



SHOTS
AT
SUNDRY
TARGETS.

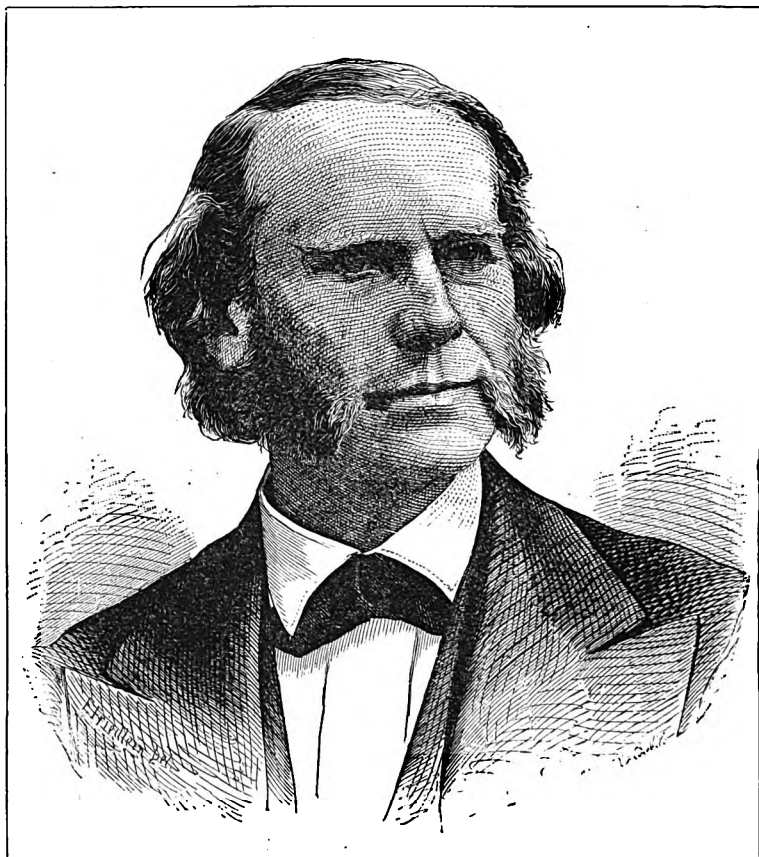
T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.



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PEN, PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

SHOTS

AT SUNDRY

TARGETS

BY

T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D..

AIMED AT

WRONGS TO BE RIGHTED. BURDENS TO BE LIGHTENED.

ERRORS TO BE CORRECTED. FOLLIES TO BE SHUNNED.

DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED. SORROWS TO BE MITIGATED.

VICTORIES TO BE WON.

Compilation Authorized.

"Their words go straight to the mark like bullets."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NEW YORK:

E. B. TREAT, 771 Broadway,

OFFICE OF THE PULPIT TREASURY,

1886.

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FAC-SIMILE OF

DR. TALMAGE'S

LETTER OF AUTHORITY FOR ISSUING THIS VOLUME.

I have authorized E. B. Treat Esq Publisher & his editors to compile from my writings a book which they choose to entitle "Shots at sundry Targets".

T. de Witt Talmage

Brooklyn March 1. 1886

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE ills of human life are many and varied, and he who successfully prescribes a remedy for any, or all of them, becomes a public benefactor. To accomplish this end is the aim and object of this book by Dr. Talmage. He places the ills of life as targets in a conspicuous light; prepares the suitable antidote; and straight and sure as the marksman's shot from the rifle, strikes the ill as effectually as David did the giant Goliath. The book is warlike, not only in name, but in spirit, and comes forth as a champion of the right, while it is an avenger of the wrong.

No Christian soldier was ever more heroic in battling with wrong than Dr. Talmage; no surgeon ever more skilful in laying open malignant disorders with the scalpel, and no physician ever more sympathetic in giving advice and administering the appropriate remedy.

All who become familiar with the contents of this volume will agree that it is wisely named "SHOTS AT SUNDRY TARGETS." The topics, under the name of targets, subject to the fire of these unerring shots, cover nearly every phase of disordered humanity, showing the comprehensive knowledge and skill of the author, and the wide range of his pen and public teachings, which have deservedly earned for him a fame that now encircles the globe.

The refreshing originality and felicitous expression, the pungent thought and inimitable touches of humor, the eloquent appeals and tender pathos, the fiery denunciations and withering sarcasms which are the marked features of this book, entitle it to a high place among the most popular expositions pertaining to the living issues and questions of the day. The distinguishing characteristics of the famous Brooklyn preacher and lecturer are prominent in this volume. Whether the target be a wrong or an error, a burden or a sorrow, in public, social or private life, the shot is admirably adapted to the case, never failing to "hit the bull's eye;" and with the reader every shot scores one on the line of victory for the Tabernacle marksman. Open the book where you will, the eye rests upon some passage of rare beauty, some truth painted, as with a pencil dipped in rainbow hues; some sorrow depicted as if the writer

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were shedding tears in Gethsemane ; or some joy unfolded as if every lost one was found ; or as if the trumpet was hung up in the hall, and men were to learn war no more.

There is great pertinency in its title, for it expresses the aim and object of the book with singular effect. The hand of a skilful archer can be seen in all these shots, while it may be true that

*"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."*

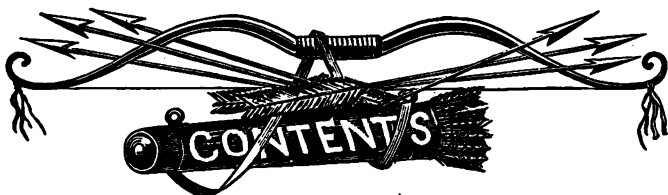
But here are no "random shots ;" all are well aimed, fearlessly sent, each one telling as it strikes.

Look ! and you seem to see long lines of gleaming spears and keen swords flashing before the eye. Listen ! and you seem to hear the ominous whirl of swift-winged arrows and shots following shots in rapid succession. Yea, whole volleys of the artillery of truth seem thundering along the lines of conflict. Here are no timid thrusts at old errors, nor gentle strokes at giant evils ; here wrong is seen writhing as in the grasp of Hercules, and truth like some resistless cyclone overthrows the opposing forces of evil. The book gradually but irresistibly leads the reader on by an ascending process over one battle-field to another still higher, until it reaches the highest of victories ; those over sin and the grave, closing in heaven with the coronation of the conqueror.

The adaptation of the work to all classes of readers is beautifully illustrated by the varied topics in its several departments. The young will appreciate its warnings and instructions, and will delight in its incidents and anecdotes, and the aged will welcome it as a companion for its wise and soothing counsel. Hearts that ache with nameless burdens will be soothed, victims of folly and error will be admonished, the sorrowing will be comforted, and all struggling souls will be inspired with new faith and hope, determined to remain in the field of conflict until the last shot is fired and the final shout of victory is heard.

This superb volume is authorized by Dr. Talmage (see *fac-simile* of autograph letter), sanctioning the selections here presented from the best specimens of his pen, pulpit and platform efforts, and the publisher sends it forth in the belief that it will be a welcome guest in many homes and a helper in the cause of truth, of right, of humanity, and of Christ, of whom it has been said,

*"Some grave their wrongs on marble ; He more just,
Stooped down serene and wrote them in the dust."*



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INTRODUCTORY.

TAKING AIM.

It is very important to take good aim. There is Joshua, who has planned the strategy for the capture of Jericho. But how are those good people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their retreat, right about face, and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear-tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west side. Surge up from the north side. It is ours, the city of Ai."

God knows, and we know, that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows, and we do not know ourselves, which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target.

Much enthusiasm was excited at the departure of the

American marksmen for Creedmoor, Ireland, to contest for the championship of the world. We hoped our side would hit the bull's eye and win. Would it not be wise for us who have other targets to shoot at and other cartridges to load, to be studying how to be skillful and felt in our departments? We want more spiritual marksmen. We have enough ammunition and enough rifles, but we are very apt to miss our aim.

“The American team” had been practicing a long while at a thousand yards' range. Missing the target, they felt chagrined; but we go on year after year in our Christian work, feeling but little disturbance though we make a very poor score. If a man shoots at a flock of a hundred pigeons and does not bring one down, he would hang up his gun over the antlers in the hall and say nothing for mortification; but how many ministers on the Sabbath aim at a flock of five hundred souls, and think it nothing mortifying if they do not strike any? We all need to study skillfulness in taking aim, that we may obtain the mastery as spiritual marksmen. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. They shoot balls of the right calibre; but some ministers shoot cannon shot weighing nearly half a ton, while others use rifle balls, and some bird-shot. But it is not always the calibre that does the work. A spiritual mustard-shot that hits a man is better than a theological rifle shell which goes whizzing away in the air, exploding in empty space, and not even frightening a chicken.

I was lately in the woods, and saw five or six hunters. They looked dragged almost to death. They had fine looking guns but no game. That is the case with multi-

tudes of laymen. They have fine faculties and all the gospel weapons in their hands, but they do not know how to shoot and hence they miss the mark. Our churches should be schools to teach them how to *load*, take *aim* and *fire*.

“Old Burns,” at Gettysburg, went out with his gun and blazed away without any particular *aim*, and in my opinion did not amount to much although his intentions were good. We want in our churches a larger number of *sharp-shooters* that can take *good aim*, and at forty rods strike the blossom on a man’s nose.

In our pulpits and pews and Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spears toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious, and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world’s conquest till the redeemed of earth marching up from one side, and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, Church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said, “Look out for a man who has only *one idea*; he is irresistible.” I say, Look out for the Church

of Christ which has one idea, and that a determination for soul-saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear.

If you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must *have courage*. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him.

How many good people there are who, by their awkward Christian work, drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him. All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game.

The archers of olden times studied their art. How clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise. How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh! that there were lay colleges established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as “mighty hunters before the Lord!”

Oh, make a flank movement; *steal a march on the devil!* A five-dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambush, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring,

waiting until just the right time comes. Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perfervid style to a phlegmatic, nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that to-morrow at ten o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skillful, persevering, God-directed ambush.

Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "Yes, all but Dewitt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fire-place, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fire-place, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep are.

It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all our churches. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose re-

ligion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian churches, have to do, and in the strength of God go to work and do it.

We have a mighty weapon, in the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down three hundred millions of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whirl was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that struck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins; Oh, my sins." If it strike a man in the head it will kill his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "Oh, Galilean! thou hast conquered!"

The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with His judgments and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will

swallow the money-markets, and the fires will burn cities into ashes, and the earth will quake from pole to pole.

In hunting for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. Oh, ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring *down* the game, but bring it *in*.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Dormitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre with a hand out, the fingers apart like that, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practicing ought not we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord."

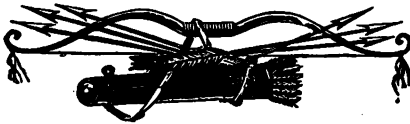
There is nothing proposed by men that can do effective work like this Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson is the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert; the religion of Rénan was the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle was only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base.

Ye Christian men and women! I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and

the thunder-bolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim! Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many!



AIMED
AT
WRONGS ^{TO}_{BE} RIGHTED.



COWARDLY CHRISTIANS.

SUPPOSE I should ask you at the close of a religious service to rise up announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? “Oh! no,” you say, “I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side.” Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain, Christ carried a Himalaya, Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates to-morrow morning on Exchange, that he has begun a new life, that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother! “Oh! no,” you say, “not just that. I think religion is religion, and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business.” Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea-table? Could you take

the Bible and gather your family around you, and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "O!" you say, "not exactly that. I could not quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!'" So you are cowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for Him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and Christ's words, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man

that arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek, he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers, I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things this morning because, my dear friends, I want to show you how light the cross is that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. He fainted dead away under His cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. Under His there was a pool of carnage that splashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross. Christ trod the winepress of Almighty God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come here to-day whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; He did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know He is here. He is from the East, the Far East. He comes with blistered foot, and with broken heart, and cheeks red not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of His coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit Thee." "No," He says, "it is not mine; it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to Him: "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes, the Son of man had not where to lay His head." And I touch the log on His back

and I say: "Why carriest Thou this?" "Ah!" He says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession, take *your smaller crosses* and your lighter burdens, and join me in this march to Heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and He sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame, or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, He cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple."

O! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world? O! Christian man, O! Christian woman? Have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth. On that resurrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand there and show the scars on His brow, the scars on His hands, and the scars on His feet, and He will pull aside the robe

of His royalty and show the scar on His side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be *Ignatius*, on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the Coliseum. There will be *glorious John Huss* showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be *Hugh McNeil* ready to point to the mark on his neck where the axe struck him. There will be *McMillen* and *Campbell* and *Freeman*, the American missionaries who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the place where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. There will be *the Waldenses* showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ?

DROWSINESS IN PULPIT AND PEW.

The first chapter of the Christian Church opens with the account of a revival in which three thousand people joined the church in one day. The day of Pentecost was nothing but a revival. And so the last chapter of the world's history is to be the history of a revival. Not ten thousand people converted, or a million people converted, but a nation born in a day. The millennium is only another name for a revival. So in later ages of the Church, a great awakening came when Robert M'Cheyne preached at Dundee, and Scotland was shaken; and when Richard Baxter preached at Kidderminster, and England was shaken; and George Whitefield crossed the ocean, and America was shaken. There are those of you who can remember 1831. It was a great time of commercial depression in this country, and the shops were closed, and the banking institutions failed, and the whole land was in sadness, and two men appeared at the door of Chatham Street Theatre—one of the worst and most blasphemous theatres of those days—and I asked the privilege of purchasing the building for a church, and the lessee said: "For what?" "For a church." He said, "You can have it, and I will give a thousand dollars toward it myself." It was opened, and at the first prayer-meeting eight hundred people were present, and the bar-room was turned into a prayer-room. Mr. Finney preached seventy consecutive nights in that place, and the whole land was shaken. Ay, more of us can remember 1857.

All the banks of New York, or nearly all of them closed,

commercial houses going down with a terrible crash, a time of anxiety such as I have never seen in this country. Then the engine-houses and the theatres were opened for religious services, and James Hall prayer-meeting at noon-day, Philadelphia, telegraphed greeting to the noonday prayer-meeting at New York, and the answer went back, and in my village home I waited for the morning newspapers with great and profound interest, wondering what had been done the day before in religious circles. Four hundred thousand entered the kingdom of God, and some say seven hundred thousand. Those times are coming again, my brethren. We have the same forerunner, commercial depression. We have the same anxiety on the part of Christian people who realize that something needs to be done, that this world can never be brought to God by this slow process, and that there must be great awakening.

1. I argue the need of a great awakening, in the first place, because of the lack of enthusiasm and zeal on the part of those of us who preach the Gospel. You see, this is a gun that kicks. Let the pulpit first preach to itself, and then preach to the pew. Twenty-eight years ago, in the village church, I knelt, and ten or twelve excellent ministers of religion put their hands on my head and set me apart from the holy ministry; and I declare to you to-day, as I look back, I have two emotions—one of gratitude to God, and the other of the deepest dissatisfaction with myself. The field has been so wide, the opportunity has been so magnificent. I have done so little compared with the work I ought to have done. And then I remember I had such a glorious starting.

Those of you who have read the congratulatory letters of this last week remember that Dr. Chambers, of New York, who was her pastor, says in that letter that my mother was

the godliest woman he had ever known. Though my early home was very plain, and my father and mother were plain people, they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness I am amazed that I have done so little! It is in no feeling of cant that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned emotion before God. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand in a pulpit and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after a while that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I never forgive myself that I didn't take more time with that man! It is my fault. If I had given him the right direction, he would have gone the right way." And oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, and telling people which is the road to heaven! Alas! if we tell them wrong. The temptation is so mighty in this day that no layman can understand it—the temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it:

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

What is the use of telling men they are all right when they know they are not all right? O brothers in the ministry—for there are many in our audiences—brothers in the ministry, we cannot afford to hold back any of the truth,

and we cannot afford to lack in earnestness! If you fail in this, my brethren, you had better stand away from them in the last day—you had better stand away from *that soul, that you have neglected* lest he tear you to pieces. He will say to you, “I admired your philosophic disquisitions, and your beautiful gestures and your finely-formed sentences, multiform, and stelliform, and curvilinear, but you never helped prepare me for this judgment day. Cursed be your rhetoric. I am going down now, and I am going to take you with me. Witness, all ye hosts of light and all ye hosts of darkness, it is his fault!” And many worlds come up in chorus, saying, “His fault, his fault!”

Oh, that God with a torch would set all the pulpits of England, Scotland, Ireland and America, on fire! If God will forgive me for the past, I will do better for the future.

“ ’Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor’s care demands,
 But what might fill an angel’s heart;
 It filled a Saviour’s hands.
 They watched for souls for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego,
 For souls that must forever live
 In raptures or in woe.”

Oh, what pulpits we will have, and what prayer-meeting circles we will have, and what fields of usefulness we will have, what Sunday-school classes we will have when we get our message.

If a church have a thousand members, eight hundred are asleep. If a church have five hundred members, four hundred are asleep. A great multitude of Christians are perfectly satisfied if they can only keep from dropping the wine cup on communion day, gracefully passing it along to somebody else. If there be an important religious meeting on a cer-

tain night, and that night there be an operatic entertainment of great interest, or there be a literary club, or there be a social circle, or there be an oddfellows' lodge, or a free-masons' lodge, and the question be between this and between that, who gets it, Christ or the world?

You know, whether you are a professor of religion or not, that the dividing line between the church and the world of to-day is like the equator, or the Arctic or Antarctic circle—a mere imaginary line—and thousands of professed Christians stand discussing the infinitesimal questions: Shall we dance? Shall we play cards? Shall we go to the theatre? Shall we go to the opera? and all those questions, when there are five hundred million of the race marching on toward judgment without any warning. Oh, what a thinning out the judgment will make among professors of religion! Thousands going on just touching religion with the tips of the fingers, sauntering on and sauntering on lazily, until after a while they will come in front of the swiftly-revolving mill, and find themselves the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Thousands of people who have their names on church books going on thoughtless of what shall become of the human race, and regardless of the betterment of the world's condition, until after a while they fall off as Judas did, and as Achan did, and all those will who do not make religion the primordial thing of life.

I know there are more Christians to-day than there ever were, and yet the world can never come to God in this way. It is a mathematical impossibility. There are more people born into this world than are born into the kingdom of God. Now, how long would it take to bring this world to God at that ratio? Where there is one man converted to God, ten drop in dissipation. Fifty grog-shops built to one new

church established. There are journals, literary journals, full of scum and dandruff and slang, controlled by the very scullions of society who pollute everything they put their hands on. Three hundred journals, magazines, newspapers in the city of New York—three hundred—and I undertake to say two hundred of them are hostile to the Christian religion and to all good morals. Churches surrendering to spiritualism and humanitarianism and nothingarianism and devilism.

If a man stand in a pulpit and say that unless you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God, kid gloves, diamonds bursting through, are put up to the face in shame and humiliation. It is not elegant. Men in all churches who do not believe in the Bible in and in and out and out, from the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis down to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation. Mighty Gospel machinery. Sixty thousand ministers of religion in America, costly music, great Sunday-schools, and yet I declare it, that while the cause of God is advancing there are a great many regiments falling back and falling back, and if it does not become a complete rout, a positive Bull Run defeat, it will be because here and there a church hurls itself to the front and ministers of religion, trampling upon the favor of the world, and sacrificing everything, shall snatch up the torn and battered banner of Emanuel and rush on, crying: "This is no time to retreat—forward the whole line!"

O my brothers and sisters in Jesus, it seems to me the time has come for something almost desperate! Ordinary solicitations will not do the work. You want a momentum gotten by a whole night of wrestling in prayer with the omnipotent God. Catch that soul before it makes the plunge. Put down everything and run to the rescue! To-

morrow may be too late, to-night may be too late, three o'clock this afternoon may be too late. Seize that soul now before it flashes into the great eternal world! There are houses aflame, and no ladder to the window; there are ships going down, and no life-boat. O God, whelm us with these realities! Kill our stupidity. Take from under us our couches of ease. Hurl us into the battle.

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING CHRISTIANS.

The Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half and half professors ought to do, either withdraw their names from the Church-roll or else go so near the fire as to get warm. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

UNAPPRECIATED BLESSINGS.

This age is no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity. The average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth four hundred years once. Week before last I came from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 950 years, and Methusaleh lived his 969 years. Blessing of intelligence. The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land *except one place called Brooklyn!* Historical alcoves and poetic shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them or sit down to them.

Blessing of quick information; newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News

three days old rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table, and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an “extra” here and there between.

Blessing of *Gospel proclamation.* Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: “You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they established nine in one week, so you are far within the truth.” A clergyman of our own denomination said: “I have just been out establishing five mission stations.” I tell you, Christianity is on the march, while Infidelity is dwindling into the imbecility that was demonstrated a few days ago a Rochester, N.Y., where after the blowing of the trumpets and the gathering of all the clans there assembled a small group of semi-idiots to denounce the Christian religion and eulogize one of their dead patrons, a libertine arrested in New York and Boston again and again for scattering obscene literature—that dead man the patron saint of the whole movement.

While Infidelity is thus dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing-presses. Two years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it.

More Christian men in high official position to-day in Great Britain and in the United States than ever before.

Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in twenty—that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are all infidels except Judge Strong. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old-fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are stanch believers in our Christian religion. And then hear *the dying words of Judge Black*, a man who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and who had been Secretary of the United States, no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: “O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit to Thyself and let Thy richest blessing come down upon my Mary.” The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any other, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest a few weeks ago that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 700 miles from a post-office, and sometimes he slept out of doors in winter, the thermometer sixty and sixty-five degrees below zero, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: “Is it possible? you do not mean sixty and sixty-five degrees *below* zero?” He said: “I do, and I was happy.” All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through the grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord’s treasury, the

face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one *Gloria in Excelsis*. Mighty camp-meetings. Mighty Ocean Groves. Mighty Chautauquas. Mighty conventions of Christian workers. Mighty General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church. Mighty Conferences of the Methodist Church. Mighty associations of the Baptist Church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal Church. I think before long the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world-uplifting. There may be many years of hard work yet before the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset; or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet or Mount Calvary to proclaim universal dominion.

O you dead churches, wake up. Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to

shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say, because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or blessing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer. I preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota, said: "When will you get on the locomotive and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you." So I got on one side the locomotive and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive: "My brother, why should Presbyterians and Methodists quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track; that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track and we could not do without the engineer." So I rejoice day by day. Work for us all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long

ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along that track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central Depot of the Millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by. If things seem to turn out right, give wings to your joy. If things seem to turn out wrong, throw out the anchor of faith and hold fast.

THE PROHIBITED BIBLE.

Fifty miles an hour on Cincinnati express train. What a relief! No printer to call out, "More copy." No letters to answer. No telegraphs. Fields, towns, cities, counties flying past, we stopping long enough here and there to make a plea on behalf of the Bible in the common school. On the Lord's errand, or we could not consent to leave home now. The West waking up on this subject which involves the existence of our Republic. Insult the Lord by expelling His only Book from the schools, and He will be no longer on our side. Better have all the world against us than God against us. Is the Bible such an unsafe Book that we must chain it? Will it bite, will it hook, will it sting? What our common schools most need is a larger dose of it. The reason that so many are opposed to the Bible in the schools is because they, the patrons, cannot digest the Ten Commandments. The Bible hurts nothing but sin. We have yet to find a consistent, self-sacrificing, consecrated Christian minister or layman who wants the Bible thrown out. We shall all have to take sides. The line will be sharply drawn. Ye half-and-half Christians, make up your mind what position you will take. You will have to get down off the fence. On which side? When the white horse of the Conqueror goes past, we want to follow the clank of His stirrups.

THE LABORER'S CLAIMS.

The outrageous behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months—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 to those to whom these words may come, that all shipowners, 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; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people.

If you desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service: 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 is 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, car-

ried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves 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.

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. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages." Leviticus: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." So you see it is not a question between you and your employés much so it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employés: "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot 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 find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employé. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. 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 employés. Such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral

societies for their employés, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employés, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. 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.

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 Mercantile Library, to the reading-rooms, 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.

But, above all, I charge you, O, employers! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employés.

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.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—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.

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.

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 employés, above all, a religious life. Go to heaven yourself, O 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 influence? Are they here? Will they be here?"

THE UNIVERSAL PILL.

It seems that in the olden time, as well as now, there were naughty people abroad. In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Dominie Rubel, of Flatbush, was deposed from the ministry for various irregularities, and went to doctoring the body instead of the soul, and advertised, "It has pleased Almighty God to give me wisdom to find out the universal pill that will cure most diseases."

We are afraid of the descendants of Dominie Rubel, who are attempting with some universal pill to correct the world's disorders. Look out for the quacks in all departments, and the country grocery which has on its shelves patent medicines for the extirpation of all complaints from run-a-round to catalepsy. A potion that proposes at the same time to rejuvenate liver, spleen, brain, nerves, and cuticle, is a lie on the face of it. A gunner trying to shoot in ten directions at once will hit none of the targets. We believe in special-ists. The anatomy of the human ear is enough to employ a man's genius for a lifetime, likewise the eye. He who professes to know everything knows nothing. When you get sick you had better call in a doctor who does not make extravagant pretensions. Beware of the universal pill.

Sometimes a good and talented man will go off on a tangent. He has found out something in the educational, mechanical, or scientific world that will renovate and reconstruct everything. It will make the earth over again. He is crazy to have everybody take it. "Down with this pill," he says, "it is a corrective for everything." But the prescriptions are apt to get mixed.

THE NEGLECTED SWORD.

There is a sword that never wears out. Its edge is never blunted. On its blade no rust ever yet has gathered. It cuts to heal. It smites to save. It kills to make alive. It is the sword of the Spirit. Now is the time when it calls for strong hands and brave hearts to wield it. It has the property of giving skill to the untaught and valor to the once fearful and unbelieving. It can be held by a child and do execution. It may be thrust into the right place, when love directs, and made to flash with the light of its own brightness, even when there be the darkness of an almost despairing eye to trace its pathway to its object. This sword, however, can do nothing while left in its scabbard. It is for use and not for ornament. Soldiers of Christ, Knights of the Cross, what is the world waiting for? Is it not for aggressive action? The battle cry is sounding. Bugles are blowing. Trumpets call. The Great Captain gives the word "Forward." The Church has been cold, timid, compromising. Religion has degenerated into a sentiment. It has lost in part the power of conviction. Ministers and newspapers claiming to be orthodox and religious have surrendered to a false liberality. They have yielded up the very ark of salvation to the Philistines. They have mumbled a pleasing rhetoric as a substitute for the old Faith of Calvary. They have betrayed the Master. Is it not high time, when the land is fainting under its heavy burdens, and the people are lost in the tangled wilderness of worldly disappointment, and corruption reeks in high places and in dark places, to bring back the power of the Bible to

bear on personal character, on family training, on political morals, and on the Church of the Living God? History has its lessons. When nations have apostatized from faith and lost their way, the Bible has restored and delivered. That has the sovereign virtue. That and that alone can work reformation where all true reformation must begin—in the hearts of the people. Let the sword of the Spirit descend on our land, and our worst foes will retreat.

CHURCH KITCHENS.

The religion of Jesus Christ will produce *a revolution in our churches*. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the Church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself; and if we hear of want and squalor and heathenism outside, we say: "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets, and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate, and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks.

Suppose there was a great war and there were 300,000 soldiers, but all of those 300,000 soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents or scouring their muskets or cooking their rations. You would say. "Of course defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the Church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is *a confession of the disease* and weakness of the Church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew-rents, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad and

your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become *a kitchen where the church does its sloppy work*. Hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright and sunshiny days are half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room. Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the Maker of them all. Mind you, I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted, but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the churches that have kept back the masses. And woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston, in which it is said there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper and said it was not so at all; they were "elegant people and highly conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright. Those people, I said, are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches. Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake, give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down! The financial boastings of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say that the present mode of conducting finances is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry revolution. It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down in one terrific crash the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

The talk is whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, this truth plainly: that until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals, they will beat you. In their cathedrals the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side, and until that time comes in our churches, we cannot expect the favor of God for permanent spiritual prosperity. Revolution! It may be that before the church learns its duty to the masses, God will scourge it, and will come with the whip of omnipotent indignation and drive out the money-changers. It may be that there is to be a great day of up-setting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now!

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green and blue and yellow and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the foetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday.

The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as it was in the parish of Shotts where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed, such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre and warehouse and blacksmith shop and factory and engine-house, and the auctioneer's cry of "a half and a half and a half" was drowned out, by the adjoining prayer-meetings in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

In those days of which I am speaking the services of the church of God will be more spirited, if the ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they shall lose their place in the notes, will get on fire with the theme, and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory—crying out to the righteous, "It shall be well with you;" and to the wicked, "Woe, it shall be ill with you!" In those days the singing will be different from what it is now. The music will weep and wail and chant and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on Wyndham and Ortonville and Old Hundred. Grandfather will find the place for his grandchildren in the hymn book, or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will hear, and God will listen, and the gates of heaven will hoist, and it will be as when two seas meet, the waves of earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free.

May God let me live to see that day!

Let there be no power in disease or accident or wave of

the sea to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountain-top to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news to this people. And oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot, may we all be ready with arches sprung and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way; and when Jesus dismounts, let it be amid the huzzah ! huzzah ! of a world redeemed.

UNUSED RECREATIONS.

When a man becomes a Christian he is not put on the limits, but turned out into a larger sphere. What does the Bible mean when it says "all are yours?" Why it means all—all innocent hilarities, all innocent amusements, all innocent beverages. "All are yours." When a man becomes a Christian he becomes not less of a man but more of a man. Yonder is a factory with a thousand wheels, but it is low water. Now only fifty of the thousand wheels are in motion, but after a while the spring freshets come, and the floods roll down, and now all the thousand wheels have bands on them and are in motion. Before a man becomes a Christian only part of his nature is in activity and employment. The grace of God comes in with powerful floods of mercy and new impetus to action, and now instead of the fifty faculties, or the fifty wheels, there are a thousand all in play and in full motion. Vastly more of a man since he became a Christian than before he became a Christian.

If any of you had dolorous sympathy with the large multitude of people who two weeks ago thronged these aisles, standing up to profess faith in Jesus Christ, you only wasted your sympathy. If you said within yourself: "Now, those people are going down into hardship and trial and trouble; why didn't they stay a while and enjoy the world, and enjoy the felicities of this life, and then after they had enjoyed this world, in time to get ready for the next, give their hearts to God?"—they need none of your sympathy.

Before I get through I think you will get the intimation

that those who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships, and those who come into the kingdom of God have the joys and the satisfactions. I mean this morning to serve a writ of ejectment upon all those, all the sinful and the polluted, who have squatted on the domain of worldly pleasure, and I am going to claim the inheritance of the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty. It seems to me wrong to stand Sabbath by Sabbath and year by year before people in whom there is a divine principle demanding recreation and amusement, and say this is wrong and that is wrong, and the other thing is wrong, without showing them *something that is right*.

So this morning, I shall go into a field not usual for sermonizing, but I shall preach what I think all common-sense men and women will conclude is a practical sermon while I show you styles of amusement and recreation which are not only necessary but healthful—good for the body, good for the mind, and good for the soul, and answer hundreds of questions which are asked me, although in some cases only answering the questions incidentally and indirectly.

I. I commend to you in the way of indoor recreations and amusements, *music, vocal, and instrumental*. Among the first things created was the bird. Why? Because God wanted the world to have music at the start. And this infant world, wrapped in swaddling clothes of light, so beautifully serenaded at the start, is to die amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet; so that as the world had music at the start, it is going to have music at the last. I am glad there are so many homes in which music has been brought as a charm and as an education and as an elevation. What a delightful thing it is to have children brought up amid the sound of cultured voices and amid musical instruments.

If you can afford the time and the money—I say, if you can afford the time and the money—have in your house harp, or flute, or piano, or organ. Just as soon as the child's hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach that hand to pick out the harmony. And I say to all these young men, try the power of music upon your moral character, and in your entertainments and in the proper occupation of your hours of silence and solitude. Many a young man has been kept away from the temptations of this life because, although he has had only one room perhaps in a boarding house, in that room he has had some instrument of music that was his charm in time of solitude and temptation. There is something in it to soothe pain, to quell passion, to reclaim dissipation, to strengthen the immortal soul.

II. I go further and I commend to all the people who are asking for innocent amusement and recreations the gymnasium. I am glad to know that one has been established in connection with our Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn, and that nearly all our colleges and seminaries that are worth anything have gymnasiums. It is an outrage to turn a young man out after four years' curriculum with destroyed bodily health, however much an institution may have cultured his intellect. There is something about a gymnasium that is very charming and very elevating, and it is free from dissipation and from the temptations that come around many other forms of amusement. Some of you understand the virtue of such entertainments and recreations. Others of you perhaps do not.

There are Christians who have been mightily *benefited in their spiritual condition* by such an institution. There are Christians who go all their life writing doleful things about their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are people who

have an idea that in order to be pious they must be poorly. Because Robert Hall and Richard Baxter were invalids all their life, and yet achieved great usefulness, these people have an idea they must go through the same sickness to the same grandeur of character. Now, I will tell you, people of my congregation, that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and if with proper physical exercise, you could get rid of it. Take advantage of all that there is of health in such an institution.

There are multitudes of Christians who have all their prospects of Heaven blotted out by *clouds of tobacco smoke*. They shatter the vase in which God has placed the jewel of eternity. They have a splendid intellect in a ruined body. Grand machinery capable of driving a steamer across the Atlantic fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Now, my friends, take all the advantage there is in the gymnasium for the elevation of body and elevation of mind, and elevation of soul. It is observable always that if you start out two men with equal consecration of soul, but the one is healthy in body and the other is unhealthy, the man who is healthy will always accomplish the most good.

The world has scoffed a great deal at what it calls "muscular Christianity," but in the great test of triumph for the future in the millennial glory it will all be muscular. With such a puny set of Christians as we have got in this day we will never capture this world for God, I tell you. It is outrageous that a man with a good physique given by the Lord should allow it to go into sickness and into ruin, and instead of spending his life in behalf of some great enterprise, in behalf of God and the truth, spending all his days in studying what it is good to take for dyspepsia! A ship that ought to have all sail set, with every man at his post, having all the hands employed in stopping up the leakages.

When you could through the gymnasium or similar institutions work off your querulousness and one-half your mental and physical disorder, how can you turn your back upon such a grand medicament ?

III. I commend also to you among indoor sports and recreations, parlor games and amusements. We might make our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are. You will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than any other place he can find. Do not sit glum and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself. Let your children be young.

Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity, as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Some of you were full of mischief you have never indicated to your children or your grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed ! Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of immaculate goodness. Do not, because your eyesight is dim and your ankles are stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant. *Trouble comes soon enough* to them. Dark days will come soon enough to them, and heart breaks and desolation and bereavement will come soon enough. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it. When the clouds come on the sky it is time enough to get out the reef-tackle.

Introduce into your parlors those innocent games which are the invention of our own day, and those that have come

down from other days: chess and charades and battledore and tableaux and calisthenics and scores of others that young people can suggest and those that are suggested to you, many of them having on them not one taint of iniquity. And then you will want to *take your family out with you* sometimes. Beware, O man, if you never take your family with you to those places where you go for amusement. It is always a good sign when I see families going together to places of amusement.

IV. I go further—and this bright sunshiny day makes the suggestion—and commend to you field-sports.

I hail the croquet ground, and the sportsman's gun and the fisherman's rod, and archery and lawn tennis, and scores of other amusements belonging to the fields. The fact is, there is something so unhealthy in city life that when the taker of the census says there are in the city four hundred thousand people there are only two hundred thousand, since it generally takes about two men to amount to one man, there is something so unnerving, so exhausting, in our metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunshine.

GADDING GOSSIPS.

They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows everybody. But they also are to be found in large numbers in all our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbors and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "O! Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. *That brute of a husband* has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiled back, and I thought then I would just go up to him

and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family who probably at that very time were upstairs crying their eyes out. O! Mrs. Allear, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble. It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way. It's awful."

The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood abroil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and mind them, look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. There are telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers, they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of *delightful private letters* published in a divorce case, she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments.

Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she

disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors, who before were kindly disposed toward each other, over suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep carriages if we never paid our debts!"

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it is the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business."

One of your friends gets embarrassed and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lip to another whisperer's lip until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash! went everything. Whisperers! whisperers. Oh, how much business men have suffered. Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had

enough meanness practised upon them to set their whole nervous system atwiltch.

People sometimes do not understand why in this church we generally have men in the majority in almost all our audiences. It is because I preach so much to business men, and I resolved years ago that I would never let a Sunday pass but in prayer or sermon I would utter my sympathies for the struggle of business men, knowing that struggle as I do in many cases to be the work of whisperers. I have seen men in Brooklyn and New York whispered into bankruptcy. You have seen the same thing. Alas, for these gadabouts, these talebearers, these scandal mongers, *these everlasting snoops!* I hate them with an ever-increasing vehemence of hatred, and I ask God to give me more intensity with which to hate them

I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up and they bring them to you, they bring them to you in the very worst shape, they bring them to you without any of the extenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this *aqua fortis*, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pincushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into a scrape. Now don't tell anybody I told you. "Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them because

they turn you on a spit. *Pedlers of night-shade.* Pedlers of Canada thistle. Pedlers of *nux vomica*. Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After awhile they go away leaving the place looking like a barnyard after the foxes and weasels have been around; here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. Oh, how they do make the feathers fly!

Rather than the defamation of good names, it seems to me it would be more honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand, and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is a better business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest gave her a thistle top and said: "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so, and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah!" he said, "I know you can't; neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. *John Wesley's wife* whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after Him, and they charged Him with drinking too much and keeping bad company. "A wine-bibber and the friend of publicans and

sinner." You take the best man that ever lived, and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes, and with a determination to misconstrue everything and to think he goes here for a bad purpose, and there for a bad purpose, with that determination of destroying him, at the end of the ten years he will be held despicable in the sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse is it to damage a woman's reputation? Yet that evil goes from century to century, and it is done by whispers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or mother, has been whispered out of all kindly associations, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell; but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly characters, it is high time that some philanthropist built one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! *Everlasting carnival of mud.* Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings, you might suppose they would be glad to get there. In that region where they are all bad, what opportunities for exploration by these whisperers. On earth, to despoil their neighbors, sometimes they had to lie about them, but down there they can say the worst things possible about their neighbors, and tell the truth. Jubilee of whisperers. *Grand gala day of backbiters.* Semi-heaven of scandal-mongers stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go up to the iron gate and ask some new-comer from the earth, "What is the last gossip in Brooklyn?"

Now, *how are we to war against this iniquity* which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to

or believe a whisperer. Every court of the land has for a law, and all decent communities have for a law, that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperers, and that is the man or the woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. And I agree with him.

When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community asking people if they really thought it a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner of street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Beside that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept what they called a slander book, and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered, it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after a while there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out and before they started on their flight they would always have a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. O! my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

If there are people here who are whispered about, if there are people here who are slandered, if there are people here who are abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whispers soon run out. They may do a little damage for a while, but after a while their detraction becomes a eulogy and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words: "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust Him? You have committed to Him your souls. Can you not trust Him with your reputation? Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there. That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you, my friends, to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get *the best things* he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at

the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, “Didn’t I tell you to get the best thing in the market. He said: “I did get the best thing in the market. Isn’t the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?”

Then Xanthus said: “To-morrow I want you to get *the worst thing in the market.*” And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: “Didn’t I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?” The servant replied: “I did; for isn’t the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?”

O! my friends, employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation to make others happy, and in the service of God. If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my friends, the time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so enfeebled then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of heaven.

CALLING NAMES.

Personalities may generally be included in the list of those things defined as "pleasant, but wrong;" yet in all ages and circumstances they have proved one of the most powerful levers to stir popular sympathy. Every successive political campaign, every fresh theological dispute, every new social quarrel, finds in them their most effective weapon. It is a natural instinct. Who teaches the boy to pithily label his school-fellow with a nickname which—being the essence of all his salient points—sticks to him through all his life? By what magic school-girls light upon just the disagreeable syllable expressive of their comrade's weak point? How do the lightning-pointed words which spread like wildfire and draw the masses like a talisman spring into existence? They are the natural outgrowth of certain conditions, from which they are thrown off just as the tree throws off leaves and fruit.

The habit begun in childhood does not desert the full-grown man and woman. It is still natural. When the passions are roused, and the interests involved, calling names is a much easier thing than dispassionate, reasonable argument. This is especially true in political campaigns. Every one of them seem to take as a rule the old English proverb, "Throw plenty of dirt, and some of it is sure to stick." Theological disputes, unfortunately, are too often flavored out of the same bottle. No new offence either. The early Christian fathers said very hard things of each other when their "views" differed. Luther was called bad names, and

proved an adept in returning them. And it is to be deplored that the spirit which caused these rude but intensely earnest men to invent Scriptural *aliases* for their opponents, and make very positive prophecies as to their future destiny, still in some measure tips the well-trained tongues of our modern divines. There is a diluted form of this offence which labels men by the thousands, and invents an opprobrious but cleverly distinctive name for whole classes which cannot be blamed. What should we do in social life without such expressions as "snob," "prig," and Matthew Arnold's coinage, "Philistine?" They express so pithily such a variety of complex ideas that would otherwise involve us in tedious and irritating particularizing, that we cannot help feeling grateful to their inventors. Their use, however, must be very carefully watched. Perhaps the best test between name-calling that is allowable, and that which is unchristian and ungentlemanly, is to be found in the presence or absence of personal malice

There are men, however, who feel unable properly to fight either a fault or an opponent till they have given it an opprobrious nickname; and one old theologian defends himself on the ground that even Christ called his enemies "vipers." But no one can claim to have Christ's power of reading the heart, and Christ's infallibility of judgment. Christ knew the the sinfulness and malicious cruelty of the men He called "vipers." No man will pretend that his utterances carry the authority of Christ's words. Then it was man against God. In all our differences both sides are probably equally confident of their position; and since we cannot know our opponent's heart, that charity, "thinketh no evil," ought to lead us to hope that the error is a mistake rather than a crime. Christianity is designed to make us the most forbearing and polite creatures in the world. Good

manners are a part of good morals, and the shadow of great virtues. Who was so careful not to offend even "the little ones" as Christ? The Jew Asaph restrained his angry language lest he should "offend against the generation of the upright." Paul urges us "because Christ pleased not himself" to bear the infirmities of the weak and erring, and adds, "Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more." It is indeed our duty to reprove wrong wherever we see it; but we must remember the excellence of the "word in season," and try to avoid that decisive and dictatorial manner which we dignify with the name of "faithfulness,"—the easiest thing in all religion to do, because it falls in so naturally with our own temper. Nothing is so easy as to imagine we say disagreeable things on "principle," when, if we rigidly examined the motive, it would be found to have a very different origin. At best they are apt to be cold, shivery half-truths, for which no one is much better, and some are decidedly worse. So we say to all, keep back the sarcasm as it springs to your lips for utterance. A drop of strychnine will make bitter a reservoir of water; and one hasty word has often embittered a whole lifetime.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

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 sets 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 does for the horse (the horse in the Bible).

