride, and look, and frown, and smile. Oh! how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements, and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, have been brought to God through Christian parentage!

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother! One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Phillip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may

press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circles, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said; "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said; "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother.

And lastly, Hannah stands before you the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done, or what you have written, or the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings, and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand comes down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as "the governor," "the 'squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother "maternal ancestor" or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

God grant that all parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their

children grow up Christians. But Oh! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Oh! the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset.

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the Celestial City kindles up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs and joys and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.



CHAPTER XLIII.

CHILDREN.

JUDAH, when describing the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt toward Benjamin, the youngest son of that patriarchal family, said: "His life is bound up in the lad's life," but they are words just as appropriate to many another parent. I have known parents that seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says: "My son must look out for himself. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly, I cannot help it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk in life that I took." As well might the shepherd throw a lamb into a den of lions, and then say: "Little lamb look out for yourself."

It is generally the case that even the beast looks after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have heard a great outcry in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving and that the mother bird had gone off, not to come back again. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will peck your eyes out rather than let you come nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in twain if you approach too nearly the whelps; the fowl in the barn-yard, clumsy-footed and heavy-winged, flies fiercely at you if you come too near the little group, and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and the help of the child. Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother: "You have been looking after this child's body and mind; the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." "What is to become of the child? What will be its history? Will it choose paths of virtue or vice? Will it accept Christ or reject him? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The boats were launched; many of the passengers were struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the other hand lifted up her little child toward the life-boat

crying: "Save my child! Save my child!" The impassioned outcry of that mother is the prayer of many hundreds of Christian people.

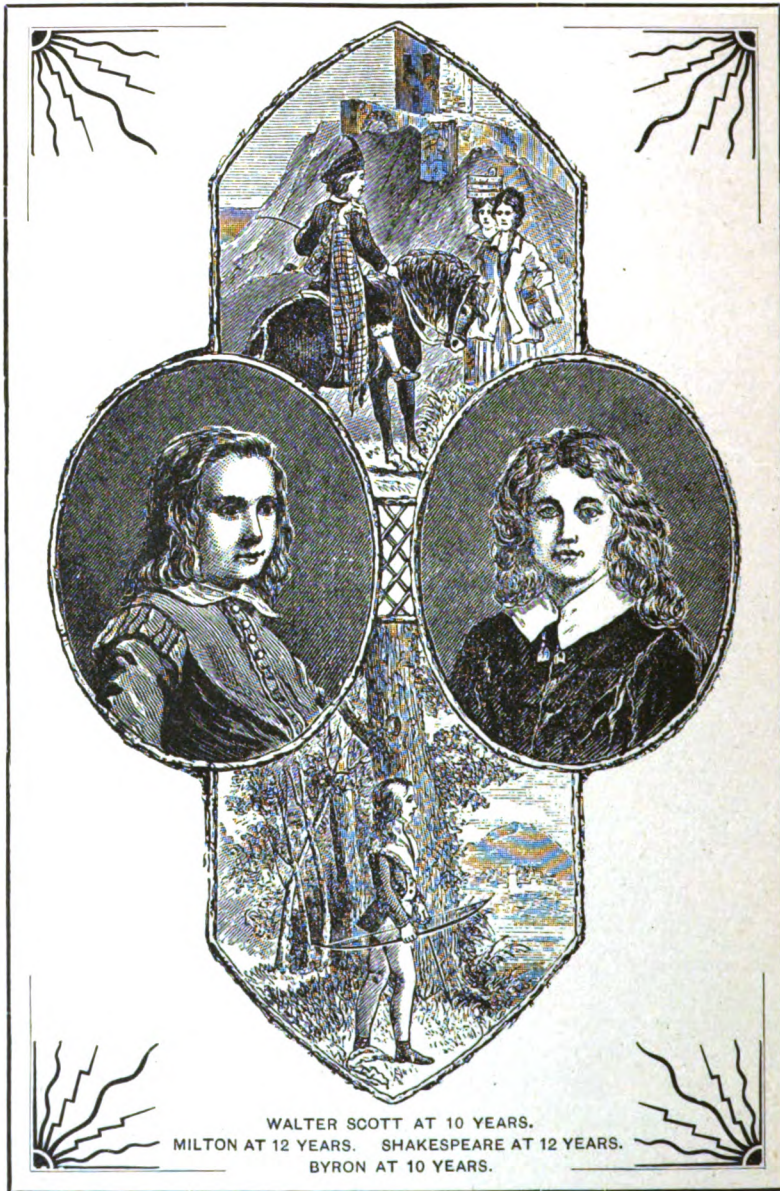
The first cause of parental anxiety is the inefficiency and imperfection of parents themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them. Alas, there is a poor prospect of that. There is more probability that they will choose our vices than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says: "Father indulges in it; mother indulges in it; it can't be so bad." Your boy, ten years of age, goes up a back street smoking a cigar—an old stump that he found in the street—and a neighbor accosts him and says: "What are you doing this for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy says: "O, father does that himself!" There is not one that would deliberately choose that his children should, in all things, follow his example, and it is the consciousness of imperfection on our part as parents that makes us most anxious for our children. We are also distressed on account of the unwisdom of our discipline and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character, and to launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one that seems qualified for the work, there seems to be twenty parents who miserably fail.