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. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. 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 conquest represents Him as 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."

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, 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 from this description of Job, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. 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 has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God, that in "St. Ronan's Well," he orders the girth slackened and a 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 the horse's 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 beasts." 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 who 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 overdriven; 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 !

O ! 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 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 principles, and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation and especially the horse; but I go further and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his 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 time barn-yard has become the Devonshire and the Alderney and the short-horn, 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 paradisaical 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 cavalry drove back the Moorish hordes.

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 in the turf if it can be conducted on 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 to 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 youngster.

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 \$5,000 as a

wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one 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 cannot 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 one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent. and silyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every book-keeper 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 race-courses.



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BURDENS ^{TO} _{BE} LIGHTENED.



BURDENED HUMANITY.

EVERYBODY has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders; sometimes they come down upon the head; sometimes they come down upon the heart. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness. *Encourage the merchant.* If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show-windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval.

Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show-window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth.

If the merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of something else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt

made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant, there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she has lost her purse, she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make the delicate and complimentary inference that you prefer to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the work is grandly accomplished.

Be not you among those employers who never say anything to their employés except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been

sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is so very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients and that he did not find out the trouble in time; or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskillful shoeing, when the horse has for months become spavined, or ringbone, or spring-halt. You feel you have the right to find fault with a mechanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? *I was brought up on a farm*, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers.

Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes, and meet the interest on mortgaged farms; such men find a terrific struggle.

I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn

from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest field and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened: there's nothing the matter: a little tired that's all, a little tired." Ever since that day when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through a skillful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled "*Every Man His Own Undertaker.*"

"Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York Medical Colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheatre to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire; these surgeons can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged recognizing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended.

One day there was a *dreadful foreboding* in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tiptoe, and at the least sound said: "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled and said: "The crisis is past." When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one, a red clover top; the other, a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house. And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials, the first thing to do is always to cut down teachers salaries. To take forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose them precocious and keep the parents from finding out their mistake; to take an empty head and fill it; to meet the expectation of parents who think their children at fifteen years of age ought to be mathematicians and metaphysicians and rhetoricians; to work successfully that great stuffing machine, the modern school system, is a very arduous work. Encourage them by the usefulness and the everlastingness and the magnitude of their occupation, and when your children do well, compliment the instructor, praise the teacher, thank the educator.

Encourage all invalids by telling them how many you know with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the color of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that style of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more soothing than chloral, more stimulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Encourage the youth and all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants, by telling these young merchants when you go to your first customer, and how you stay behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a pro-

fundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

HEREDITARY BURDENS.

There is such a thing as good blood and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had *a moral twist* in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and marauderings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania, or pyromania, or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency, and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called *the Princess Mary School*. All the children in that school are the children of convicts. The school is supported by high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby show themselves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young, and it has yet to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to

respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage.

In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal. There never was a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost \$100, and another horse cost \$5,000? Why does one sheep cost \$10, and another sheep cost \$500? Difference in blood. We are all wise enough to recognize the difference of blood in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in human blood. Now, I demand, by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from a tree the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm-eaten.

Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvellous statistics in his story of what he called "*Margaret, the Mother of Criminals.*" Ninety years ago she lived in a village in upper New York State. She was not only poor, but she was vicious. She was not well provided for. There were no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at her and derided her and pushed her farther down in her crimes. That was ninety years ago. There have been 623 persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty, and nine of them have been in State prison, and nearly all of the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that that family cost the county and State

\$100,000, to say nothing of the property they destroyed. Are you not willing, as sensible people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not make a great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel? whether you are the son of Ahab or the son of Joshua?

It is a very different thing to swim with the current, from what it is to swim against the current, as some of you have, no doubt, found in your summer recreation. If a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood flowing smoothly from generation to generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good and honest and pure and upright and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line, in a hereditary line, where the influences have been bad and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves not your excoriation, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn, and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and first pray Almighty God for the rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Juggernaut.

In Great Britain and the United States, in every generation, there are tens of thousands of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then I suppose there are tens of thousands of persons not found in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of persons who not positively becoming criminals, nevertheless have a criminal tendency.

Any one of all those thousands, by the grace of God, may become Christian and resist the ancestral influence and open a new chapter of behavior, but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional and unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian workers, to recognize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific *surges of hereditary evil* rolling on through the centuries.

I say of course *a man can resist this tendency*, just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew, you see in the same line in which there was a wicked Rehoboam and desperate Manassas, there afterward came a pious Joseph and a glorious Christ. But, my friends, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know, however, that a river which has produced nothing but miasma for a hundred miles may after a while turn the wheels of factories and help support industrious and virtuous populations, and there are family lines which were poisoned that are a benediction now. At the last day it will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all forms of iniquity and plunged into utter abandonment, who before they yielded to the first temptation resisted more evil than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life.

But supposing now, that in this age, when there are so many good people, that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for *probably he is a hypocrite*; but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who

is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial. After a while, you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After a while, you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you go out to fight your own battles in this world which seems to care no more for you than for the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, your resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? *I know who you are.* Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the Tombs court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch!"

My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your earlier surroundings, would you have been the Christian man you are this morning, seated in the house of God? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

But you say: "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am too—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry also for the business men, the honest business men who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation—I am sorry for the venerable bank president, in whom the credit of that bank was a matter of pride. Yea, I am sorry also for that man

who brought all the distress, sorry that he sacrifices body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven, and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

You defiantly say: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps you may be tested after a while. *God has a very good memory*, and He sometimes seems to say: "This man feels so strong in his innate power and goodness he shall be tested; he is so full of bitter invective against that unfortunate it shall be shown now whether he has the power to stand." Fifteen years go by. The wheel of fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated.

Now, all the powers of darkness come around and they chuckle and they chatter, and they say: "Aha! here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity and who bragged he couldn't be overthrown by temptation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see." God lets the man know.

God, who had kept that man under his protecting care let the man go and try for himself the majesty of his integrity. God letting the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him. I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do. Be honest, and be pauperized, and have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go half an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right. You have a large property, you can leave a fortune for your children and endow a college and build a public library in your native town. You halt and wait, and halt and wait, until your lips get white. You decide to risk it.

Only a few strokes of the pen now. But oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated—bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points, and while you are reading the anathema in the reportorial and editorial paragraph, it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

You look in another direction. There is nothing like an ebullition of temper to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulse and oxine digestion and perfect health, cannot understand how anybody should be capsized in temper by an infinitesimal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced in that way." Perhaps you smile at a provocation that makes another man swear. You pride yourself on your imperturbability. You say with your manner, though you have too much good taste to say it with your words: "I have a great deal more sense than that man has; I have a great deal more equipoise of temper than that man has; I never could make such a puerile exhibition of myself as that man has made." My brother, you do not realize that that man was born with a keen nervous organization, that for forty years he has been under a depleting process, that sickness and trouble have been helping undo what was left of original healthfulness, that much of his time it has been with him like filing saws, that his nerves have come to be merely *a tangle of disorders*, and that he is the most pitiable object on earth, who though he is very sick does not look sick, and nobody sympathizes.

Let me see. Did you not say that you could not be tempted to an ebullition of temper? Some September you come home from your summer watering-place, and you have inside, away back in your liver or spleen, what we call in our day malaria, but what the old folks called chills and fever. You take quinine until your ears are first buzzing beehives and then roaring Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you take everything. You get well. But the next day you feel uncomfortable, and you yawn, and you stretch, and you shiver, and you consume, and you suffer. Vexed more than you can tell, you cannot sleep, you cannot eat, you cannot bear to see anything that looks happy, you go out to kick the cat that is asleep in the sun. Your children's mirth was once music to you. Now it is deafening. You say, "Boys, stop that racket!" You turn back from June to March. In the family and in the neighborhood your popularity is ninety-five per cent off. The world says, "What is the matter with that disagreeable man? What a woe-begone countenance! I can't bear the sight of him." You have got your pay at last—got your pay. You feel just as that man felt, that man on whom you had no mercy, and these words come in with marvellous appositeness: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

In the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of the people want to be good, but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angel-hood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are *captured by ambuscade*. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field, they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the giant, and they do not see the regiment.

The huntsman in Farmsteeen was shot by some unknown person. Twenty years after, the son of the huntsman was in the same forest and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "God is just; I shot your father just here twenty years ago." *A bishop said to Louis XI. of France:* "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After a while, the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that same cage and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Oh, my friends, let us go hence resolved to scold less and pray more.

That which in the Bible is used as the symbol of all gracious influences in the dove, not the porcupine. We may so unskillfully manage the lifeboat that we shall run down those whom we want to rescue. The first preparation for Christian usefulness is warm-hearted common-sense, practical sympathy for those whom we want to save. What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray? What headway will you and I make in the last great judgment when we must have mercy or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy."

TIDINGS OF TROUBLE.

The disciples were in great trouble. There was no court to which they could make appeal. But grief must have utterance, and if there be no sympathetic ear to hear it, then it must be cried aloud to the winds, and the woods, and the waters. But there was an ear ready to listen. What beauty of pathos and what wonderful picture in the words, "they went and told Jesus"! He was ready to listen, and He was ready to assuage their grief.

No cavern is so deeply cleft in the mountains as to allow you shelter from trouble. The foot of the fleetest courser is not swift enough to bear you beyond pursuit. The arrows brought to the string fly with unerring dart, and often you have fallen pierced and stunned.

Now, I am this morning to bring a catholicon for all your troubles. I am going to gather all your griefs—I do not care what they are—I am going to gather all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription, which healed the sorrow of the disciples, is just as successful a prescription to-day, and will heal all your sorrows.

Now, in the first place, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who feel themselves sinful and unpardoned. There comes a time in every man's life when he wakes up to an appreciation of a sinful nature. The thought may not have enough heft to fell him—it may only be like the flash of a cloud at the close of a hot summer day—but the man must somehow get rid of that feeling.

One man flies to prayer, another man stimulates himself with ardent spirits, another man dives deeper into secularities. It is not wonderful when a man sees his eternity poised on an uncertainty, that he is determined to do something violent and immediate. Now, can it be that there is in all this house this morning one man who is unwilling to have the cancer of sin taken from his soul, when the divine Surgeon is ready to do the work, and do it successfully? I cannot believe it.

I think the first thing for you to do if you are oppressed, my brother—if you are oppressed with a sense of your sinfulness, is to go and tell Jesus. Why, my friends, that is the business of Christ. He does other things, but I think the great business of Christ is to pardon. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and to plant your unshackled foot on a golden throne, Christ allowed the tortures of the bloody mount to transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will this morning crush in the door of your dungeon. Out of His own thorny crown He will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear of His wet cheek, in every gash of His wounded side, in every long and blackened mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave-shattering, heaven-storming death cry, I hear the words—“Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.” Oh, what a glorious gospel! What a gospel to preach! What a gospel to hear! “Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”

I commend that behavior of these disciples to all the tempted. I have heard people say they were never tempted—people who have come to middle life that never have been tempted. Oh, my friends, it is because they have never tried to do right! If a man be handcuffed and hobbled, and he lie quiet, he does not test the power of

the chain or the manacle; but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackles, then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound hand and foot to sin, and have never made the attempt to be emancipated.

Why, it is easy enough to go down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars. You go just as the tide goes. But suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle—an awful struggle.

Can it be that you have never tested the power of temptation? You have one kind of temptation; you another; you another. There is not a person in the house but has been tempted, whether you realize it or not. I never like to hear a man say, "Oh, I couldn't be tempted the way that man is!" He could not be tempted the way you are. A lion cannot understand why a fish should be caught with a hook, and the fish cannot understand why the lion should be caught with a trap. You may be free from certain kinds of temptation, but there are other kinds after you.

You see some men with a phlegmatic temperament. "Why," you say, "that man hasn't any temptations at all." You mistake him. He has temptations to indolence, to censoriousness, to sink down into mere latitude and longitude of fattiness, to lie down on the road of life, to stop great enterprises. He has just as many temptations in one direction as you, being of a nervous and excitable temperament, have temptations in another direction.

You will see some aged man arise in a prayer-meeting, and at eighty years of age he talks so sweetly of Christ and

heaven, you say, "That man has lived without temptation." Ask him. He has as many temptations at eighty years of age as he had at twenty. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask that aged man whether he has lived beyond the reach of the powers of darkness in this world, and he will say it has been a conflict all the way through.

Sixtus was a cardinal and he wanted the pontifical chair, and history says he pretended to be sick and crippled. He said: "Now, if you elect me to that chair I shall occupy it, and I shall not live long anyhow, and then you will put some one else in the chair." He was elected to that position. He moved to it on crutches. Getting to the chair he threw aside the crutches. He said: "While I was hunting for the keys of St. Peter, it was appropriate I stooped; but having found the keys of St. Peter, there is no reason why I should stoop any longer." So his crutches were gone, and he was well. Oh, how suggestive of temptation! It seems at one time to be wan, and weak, and crippled, but give it a throne, and it becomes a tyrant to grind your soul into ruin.

Well, now, you say: "All persons being tempted, what are we to do when we are assailed of temptation? When the wave dashes against us is there nothing to hold on to? Is a man to go into this war with the world, the flesh, and the devil with no help? I will tell you, my friends: the wisest thing for you to do in the day of temptation is, like these disciples, to go and tell Jesus. In the eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice that broke the silence of the tomb until the widow of Nain got back her son, and stupendous sorrow made up in the arms of rapture—aye, in that voice I hear the command and the promise: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." He knows all about

temptation. Tempted in all points like as we are. Go and tell Jesus.

I commend the behavior of the disciples to all these who are slandered and abused and persecuted. When those disciples saw that Herod had taken the head of John the Baptist they knew their own heads were not safe. *Every John has his Herod.* There are people that do not think overmuch of you. Your misfortunes would be honeycomb to them. They hiss at you through their teeth, and misinterpret your actions and would be glad to see you upset. They would be the most submissive mourners in your funeral procession.

Every one comes during the course of life to be pommelled. Some slander comes at you horned and tusked and hoofed, to trample and to gore you, and you think you are peculiar in that respect. No. "All who live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." If you are able this morning to say, "I haven't an enemy in all the world," it is proof positive you have not done your duty; for when a man does his duty he challenges all earth and hell, and that challenge will bring against him opposition, scorn, and persecution. It is so in all circles of life.

One would have thought that if any man ought to have been free from persecution it was *George Whitefield*, bringing great masses of the people into the kingdom of God, wearing himself out for Christ's sake; and yet the learned Dr. Johnson called him a mountebank: *Robert Hall* preached about the glories of heaven as no uninspired man ever preached about them, and it was said when he preached about heaven his face shone like an angel's, and yet good Christian John Foster writes of Robert Hall, saying: "Robert Hall is a mere actor, and when he talks about heaven the smile on his face is the reflection of his own

vanity." *John Wesley* stirred all England with reform, and yet he was caricatured by all the small wits of his day. He was pictorialized, history says, on the board fences of London, and everywhere he was the target for the punster: yet John Wesley stands to-day before all Christendom, his name mightier than any other name except "the name that is above every other name"—the name of Christ. And can you expect to escape hardship, and assault, and abuse, and slander? You will not.

I commend the behavior of these disciples to the bereaved. As I stand here Sabbath by Sabbath, and I look off upon this audience, how many signals of mourning do I behold! God has his own way of breaking up the family. *The emigration from this world* to the next is so vast an enterprise that God only can conduct it. The emigration from earth to eternity keeps three fourths of the families of the world in desolation. The child that lay near the mother's heart is taken to lie in the cold and in the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy comes in from the harvest-fields of Shunem, saying: "My head, my head!" and dies on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedy of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek, and orphanage cries in vain for father and for mother.

Sometimes when we have sorrow our friends come in, and they try to sympathize with us to a certain extent, but they cannot understand all the grief. They do as well as they can, but they cannot understand it altogether. But, blessed be God! Christ knows. He has been all through the trouble, and all around about it. He has counted the tears, and counted the groans, and before the tears started and before the groans began he saw the hiding-place of the sorrow. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of

our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as He remembers Lazarus' tomb, He will stand beside us in the cemetery. As long as He remembers His own heart-breaks, He will stand with you in the laceration of your affections. When He forgets His footsore way, and His lonely nights, and His weary mind, and His exhausted body, and His awful cross, and His solemn grave, then will He forget you; but not until then.

Oh, ye who are tossed in the storms of this life, I want to tell you the Lord is guiding the ship; your Father is on deck, and He will bring you through into the harbor! Oh, ye whose cheeks are wet with the night dew of the grave, ye whose hearts are tried with a sirocco, in the name of a religion which can wipe every tear, and lift every burden, and deliver every captive, and illumine every darkness, I implore you, *go and tell Jesus!* If you will not, if you try to carry your sins and your burdens yourself, I tell you, my brother, plainly, your life will be a failure, your death will be disaster, and eternity a calamity; but if you will go to Christ with all your sins and all your sorrows to-day, your foot will strike the upward path, and the shining messengers who tell above what is done here will make the arches of God resound with the tidings that you have gone to tell Jesus.

MUTUAL BURDEN-BEARERS.

Looking over any assembly, all will seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift and some of them have more than they can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer, after pleading an important case in the court-room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next-room and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me." Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Balbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in Paul's words, is *the Gospel machinery* by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the

door of the cage and the birds flew out into the sunlight and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said: "What did you do that for?" "Ah! said the stranger, "*I was a captive once myself* and I know how good it is to be free. Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life but have come beyond those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander Stephens dying a few years ago persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal, the petition signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone.

Dying Alexander Stephens said: "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that *I may sign her pardon*. A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: "Governor, you are very sick, now; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and re-association. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin

to go back to the banquet at his father's homestead. Give us tunes in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so ranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up hill ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear each other's burdens!

A gentleman in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after a while returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that injustice was about to be practised. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court room. He somehow got empanelled as one of the jurors. *The bribes came around*, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold! my lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall: my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Off of that place, thou

villain !” And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ bore our burden, surely we can afford to bear each other's burdens.

CHRIST'S BURDENS.

Through the darkness of that gloomy day, I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did He come there? Had He come upon the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape, or upon a brilliant sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty-eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when He came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping post, but those cruelties were mercy as compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

Two or three Sundays ago, I incidentally mentioned a picture which I saw at Antwerp, a picture made by Rubens—Rubens' picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. I had only time to just mention the picture. I had not time to say much about it. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long-froked official opened the door that hid the picture, there He was—Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were *the swollen shoulders of Christ*. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh.

There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Savior, balancing himself. O! the *furios and hellish look* on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived.

But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually, first, to see whether He can stand it, and after they find He can stand it, they put the whole weight upon him. Forward now, to Calvary. The hooting and yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, He stumbles and falls, and they jerk at His robe indignant that He should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, His mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman—"Stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with His burden upon His shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with Him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for. Christ moves on until the burden is so great He staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on Him and shakes Him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at Him wondering whether He has fainted away, or whether He is only pretending to

faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable says: "Fainted, have you? fainted! get up, get on!"

Now, they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with His clothes. Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat, strip Him." The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "Who shall have the coat?" One ruffian says: "I have it, I have it—it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabric it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground, and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold Him down while they drive the spikes home, at every thump a groan, a groan! Alas! Alas! the hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify Him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a Roman Catholic cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say *He had five wounds*, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say—five wounds. No, they have missed the worst and they have missed the

most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferry-boat, in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine, a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. O! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns. And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon Him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

UNAPPRECIATED TOILERS.

There is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her elder sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the stock-exchange, they 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 exceptions. I am writing this morning 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 great 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 would 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, O man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean 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 what if the butcher has sent meat unmarketable, 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 one of a thousand things occur? You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or 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 be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice

the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. O woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to 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 Fry, and Hannah More, is the God of the house-keeper. Jesus was never married, that He might be the especial friend and confidant 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 bath of conjugal felicity He is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

The servants by this clause
Make drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes this and the action fine.

CLERICAL BURDENS.

Some one sends us a newspaper with a list of four ministers who recently have become insane, the newspaper having a marginal note desiring us to explain. We have no capacity to demonstrate the certain cause of such clerical demetation, but we may imagine several reasons for such disaster. Perhaps they may have lost their balance through a large number of begging letters. They may by every mail have been solicited for money that they did not possess. They may have been violently charged with niggardliness for postponing immediate response. For instance, we have on our table a pile of letters from the grasshopper regions, asking for relief; from Western Sunday-schools, who want a new library; from a young man, who needs a new suit of clothes; from a woman in Pennsylvania, who says her husband is unable to support her; from England, Ireland, and Scotland, asking for help in the building of chapels,—a heavy rain of applications that is enough to set any man's brain afloat; and we may imagine that some of the persons spoken of in that newspaper were mentally swamped in that way.

Another possible cause for the seeming epidemic of insanity among the clergy may be the demands of lecturing committees who want you to go and speak in behalf of their Church or Young Men's Christian Association, and who persist in having you go after your telling them it is impossible. They break through all your established hours of privacy. They wake you up after you have gone to bed,

or stop you in the street with their long yarn of necessities. If that will not make a minister crazy, nothing will.

We present another possible cause for the series of intellectual collapses, spoken of in the newspaper article aforesaid, in the exorbitant and unreasonable demand for impossible pastoral services. They may have been confused by the attempt to attend three funerals at the same hour, three miles distant from each other. Being able to go to but one of the three, of course the other two families will feel that they have been outrageously neglected. They will write sharp letters, talk profusely throughout the congregation, and possibly leave the Church in high dudgeon. The attempt of a minister to be in three places at once will naturally divide and shatter his intellect.

We do not know that the above causes worked in the unfortunate cases referred to, but we only assign them as sufficient cause of aberration. We are not surprised, like our correspondent, that there are so many lunatic ministers, but rather amazed that there are so few. It is a matter of congratulation that under the pressure, there are so many clear-headed clergymen.

THE LOAD OF CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

“Work, but don’t worry,” says the old song, but we don’t know about the worrying. A little anxiety is a good thing in its way; it is an incentive to work in every department. It is a very pleasant thing to take everything in the serenest way possible, but so far as our observation goes, very serene workers are not always the most efficient ones. While the virtue of patience should not be lost, a freedom from anxiety is not always practicable if desirable. A man who has no anxiety about his business is pretty sure, before long, to have no business about which to be concerned. Are we then pleading for disquiet? No; only that we are not indifferent to things, the accomplishment of which we have at heart; and where we are not indifferent we are anxious; there is no middle ground. And now we come to the question and we ask the reader, are you anxious about your work for Christ? Work is such a different thing spiritually from what it is physically. Spiritual work is not shouting Christ’s name in a desert; it is not tying one’s self up in a double bow-knot of gesticulation; it is not seizing every man by the collar, whom you take to be unconverted, saying to him: “Be a Christian, sir, or your days are numbered!” There is, we admit, a good deal of this spiritual burglary about; but this is not the right kind of work. But true spiritual work means a cup of cold water to the thirsty, a crust of bread to the hungry; it means a noble example, it means a forgiving spirit, it means the kindly smile, the hearty handgrasp, the encouraging word, the

urgent word in the right place and at the right time. We know poor, suffering, bed-ridden invalids who do more for Christ in one day than some obese Christians who kick the beam at 250, have done in all their lives. "Poor," we said, but we recall it. In the priceless treasure of a heart filled with the love of Christ, they are richer than if they possessed in fee-simple all the gold-fields of California and Australia.

Christian brother! work for Christ! Work in the shop, in the counting-house, in the mill, in the factory; work for Christ as you till the earth for its increase and the great canopy of heaven covers you. In a pure life, in an earnest purpose, in service however simple, in careful attention to the little affairs of life, in all that you do, strive to put Christ in everything. The life of the earnest, working Christian should be the jolliest, the joyfullest life in the world; and such yours should be, "For the earth is the Lord's, and the *fullness* thereof."

THE BONDAGE OF THE KITCHEN.

While in the regular harness of city life the sitting-room is so far from the kitchen that we have not much understanding of its toils and perplexities, we have not much to say save when there has been an accident, and the pudding comes in burned or the coffee has not been settled. But in the country, and during vacation, we have more time to consider; and yesterday, our appetite whetted up by sea bathing, we wandered into the culinary department to see when dinner would be ready. We then bethought ourselves of the duty of writing an article on the Grace necessary for the kitchen.

First: there is the grace for managing a balky stove. You, being in the hardware business and interested in certain patents, may begin to rattle over the names of stoves which never flinch, which do things brown at the right moment, which never take up the habits of our human race and begin to smoke, and never let the fire go out. But we do not believe you. Stoves belong to a fallen race, and the best of them sometimes prove tricky. Sometimes they fly into a hot temper and burn things up, and sometimes they will pout for half an hour because a green chip or unseasoned stick of wood is thrown at them. The best dispositioned stove will sometimes refuse to broil, or stew, or bake, or frizzle. You coax it in every possible way. You reason with it and tell it how important it is that it do its duty, for company has come, or a departing guest must meet the train, or you are too tired to bother any longer,

and all it does in reply is to sputter. Here is a place for Christian sympathy and help. For lack of this Martha of Bethany acted precipitately, and many a good woman has lost her equilibrium.

Secondly: there is a grace needed for the pantry. Somehow cups and glasses and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. Knives will disappear, and no one has taken them. An old saucer that was given to your grandmother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The tea-caddy has been despoiled, or flour has unreasonably failed, with no miracle, as in Zarephath, to replenish it. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china set gets broken. To study economy for a month, and to find the result of this unusual carefulness has leaked out at some mysterious spiggot; to have a whole mess of milk soured by one thunder storm; to have the wash-boiler boil over and put out the fire; to have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or Narcissus blanc-mange; to have the servant make up her mind she don't like the place, and leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are all peeled and cut that the brass kettle has been borrowed,—all this demands grace for the kitchen.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum-pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasticable beef, have de-

cided the fate of sermons, storehouses, legislative bills, and the destiny of empires. What if Bismarck had been seized with a long fit of indigestion about the time of the breaking out of the last French and German war? What if while Plimsoll was trying to raise an insurrection among the sailors of Great Britain, Disraeli should have been overcome of the gout? What if, while the monetary world was shocked with the failure of Duncan, Sherman and Company, the cook at Saratoga Springs should by means of some unhealthy pastry have killed Commodore Vanderbilt? The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.

Let no housekeeper, therefore, despise her occupation, but rather pray for grace to fulfill her mission. The toils and fatigues and vexations of such a sphere may be unappreciated by husbands and fathers and mothers, but God knows and sympathizes. If, according to the Bible, God puts into a bottle his people's tears, He will count the number of sweat-drops on your forehead while bending over the stove in the midsummer solstice. By the potential way in which you perform your duties you may make the rolling-pin a sceptre. Be faithful! There will be a grand supper after a while, for the preparation of which you will have no anxiety. It will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and you will be one of the banqueters.

THE LETTER-WRITER'S TRIALS.

We remember the day when we received our first letter by mail. The postage mark, the superscription, the entire appearance of the missive is fresh in our memory. Then came the time when we wrote letters for the pleasure of getting answers. But the time has come to some of us when the mail-box is a terror. We long since despaired of making response to all communications that came to us. They are piled upon the shelf, on the table, on the hat-rack, on the wash-stand, on the floor. Many of them have never yet been opened. We mean no disregard or unkindness to our friends or foes; but there are not enough hours in the day or days in the year to answer our letters and do the work that God seems calling us to do. We enjoy letters of encouragement, and we file them away to read in days of disheartenment. They are like cool water to the thirsty lip on a hot day. But these thousands of begging letters that would swamp an A. T. Stewart if affirmatively answered; these questions about the best modes of investing money, about the proper way to conduct Churches, about courses of reading best to pursue, about what seminaries are best for young ladies, about the financial standing of some members of our Church, about the more approved plans of ventilation, about all things in heaven and on earth and lower down, at times throw us into a state of despair. Please to hold up! We have tried secretaries, and tried everything else we can think of, and yet find no deliverance.

By the last mail a correspondent from the far West says, "I have written you seven times and have not heard from you. I am sorry to change my opinion of you. You must be getting spoiled over there in Brooklyn; the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." That fresh application of Scripture brought us to our senses. If we get time we shall surely answer that man's letter. We put it aside on a young mountain of letters toward which we have the best intentions.

BURDENS IMPOSED BY FASHION.

A statistician has given us authority for stating that there are in California one hundred and forty thousand unmarried ladies. So in all parts of the land there are people marching single file who ought to be keeping step with some one on the right or left. What is the matter? It is one of the curses of the day that there are so many unmarried people between twenty-five and fifty years of age. There are those who no doubt were ordained from all eternity to bachelorhood or solitary femininity. But this is not the condition intended for most people. The cause of this invasion of the Divine rule is, first, because men are too proud to live in humble circumstances. They want a magnificent fifty or hundred thousand dollar cage before they appropriate a canary. Now a genuine bird will sing just as well in a plain as in a gilded enclosure. Many of our men expend in cigars and wines and drives and theatres and operas as much money as would support a good wife, and when they get ready for domesticity take their dissipations along with them into the holy partnership.

The second reason for the one hundred and forty thousand unmarried girls in one State is the unparalleled extravagance of woman's wardrobe. A young man sees one of these princesses of fashion walk through a ferry-boat or glide down the street, and says to himself: "If I had to navigate a bark with such rigging as that, I would get on the shoals in no time! I wonder how much those flounces cost, and that lace, and that diamond cluster breaking

through the kid glove? Dear me! What would become of my salary if I had to support such an outlay as that? From bankruptcy, suicide, and marriage, deliver us!" Excessive display in dress may make more sensation at the levee or the ball-room, but prudent and successful young men will say: "Very good to dance with, but excuse me from a serious consideration in that direction!" A busy bee will not want to be affianced to a butterfly. We fear that before things are righted the one hundred and forty thousand unmarried ladies of one State will become two hundred and forty thousand. "John Anderson, my Jo," had better choose some one who at the close of life's ascent can sing, "We clamb the hill thegither." Better start married life with two rooms and a trunk and end in a mansion, than start in a mansion and end in a hovel. Better go climbing up than to come tumbling down.

BURDENS UNSTRAPPED.

It is astonishing how much is accomplished by some persons physically disadvantaged. When the right kind of religion takes hold of a man it seems to give him additional eyes, additional ears, additional feet, additional hands, or to provide a substitute for having no eyes, or ears, or hands, or feet at all. There are great hulks of health floating about unserviceable either to Church or State, while others with gout, or partial paralysis, or dim eyesight that can only distinguish between light and darkness, or limping by the aid of two crutches, who are every day making a subtraction from human sorrow and an addition to human comfort. It is a shame to have hands or feet or eyes and not employ them for good service. It was evidently intended that the race should average for each man two eyes, two ears, two feet, and two hands. But as through casualty so many lose one or more of these organs, the plain suggestion is that those who have full equipment of limbs should make them do a surplus of work for three who lack. So if there should be a small community of these persons, and one of them should be blind and feetless, the two with complete faculties must each take the work of three eyes and three feet in order to supply the defect of the unfortunate. In a word, the burdens of life must be divided, less weight put upon the invalid and more on the athlete. If this were done there would be no use in almshouses and orphan asylums, and the world would be set on many leagues toward the millennial day.

Meanwhile, let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot, or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement-house of flesh will come down, and a better one shall be builded. The resurrection morning will provide you with a better outfit. Either the unstrung, worn-out, blunted, and crippled organs will be so reconstructed, that you will not know them, or an entirely new set of eyes and ears and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable. No limping in heaven; no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum; but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resumption comes, let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

The world is full of tired people, merchants tired of business, farmers tired of raising crops, mechanics tired of building houses, house-keepers tired of preparing food, operatives tired of the rushing wheels. Pass along the road or street and see how very tired three-fourths of the people look. How shall they get rested? Some say, "By fewer hours of work!" But some of them have no work at all. Others might prescribe easy sofas, and more arm-chairs and soft beds. But some of the people who have the weariest look, have plenty of good furniture and luxurious upholstery. Now we offer a pillow not curtained with golden tapestry, nor stuffed with the down of angel's wings.

But a man who puts his head on it gets rid of his cares, and aches and anxieties. It is a pillow stuffed with the promises, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A RESPITE FOR THE BURDENED.

If we believe in anything, we believe in a Christian at work; but we believe in a Christian at rest as well. In those hot summer days do not make us sing—

“Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,”

For, while we like to take a due share of wakefulness, as of sleep, we do not want always to be awake nor always to be stretching. And yet there are those who think otherwise, and who believe always in singing the hymn the first line of which we have quoted, forgetting that the “vigor” needed for progress in the heavenly race will be found wanting if every nerve is kept on endless tension. They quote “This is not, your rest,” which is no news to the active Christian. They expatiate on “the rest that remaineth” with a *furor* that almost despoils the picture of its loveliness. Especially do they depreciate the practice of granting ministerial vacations. “Why do ministers need to go off and rest more than other men?” said a deacon in Central New York. “We hire our ministers just as much as I do my servant girl, and if he loses time it ought to be deducted from his wages.” Liberal soul! Did he expect in this way his Church would be made fat?

When to the egregiousness of vacations is added the enormity of allowing a trip to Europe, accompanied by a full purse for fare, the indignation is boundless, unutterable. Nevertheless the parson sails away over the sea, or retires to a desert place to rest a while; the deacon growls like a

bear in his den; the Church works on, waiting the coming of their "hired man," whom a kind Providence restores to it refreshed in body and spirit; while his wife knows better than any one else how surely he has escaped "a spell of fever" and a doctor's bill. Deacon Grumbler can't see it so, but he will if he ever gets to heaven. Scarcely less do lay workers need respite and rest. To some of these a sermon on the sin of working would be appropriate. Text: "Do thyself no harm."

Two Sabbath-schools and three services per Sabbath may be survived *pro tem.*; but if you teach in mission-school at nine A.M., attend Church service at half past ten, teach in your own Sabbath-school at twelve, attend service again at three, teach in another mission-school at half past four, winding up with attendance on night service,—in our view you have broken the Sabbath and materially shortened your own life-mission, however innocently. "But the harvest is great, and the laborers few." True, and because of this we must beware of thinning the ranks by fatal over-exertion. Haste makes waste, sometimes, in Christian labor. Turn aside. When trembling nerves and dizzy brains give warning, we must heed. You may meet the Master and adorn the doctrine wherever you go. Put religion into your resting. This can be done without preaching or teaching.

Rest heartily unto the Lord. Conscientiously avoid resorts which tax by requirements of style, or be independent enough to resist them. Recreation must be regulated or it may run into dissipation, defeating its legitimate ends. Gain flesh, gain sleep, gain spirit. Recuperate. Rejoice. Rest with an easy conscience and a happy heart, coming home, clad in new armor, to fight the battles of the Lord.

THE GRAND RELEASE.

Seven is the favorite number in the Bible. Seven days for the week. Seven fat kine for Pharaoh's vision. Seven years of service that Jacob may win Rachel. Seven rams' horns to blow down the walls of Jericho. Seven golden vials. Seven last plagues. Seven thunders. Seven candlesticks. Seven stars. Seven churches. Seven loaves to feed the thousands. The lamb with seven horns. The woman with seven devils. In a book where this word seven is such a favorite, I am not surprised to read, "At the end of every seven years thou shalt make a release." It meant that all debts should be cancelled at that expiration—all bonds, all mortgages, all notes of hand; and borrowed money should be as though it had not been borrowed. Yonder is a Hebrew who has been toiling for a long while under debt. His neighbor meets him, and says, "What's the matter with you this morning?" "O," he says, "have you not heard the news? Seven years have gone by, and from all my financial obligations I have a release." What a paradise for villains and idlers, you say. Such a law in our time would encourage indolence and improvidence, and it would be the death of all good enterprises.

This was intended as an especial law to the ancients and prefigured to all ages Gospel forgiveness. The fact is that the world is loaded down with a debt which no bankrupt law or two-third enactment can alleviate. The voices of heaven cry, "Pay! pay!" The nations reply, "We can't pay." Men and women are frantic with moral insolvency.

What shall be done? A new law is proclaimed, from the throne of God, of universal release for all who will take advantage of that enactment. And as at the end of every seven years the land of the Hebrews was thrown into transports at the wiping out of all unpayable debts, so this morning, at the close of seven years of my ministry in Brooklyn, I wish that all might be exhilarated at the thought of release from all sin, release from all trouble, release from all fear of death.

In the first place, my friends, why will you carry your burden of sin any longer? You have added pack to pack until no desert dromedary ever groaned under such a freightage. You have aggregated the sins of childhood and youth and old age, and, as though that were not a sufficient accumulation, you have put more of the fruits of sin into the sack, and you have jolted them down, and tied the string around the sack's mouth, and then you have thrown it over your shoulder. There are those who are looking over the almost interminable column of their spiritual and moral deficits, and they feel like crying out in despair. I proclaim spiritual and eternal release. Leave the caravan of iniquity in the desert; throw away your account books; quit your reckoning. Hark! from the throne of God the proclamation, "Thy sins and thine iniquities will I remember no more." Release! signed in tears, sealed in blood, written on heavenly parchment, recorded in eternal archives. The black ink of the indictment is written all over with red ink of the cross: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Cut loose the cables which hold your transgressions, and let them fall off. Spiritual, infinite, glorious, everlasting release! "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered."

Some of you, also, want deliverance from your troubles.

God knows you have enough of them. Physical troubles; domestic troubles; spiritual troubles; financial troubles. You have been gathering them up, some perhaps for five or six or seven years, and you have divided them into two classes: those you can talk about, and those you cannot talk about; and as those griefs are the most grinding and depressing which you cannot mention, you get condolence for the things that you can speak of, while you get no condolence for the things you cannot. In your school days you learned how to bound the States, and could tell what rivers and lakes and mountains ran through them. If you were asked to-day to bound your worldly estate, you would say it is bounded on the north by trouble, and on the south by trouble, and on the east by trouble, and on the west by trouble, while rivers of tears and lakes of woe and mountains of disaster run through it. What are you going to do with your troubles? Why do you not go to the theatre and have your mind absorbed in some tragedy? "O," you say, "everything I have seen on the boards of the stage is tame compared with the tragedy of my own life." Well, then, why do you not go to your trunks and closets and gather up all the mementos of your departed friends, and put them out of sight, and take down their pictures from the wall, and put in the frame a harvest scene or some bright and gay spectacle? "Ah," you say, "if I should remove all these mementos of my departed friends, that would not take away the killing pictures that are hanging in the gallery of my own heart." Well, if that does not help you, why do you not plunge into society, and try to wash off in worldly gayeties all these assoilments of the soul? "O," you say, "I have tried that, but how can I hear other children laugh when my children are silent? How can I see other happy families when my own happy family

is broken up?" Trouble, trouble. But do you gain anything by brooding over your misfortunes, by sitting down in a dark room, by a comparison of the sweet past with the bitter present? No; that makes things worse. But I have to tell you to-day that the God of all pity, and the Christ of all sympathy, and the Holy Spirit of all comfort, proclaim release. "Ah," you say, "that cannot be possible. It is in no sudden way I am to get rid of my misfortunes." O, yes. It may be as sudden as that. You know sometimes a physician will come to his patient, and he finds it is a chronic disease, and he administers the medicine, and he does not expect to see any marked improvement for weeks and months, and perhaps not until a year has passed by. It is a chronic case. The disease came slowly and will depart slowly. Then you know there are acute cases. It must be immediate relief or no relief at all. And the physician comes in, and sits down by the bedside, he has the medicine in his hand, and he pours out some of the drops and administers them. If they do not take effect in five minutes, he gives another dose and another and another. Now there are here cases of acute trouble. How are you going to get relief? The Divine Physician comes, and He knows how severe the trouble is, and He sits by your side and pours out the consolation of His grace. He waits half a minute, and He prescribes again. He waits, and prescribes again. Now He gives you this promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Does it not take effect upon you? Here, then, He pours out more drops of divine consolation, and I am sure this time the trouble will be arrested, "All things work together for good to those who love God."

Trouble. Trouble. You know the way out to Greenwood better than you used to, or you go out to the village

cemetery with a bunch of flowers, which very poorly expresses your affection and grief. You say; "Can it be possible this is the same world?" And there have been one or two names added in the family record to a line which is all full of sorrow. But then you have been comforted. It has not been a starless night. Sometimes you have almost felt that you could hear the raptured voices of your departed ones, and you have called them by name before you thought. "Father! Mother! My darling! where are you?" Very near have they been. And though sometimes you have had crying spells, when you felt that you must the next moment see that loved one or die, yet for the most part you are calmly waiting, waiting in prayerful hope for the day when the roads which parted will join again on the other side of the woods, and the days of your mourning will be ended.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after a while near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I write, many of us stand in the very hour described in the verse, "For it is toward evening."

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe His friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them. His grace comfort them, His light cheer them, His sacrifice free them, His glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, He will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, He will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of your joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, He will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

The words of the verse are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but

we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel.

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. This ought not to be a depressing theme.

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.



AIMED
AT
ERRORS ^{TO} _{BE} CORRECTED.



A SECRET DISCLOSED.

THERE is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go into the fields, we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting save to sharpen his instrument,—goes from one side of the field to the other without any special fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him fifty dollars, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jack-knife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will hardly hold them. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to fish; in the other he does not. We acknowledge that there is an art in everything. Is there any art in religion? Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no special drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the Church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start, or having retreated,

not really having so much faith or usefulness as the first year. Why is it that one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as haphazard. If a man advances in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

There is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is *secret prayer*. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift up our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years,—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help. No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances and deficits, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. People would say, "We didn't come into the house of prayer tonight to have our ears and hearts insulted." We know an excellent Christian man who had the habit, in prayer-meeting, of telling the most astounding things of what he used to do and where he used to go. We all believed in him as a useful man; but we all wished he would not go so much into particulars. It edified no Christian ear, it advanced no Christian heart. And yet there is a place where a man ought

to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and the grievances of the present moment before God; but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private and which starts from secret communion with God,—an out and out unlimited utterance such as a man cannot give in a public religious assemblage.

CROAKERS.

They are not confined to the frog-ponds. Nevertheless it may not be amiss to take some observation from these mud-walled orchestras, with their green upholstery. You remember the free concerts you had in the country. Sitting quietly in the twilight, you amused yourself by trying to distinguish the separate parts. You heard a heavy bass and shrill treble, with tenor, alto, and contralto sandwiched in. The strain was embellished by grace-notes or appoggiaturas interspersed, while a tremendous trill (the *r* rolled to perfection) chimed in at regular intervals; the whole constituting an intolerable din, or a mental anodyne, according to the taste of the listener. But croak they would, and you fell to thinking that these croaking creatures had their counterparts outside the pond. Church and State, prayer-meeting and parish, are greeted by their discordant notes. Right ready are they to criticize the powers that be; to disparage the present incumbent, be he teacher, preacher, or president. For the croaker rollicks in the memory of the past.