Here is a father who says; "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster Catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bed-room walls. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to him and tell him what a great sinner he is. After a while the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night—ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half past twelve, and they hear the night key jingle in the door. They say he is



SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get up stairs before he is accosted. The father says: "George, where have you been?" "Been out!"



Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad road of destruction, for this life and the life to come. Father says: "There is no use

in the Ten Commandments; the Catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours. A man in mid-life said to me: "I can't become a Christian. In my father's house I got such a prejudice against religion I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best men that ever lived, but he had such severe notions about things, and he jammed religion down my throat, until I don't want any of it, sir." There have been some who have erred in that direction.

There are households where mother pulls one way and father pulls another. Father says: "My son, I told you the first time I caught you in a falsehood I would chastise you, and now I am going to do it." Mother says: "Do let him off this time." In some families it is all scolding and fretfulness with the child; from Monday morning to Saturday night it is that style of culture. The boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. Now, you might better give one sound chastisement and have done with it, than to indulge in the perpetual scolding and fretfulness. There is more health in one good thunderstorm than in three or four days of cold drizzle. Here is a parent who says: "I will not err on the side that parent has erred, in being too strict with his children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come in to prayers, they can; if they want to play at cards, they can; they can do anything they please—there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theater, my son, take your friends with you. Do whatever you desire." One day a gentleman comes in from the bank to his father's office and says: "They want to see you at the bank a minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says: "Is that your check?" Father looks at it and says: "No, I never gave that check; I never cross a 't' in that way; I never make the curl to a 'y' in that way. It is not my check; that's a forgery. Send for the police!"

"Ah," says the cashier, "don't be so quick; your son did that!" The fact was that the boy had been out in dissipating circles, and ten dollars and fifty dollars went in that direction, and he had been treated and he had to treat others, and the boy felt he must have five hundred dollars to keep himself in that circle. That night the father sits up for the son to come home. It is one o'clock before he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eye

glaring and his breath offensive. Father says: "My son, how can you do so? I have given you everything you wanted and everything to make you comfortable and happy, and now I find, in my old age, that you are a spendthrift, a libertine and a drunkard." The son says: "Now, father, what's the use of your talking in that way? You told me I might have a good time, and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all."

And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the other, and how to strike a happy medium between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every Christian household. Where so many good men and women have failed, is it strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy of our kind of government?

Parental anxiety often arises from an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. The morning-glories bloom for a little while under the sun, and then they shut up as the heat comes on; but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time; but the short-lived morning glory fulfills its mission as well as the Victoria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish. They are morning-glories that can not stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale; they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye; they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior—ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your household. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener saw it and took it in. We make splendid Sunday-school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed, that for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked—as the Bible says: going astray from the womb, speaking lies. See the little ones in the Sabbath class, so sunshiny and beautiful, you would think they were always so, but mother, seated a little way off, looks over at these children and thinks of the awful time she had to get them ready. After the boy or girl comes a little further on in life, the mark of sin upon them is still more evident. The son comes in from a pugilistic en-

counter in the streets, bearing the marks of a defeat. The daughter practices positive deception, and the parent says: "What shall I do? I can't always be correcting and scolding, and yet these things must be stopped." It is especially sad if the parent sees his own faults copied by the child. It is a very hard work to pull up a nettle that we ourselves planted. We remember that the greatest frauds that ever shook the banking-houses of the country started from a boy's deception a good many years ago; and the gleaming blade of the murderer is only another blade of the knife with which the boy struck at his comrade. The cedar of Lebanon, that wrestles with the blast, started from seed lodged in the side of the mountain, and the most tremendous dishonesties of the world once toddled out from the cradle. All these things make parents anxious.