There is the basso,—obese in personal presence, surly in demeanor; the shrill soprano,—a nervous, high-strung, squeaky-voiced woman, who can only find time from her worldly cares for fault-finding and fretting; while the proprietor of the grace-notes comes in for a sudden slur on somebody, when everything apparently is going well, ducking his head, spattering cold water on every project, and taking himself off when there is any work to be done. We fancied ourselves familiar with our friends of the frog-

pond, when, lo! we were roused from our reading one evening by a laugh that went the rounds involuntarily and simultaneously, while Ned went to the window with "What is it? What is it?" None of us could tell for a time whether the ludicrous sound came from man or beast. Listening intently, we located it in the frog-pond, and night after night were we indebted to this nondescript noise for many a hearty laugh. The tone was very funny, yet one of unmistakable contradiction and decided dissent. This new comer certainly differed from all his companions; and having exhausted our powers of comparison, we christened him *the universal croaker*. His counterpart is certainly ingenious in his way. The active people in Church and society he pronounces officious; the unobtrusive, quiet workers are in his eyes sluggish and asleep. Sometimes the gift of office puts upon him a temporary quietus; but he generally magnifies that office to such an extent that, when the election comes, he returns to the ranks and recovers his voice. After all, croakers have their mission. But for them there is many a truth we might have missed. They show us our delinquencies. Since they won't do anything else, we could hardly deprive them of this privilege; so we will—let them croak.

NIGHTCAP PHILOSOPHY.

Ordinarily we do not desire any covering for our head during the somnolent hours, but sleeping in a palace car, rushing ahead at the rate of forty or fifty miles the hour, there will be draughts of air which make a nightcap important. On the occasion we are about to speak of, the conductor had punched our tickets and closed the curtains, and we proceeded to prepare a nightcap. Our only resource was a handkerchief, in the corners of which and along the edges thereof we tied five or six knots, and having adjusted this hasty crown to our head we lay down. After somewhat excited speaking for a couple of hours, it took a little while for our thoughts to get quieted, and then under the cover of our nightcap we fell asleep. For some reason our dreams were of the roughest and most uncomfortable sort. We were falling over embankments; we were knocked on the head by marauders; we were dying of brain fevers, and in bewilderment as to where we were we woke up. All this was so different from our usual quietude of slumber, we rubbed our eyes and said, "What in the world is the matter?" The fact was, we had got one of the knots of our nightcap in the wrong place, and the pressure of it against our temple had caused this dislocation of things.

We said to ourselves how little a thing will upset the comfort of a sleep. We were at peace with all the world save that one twist in our handkerchief. And at that very moment, we suppose, up and down the world, there were people as restless because of some infinitesimal annoyance. People under the exhaustion of some great trouble sleep

so soundly, you wake them up, almost fearing they are dying or dead; but a little twist in their domestic or social or financial affairs kept them wide awake so that they heard the clock in the morning strike one, two, three, four. We have known merchants vexed beyond somnolence by a mistake in their cash account. Women have been restless because of a grease-spot on their new silk dress. The provoking remark of some one whose opinion was not worth consideration has spoiled a good sleep. Hours that ought to have been given to physical invigoration have been ruined by a twist in the nightcap.

The mistake we made in the aforesaid rail-car ought to have been corrected before we attempted slumber. Before retiring we ought to get the knot in our affairs disposed of. But suppose we cannot do so? Then shove the knot further along. Let it take you in some other place. Shove it along to the next morning. Do not put upon one day the burdens of two. If we had moved our nightcap an inch or two we should have been undisturbed. Besides all this, if we cannot by our own will get our affairs arranged as we would like, supernal aid is offered us for turning the nightcap in the right way. There is always a place between the two knots of care and trouble in which to rest. But how prone we are, instead of looking for that smooth place, to put the knots together and lay our head on the accumulated discomfort. It only took a minute for all this to pass through our mind, then we got up on one elbow, readjusted our head-covering, threw ourselves back on the pillow of the Pullman sleeping car, and knew nothing but roseate and heaven-descended dreams for seven hours. May the good Lord take the knots out of all your pillows, and make your every sleep between this and the last as sweet as that of Jacob when he saw the ladder clustered with celestial visitants.

THE DEMON SLANDER.

Not long since Chaplain Sunderland in his prayer at the opening of the United States Senate prayed against "the demon of slander" which was abroad in the land. He prayed in effect if not in words that the tongue might be palsied that breathed the breath of slander and the hand paralyzed that sought to scatter its lying statements. The petition was noticed by the press, and was generally regarded as a joke. But we think there was too much reason for the Chaplain's prayer. Especially with regard to our public men, the slanders and libels which are uttered are something terrible to think of and hurtful to the best interests of the country. Under the mud which has been thrown at them and beneath which they are nearly buried, it is almost impossible to tell what are the true characteristics of the men occupying public places. Good and bad are all treated alike, and we cannot tell a Christian statesman from the most unprincipled trickster who ever succeeded in getting himself pushed into legislative halls. We have to wait till a man is dead to find out what he really has been, and he, in turn, has to wait for appreciation till then. Then, too, we sometimes find that they who have been most maligned have been truest and purest all the time. Not all public men can stand the strain thus made upon them. Finding character of no value practically, the temptation is to drop it as a worthless thing; and it is just this which is keeping some of the best and most valuable men out of places which call for them and which they are fitted to

adorn. They have character, to them more precious than life, which they cannot afford to set up as a target for the vile abuse of any reckless and unprincipled opponent. In all this the loss to the country is incalculable.

Look at our Presidential campaigns; nothing can be more disgraceful than the way in which they are conducted; and ten years ago it was actually urged as an objection against making the Centennial an international affair and inviting foreign powers to be present in 1876, that in that year we exhibited ourselves in our most unlovely aspect—a Presidential campaign. On the 4th of July of that year they would hear a general glorification of American Institutions. But from the 5th day of July until the election in November, they would hear a general vilification of everybody who dared to be a candidate for office.

So general and indiscriminating is this detraction that the real rogues take cover under it. This vice does not pertain to the press alone; it is only too frequently to be met with in drawing-rooms, where wholesale condemnation is often prevalent. For ourselves we protest against the practice. Flattery is not good, but wholesale detraction is far worse. There are as many noble, pure men in legislative halls and in business pursuits as there ever were, whose private lives will bear comparison with those of the fathers of the country. There may not be so much ability as at some former times, but it is our belief that there is as much of a far higher quality—integrity. While scoundrels abound, pure and good men do not less abound. We wish that virtue could be discovered before it leaves the world. We wish that some of the things that are uttered into the dull, heedless ear of the dead, could have been uttered into the waiting, disappointed ear of the living.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against God and his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night is apocryphal and a lie. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. We counsel our readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children instantly to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

THE ITCH FOR AUTHORSHIP.

Whether it be Asiatic cholera or the trichinæ that has got among books we know not, but most certain it is they are dying a hundred a day. The second-hand book-stores are the morgues where thousands of them are laid out. Many of them died after doing their work, and their end was peace. But many of them from the start were afflicted with a marasmus that never allowed them to take one healthy breath. The mortality of novels is something fearful. Three-fourths of them never paid the expenses of their publication. The entire enterprise was a dead loss.

Most men need to publish one book in order to find what an expensive and unsatisfactory business it is in most cases. We had a friend who had given birth to a religious poem. He thought it would rival "Paradise Lost," and shake the nations. He kept the secret under lock and key for a long while, showing it only to a few especial friends, and that under promise of secrecy. He grew thin in calculating at what time the world could best endure the exhilaration of its publication. At last the manuscript was in type, and the proof was read, and the book put upon the market. He banqueted his friends on publication day, in anticipation of a large fortune. He figured up how many would be sold. First, he calculated on disposing of twenty thousand; but as he reviewed the importance of the work and the fascination of the style, he put up the figures to fifty thousand. Afterward, bethinking himself of the fact that it is impossible to keep a rare thing on this side of the

Atlantic, and the certainty of its world-wide distribution, he concluded it reasonable to expect the circulation of one hundred thousand. The fact was, that of the first edition of five hundred copies one hundred and fifty were sold, and the rest were given away. Its rivalry did not hurt John Milton's reputation a bit. My friend's experience was that of the man spoken of in the tenth chapter of Revelation: "I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter." My friend died of chagrin, and went where this book has no circulation, and therefore will never see this article: otherwise we would not have written it. Before any one issues a book he had better make a tour of the second-hand book-stores, and ask the American News Company what proportion of the books published in this day are profound fizzles.

We once had a cross old relative who believed in war, because he thought the best way to reform the race was to keep killing it off. While we reject that theory, we really believe that this epidemic among books is fortunate. If one half of the books which have been printed in the last thirty years had continued to live, our libraries and tables and book-stands would have been so crowded that the world would have had no room to turn around. If all the snow that has ever fallen had continued lying on the ground, we should have had banks of it reaching well on up toward the moon, but fortunately the crystals melt; and the only reason that our way is not entirely blocked by snow-storms of literature is because through the paper-mills the material soaks away. Long life to all good books, and honorable sepulture to those that die early!

SMOOTH THINGS.

Flatterers are ever false. Yet flattery in one form or another is grateful to nearly all. Many people like to have their qualities appreciated, but more like to have them over-estimated. Self-conceit invites the language of adulation, and in turn exaggerates the meaning of complimentary words. It is always dangerous to place a proper self-respect at the mercy of those who will flatter for their own ends:

“ True dignity resides with him alone,
Who in the secret hour of sober thought
Can still suspect and still revere himself
As man.”

When, however, flattery rules the pulpit, and preachers of the Gospel prophesy smooth things because the people like to have it so, then the beguilement of words is Satanic in spirit and in effect.

The Gospel is a discovery of man to himself. It is intended to let him see the plague of his own soul. It holds up the mirror to nature as it is. But is there not much of so-called preaching in our day which ignores human depravity, apologizes for wrong-doing as an infirmity, and makes small account of the deceitfulness of sin while it prates of the dignity and capability of human nature?

We believe that a successful pulpit will tell the truth plainly in love. It will not handle the Word of God deceitfully. It will not keep back the “hard sayings” lest they should prove distasteful. The Gospel is gentle, but it is also honest.

It is the Word of salvation; but if man is not lost, ~~how~~ can he need salvation? If he is not corrupt and wicked, ~~how~~ can he be in want of the Great Physician? There are times when preachers should have great boldness in the faith. There are sins of Pharisaic impiety in the Church to be denounced. There are crimes in high places to be held up for abhorrence. There are Balaams and Iscariots and followers of Simon Magus even now making merchandise of the things of the kingdom. No dulcet pipings, but trumpet blasts, are needed on the walls of Zion.

LANTERNS WANTED.

This is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands, of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of

physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. We know persons whose brows are shaggy, and whose eyes are oblique, and noses are ominously longitudinal, and the mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray, and the foot of the dance has turned into a rheumatic shuffle.

LEARNED SCEPTICS.

After all, Christianity cannot be a very weak and pusillanimous affair when so many of our strong rulers are not ashamed to advocate it. We are on the way to the time when kings shall be nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers to the Church. We shall after a while have the best brain enlisted on our side, and the day will come when a man's sanity will be doubted if he question the truthfulness of Christ's religion. We do not want sceptics any longer to pat us patronizingly on the back, saying, "Poor deluded souls! They mean well enough!" We do not want the fire-fly born in the swamp to lecture the full harvest-moon on the subject of optics. There are enough men of brain and official position on our side to make it respectable. Indeed, we suspect that if by *post-mortem* examination the head of the learned sceptic were explored, it would be found that there is a soft spot somewhere in it, into which his egotism had soaked, leaving dampness and mould to gather. A man who, amid all the accumulated evidence of the ages, can doubt the existence of God, or the inspiration of the Scriptures, or the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, or the power of the Holy Ghost, is mentally deficient somewhere. He may be supremely talented in other respects, but he is lacking in that department. Wise in all things save one, and in that insane, we are to commiserate him as a monomaniac,

PEDDLING SERMONS.

There is a stir in England concerning the sale of sermons. It seems that there are those who write sermons and sell them to the clergy at thirteen shillings and six pence per quarter. The religious papers are opposed to this style of merchandise, and argue that it is belittleing and wicked on the part of the clergy. We protest against such a practice, which will probably be Americanized after a while, unless there be a public opinion formed here against it. We know ministers who are lazy and rich. To these persons the temptation to such bargain-making would be very powerful. Labor is more expensive in the United States than in England; but we have no doubt that there are literary gentlemen who would be willing to write sermons for five dollars each, and that there are clergymen who would think the purchase cheap at that rate. While religious papers in England are warring against this sermonic outrage, we oppose it on different grounds. No sermon written under such circumstances is worth thirteen and six pence. He who sells a discourse at that rate commits a swindle. Our idea of a sermon is something divinely suggested and helped, and written with prayer and with especial adaptation to the needs of a particular congregation. Neither a wholesale nor a retail merchant of theological discourses can have any such stock on hand. The English or American clergyman who pays thirteen shillings, or five shillings, or two cents in purchase of a sermon gets roundly cheated. We hope that none of these English peddlers of theology will

ever unpack their goods on any of our counters. There will be no danger of the adoption of this foreign notion if we can all realize what an earnest thing a sermon ought to be, and that a minister ought to throw his body, mind, and soul, and time and eternity into it.

In some cases the vender of sermons undertakes a species of blackmail, and forces upon the minister lithograph sermons, compelling him to pay for them or be sued at law and exposed for that which he never ordered. A writer in the *London Times* asks, "What are the clergy to do in such circumstances?" We can give no advice to the other clergymen, but will state what we ourselves would probably do. We would make an effort to see if the sermon vender, with proper impulsion from behind, had sufficient agility to clear the whole flight of stairs at one leap.

SPOILING MINISTERS.

The tendency is in some quarters to make the minister delicate and namby-pamby. He gets an idea that he is to be nursed and softly handled, as though he were not able to take care of himself and be a man as well as a minister. As a result of this treatment we have known ministers who could not preach till they had a lump of white sugar to melt in their mouth, nor close a service till they had first sucked a lozenge. They are led to feel themselves so feeble of structure that they must be wrapped in furs and tippetts and overshoes, and have hot bricks made for their feet, and warming-pans in their bed; and by fifty years of age they become ecclesiastical grannies. We want a robust and manly ministry. Give us plenty of healthy food to eat, and then treat us as though we were soldiers of Jesus Christ made for long marches and heavy fighting. We want no more doll-babies in the pulpit, priding themselves on their lily-white fingers and pale cheeks and dying glances through the rim of gold spectacles, but we want stalwart men. We know in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church a clergyman who carries his cat with him when he goes off to spend his summer vacation. He cannot bear to leave the poor creature behind. His overfond congregation have stroked all the vigor out of him, and now he in turn strokes a cat. There is nothing more revolting to us than religious namby-pambyism.

CORNERS IN LIFE.

People talk nowadays of "getting corners" in grain and in gold. Corners are good things to get and to keep, if of the right kind, and obtained in the right way.

Chimney corners are cozy nooks. How expressionless some modern rooms are! Minus mantelpieces, stoves, fireplaces; heated by a register that you have to hunt for, unless it is red-hot. We are devoted to chimney corners, provided they *are* corners. One can find fellowship with a fire, even shut in a stove. But sometimes, as you get nicely settled, you find a door opening on your back; a cupboard door swinging scarcely clear of your head, necessitating a running fire of apologies: "Excuse me." "Am I in the way?" "Not at all." "Let me move." "Don't be disturbed." And you conclude that corners are not always corners. Architects are not sufficiently considerate of such matters. Some rooms have no corners. We have lived in one such. It outvied the dining-room of the father of his country in one particular. While that had seven doors and one window, this had seven doors and two windows reducing by so much the chances for corners. We moved out of that house as soon as practicable, and we have adored corners ever since. In planning a house they are our first requisite. There is a charm about them. Comforts are prone to congregate there. The easy-chair, because the rockers will be out of the way; the baby's crib perchance, for the same reason; the family Bible, in easy reach, the knitting-work and the expressive little work-basket, with

its burden of buttons and spools, its shining tools and its cheerful contrasts of snowy sewing and gay needle-book. Who does not feel the magnetism of even the memory of some corner? But we must not monopolize this desirable situation. Somebody may be ill at ease elsewhere. Grandpa with his paper and grandma with her work should never be crowded out.

The poet's corner in a country newspaper is coveted by many a sentimental miss. Round corners are preferable to square ones. The latter hurt the children's heads if tables are in question, and people's hearts if the angles are in the temperament. A corner, in a large company, gives one opportunity for observation. Withal, it is not entirely pleasant to be completely cornered. "Puss in the corner" is a great institution with the children, and puss in the corner purring sleepily a sedative for the grown people. What would a woman's letter be without these facilities for the inevitable postscript? Men laugh about it, and look for it, knowing that the items condensed in these happy afterthoughts are worth a dozen letters such as we prosy men write. But dearer than any of the aforesaid is that best of all corners, the one which you find has been kept warm for you, through years of trial and separation, in the heart of a friend. By-and-by the weary body will crave a little corner in some cheerful cemetery. Till then let us so live and labor that when our work is done we may not fail to secure an humble corner in heaven.

SCOWLING.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble,—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

THE FATAL SURRENDER.

Many surrender their religious impressions because they *do not want to give up their friends and connections*. The probability is that the majority of your friends are unchristian. You do not want to turn your back upon them. You do not, by your action, want seemingly to condemn their behavior; and so the wife waits for the husband to come to Christ, and so the husband waits for the wife to come to Christ, and they neither come. One in life! One in death! One in the loss of the soul! And so, there are children who do not come because parents do not come.

And, moreover, there are some who cannot serve God alone. They resolve to start heavenward; but one good round of laughing scorn at the supper table ends all their religious impressions. They want to get to heaven: but they cannot endure the domestic opposition, the social opposition. They put their hand to the plough and say: "Witness ye men and angels, this day I take Christ and start for heaven;" but to-morrow they look back. Down at the club house one day, they say: "Where is Mr. So-and-so? I have not seen him here for four or five weeks." "Oh," says some one, "he is attending religious meetings." After a while, the new convert goes amid those old associates and when they see him coming, they say: "Oh, here comes our Christian. How solemn he looks. Mighty good he has got to be, hasn't he? Come now, you're a Christian, they tell me, just get down here and pray for us and whistle one of your old church tunes. What! ashamed to do it? I thought

you were a hypocrite. You like sin just as well as you ever did." Oh, to stand that bombardment, to be thrown out of old companionship, to be tabooed and caricatured and pointed at, is like cutting off the right arm or plucking out the right eye, and you cannot stand it. Triumph over those influences, you can. Go down under them, many do.

Again, sometimes people surrender their religious impressions because *they want to take one more look at sin*. They resolved that they would give up sinful indulgences, but they have been hankering for them ever since, thirsty for them, and finally they conclude to go into them. So there is a man who under the influence of the Spirit resolved he would become a Christian, and as a preliminary step he ceases profanity. That was the temptation and the sin of his life. After a while he says: "I don't know as it's worth while for me to be curbing my temper at all times—to be so particular about my speech. Some of the most distinguished men in the world have been profane. Benjamin Wade swears, Stephen A. Douglass used to swear, General Jackson swore at the battle of New Orleans, and if men like that swear, I can, and I am not responsible anyhow for what I do when I get provoked." And so the man who, resolving on heaven, quit his profanity, goes back to it. In other words, as the Bible describes it, "the dog returns to its vomit again, and the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire."

But says a man: "I will for Christ give up sharp practices in business. I once was fraudulent; I will cease to be fraudulent, even respectably fraudulent." But the time passes on, and one day he wakes up and says: "I find that men in my branch of business overreach. I don't know why I should be blamed if sometimes I should overreach. Besides that, it is impossible to be severely honest in this

day, and a man must make a living. Religion may do very well for the church, but it don't work in the store." So the man goes back to his old sharp practices in business, forgetful of the Bible warning: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs 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, there are many who surrender their religious impressions because *they want ease from spiritual anxiety*. They have been talking about their immortal soul, they have been wondering about the day of judgment, they have been troubling themselves about a great many questions in regard to religion, and they do not find peace immediately, and they say: "Here, I'll give it all up. I will not be bothered any more;" and so they get rest; but it is the rest of the drowning man who, after half an hour battling with the waves, says: "There's no use; I can't swim ashore; I'll drown;" and he goes down. O, we do not hide the fact that to become a Christian demands the gathering up of all the energies of the soul. We do not deny the fact that there may be strong cryings out and tears, that there may be sleepless nights, that there may be loss of appetite until food shall become loathsome; but who are we that, having fought God for twenty or thirty years, should become spiteful and rebellious because in one day or hour, or in one week or month, we do not find pardon? I have known men who, after forty or fifty years contending against God, warring with all the concentrated passions and powers of their nature against the Lord Almighty, were indignant because at the first prayer they did not get the mercy. Alas! alas! if after a few tears and a few struggles we surrender our religious impressions, and in a matter about which we can afford to make no mistake, we look back.

NERVOUS AND CURIOUS.

The best of men and women will sometimes sicken in a meeting-house. There will be something in the poor ventilation, or in the dullness and protractedness of the sermon, or the ill health of the auditor, to make him faint. Let there be all sympathy and delicacy evidenced in removing the patient to an adjoining room and resuscitating him. If nothing better than selfishness influence, let us be attentive and helpful, since our turn to faint may come next.