Anxiety on the part of the parents also arises from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around our young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege—straightforward siege—but suppose in the night there is a traitor within, and he goes down and draws the bolt and swings open the great door, and then the castle falls immediately. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young; they have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitude and tell of his own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not like to do the same. And they call him verdant, and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and wonder how he can bear the Puritanical straight-jacket. They tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron strings, and they say: "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please; it will be the making of you." After awhile the young man says: "I don't want to be odd, nor can I afford to sacrifice these friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes a shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence—farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which, once gone, never comes back. I heard one of the best men I ever knew, seventy-five years of age, say: "Sir, God has forgiven me for all the sins of my lifetime. I know that; but there is one sin I committed at twenty years of age that I never will forgive myself for. It sometimes comes over me overwhelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaven." Young man hear it. How many traps there are set for our

young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man, when he first goes into dissipation, is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You ask the young man to go into that place and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" No; it must be a marble-floored bar-room. There must be no lustful pictures behind the counter; there must be no drunkard hiccoughing while he takes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut-glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place: yet he has a thirst and it must be gratified. The down-grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card table, wheezing, bloated and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drink. Shuffle away! shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt-sleeves, with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve; it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says: "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." They look up and say: "What?" Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at a fashionable hotel, and completed his damnation in the worst of grog-shops.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing-room. There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very best classes of society. They are so fascinating—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly—although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manner, so fascinating in their address—suddenly a cloud, blacker than was ever

woven of midnight or hurricane, drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul. What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family—no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then dashed it down in desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud, ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they ask themselves the question day and night: "What is to become of them! What will be their destiny?"

Let me tell you, parents, that a great deal of anxiety will be lifted if you will begin early with your children. Tom Paine said: "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out. A storm comes on it; it springs a leak; the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not sea-worthy, and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with two hundred and fifty passengers to a watery grave. The time to make the ship sea-worthy was in the dry dock, before it started. Alas for us, if we wait until our children get out into the world before we try to bring upon them the influences of Christ's religion! I tell you the dry dock of the Christian home is the place where we are to fit them for usefulness and for heaven. In this world, under the storm of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circle you decide whether your child shall be truthful or false—whether it shall be generous or penurious. You can tell by the way a child divides an apple just what its future history will be. You ought to oversee the process. If the child take nine-tenths of the apple, giving the other

tenth to his sister, if he should live to be one hundred he will be grasping and want the biggest piece of everything. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook there is in it?" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York and worked as a mechanic for a year or two. And when I came back I found that they had allowed something to stand against the tree; so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influences against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot. "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

Two young men come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in and the other retreats. "Oh," you say, "the last had better resolution." No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder, saying: "Don't go in! don't go in!" Whose hand was it? A mother's hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of the Park Theater, in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in the Park Theater. One man went in; the other staid out. The young man who went in went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital of delirium tremens. The other young man who retreated chose Christ, went into the gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from the Park Theater that night, that there was an early voice within him, saying: "Don't go in! don't go in!" And for that reason, my readers, I believe so much in Bible classes. But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday-school class. I like it because it takes children at an earlier point; and the infant class I like still better, because it takes children before they begin to walk or to talk straight



YOUNG MAIDENHOOD.

and puts them on the road to heaven. You can not begin too early. You stand on the bank of a river flowing by. You can not stop that river, but you travel days and days toward the source of it, and you find after awhile where it comes down dropping from the rock, and with your knife you make a course in this or that direction for the dropping to take, and you decide the course of the river. You stand and see your children's character rolling on with great impetuosity and passion, and you cannot affect them. Go up toward the source where the character first starts, and decide that it shall take the right direction, and it will follow the path you give it.

But I want you to remember, Oh father! Oh mother! that it is what you do that is going to affect your children, and not what you say. You tell your children to become Christians, while you are not, and they will not. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say: "No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in." You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of a man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi or Napoleon I., who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and has his troops following him with wild huzzas. So you cannot stand off in your impenitent state and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict; you must lead them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instructions you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? The teacher at the school takes a copybook, writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line, and makes the mistake, and if there be fifteen lines on that page they will have the mistake there was in the copy on the top. The father has an error in his life—a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, to-morrow, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you are, not so much what you teach. Have a family altar. Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. Then

lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's Prayers, or the Episcopal Prayer Book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him; it will bring him back from the path of sin and death. But I want you to make a strict mark, a sharp, plain line between innocent hilarity on the part of your children and a vicious proclivity. Do not think your boys will go to ruin because they make a racket. A glum, unresponsive child makes the worst form of a villain. Children, when they are healthy, always make a racket. I want you, at the very first sign of depravity in the child, to correct it. Do not laugh because it is smart. If you do you will live to cry because it is malicious. Do not talk of your children's frailties lightly in their presence, thinking they do not understand you; they do understand. Do not talk disparagingly of your child, making him feel that he is a reprobate. Do not say to your little one: "You're the worst child I ever knew." If you do, he will be the worst man you ever knew.

Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than any one else. I put you the question: "Are your children safe for heaven?" I heard of a mother who, when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late: "Is my child safe?" It was too late then. The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! Oh, my dear reader, when the sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will your children be safe?

I wonder if what I have written will not strike a chord in some one who had a good father or mother, but is not yet a Christian?

God wants you to have that memory revived. Your dear, Christian mother, how she loved you! You remember when you were sick how kindly she attended you; the night was not too long, and you never asked her to turn the pillow but she did it. You remember her prayers, also; you remember how you broke your mother's heart. You remember her sorrow over your waywardness; you remember the old place where she did you so many kindnesses; the chairs, the table, the door-sill where you played, the tones of her voice. Why, you can

think them back now. Though they were borne long ago on the air, they come ringing through your soul to-day, calling you by the first name. You are not "Mr." to her; it is just your plain first name. Is not this the time when her prayers will be answered? If you should come to Christ now, amid all the throng of heaven the gladdest of them would be your Christian parents, who are in glory waiting for your redemption. Angels of God, shout the tidings, the lost has come back again; the dead is alive! Ring all the bells of heaven at the jubilee!



CHAPTER XLIV.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE

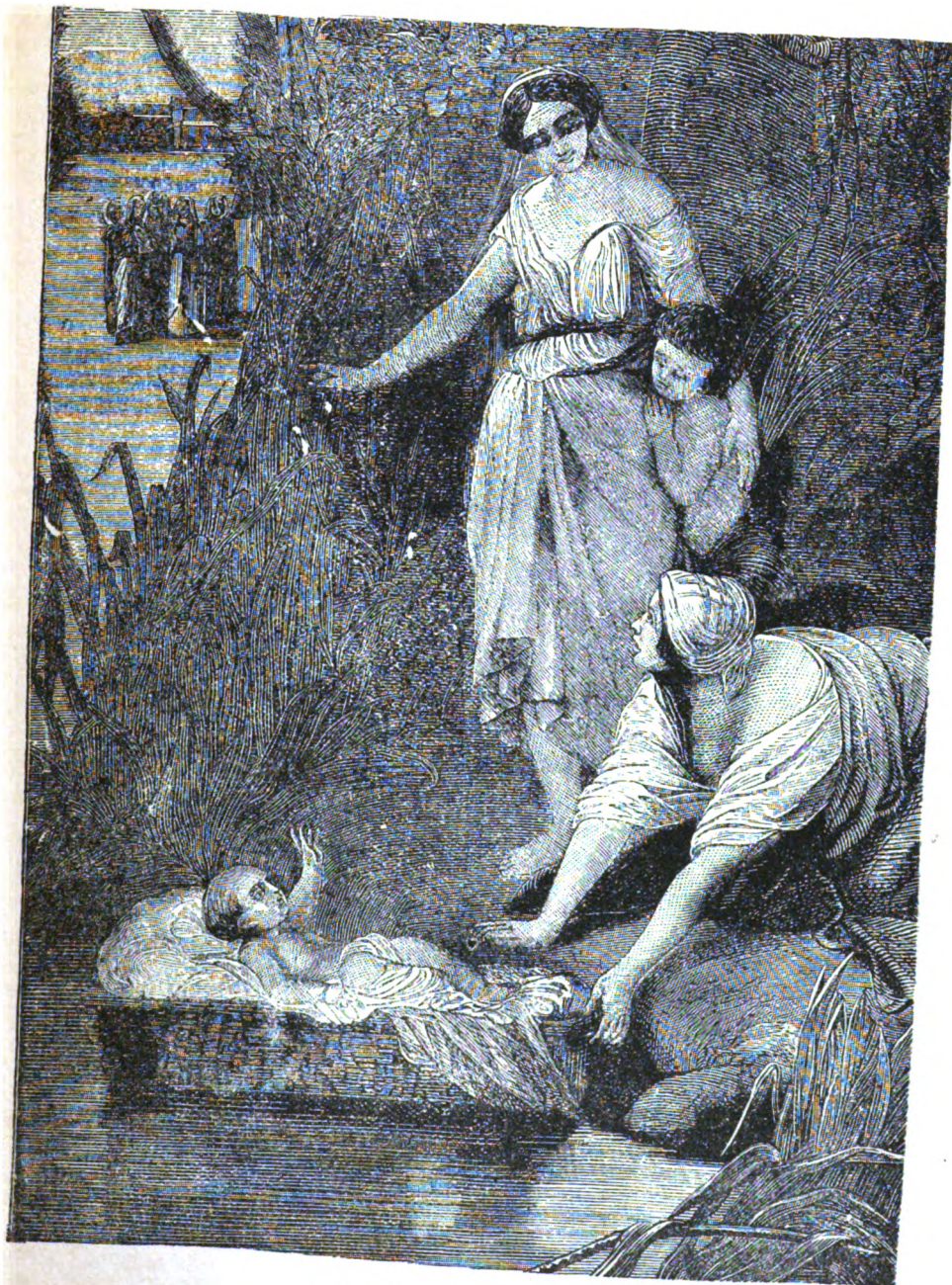
PRINCESS THERMUTIS, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat in the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only one passenger, and that a baby boy. But the *Mayflower* that brought the pilgrim fathers to America carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny and Herodotus and Theophrastus. "Kill all the Hebrew children born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her boy, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister, Miriam, stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank. Miriam the poetess, Miriam the quick-witted, Miriam the faithful, though very human, for in after time she became so mad with that very brother for marrying a woman she did not like, that she made a great family row and was struck with leprosy.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found there might 'in a sudden plunge of thirst' sink it. Some ravenous water fowl might swoop and pick his eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodile or hippopotamus crawling through the rushes might crunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing house. When from the lattice she saw that boat she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened, and would not even let the Princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother.

Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to pacify the child. Consent is given. She brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incognito, not sure of the court knowing that she was the mother, and when Jochebed arrived the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant, and strategic sister.

“Go home,” some one might have said to Miriam. “Why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasms and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian; go home.” No; Miriam, the sister, most lovingly watched and bravely defended Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and courage? Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so much involved in the arrival of any ship at any port as in the landing of that papyrus boat caulked with bitumen. Its one passenger was to be a nonesuch in history. Lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conqueror, deliverer. He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that, Josephus says, when he was carried along the road people stopped to gaze at him, and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the King playfully put his crown upon this boy he threw it off indignantly and put his foot on it. The King, fearing that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend the King ordered two bowls to be put before the child, one containing rubies and the other burning coals. And if he took the coals he was to live, and if he took the rubies he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned his tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer, and the Red Sea parted to let two million five hundred thousand people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on the strangulated host.

His life was unutterably grand, his burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint, nor archangel, have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud, or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left his throne in heaven one day, and if the question was asked, “Whither is the King of



FINDING OF MOSES.

the universe going?" the answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here, the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought; and yonder, the mountains Hermon and Lebanon and Gerizim, and hills of Judea; and the village of Bethlehem there, and the city of Jericho yonder, and the vast stretch of landscape that almost took the old lawgiver's breath away as he looked at it. And then, without a pang, as I learn from the statement that the eye of Moses was undimmed and his natural force unabated, God touched the great lawgiver's eyes, and they closed; and his lungs, and they ceased; and his heart, and it stopped; and commanded, saying, "To the skies, thou immortal spirit." And then one divine hand was put against the back of Moses, and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver, lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave and placed in a crypt, and one stroke of the Divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies, at which God did all the offices of priest and undertaker and grave digger and mourner were ended.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing, when she watched the boat carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian and ravenous? She it was who brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs, for the Princess Thermutis, of the bathing house, would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for faithful sisterhood! For, how many a lawgiver, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer, and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the farm houses; come up out of the inconspicuous homes! Come up from the banks of the Hudson and the Penobscot and the Savannah and the Mobile and the Mississippi and all the other Niles of

America, and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and medicine and merchandise and art and agriculture and mechanics and religion! How many physicians and attorneys and merchants and ministers of religion and successful men of all professions and trades are indebted to an elder sister for good influences, and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schooling was paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

Miriam was the oldest of the family, Moses and Aaron her brothers and younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back waterfowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle, she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God; and a brighter princess than Thermutis shall lift him out of peril, even Religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers; and if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she can not keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy and society calls her by an ungallant name, but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that can not afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever

turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers. There are properties now well-invested, and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father laid down to die. Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled nature. If you, by patience with all infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him, in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsel reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters don't consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent raillery, but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters and the sisters tease the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret, or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an "ahem!" Tease! tease! tease! For God's sake quit it. Christ says: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or a murderess.



GOD BLESS YOU.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Even Miriam, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and not only so, but marries a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he had married at all, and next because he had practiced miscegenation, that she is drawn into a frenzy and then began to turn white, and gets as white as a corpse, and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk; the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue, in a prayer that brings her restoration. Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy either to sit or stand. It is a leprous abomination. Your brother's success, Oh, sister, is your success. His victories will be your victories. For, while Moses, the brother, led the vocal music after the crossing of the dead sea, Miriam, the sister, with two glittering sheets of brass uplifted and glittering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frightened neigh of pursuing cavalry horses was smothered in the wave, and the last Egyptian helmet went under.