But one thing we protest against, and that is that when a person faints in church all the curious people go out to see what is the matter, and hinder the resuscitation by standing close around the sufferer, when his or her chief want is not a gaping crowd but fresh air. We were one Sabbath preaching in a village church in Northern New York. Whether it was our sermon that sickened her, or the heat of the day, we never knew; but a young lady excited all our sympathies by getting faint. Her father and mother and sister and lover and the sexton went out with her, as it was proper for them to do. But in addition to that an old lady sitting beside the pulpit, and whose characteristic was inquisitiveness, glided down the aisle. This started all the old ladies, for it was uncertain now whether the old lady aforesaid had been taken sick herself, or whether she had gone out to administer to the first patient. The old ladies having departed, the old gentlemen felt as if it would be no more than gallant to go too, and so they joined in the procession. The middle-aged people in the congregation, seeing the

elderly people going, felt that it was mean to let the old people put themselves to so much work while they, the middle-aged, sat indifferent, and therefore many of them, urged by this piece of circumstance, went out also. As the middle-aged men were departing they met the old men coming in to get their hats, the latter promising in the aisle, in a low grumble of conversation, to rejoin the former on the grass. By this time the children in church had no one to look after them, and as some of them had never seen anybody faint, they went out on a tour of discovery, till we turned around in the pulpit to the minister behind us and suggested that we go likewise. But as he protested, we tarried. We found out afterward that the maiden was only a little sick, but that they crowded around her so closely that she had no chance at all, and so entirely succumbed to nervousness.

Let this be remembered, that six persons are all that at such times can be serviceable in the most urgent and painful case, and that beyond that the people who crowd around are a hindrance and a nuisance. After you find that enough have offered their services, better retire. There are inquisitive people who go to funerals, and go early so that they can see the family take leave of the corpse, and that kind of people love to stand round a sick person, telling afterward how pale she looked, how her fingers clutched, and what words in her momentary dementation she uttered.

THE FILTHY TOBACCO JUICE.

Considerable admiration has been expressed for the fact that at Hempstead, Long Island, the Methodist Church sued and recovered eight dollars from a man who defiled the floor of the meeting-house by expectorations of tobacco. We like that movement of the Methodists for clean floors; but how much grander the crusade if we could also clean the mouths of the people of this loathsome stuff. We never want to hear a man lecture about the evils of rum if his breath smells of tobacco. We think it inconsistent for a minister of the Gospel to preach of purity when he has from day to day to balance himself cautiously lest there be from his lips an overflow of yellow slobber. The time was when it was thought a concomitant of orthodoxy for a minister to use the Virginia weed. The times of such ignorance God winked at; but now He commandeth all tobacco smokers and spitters to repent. We see we are getting an unparalleled number of clergymen's names as our patrons, and we greet all these brethren with the following advice: Go out into the field or back-yard, take the cud of tobacco out of your mouth and throw the wad under the fence, and get your dog or cat to scratch something over the excrement and bury it out of sight forever.

Let all Christian reformers know that there is something in tobacco that seems to excite thirst for strong drink. Multitudes of men have got into the beer shop through the tunnel of their own pipe. We know of many young men who seemed to be reformed from the habits of intoxication,

who went back first to tobacco and then to the wine flask. Get a new tooth-brush, have some fresh water brought from the spring, and for one hour submit gum and tongue and roof of mouth to scouring and ablution. If you think that your wife or sister would not know you with such pure breath, chew a little garlic or asafoetida so as to make the improvement more gradual, and then at last come out a regenerated man, having not only a clean soul but a pure body.

THE JADED QUILL.

There are many new kinds of pen being manufactured, but no man has yet been able to invent a pen that will not get weary. We have often had hold of a pen that seemed determined to skip and gambol. It leaped from paragraph to paragraph. It flew from simile to trope. It made a dash as it went. It slurred unimportant events. It threw interjections of surprise, and interrogations of inquiry, and hour after hour rushed along the line. But after a while it was sure to get weary. It stumbled. It dragged. It blotted. It staggered. And after a while it dropped as though dead. Talk of weary legs and arms; let some one tell us the story of weary pens. They may be found late at night in editorial rooms, and on reportorial desks, and in the hand of poet, essayist, romancist, and historian. For the most part they hunger for more bread, and yawn for more sleep, and, worn out, long for the grave of obliteration. Kept in a fine case at Abbotsford, you may find the expired pen of Walter Scott, and in the venerable Hall of Philadelphia the pen which signed the Declaration of Independence. But *post mortem* honors are seldom awarded to deceased quills. They are generally thrown away. They drop into the dust and are trod on, and the places that knew them once know them no more. But our chief sympathy is for the living pens, which write and write, and wish they could die. Nothing in all the world has such hard work in making a livelihood as pen and pencil. The one languishes in the picture gallery, the other faints in the study. May the day speed on when literature and art shall come to higher appreciation. That will be the Elysium of pen and pencil.

THE ALPHABETICAL COMPLAINT.

We are apt to think of the letters of the alphabet as irrational and dumb and dead. But it is a great mistake. They are alive, for they breathe, and speak, and grow eloquent, and weep, and laugh, and suffer. You have probably noticed the family characteristics of some of the letters. There are the Gutturals, who have a harsh voice and talk clear down their throats; the Dentals, who have very prominent teeth; the Liquids, who are noted for smooth manners, and the Labials, who have a great deal of lip. But we propose chiefly to speak of their afflictions.

The letter A is perhaps more fearfully knocked about than any of its comrades. It is married to the queerest wives, and chained to the bloodiest Juggernauts, and wrought into the most repelling combinations. Without any compunctions we say A sloven, A thief, A vagabond, A fool. Though from the position of this letter at the head of the alphabet we might suppose it would have especial honor, it is flung about as though it had no feelings, no ambition, no deserts. The grammarian tosses it aside as hardly worthy a thought, calling it an indefinite article, and the orator slurs it as he passes. In all the family of letters we think the letter A suffers the most.

Among the acutest alphabetical griefs are those of the letter T. It never has its own way, for it is constantly being crossed. Most writers, as soon as they have set it up, slash it with the sabre stroke of their steel pen and pass on. However knowing and wise it may be, the school-boy is taught to call it a *simple* consonant. It is born a mute and is never allowed to speak from cradle to grave. The

only compliment it ever receives is when something complete is said to suit us to a T. Whether it will or not, it is compelled to be the first letter at the Theatre, and to have Tobacco in its mouth, and is always in Taboo and Tantalization. So there is a perpetual tax on T.

Now we pass on to lift up our voice for the letter H. Against it many of the English have a particular grudge. They drive it out of House and Home, and knock it off of Horse, and smash its Hat into "at," and pursue and maltreat it from the English Channel to the Tweed, and will not let it indulge in Hope or take a Horn. It is an aspirate, always panting for better treatment. Thackeray and Dickens did much for the letter H, introducing it into many a "Ha! Ha!" and calling on the London cockneys to quit beheading this Highly, Honorable, Honest, Humble, Humorous, Homely, and Humanizing letter H.

Another maltreated member of the alphabet is X. It is seldom invited anywhere. It goes to no party, sits at no banquet, achieves no honors. It is allowed to sidle up to no woman's name save that of Xantippe, the historical scold. Dictionaries that give near sixteen hundred pages to the consideration of other letters, give only one to this. It seems to have been one of the after-thoughts of the language-makers, and is stuck down nearly at the close. We do not wonder that X is always cross.

There is another whose trouble is that it is worn out and worked to death, and that is the letter O. It is the emotional letter, and has more joys and griefs and violences of feeling than all the others together. If people are delighted with a rainbow or a sunrise or a waterfall, they call on O to help them in expression of pleasure. If they are seized of pain, or run upon by sudden loss, or fall into a ditch, or get seasick, they call violently upon O to help

them in expression of distress. When people are exhorting or preaching or praying, and get out of ideas or wind, they fill up the empty places with O. This overworked letter is always kept in motion. It gets fagged out in Fourth of July apostrophes. It must go to all trainings, assist at all fires, and mingle in the riots among the O'Flaherties, and the O'Briens, and the O'Neils, and the more the brickbats fly the more boisterous the cries of O! O!

With the sufferings of Z we end our chapter. Where we used to be sent when we missed our lesson at school this unfortunate letter always stands—down foot. There is no chance of it ever getting up. In figures of speech it means the last of everything. If in a "Mercantile Agency" a man is marked A because he has his millions, Z would mean "he is not worth a paper of pins." Though we cannot so much as spell Zone or Zenith or Zodiac without it, in common acceptation this letter is down to Zero. We suppose that when the contriver of the alphabet got through making all the other letters, he let his pen drop on the parchment, and it fell with a zigzag motion that turned out to be the immortal Z.

One day all the letters of the alphabet met in convention on a scholar's desk. They discussed their wrongs and rights. H expressed its aspirations. O broke forth in vehement ejaculation. S and C hissed at much that was said. I occupied more time than belonged to it with an egotistic speech. J followed, in personal appearance very much like I, except that she had a longer trail. Z closed the debate.

As they lingered in knots about the door, we saw four of the letters standing in one place in beautiful line; they were—H O M E, while in one of the galleries there were five or six who happened to form an enchanting group; they were—H E A V E N.

THE HIGHER AND HIGHEST LIFE.

We are discussing the questions of holiness and consecration. Some of us use one class of terms and similes, and others a different phraseology. The most common is called the "Higher life." There are two kinds of "Higher life" people—the one we like and the other we dislike. Those who boast much of the possession of it, who run about with a Bible conspicuously in their hand, forcing their ecstatic experiences upon people on all occasions, ever on the search for meetings and Bible-readings, impatient with ordinary Christians, are to us more and more distasteful. We do not find them engaged in Sabbath-schools, or regular at prayer-meetings, or to be depended on for help in Church movements. It is their religion to feel good and to tell others how good they feel. We would not give the shoes of one of the old-fashioned Christians for fifty of these religious gad-about. For the most part, their head is as soft as their heart. Their coming is to us a grief and their departure a rapture.

The "Higher life" which we admire is that which, putting full trust in God, goes out to work for him; does not talk much about itself, but a great deal about Christ and the attractiveness of His religion. We know scores of them, hard at work. You may always depend on them. They are always to be found at the devotional meetings. They contribute liberally of their money, instead of taking their service out in talk and prayer. The enthusiasm and perpetuity of their Christian doing tells their elevated experi-

ence more than though their lips announced it. That is the kind of "Higher life" that we admire—yea, that is the highest. We have but little interest in Christian people who go about telling how much they have of the love of God, yet doing nothing or little to evidence that fact. We have heard of half-grown schoolboys who boast of how many slices of bread they have eaten—some of them ten, some of them twenty-four. We have more admiration for a man who will eat two or three slices, and put the strength derived therefrom into practical effectiveness. There are many persons in this day advocating what they call the "Higher life." We advocate the highest.

PAY AS YOU GO.

Among the storms of winter, and especially a storm that seldom fails to visit every locality about the first of January—is a shower of bills. How they come in—these great snowflakes,—and they stick and stare at you till they are paid, and stick and stare at you when they are paid. Among the multitude of resolutions formed for the new year there is no better one than a resolve to pay as you go. It seems passing strange that the payment of debts should be inculcated upon professing Christians, and yet is there any evil habit to which Christian men are more addicted than that of incurring debt which they cannot discharge at maturity? And the causes of this condition of things are many and multiform. Sometimes it is the result of a weak desire to live in a style beyond one's means. Oftentimes it is the result of thoughtlessness, or a general unwillingness to systematize one's expenditures.

Often it proceeds from a free-heartedness and a desire to do for others, especially for the family, more than one's circumstances admit; and not infrequently it is owing to a spirit of extravagance which is a legitimate inheritance from father to son. But whatever the cause may be, as a general rule debt can be avoided and much unhappiness saved. To do this, above all firmly resolve to live within your means, however limited they may be; make no promises which you have not a reasonable certainty of keeping; be firm in applying whatever money you may have on hand to the liquidation of some debt in whole or in part, and

above all, avoid, so far as possible, contracting a future obligation wherewith to pay a present one.

And in your purchases: when you want that for which you cannot pay at the time, wait till you can, before procuring it and when you do get it, you will enjoy it all the more for the sacrifice which it has cost. There is a true nobility in denying yourself that which you cannot afford, which will increase your own self-respect, and raise you in the estimation of your friends. "Do you see this addition which I have just put up?" said a friend, in our hearing, not long ago. "I was offered a loan on my house; but no, I thought I would wait. I did wait. Things which I wanted I denied myself. Finally, I accumulated sufficient to pay for my improvements. They cost more than the carpenter's and mason's bills; they cost a spirit of sacrifice; and don't you suppose I enjoy it all the more for this?" And he was right.

Nor do we forget that there are some who cannot pay; there are those who, unfortunate in business, simply cannot meet their obligations. They have bought on a falling market; their good name is unscathed though their credit has been dishonored by those who had engaged to protect it; parties owing them have failed to pay them, and bankruptcy stares them in the face. But for all that—and you can find such people everywhere—you do not doubt them, you are drawn to them in their misfortune as you never were in their prosperity; you are only too glad to do all in your power to help them, and in so doing discharge only a simple Christian duty. It is not of such that we speak.

Debt: there is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling, and dishonest failure which we meet with so constantly in the daily press are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization

of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given way. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snowball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive: either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households, and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Pay your grocer; pay your pew bills; pay your minister. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent: we especially commend this advice to old bachelors.

THE RAGE FOR BIG GUNS.

The Church is yet to learn that its chief work is to be done by consecrated men of ordinary calibre. Great speeches never marshalled a host. An eminent Scotch divine getting into the pulpit after a week's elaboration of a learned discourse, forgot it entirely, and was compelled to give a plain talk which under God, swept half his audience into the kingdom. There is an absurd call in the Church to-day for what are called "big guns," and but little appreciation of well loaded rifles. The "Swamp Angel" in the late war was a failure. It proposed to do great things, but after a while they found it was cracked and were afraid to use it lest it blow up. So while men of but small capacity are doing their work well, and make no fuss about it, we have a few "big guns" half cracked with conceit about themselves, and they blow up just when they are wanted for important service. The nuisance of the Church to-day is ecclesiastical "swamp angels." Doctor Chalmers' astronomical sermons "make us see stars," but we suppose there were, at the time of their delivery, uncelebrated ministers of Christ in Scotland, who were bringing more souls to the Saviour. Patrick Henry's speech did good in the Virginia legislature, and was of service in giving us when boys something to practice on at the country school-house, till the dinner-pails along the wall shook with the cry of "Liberty or Death;" but there were men who could hardly say a word in public who did as much service when in Independence Hall they put their name to the document that

declared our national deliverance. We must all lay hold of the work. If the raging conflagration of sin is to be put out, it will not be by one fireman standing with big horn, making a great racket, but by men, women and boys bringing what water they can, some in hogsheads, some in pails, and some in small dippers, every one doing what he or she can, God helping all the time. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

TOO LARGE A BUSHEL.

We expect too much of our children when they become Christians. Do not let us measure their qualifications by our own bushel. We ought not to look for a gravity and deep appreciation of eternal things, such as we find in grown persons. We have seen old sheep in the pasture-field look anxious and troubled because the lambs would frisk. No doubt the children that were lifted by their mothers into Christ's arms and got his blessing, five minutes after he set them down were as full of romp as before they came to him. The boy that because he has become a Christian is disgusted with ball-playing; the little girl who because she has given her heart to God has lost her interest in her waxen doll, are morbid and unhealthy. You ought not to set the life of a vivacious child to the tune of Old Hundred.

When the little ones come before you and apply for church membership, do not puzzle them with big words, and expect large "experiences." It is now in the Church as when the disciples of old told the mothers not to bother Christ with their babes. As in some households the grown people eat first, and the children have to wait till the second table, so there are persons who talk as though God would have the grown people first sit down at his banquet, and, if there is anything over, the little ones may come in for a share. No. No. If the supply at the Lord's table were limited, He would let the children come in first, and the older ones go without, as punishment for not having come in while they themselves were children. If the wind is from the North-east, and the air is full of frost and snow, and part of the flock must be left out on the mountains, let it be the old sheep, for they can stand it better than the lambs.

THE BLUES.

Almost every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before.

In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air, and the faces of cheerful men and pleasant women and frolicsome children will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the keyboard of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not tooth-ache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria go to see tooth-ache, rheumatism and hypochondria. On one block in Brooklyn lives a doctor, an undertaker, and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in. Let some one with a strong voice give out the Long-metre Doxology, and let the whole world "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

FAMILY RELIGION.

Take first the statement that unless our children are saved in early life they probably never will be. They who go over the twentieth year without Christ are apt to go all the way without him. Grace, like flower-seeds, needs to be sown in spring. The first fifteen years of life and often the first six, decide the eternal destiny.

The first thing to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual; catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction.

But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers. No child ever gets over having heard his parents pray for him. We had many sound threshings when a boy, but the most memorable scene of all was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. We cannot forget it, for did we not often squirm around on the floor, and look at them while they were praying? Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression,

but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work, that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or the prophecy about the horses, black, and red, and speckled, unless you explain why they were speckled. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate and gladly solemn.

Family prayer also fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behavior. The day when we get thoroughly mad, upsets the morning devotion. The life must be in the same key with the devotion.

NEGLECT OF OUR OWN AFFAIRS

The church says in Canticles, "They have made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

So there are a great many Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them, nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither looking after Sunday-schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting sweat about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's wheel, and weave it in somebody else's loom for somebody else's back. Meanwhile their own souls are shivering to death.

So there are women busy collecting money for benevolent institutions and managing public affairs, while their own children go with faces unwashed and stockings undarned, and minds uneducated, and souls unsaved. Busy everywhere but in their own vineyard.

Now, the first thing for one to do is, to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train going at thirty-five miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they

don't go forty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think that miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Besides, if our own piety be thin, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab. The world sees straight through it. While some man who says but little yet feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Rickety and unsafe machinery always makes a great racket. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off steam are so noisy you cannot hear yourself speak.

A man of deep religious experiences is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in *your* garden, you cannot raise them in mine.

Friends! the Lord of the vineyard will after awhile appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times were gathered, there was sporting through all the land, and the sound of musical instruments. What kind of clusters shall we be able to show, at last, in our vineyard? Will they be stunted and sour, or ripe and large? If faithful in the planting, and the trimming, and the watching the vintage will be glorious. Let the messen-

gers of God put the full clusters into the wine press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chorded to the right pitch, we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom. God forbid that ours should be the lamentation, "They made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

MORAL NUISANCES.

When I see establishments all around about us, the influence of which is to destroy men for this life and the life that is to come, I feel sometimes indignant, sometimes humiliated, sometimes one emotion is dominant and sometimes another; but if you should ask me this morning: "What are you in favor of for the purpose of extirpating this evil?" I would say: I am ready for anything that seems reasonable. You say: "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the Maine liquor law? Yes. "Are you in favor of the women's movement at the West?" Yes. Yes. I think that if thirty women, baptized by the Holy Spirit, in the West, could drive out all the liquor from a village of one thousand inhabitants, then if we could have in this great city three thousand consecrated women (for in proportion as the castle is great and strong you have to have troops), resolving to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from the city, in six months three-fourths of the grog-shops would be gone. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three-fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshalled, there be not one to lead them, then, as a minister of the most high God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will

cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dramshops!"

But while I have been talking, last Sabbath and somewhat now, about the general evils, I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say, in the first place, to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time.

Last summer 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 here 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 this morning 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 under my ministry 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. I see men in

my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath, my warm, personal friends, of whom I must make the remark 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 that is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware. You have not yet been captured. Beware. As ye open the door of your wine closet at noon to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you, "Beware;" and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware." When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh if you could only hear this morning, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine 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 go home from this service and 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 Greenwood, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the graves—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

ECCLESIASTICAL STILTS.

We must take care how we give the invitation to come with us to God's House. My Christian friends, I think sometimes we have just gone opposite to Christ's command, and we have *compelled people to stay out*. Sometimes our elaborated instructions have been the hindrance. We graduate from our theological seminaries on stilts, and it takes five or six years before we can come down and stand right beside the great masses of the people, learning their joys, sorrows, victories, defeats. We get our heads so brimful of theological wisdom that we have to stand very straight lest they spill over. Now, what do the great masses of the people care about the technicalities of religion? What do they care about the hypostatic union or the difference between sub-lapsarian and supra-lapsarian? What do they care for your profound explanations, clear as a London fog? When a man is drowning he does not want you to stand by the dock and describe the nature of the water into which he has fallen, and tell him there are two parts hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas, with a common density of thirty-nine Fahrenheit, turning to steam under a common atmospheric pressure of two hundred and twelve. He does not want a chemical lecture on water; he wants a rope. O my friends, the curse of God on the Church, it seems to me, in this day, is *metaphysics*. We speak in an unknown tongue in our Sabbath-schools, and in our religious assemblages, and in our pulpits, and how can people be saved unless they can understand us? We put on our official gowns, and we feel

the two silk balloons flapping at the elbows of a preacher give him great sanctity. The river of God's truth flows down before us pure and clear as crystal; but we take our theological stick and stir it up, and stir it up, until you cannot see the bottom. *Oh, for the simplicity of Christ in all our instructions*--the simplicity He practised when standing among the people! He took a lily, and said, "There is a lesson of the manner I will clothe you;" and, pointing to a raven, said, "There is a lesson of the way I will feed you, consider the lilies--behold the fowls."

I think often in our religious instructions we compel the people to stay out by our church architecture.

People come in and they find things angular, and cold, and stiff, and they go away never again to come; when the church ought to be a great home-circle, everybody having a hymn-book, giving half of it to the one next him, every one who has a hand to shake hands, shaking hands--the church architecture and the church surroundings saying to the people, "*Come in and be at home.*" Instead of that, I think all these surroundings often compel the people to stay out. Now, let us all repent of our sins and begin on the other track and by our heartiness of affection, and warmth of manner, and imploration of the Spirit of God, compel the people to come in.

The table was set in Palestine a good many years ago, and the disciples gathered around it, and they thought they would have a good time all by themselves; but while they sat by this table the leaves began to grow and spread, and one leaf went to the east and another leaf went to the west, until the whole earth was covered up with them, and the clusters from the heavenly vineyard were piled up on the board, and the trumpets and harps of eternity made up the orchestra, and as this wine of God is pressed to the lips of

a sinning, bleeding, suffering, dying, groaning world, a voice breaks from the heavens, saying, "Drink, O friends; yea, drink, O beloved!" O blessed Lord Jesus, the best Friend I ever had, the best Friend any man ever had, was there ever such a table? Was there ever such a banquet?

"From the Cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Heaven's redeeming work is done,
Come, and welcome; sinner, come."

Religion is a joyous thing. I do not want to hear anybody talk about religion as though it were a funeral. I do not want anybody to whine in the prayer-meeting about the kingdom of God. I do not want any man to roll up his eyes, giving in that way evidence of his sanctity. The men and women of God whom I happen to know, for the most part, find religion a great joy

It is exhilaration to the body. It is invigoration to the mind. It is rapture to the soul. It is balm for all wounds. It is light for all darkness. It is harbor from all storms, and though God knows that some of them have trouble enough now, they rejoice because they are on the way to the congratulations eternal.

I stopped one nightfall, years ago, at Freyburg, Switzerland, to hear the organ of world-wide celebrity in that place. I went into the cathedral at nightfall. All the accessories were favorable. There was only one light in all the cathedral, and that a faint taper on the altar. I looked up into the venerable arches, and saw the shadows of centuries, and when the organ awoke, the cathedral awoke, and all the arches seemed to lift and quiver as the music came under

them That instrument did not seem to be made out of wood and metal, but *out of human hearts*, so wonderfully did it pulsate with every emotion; now laughing like a child, now sobbing like a tempest. At one moment the music would die away until you could hear the cricket chirp outside the mill, and then it would roll up until it seemed as if the surge of the sea and the crash of an avalanche had struck the organ-pipes at the same moment. At one time that night it seemed as if a squadron of spirits weeping up from earth had met a squadron of descending angels whose glory beat back the woe.

Standing there and looking at the dim taper on the altar of the cathedral, I said, "How much like many a Christian's life! Shadows hover, and sometimes his hope is dim, and faint, and flickering, like a taper on the altar. But at what time God wills, the heavens break forth with music upon his soul, and the air becomes resonant as the angels of God beat it with their shining sceptres." There are fine essays being written in this day about science and religion. I tell you the best argument in behalf of our holy Christianity: it is a good man, a good woman, a life all consecrated to Christ. No infidel can answer it. Oh, let us by a holy example compel the people to come in!

I read of a minister of the Gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places, and thought himself all alone, when he heard a voice beneath him say, "Father, look out for the safe path, I am following," and he looked back and he saw that he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. Oh, *let us be sure and take the safe path!* Our children are following, our partners in business are following, our neighbors are following, a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. Oh, be sure

and take the right path! Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violin played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "*Who is it? who is it?*" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and He finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart He strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow.

He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.

Oh, the Lord God has many fair and beautiful daughters; but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace! Now, my brothers and sisters—for I have a right to call you all so—I know some people look back on their ancestral line, and they see they are descended from the Puritans, or Huguenott, and they rejoice in that, but I look back on my ancestral line, and I see there is such a mingling and mixture of the blood of all nationalities that *I feel akin to all the world*, and by the blood of the Son of God, who died for all people, I address you in the bonds of universal brotherhood. I come out as only a servant, bringing an invitation to a party, and I put it into your hand, saying, “Come, for all things are now ready,” and I urge it upon you and continue to urge it, and before I get through, I hope, by the blessing of God, to compel you to come in.

HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.

The same amount of Christian work is exhilarating to one man and exhausting to another. In the one case it is a tonic and the other leeches. Why the difference?

In order to work easily the undertaking must be congenial. But you say that much of what is expected of us is repulsive to the natural soul. Our reply is, "Get your heart right and the work will be pleasant. No need of your trying to do Christian work unless you are a Christian."

Do not fret about results. All Christendom engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation, but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic the man has all he can do to take care of himself, and has no time for the improvement of others.

If you have the salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you, and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say, "No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything you would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his own feet solidly planted on the Rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.

DISPOSITION OF RICHES.

It is a *very wise thing for a man to become his own executor.* How much more beautiful is *ante mortem* charity than *post mortem* benevolence. There is many a man who has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when he had to die, he has made some charitable institution a legatee. Many a man has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when death met him, said: "Well, if I must I must, and now, Bible Society, you take so many thousands, and, reformatory institution, you take so many thousands." The fact is if that man had four or five stout pockets in his shroud, he would have taken all his wealth with him. Better late than never to be charitable, but greater will be the reward of that man who gives to charitable institutions while he has the power to retain what he is giving away.

It seems to me that often a donation in a last will and testament is merely an attempt to bribe the ferryman of the river Styx to land the man in celestial instead of infernal regions. Mean as sin while he lives, he expects to cross over and be ushered up the shining banks of heaven. A skinflint when he leaves this world, he expects to be hailed on the other shore as a George Peabody.

Beside that, how often it is that charitable contribution in last will and testament fails to reach its right destination. If you have pride in being a sane man, and if you are at the same time desirous of making charitable contribution, make the contribution before your death, for the probability is your heirs will prove you are crazy. How often it is that

an estate is taken into the Surrogate's Court and there is a great quarrel over the matter, and as every positive man has some idiosyncracies, your idiosyncracies will be taken out, and they will be ventilated and they will be enlarged and they will be caricatured until the courts will pronounce you a fool. If a man have a second wife, the children of the first wife will prove in the courts that the man was subjected to undue influence, and many a man who when he made his will had more brain than all his children ever will have, has been pronounced after death to have been fit for the lunatic asylum. Be your own executor, like Peter Cooper. Do not let charitable institutions be chiefly indebted for your last sickness and death. Better, like Peter Cooper, to walk through the halls you have built by your beneficence and see young men whom you have educated by your charity and get the sublime satisfaction of your generosity.

On great occasions, when there came great audiences in Cooper Institute, and the founder of that institute walked on the platform, the hard hands of American laborers in the applause clapped the loudest. When the opulent men of America and England and Russia and all the other lands shall stretch out to the laboring classes and the suffering classes as kind and as genial a hand as that of Peter Cooper, that will terminate the age of dynamite. What the police cannot do, what shot and shell cannot do, what severe laws severely executed cannot do, what armies with bayonets cannot do, will yet be accomplished by what I see fit this morning to baptize as Peter Cooperism.

When that day comes, this quarrel between capital and labor, and between the poor and the rich will cease, and the last torch of incendiarism will be extinguished, and the last dagger of assassination will go to slicing bread for poor children, and the last pound of dynamite that now threatens

death will go to work in the quarries to blast foundation stones for churches and universities and asylums. May the spirit of Peter Cooper come down upon all the bank stock, and the government securities, and the railroad companies, and the great business houses of America.

Peter Cooper also has impressed us with *the new style of monumental and epitaphal commemoration*. You all want to be remembered. It would not be a pleasant thought to you to think that the moment you are gone out of the world you will be forgotten. But if the executors of Peter Cooper should expend \$20,000,000 for a mausoleum in Greenwood it would not make him so well remembered as that building on Third and Fourth Avenues, New York. How few the people who would walk around the silent mausoleum as compared with the vast multitudes that will move up and down by that structure in the ages that are to come! Among the thousands who will be educated in that building will there ever be one so stupid as not to know who founded it? And how great a heart he had! And how he struggled to achieve a fortune, and always mastered that fortune and never allowed the fortune to master him.

What would be a monument of Aberdeen granite compared with a monument built out of the intellects and souls of immortal men and women? What would be an epitaph cut by a sculptor's chisel compared with the epitaph that will be written by generations and centuries that are to come writing his praise? Adorned and beautiful be all the crypts and catacombs and shrines of the dead, but if the superfluous and inexcusable expense of catafalque and necropolis and mausoleum had been put into practical use, there would have been bread for all the hungry, and knowledge for all the ignorant, and a home for all the lost,—the monuments that endure.

The pyramids of Egypt are the tombs of the dead kings, their names even obliterated, and travellers tell us that even the pyramids of Egypt are crumbling away. But monuments of good last forever. Long after Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" shall have worn out his chisel in reviving the names faded from the old tombstones, the names of those who have helped others will be held in everlasting remembrance.

The Sabbath-school teacher builds her monument in the heavenly thrones and palaces of her converted class. George Müller, of England, builds his monument in the orphan-houses of Bristol. George Peabody builds his monument in the library of his native village and the school houses for educating the blacks in different parts of the South. Handel built his monument in the "Hallelujah Chorus." Cyrus W. Field has built his monument in the cables underlying the sea, lashing the continents together and hastening on the day of universal brotherhood. He who prays or gives for a church of Jesus Christ builds his monument in all that sacred edifice shall accomplish for good. Wilberforce built his monument in the piled-up shackles of a demolished slave trade. Livingstone built his monument in what shall be regenerated Africa. Paul built his monument in the magnificent story of the resurrection. William E. Dodge built his monument in the reformatory institutions he either established or helped to support. Peter Cooper built his monument in the philanthropies he encouraged by the establishment of that one institution for the education of the masses.

Ah! that is a fame worth having—that is an immortality you can strive after without the degradation of worldly ambition. Let such monuments be built all the lands over until every crippled limb is straightened and every inebriate

learns the luxury of cold water, and every outcast is brought home to his God, and the last crime is extirpated, and Paradise Lost becomes Paradise Regained.

The largest volume of human life we see has its last chapter, and its last page, and its last line, and its last word. And what are the ninety-two years of earthly existence compared with the five hundred thousand million years which just open the chapter of the great future? For that let us all get ready. Christ came to reconstruct us into purity and holiness and happiness and heaven.

Some men are worse than their creed. Some men are better than their creed. In my estimation the grandest profession of the religion of Jesus Christ a man can ever make is a holy life devoted to making the world good and happy. I make no depreciation of the important duty of professing faith in Jesus Christ in the usual modes in the Christian church; but grander than that is a life all devoted to making the world better and to making the world good.

A man may be a member of the most orthodox church in Christendom, and he may sit at all the communions for half a century, if he be mean and selfish and careless of the world's condition, he is no Christian while on the other hand, a man may have peculiarities of religious belief, and yet if he spend his whole life for others, he is so much like Christ I shall call him a Christian. The grandest philanthropist the world ever saw was Christ, and the greatest charity of all the ages, that which gave His life for the redemption of a world. We are as a nation about to enter upon an age of prosperity such as has never been imagined. There may be recoil, there may be here and there as the years go by a set-back in our national prosperity; but God only can tell the wealth that is to roll into the lap of this nation.

Between my journey at the South five years ago and my journey at the South last month, there has been a change for the better amounting to a resurrection. The Chattahoochee will soon rival the Merrimac, and already all over the South you hear the dash of the water-wheel and the clatter of the spindle. In the one city of Atlanta six million dollars invested in manufactories. The South has gone out of politics and gone into business, and there is going to roll up from that part of this land a wealth unimaginable.

Then from the West all the mines and the quarries will disgorge, and there will be silver and gold and precious stones rolled over all this land. But the need will be just as appalling as the opulence will be tremendous. Five million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot read. Six million people in the United States to-day over ten years of age who cannot write, and two million of them voters—a fact enough not only to appall but to stun every philanthropist.

We want five hundred Cooper Institutes. We want churches innumerable. We want just one great revival, one reaching from the St. Lawrence to Key West and from Barnegat Lighthouse to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. You and I have a responsibility in the matter. God help you to do your work and help me to do mine. I like the sentiment and I like the rhythm of that verse written by some anonymous poet:

“ When I am dead and gone,
And the mould upon my breast,
Say not he did ill or well,
Only, ‘ he did his best.’ ”

DEPRECIATING RESOURCES.

I find great cause for congratulation in the development of our national resources. Our wisest men in all departments of merchandise say that business is looking up and that our greatest prosperities are yet to come. It is the inevitable law of nature, which is also the law of God, that the material resources of this country must in the future produce material wealth. You will hear the anvil ring with a sturdier blow. You will see the furnaces glow with a fiercer fire. You will see the wheel-box strike with a swifter dash. America has not yet been fully discovered. Various Americas have been found, but there are better ones perhaps to come. Columbus found only the shell of this country. Agassiz came along and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America. But there are other Americas yet to be found. Our resources have not all been tested. We have a land capable of supporting three thousand six hundred millions of people.

We have just begun to open the outside door of this great underground vault in which nature holds its treasures, the copper, the zinc, the coal, the iron, the gold, the silver. If you have ever crossed the mountains to California you have had some idea of it. The rail trains have only just begun to bring the harvests of the West down to our seaboard. The American fishermen have only just begun to cast their net on the right side of the ship. The dry-docks have just begun to set the keels and clamp the spars of our trading vessels.

What populations, what enterprises, what wealth, what civilization, what an advance from the time when under King Edward a man was put to death for burning coal, and from the time when the House of Commons forbade the use of what were called the noxious fuels, and these days, when the long trains rush down from the mines and fill our coal-bins and gorge the furnaces of our ocean steamers. One hundred and sixty thousand square miles of coal-fields—Two fields of coal, one reaching from Illinois, down through Missouri, into Iowa, and the other from Pennsylvania down into Alabama, while side by side with these great coal-fields are the mines of iron; these two great giants, these two Titans of the earth, iron and coal, insuring perpetual wealth to the nation, standing side by side to help each other, the iron to excavate and pry up the coal, and the coal to smelt and forge and mould the iron—800,000 tons of iron sent forth from the mines in one year in this country; 32,000,000 tons of coal sent out from the mines of this country in a year. And all this only a prophecy of a larger yield when we shall come on with larger trains and more miners and stronger machinery to develop and to gather up, to transfer and to employ all this treasure. Make this calculation for yourselves if you can make it: If England's coal-field, thirty-two miles long by eight miles wide, can keep, as it does, 17,600,000 spindles at work in that small island, what may we not expect of our national industries when these 160,000 square miles of coal shall unite with 160,000 square miles of iron, both stretching themselves up to full height and strength, two black, world-shaking giants.

Lift up thine eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects. Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards, enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of

art for the pictures and statues. Advance, oh nation of God's right hand. But remember that national wealth, if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is ruin, is debauchery, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine-vats if drunkenness wallows in them. Woe to us for the harvests if greed scatters them. Woe to us for the merchandise if avarice swallows it. Woe to us for the cities if misrule walks there. Woe to the land if God-defying crime debauches it. Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more consecrated men, more pure printing-presses, more of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, that corrects all wrongs and is the source of all blessedness.

I congratulate you also on the fact that the manners and customs of society are improving. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has vastly improved. I know that there are people who long for the good old times. They say, "Just think of the pride of people at this day!" "Just look at the ladies' hats!" Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day to equal the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say, "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will never equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers rolled up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die of laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a rosebud. Shoes of be-spangled white kid and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with coat of sky-blue silk and vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrists and his hair falling in a queue. Oh, you modern hairdressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry!

They say our ministers are all askew, but just think of our clergymen entering the pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of one of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe ordering sent for the use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker.

I once said to my father, an aged man: "Are people so much worse now than they used to be?" He made no answer for a minute, for the old people do not like to confess much to the boys. But after a while his eye twinkled and he said: "Well, De Witt, the fact is that people were never any better than they ought to be."

Talk about dissipations, ye who ever have seen the old-fashioned sideboard. Did not I have an old relative who always when visitors came, used to go up-stairs and take a drink, through economical habits, not offering anything to the visitors? Many of the fancy drinks of to-day were unknown to them; but their hard cider, mint julep, metheglin, hot toddy and lemonade, in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours. Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances, that for heartiness and uproar truly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, and redowas and break-downs of the nineteenth century? And they never went home till morning. And as to old-time courtships, oh, my! Washington Irving describes them.

Talk about the dishonesties of to-day! Why, fifty years

ago the Governor of New York State had to disband the Legislature because of its utter corruption. Think of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States and coming within one vote of being President. Think of the ministry having in it such men as Dean Swift and Sterne, their genius only equalled by their nastiness. Why, society was so much worse than it now is that I don't see how our fathers and mothers could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented.

Every Thanksgiving morning finds this land above all others in a position to be grateful. What are we coming to in abundance when I tell you that only a part of this continent yields anything? Now that the Northern Pacific Railroad is through, all our resources are to be multiplied illimitably. Mr. Dalrymple, in Dakota Territory, has a farm of 40,000 acres; in harvest time he has 150 reapers and binders going at the same time. The different divisions of his farm are connected by telephone, thirty steam threshing-machines, men in corps like an army, his farm one year yielding 432,000 bushels of wheat—900 car-loads; the Grandon farm 25,000 acres; the Case farm, 15,000 acres; the Cheney, 15,000 acres, the Williams farm, 15,000 acres; the product of all these regions only limited by the means of transportation to market. Our land enriched by a vast multitude of foreigners who come here, not the tramps or the tatterdemalions of other lands, but tens of thousands of them their best citizens. Let us this morning thank God for the prospects opening before this nation.

Oh, wheel into the ranks, all ye people, North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums. Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

BUSINESS WORRY.

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

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend; I could fall back on twenty million dollars; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money, and you can have my influence; there is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you worry about business?

Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend upon my friend's generosity for the rest." Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg, and Peking and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call

on me and I will hear, and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? If you could take a thermometer and thrust it into Shadrac's furnace, it would never go up over seventy-five degrees. Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

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

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation. If God be for you, who

can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who a few years ago in Wall Street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well-read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this Almighty sedative; you will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or more time that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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

Experiment the first: When you go out of the world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common-sense, as well as my religion, teaches that the bad and the

good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment."

Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state, where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state."

Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says, 'Forever;' my affections say, 'Forever;' my capacity to enjoy or suffer says, 'Forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A Mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned His pale and agonized face toward the heavens, and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the Expiation. Witness Earth and Heaven and Hell. I am the Expiation." And the hammer struck Him, and the spears punctured Him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death;" "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" "I will by no means clear the guilty."

Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of

Jesus, and there was red as of the blood-shedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn; and along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities;" and along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations;" and along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The-day spring from on high hath visited us." And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, and behold! there was a rainbow round about the throne. Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is healthy. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

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

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

THE ELOPING LOVERS.

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 half a 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 railroad train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles the hour he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for, while Satan has a genius in 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 of 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. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

THE HOMELESS HOUSE.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains are hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls.

Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests when they come in bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let happiness, the Queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around and, all chalices lifted, we will say: "Drink, O Queen! live for ever!"

But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of

the Queen of Happiness there sits the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair.

The romp and joyous step of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words: "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond: "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer: "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans: "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said:

Happiness is with me !” And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said: “Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love.” And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

No, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age he gets through his work at twelve o'clock noon. If he die at seventy years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under the tree he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done *and well done*, and the quicker the better. Dr. Muhlenberg in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

“ I would not live alway.”

The aged cling to life. If one be pleasantly circumstanced he never wants to go. *William Cullen Bryant*, the great poet, at 82 years of age standing in my house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. *Cato* feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. *Monaldesco*, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. *Theophrastus*, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. *Thurlow Weed*, at about 86 years of age found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. *Albert Barnes*, so well prepared for the next world, at seventy said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days.

Indeed, I have some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but in this, the last day of the year, and when many are filled with sadness at the thought that another chapter of their life is closing, and that they have 365 days less to live, I propose to preach to you about *the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence*.

If I were an agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on *terra firma*, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze

armor, and weapons of defence lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Last week a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to State prison for fifteen years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

If a soldier who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours, or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

All astronomers, infidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great centre. Any one who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth His hand to create the universe, He did not strike that hand at right angles, but He waved it in a circle and kept on waving it in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion.

Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but *somewhere a great hub* around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now, the centre is heaven. That is the capital of the universe. That is *the great metropolis of immensity*.

Does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the centre toward the circumference, rather than to be on the circumference where our world now is? We are like those who study the American Continent while standing on the Atlantic beach. The way to study the continent is to cross it, or go to the heart of it. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at *the wrong end of the telescope*. The best way to study a piece of machinery is not to stand on the doorstep and try to look in, but to go in with the engineer and take our place right amid the saws and the cylinders. We wear our eyes out and our brain out from the fact we are studying under such great disadvantage. Millions of dollars for observatories to study things about the moon, about the sun, about the rings of Saturn, about transits and occultations and eclipses, simply because our studio, our observatory is poorly situated. We are down in the cellar trying to study the palace of the universe, while our departed Christian friends have gone upstairs amid the skylights to study.

Now, when one can sooner get to the centre of things, is he not to be congratulated? Who wants to be always in the Freshman Class? We study God in this world by the Biblical photograph of Him; but we all know we can in five minutes of interview with a friend get a more accurate idea of him than we can by studying him fifty years through pictures or words. The little child that died at six months of age and at whose funeral I officiated last Thursday, to-day knows more of God than all Andover, and all Princeton, and all

New Brunswick, and all Edinburgh, and all the theological institutions in Christendom. Is it not better to go up to the very headquarters of knowledge?

Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light, and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the key-holes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the centre. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the Maytime orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two.