How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together, and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarreling about a father's will, and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle. Better when you were little children in the nursery that with your playhouse mallets you had accidentally killed each other fighting across your cradle, than that having come to the age of maturity and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

If you only knew it, your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that stood together, perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Meyer Anselm Rothschild was about to die in 1812, he gathered his children about him—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—and made them promise that they would always be united on 'Change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their scepter nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much, on a large scale and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object,

it be doing good and making salutary impression and raising this sunken world, how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part, and brother will do his part. If Miriam will lovingly watch the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprous disasters strike.

When father and mother are gone, and they soon will be if they have not already made exit, the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unfaltering affection for each other! Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same motherly tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets, and with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity—I charge you, be loving and kind and forgiving. If the sister see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort. Oh, if the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptations their brother goes in this city life, they would hardly sleep nights in the anxiety for his salvation! And if you would make a holy conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world and the brother flee off in another direction in dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again at the iron gate of despair, their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. Alas! that brothers and sisters, though living together for years, very often do not know each other and that they see only the imperfections and none of the virtues.

Gen. Bauer, of the Russian Cavalry, had in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine he invited a plain miller and his wife, who lived near by, and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the General at the table. The General asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago, and, no doubt, was long ago killed." Then the General said: "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother,

whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer and how warm was the embrace.

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grouty and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong! That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you. "Moses, this is Miriam, Miriam this is Moses." Add seventy-five per cent. to your present appreciation of each other, and when you kiss good-morning do not stick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

Make yourself as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own, and into the battle with the world and amid ever changing vicissitudes, and on paths crossed with graves, and up steps hard to climb, and through shadowy ravines. But, oh, my God and Savior! may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start, namely, at father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome us home, as we say, "Father and mother, we have come and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition:

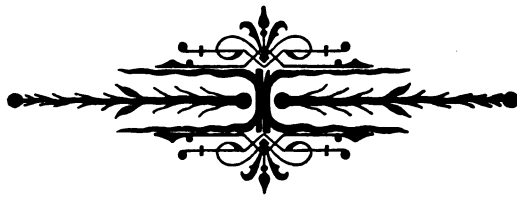
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
 Brothers and sisters there will meet,
 Brothers and sisters there will meet,
 Will meet to part no more.

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and saw it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience.



POLITENESS.

The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home!" As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of the storm and a deafening roar overcame him. But after a while he saw in the distance a lantern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother, who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him and for a long time supper had been waiting. So may it be when the night of death comes and our earthly friends can not go with us and we dare not go alone. May our brother, our elder brother, our friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promises, which shall be a lantern to our feet, and then we will go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb.



CHAPTER XLV.

GRANDMOTHERS.

IN the love letter which Paul, the old minister, wrote to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically said: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had. You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as



THE GRANDMOTHER.

our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any. But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly

excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir away back of the active generations of to-day a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived near one hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiaries and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough and heart warm enough and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of one hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You can not get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputations of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if you put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1796, and he says of women's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and

how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote in 1782, in his book of American women, saying: "They are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed all over this land there are a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on to them longer than it used to. They can not bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half way between. We hail them at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grandmother ; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The elder members only have that benediction. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom, and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your children—I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long. The world stood four thousand years before Christ came ; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after his arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population, in a century your descendants will be over six hundred, and by two centuries at least over one hundred thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in two centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been



1776



EVENING DRESS. 1780.



1780.



1785.



EVENING DRESS. 1795.



EVENING DRESS. 1797.



1800



1805.



1805.



1812.



1812.



1812.

OLD STYLE DRESSES.

thinking of the importance of getting these two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all round the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice, I am talking of grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we can not appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished, multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives is the difference between the Mississippi river way up at the top of the continent, starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and the White and the Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains make contributions. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off of the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down.

But it is, after all, one great river of power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has been dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of the consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other world directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square

feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel, with robe spun from zephyrs, is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give away.

If a mother tell a child he is not good, some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds that there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior and after the good behavior forgets to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother culture a child's vanity and eulogize his curls and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened, the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer. But, on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says: "My child, give that ten cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Mullen building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Savior's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone and the child has gone and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing, as a result of those trundle-bed lessons, flaming evangels, world-moving reformers, circulating Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second and speaks of the third and fourth

generations: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on. Timothy's ministry was projected by his grandmother, Lois. There are men and women the sons and daughters of the Christian church, who are such as a result of the consecration of great-great-grandmothers. Why, who do you think the Lord is? You talk as though his memory was weak. He can no easier remember a prayer five minutes than he can five centuries.

This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness, or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother, come out gloriously for Christ and make the church sob and shout, and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter, and say: "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear through the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jemima, or Betsy, or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood is the resting-place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken of among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longing for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.—This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time; and ill

have I improved it; he is gone from my sight and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son, "the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the dangers of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit; but every symptom of captivity to satan, the world and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane his name and break his Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. Oh, Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy son and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which thou causest me to hope in the day when thou saidst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

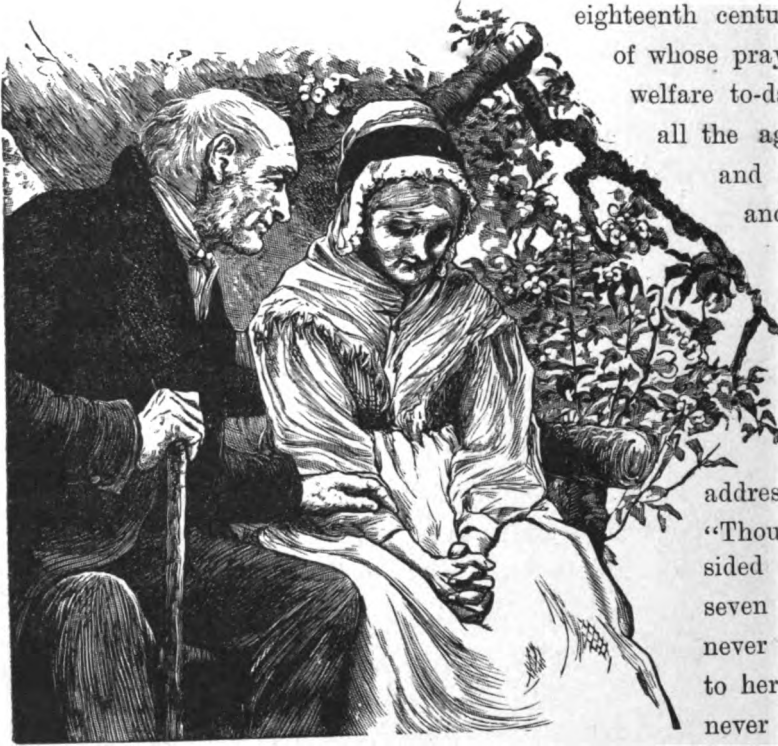
I wait for thy salvation. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? and all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heaven with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in heaven will be: "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth; so bent over with years once, and there so straight; so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as heaven; so full of aches and pains once, and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on

my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendent of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as I do at home. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early nineteenth century and of the



THE OLD FOLKS.

eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to-day. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands!

What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral

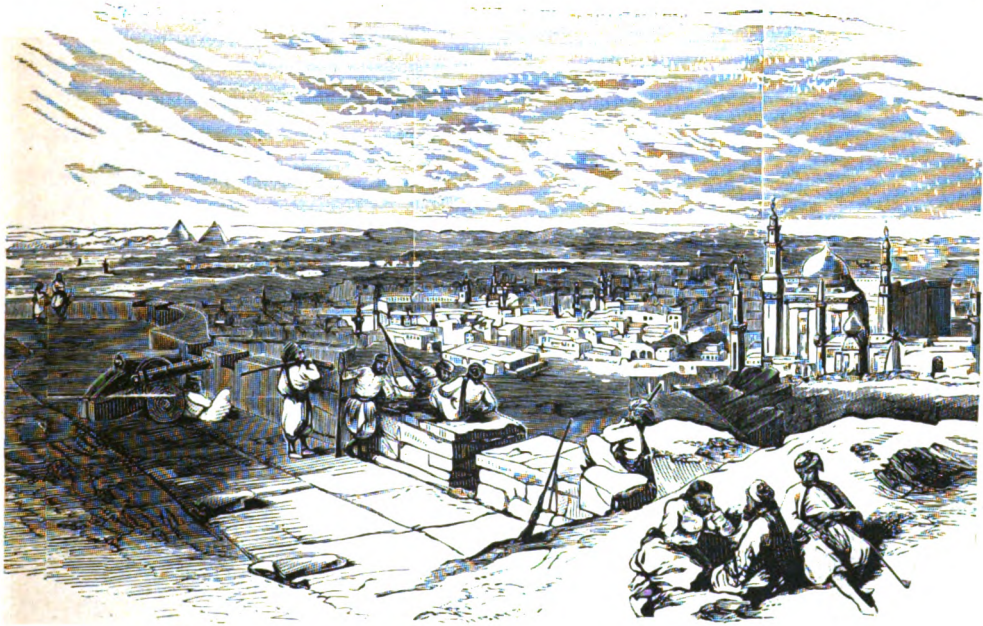
address of his mother :

“Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the

least discord between

us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation.” Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone. I would give the house from over my head to see mother. I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the twenty-

four years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers of America, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CAIRO.

chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say: It is a hard world for women. Aye, I go further and say: It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City of Victory." Athens, capital of Greece, was called City of the "Violet Crown;" Baalbeck was called "City of the Sun;" London was called the "City of Masts." Lucian's imaginary metropolis beyond the Zodiac was called "The City of Lanterns." But the city to which you journey hath all these in one, the victory, the crowns, the masts of those that have been harbored after the storm. Aye, all but the lanterns and the sun, because they have no need of any other light, since the Lamb is the light thereof.



CHAPTER LXVI

VICTORY.

THE Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem and sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. She holds high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre and in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery, hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snow banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail-storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. But here is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarias and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of gravemounds. He pitched tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-ax of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battle-fields of all the five continents. Forward march the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war-charger.

But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that

the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth His two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead, and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and Necropolis; on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely cairn of the Arctic explorer and on the catafalque of great cathedral; written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages; written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the Celestial Conqueror had just emerged. When the jaws of the Eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death. The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a governor's or president's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room.

When we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At

the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified. You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation: the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least one hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated—and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcended, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead."

The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies,

what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, and embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure, and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of the human body from



P. P. BLISS

the earth, and out of them build a radiant body? Can not God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor, and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope, by

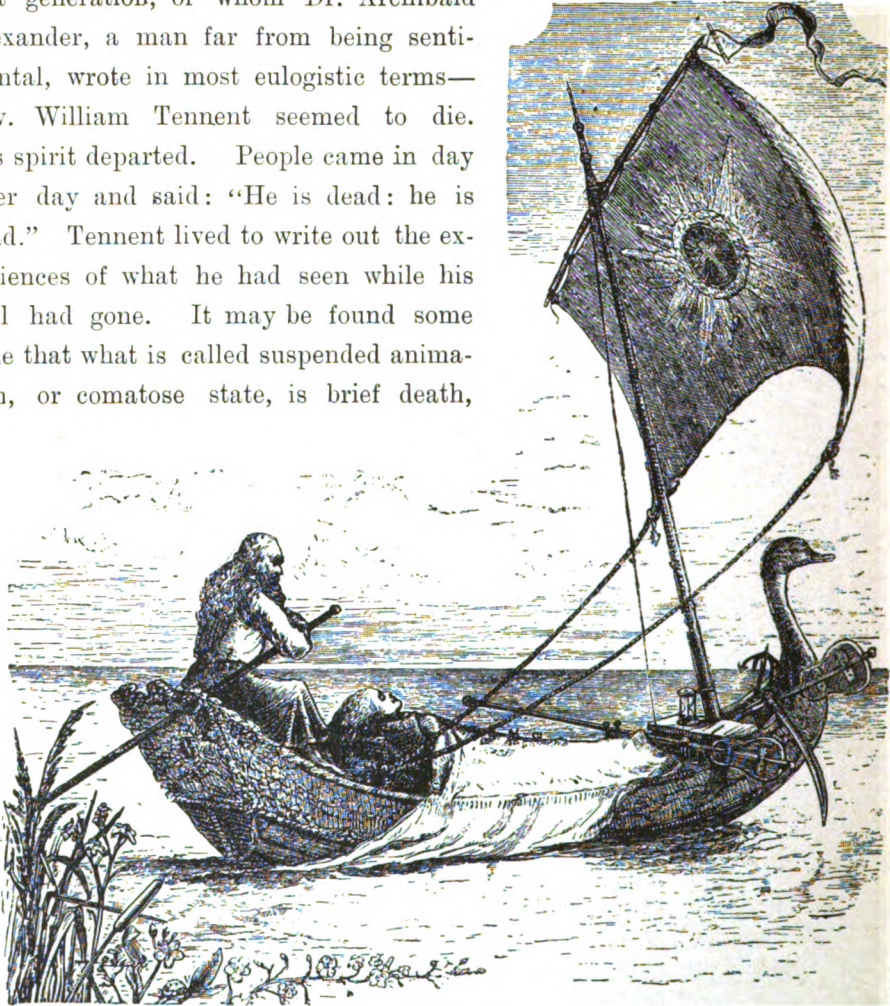
a change of the glass and a change of focus, can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousand-fold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

“Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?” Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block, were found flower seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected! A traveler says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago. He brought them out, and planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected! “Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?”

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities. Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force organizes.

The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day, there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance in death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said: "He is dead: he is dead." Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul had gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation, or comatose state, is brief death,



"OVER THE RIVER."

giving the soul an excursion into the next world, from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return.

Does not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand

years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille?

Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hinderment, and the injury of a toe-joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbis had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, Oh! what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified. That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after a while your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

O, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not pity it? or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it? growing wan and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven.

Do you wonder we celebrate Easter with the most concentrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary: "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection, there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory. The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you reign forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? "Death is swallowed up in victory."

89007336936



b89007336936a