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under an umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners, and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they

say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world, as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river ploughed with graves with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Taken from the evil to come," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the springtime hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping-place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world *in transitu*. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning because another year

has gone; but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living, not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, adopted a rule of conduct which must have been fruitful of much that was noble in his character and opinions. It was to seek always the companionship of persons *better than himself*. With admirable frankness and ingenuousness, he tells us that "He never was so proud, nor thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." These are the words of a wise spirit, ardently yearning to feed its own highest aspirations at the feast of the best thoughts and purposes which other gifted and cultured minds could furnish. How many are there who, like Clarendon, elect their friendships, not by consulting low and selfish interests, but by sternly looking upward to intellectual and moral worth? Who, rather, on the contrary, let us ask, has not found himself seriously weighted, and perhaps at some critical time, by the influence of an evil or at least indiscreet and unreliable friend? Loose associates are bad enough in respect to the affairs of this world, while in respect to the awful issues of eternity they are simply dreadful. In France, it is said, ridicule kills. A distinguished wit secured, so his biographer claims, the abolishment of the inquisitorial dungeons and racks, not by appealing to reason and humanity, but by showing facetiously that persecution for opinion's sake was preposterous, ridiculous. Many a corrupt custom and many an erroneous conclusion have doubtless been sneered and laughed out of existence; and so, on the other hand, millions of pure intentions and innocent

lives have been blown into destruction by the breath of the mocker. Our companions, instead of being assistants toward a divine experience and hope, are often our masters, standing with whip in hand over us, and making us the galley-slaves of sin. Moral courage is of all qualities most rare, and for lack of it the "Broad Road" is swarming with melancholy victims, while into the straight and narrow gate only a few are pressing; and these even sometimes smart under the derision and taunts of the ungodly. Probably there are thousands to-day who are halting between God and Satan, almost persuaded to be Christians, and would joyfully choose eternal life if their associates would only let them. It becomes the solemn duty of every immortal soul to inquire into the nature and far-reaching tendencies of his friendships. They may be tender and prized; but if of doubtful influence they are on account of their very intimacy all the more perilous. The favors and charms of a certain kind of society are the briberies of sin. Under the soft fur of a sinful foot are the claws—and O, how piercing—of death itself.

The mere possibility that by abiding with an intimate companion you will incur spiritual risk, or become blinded to just and wholesome spiritual fears, ought to cause you to break away from his presence, however delightful otherwise it may be. Who does not now commend that discreet gentleman who, on suspecting that the horrible plot of St. Bartholomew's night was closing around the great Coligny, requested leave of absence from Paris. "On what account?" demanded Coligny. "Because they *caress* you too much," was the reply, "and I would rather escape with fools than perish with the wise." Beware of the caresses of false friends. You may rise from them as Samson did from those of Delilah, shorn of your strength, of your good

resolutions, of your faith in God and desire for salvation. Coligny was physically brave; he suspected that something was wrong; he was warned, but he could not tear himself from his friends, and so he remained where he was, to fall under the assassin's dagger. To be considered by a silly world a fool, for running from everlasting wretchedness and ruin, is to be regarded by the Infinite God as wise and prudent. "Come ye out from among them," says the Captain of our salvation, "and be ye separate." Bring your friend with you, if you can, to the adoption of the ideal life unfolded by Jesus; but do not in any event allow him to drag you down to Satanic views and conduct. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; he that loveth son or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

DELUDED BIBLE READERS.

I do not care where I open the Bible, I find Jesus. In whatever path I start I come, after a while, to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation and see a lamb on the altar, and say: "behold the Lamb of God that takest away, the sin of the world." Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness and I say: "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and as the water gushes out I say: "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel and I find Christ presented there as "A plant of renown," and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of "as a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the apostle's epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible. Here is a man who studies the Bible *as a historian*. Well, if you come as a historian, you will find in this book how the world was made, how the seas fled to their places, how empires were established, how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against habergeon until the earth was ghastly with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world

turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake, and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all others in the accuracy of its recital and in the stupendous events it records. Homer, and Thucydides, and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events; but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years upon two leaves.

There are others who come to the Bible merely *as antiquarians*. If you come as an antiquarian, you will find a great many odd things in the Bible peculiarities, of manner and custom, marriage and burial; peculiarities of dress, tunics, sandals, crissping pins, amulets, and girdles, and tinkling ornaments. If you come to look at military arrangements, you will find coats of mail, and javelins, and engines of war, and circumvallation, and encampments. If you look for peculiar musical instruments, you will find psalteries, and shigionoths, and ram's horns. The antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to this Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say "What a strange sword that is!" and "What a peculiar hat this is!" and "What an unlooked for lamp that is!" and the Bible to such becomes a British Museum.

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but *the poetry*. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm—thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of

Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment in its garland, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish-pools of Heshbon, up to the psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem, and a great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Southey's "Curse of Kehama." They sit down and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation

Then there are others who come to this book *as sceptics*. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works, and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders, I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle, and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in the Bible, these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot under-

stand how the whale swallowed Jonah, they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern scepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances. I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever-present "was," and the great "to be," and the everlasting "No." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as *controversialists*. They are enormous Presbyterians or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed, instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and cannister, so many field-pieces with which to rake the field of dispute, for they mean to get the victory though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rend with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their

achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship—for a Heenan or a Morrissey—than I have for these theological pugilists, who make our theological magazines ring with their horrible war-cry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: “Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight.” Woe to us if we come to God’s word as controversialists, or as sceptics, or as *connoisseurs*, or as fault-finders, or merely as poets.

Those only get into the heart of God’s truth who come seeking for Christ. Welcome all such. They will find him coming out from behind the curtain of prophecy, until he stands in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus, the son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find him in genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see his foot on every sea, and his tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear his voice in the wind, and behold his words all a bloom in the valley between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem. There are some men who come and walk around the temple of truth, and merely see the outside. There are others who walk into the porch and then go away. There are others who come in and look at the pictures; but they know nothing about the chief attractions of the Bible. It is only the man who comes and knocks at the gate, saying, “I would see Jesus.” For him the glories of that book open, and he goes in and finds Christ, and with him peace, pardon, life, comfort, and heaven. “All in all is Jesus” in the Bible,

MISCALCULATING RESULTS.

All Christian workers are sometimes conscious of being discomfited. There is your Sunday-school class that have not yet been brought to Christ. You say: "How strange it is that, after all my teachings, they have not submitted to the truth." You say: "There is my family, nearly all of them out of the kingdom of God's grace. How I have prayed for them; how I have counseled them; how I have tried to bring upon them all Christian influences: and yet they will not hear the voice of heavenly mercy." You can look out in the world and see scores of times in which you were working for Christ and in the right spirit; but you saw absolutely no result. And so you sometimes sit down in discouragement. You say: "It must be that I haven't the right kind of sickle; that I haven't gone into the right kind of harvest-field; that I don't know how to plough, and that I am entirely incompetent for the sphere to which the Lord has called me." Ah! Christian, in this sadness of heart you are only repeating the history of all who have gone before you; but remember this thought, that every effort put forth for Christ's sake will be successful, whether you witness the result or not. The seed of Gospel truth planted, will come up in a glorious harvest, maybe twenty or forty years after you are dead. But the Lord gathers up all the tears of His dear children in a bottle, and He keeps them, and he remembers them; and no sigh over the loss of the souls of those who are around about you, and no prayer offered up for the redemption of the people, and

no Christian counsel given on the street-corners, and no word of exhortation lifted in a prayer-meeting, but shall somewhere, somehow, at some time, be gloriously successful. A plain promise this—not a mere notion of ours: “He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Father met a black man along the road. The black man stopped him and said:

“I wish to speak to you, Mr. Talmage. I suppose you don’t know me?”

“No,” was the reply, “I don’t remember you.”

“Well,” says the man, “I haven’t seen you for forty years; but in the old school-house at Gateville, I heard you say about forty years ago in one of your prayers ‘Thou God seest us,’ and that thought I carried with me year after year. I couldn’t escape from it. That sentence which I heard uttered by your lips, forty years ago, made me a Christian.”

And it may be that the word of Christian encouragement that you spoke to-day, that the simple question that you asked some comrade along the street, will tell on eternal ages. Be not, therefore, discouraged. The day of reckoning will come, and all the greater will be the surprise if having known nothing of our success in this world, when standing before the throne of God we shall hear a great acclaim from a multitude who shall point to us as the instrumentality of their eternal salvation!

It is very different working in an enterprise where you expect to be defeated, from working in an enterprise where you know you are going to succeed. If we know we shall finally triumph, although there may be many disappointments and reverses, we keep our courage up all the way. Therefore, let us remember that we are going to be in the

majority; that Christ is going to reclaim this world for Himself; that all sin and darkness and suffering shall be done away; and that great procession will be formed in which will move the sons and daughters of light: and the multitude who will finally be lost, as compared with the multitude who will finally be saved, will be a most insignificant number—for we must remember that we are only in the morning of this Christian dispensation. The trumpet is only just beginning to marshal the Lord's hosts. The batteries are only just being planted. The war has hardly opened. There has here and there been a little skirmish; but after a while, God will mass the troops and bring on a general engagement, and then the victory will be decisive and universal.

MISTAKES IN ART AND SCIENCE.

I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side, and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that! Give it me!"

I remark first, that this is true, in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy, and geology, and chronology, were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory, and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the Heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth, and cried out, "There is none like that! give it me!" and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world, that in their ransacking of the earth and heavens, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zenda Vesta, with which it had been covered up and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the

chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight Heavens struck a silver chime in its praise.

Worldly philosophy said "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the three first words of the Bible, we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "*in the beginning.*" Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book—all that story in the Old Testament again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks; locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession; locusts without order." Wait! said Christian philosophy, and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locusts like an army, and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why! They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straighter flight than the locusts come—even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong. Worldly philosophy said: "all that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal,' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "the light comes straight." Christian

philosophy says: "wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries, and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah!" says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job, about the *foundations* of the earth, is simply an absurdity. "Where wast thou," says God, "when I set the foundations of the earth?" The earth has no foundation! Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated, "foundations," may be better translated "sockets." So now, see how it will read if it is translated right: "where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary, in making them stand still, that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that Religion and Science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and

Christianity to-night, from the observatories at Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapons, crying "There is none like that! give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight Heaven, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision; and the learned man cried out: "Who am I, undone, unclean? Have mercy, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, I remark that the travelling disposition of the world which was adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amid thieves, was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched, and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times, God forbade the travelling of men for the purpose of trade, because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men that seem to be very consistent in Brooklyn, in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get in Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull-fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this travelling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles. These steamships, they are to transport our missionaries. These sailors, rushing from city

to city all around the world, are to be converted in Christian Bethels, and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burkhardt, have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea recently proposed, of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps, when the rail train goes, we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep, in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod bestormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking till Jesus shall reign "where'er the sun does his successive journeys run," and the fire-arms, with which the infidel traveller brought down the Arab horseman, and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the Church, and we reach forth our hand, crying "There is none like that! give it me!"

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we

have in the roll of Christ's host, Mozart and Handel in music. Canova and Angelo in sculpture. Raphael and Reynolds in painting. Harvey and Boerhave in medicine. Cowper and Scott in poetry. Grotius and Burke in statesmanship. Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy. Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech, and through essayist's discourse, Sinai thunders, and Calvary pleads, and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel S. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber; but he reserved his grandest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement, and plead for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution; but on that day when in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion, and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side have come over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that! give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiselled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting

that are to be found amid those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazaars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world is on the side of obscenity, and crime, and death.

In later days the Vatican and the cathedrals were crowded with religious pictures. The Titians, and Raphaels, and Giotto's of the world put on canvas and cathedral walls "the Baptism of Jesus Christ," and the "Last Supper," and "the Crucifixion," and "the Resurrection," and the "Last Judgment," but all those pictures were prostituted by superstition. Poor devotees come and cross themselves. They count their beads. They take the wafers. They glance at the pictured walls and then go out unblessed and unsaved. What to unclean Henry the Eighth was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust Judge, the picture of the Last Judgment? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the honor of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at "the crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the last judgment. The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day, when

"Shivering like a parched scroll
The flaming heaven together doth roll."

Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with

pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. O that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures ! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer, will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist, will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandjo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that ! give it me."

DISSIPATING COMPANIONSHIPS.

We were much interested in the account of an entertainment given in London to four hundred blind persons at a tea-party. What a novel time they must have had! It was the twelfth annual meeting of that kind. But in reading it, we thought of the fact that in this country we often have what might be called blind tea-parties. So it is when people sit down at a late evening hour, and play the cormorant amid rich indigestibles. Late suppers are getting more and more common. The nearer they are pushed to the midnight hour, the more fashionable. The highly spiced wines and confections, the rare game, the fruits, the candied temptations, disappear as by magic. The banqueters do not see the irritations of stomach, the feverish headache, the exhaustion, that must come afterward. They are blind to the baleful effects upon their business or professional faculty. They are oblivious to the infraction of inexorable laws. They have no more eye to the consequence of their indulgence than the cattle which break through the bars in the night and devour so much corn that it is necessary to send for the farrier. In fact, they are at a blind tea-party.

Sometimes young men are flattered by invitations to dine with the dissipated. They think it a grand thing to have sat in the company of gay-cravated young men. As they draw the napkin across their lips at the close of the repast, they feel they have made a social achievement. Instead of that, they have given permission to men of base appetites to pat them on the back and take them by the beard. They have forged for themselves a chain of unwise surroundings,

which they will not be able to break without a struggle. It only takes one unsafe companion to swamp a pure young man. But at that feast you have formed five or six undesirable acquaintanceships. Through your napkin-ring you ought to have been able to see into disasters to your moral well-being. If you had stirred your cup deep enough you would have roused up a fiery-tongued adder. You might have tasted poison in the pulp of the grapes. You ought to have seen ruin on the half-shell. But you were blind to all the effects of dissipating companionships. Yes, you were sitting and standing at a blind tea-party.

It is at the table that many decide their destiny. The kindest, and purest, and best of social ties are here formed. Many people are disagreeably taciturn until they open their mouth to eat something, and then they cannot get the facial vacuum closed again. You may have noticed that the stiff, cold, formal occasions, are those when there was nothing to eat. A sociable without refreshments is a disaster. But the table is also the descending road for many. They start downward between the tureens and butter-dishes, the jingling cutlery beating their march to ruin. There may be nothing but healthy and desirable viands and beverages on the table; but if those who sit with you are not of a moral tone, and you knew it when you accepted the invitation, you have made a grievous mistake. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." You did not realize that you were in dangerous proximity. You may think that you saw just where you were; but you did not. You had no more vision than Bartimeus. You were at a blind tea-party. Alexander the Great entertained four hundred captains in silver chairs; but those who know how to control their appetites, and rightly select their fraternities, sit in chairs whose rungs and arms and back and feet are burnished gold.

LATE AND LOST.

Summer with fever heats has perished, and to-night we twist a wreath of scarlet sage and China asters for her brow, and bury her under the scattered rose leaves, while we beat amid the woods and by the water courses this solemn dirge: "*The summer is ended!*"

There are three or four classes of persons of whom the prophet's words are descriptive. In the first place, they are appropriate to the aged. Those in this world who are far advanced in years, were once just like ourselves. There was a time when they could hardly bridle their exuberance. They laughed, they romped, they shouted, they sang. The world was as bright to them then as it is to us now. Though they are in the October of life now, it was June with them once. They take with placidity things that once would have made them blaze with indignation. Sometimes they may chide us because of our vivacity; but when two or three of the aged get together, I have overheard them talk in the next room, about occurrences which make me believe that when they were of our age, they were just like us. How fast they did drive. What strong wrestlers they brought to the earth. In what a wilful mood they upset the sleigh, to see the victims crawl out of the snow-bank. How many "frolics" there were, and how many "quiltings." The aged do not talk much to us about these things. They wonder why we are not as cool as they are. Ah! the dear souls forget that July is never as cool as November. Aged Christians used to be a great discouragement to me, when I

heard of their great attainments, and viewed my own spiritual backwardness; but now they are a great encouragement to me, for since I have found that they were about as I am, I have come to the conclusion that the same things which have favored them will favor me, and I get some hint of what a good man I will be in my ninetieth year.

But the aged feel life going away from them. They stop at the top of the stairs, all out of breath, and say: "I can't walk up stairs as well as I used to." They hold the book off on the other side of the light when they read. Their eye is not so quick to catch a sight, nor their ear a sound. Instead of the strong stride with which they once went along the street, they take short steps now as though about to stop in the journey. Their voice is tremulous, and their hand that failed not to send the bullet to the mark, has lost its steadiness. Too feeble even to walk out, on pleasant days, the cushioned chair is wheeled to the verandah. The bloom and verdure of their life have drooped. June has melted into July. July has fallen back into August. August has cooled into September. "The summer is ended."

I have noticed that in this climate in the latter part of October, or the first of November, there is a season of beautiful weather called Indian summer. It is the gem of all the year. A haziness is in the atmosphere, but still everything is pleasant and mild. And so I see before me in life some who have come to that season. There is a haziness on their vision, I know, but the sweetness of heaven has melted into their soul. I congratulate those who have come to the Indian summer of their life. Their grandchildren climb up on the back of the chair, and run their fingers along the wrinkles which time has for a long while been burrowing there. In sunny afternoons, grandfather goes out in the churchyard and sees on the tomb-

stones, the names, the very names that sixty years ago he wrote on his slate at school. He looks down where his children sleep their last sleep, and before the tears have fallen, says: "So much more in heaven!" Patiently he awaits his appointed time until his life goes out gently as a tide, and the bell tolls him to his last home under the shadow of the church that he loved so long and loved so well. Blessed old age, if it be found in the way of righteousness!

But I remark again, that the words are appropriate for all those whose fortunes have perished. If a man lose his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in mid-life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said: "We have lost the battle and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said: "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Though the meridian of life has passed with you, and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there is something in his age, or something in his health, or something in his surroundings, which make him know well that he will never get up again. In 1857, it was estimated that, for many years previous to that time, annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. The leaves of worldly prosperity all scattered. The day book, and the ledger, and the money safe, and the package of broken securities crying out: "The summer is ended." But let me give a word of

comfort in passing. The sheriff may sell you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your God. He cannot sell out your heaven! You have got more than you have lost. A man of large wealth died, two men were talking over his death, and one said to the other: "How much did he leave!" The other man thoughtfully replied: "*Every dollar!*" So that if the ghost of Stephen Girard, or John Jacob Astor should come into a retail store on Canal street, they could not get trusted for ten cents, and would not have money enough to ride in a car on Fulton avenue! The poets always represent ghosts as walking. I suppose they cannot afford to ride. Death is an auctioneer which sells us out of all our earthly possessions, and there is nothing left when once he drops his hammer of stone on the coffin lid, crying: "Gone! gone!"

But, sons and daughters of God, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God hath sworn it and every time you doubt it, you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home to-night, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God, and thank him for what you *have*, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

The words are appropriate to all those who have passed through luxuriant seasons of grace without improvement. I know there are those who do not believe in revivals, but I

think that if there had been no revivals there would not have been a single church in England or America to-day. It would have been impossible to withstand the flood of sin and wretchedness; had it not been for those large gatherings the church of God could not have maintained its ground.

Suppose a foreign despotism should attack our country. Would we be afraid of having men come too plentifully to our standard? No! We would say:

“Let them come, a million men from the north, a million men from the south, a million men from the west, and let us go out and fight the foe.”

The quicker they come and the faster the multitude, the gladder would be our huzzah. Yet there are Christians who, when they see a sudden reinforcement in the church, are afraid. Alas, that they are so unwise. A revival that would bring all the twelve hundred millions of our race into the kingdom of God in one day, ought not to frighten any honest Christian.

But there are men in the house who have gone through revivals, and been unsaved. There are hundreds of men in my audience in church every night, who ought to have been saved in 1857. They felt the throb of that national upheaval. They remember the time—many of them do, at any rate—when the engine-houses were turned into prayer-meetings; when in one day, to one of our ports, there came five vessels with sea captains, who had been brought to God in the last voyage. Religion broke out of church into places of business and amusement. Christian songs floated into the temple of Mammon, while the devotees were counting their golden beads. A company of merchants on Chambers street, N. Y., at their own expense hired Burton's old theatre, and every day at twelve o'clock, the place was filled with men crying after God. The telegrams flashed

backward and forward from Fulton street prayer-meeting, and James' Hall, in Philadelphia.

“ God is here! Fifty souls to-day borne into the kingdom. Seventy-five people stood up for prayers! One hundred souls rejoicing in the gospel!”

Oh, that was the healthiest excitement the world has ever felt since the day of Pentecost. Some of my readers went through all that, and are not saved. It required more resolution and determination for them not to be saved, than under God, would have made them Christians. But all that process has hardened their soul. Through all these seasons of revival they have come, and they are now living without God, on the way to a death without hope. “ The summer is ended ! ”

Again: the words are an appropriate to all those who expire after a wasted life. There are two things that I do not want to bother me in my last hour. The one is, my worldly affairs. I want all those affairs so plain and disentangled that the most ignorant administrator could see what was right as a glance, and there should be no standing around about the office of the surrogate devouring widow's houses. The other thing I do not want to be bothered about in my last hour, is the safety of my soul. God forbid that I should crowd into that last, feeble, languishing, delirious hour questions momentous enough to swamp an archangel! The saddest thing on earth is a death-bed, with a wasted life standing on one side of it, and an overshadowing eternity standing on the other side of it, and no Jesus Christ anywhere in the room. Pull from under my head that pillow stinging with thorns, and put under it the hand of Jesus, on which many of my loved ones have died. Though the pillow may seem to the world as hard as the rock on which Jacob slept, still there will be let down to that Christian

death pillow a ladder reaching into the heaven, an angel on the lowest rung, an angel on the top rung, and an angel on every rung between, so that the soul ascending may mount upward, stepping from wing to wing into the skies. But the commonest thing in the world is for a man to die without hope. How we all were stunned when last spring the "Oregon" within sight of land, was struck and foundered; but hark, to the crash of ten thousand immortal shipmates! If you have ever slept in a house on the prairie, where in the morning, without rising from your pillow you could look off on the prairie, you could see the prairie miles away, clear to the horizon, it is a very bewildering scene. But how much more intense the prospect, when from the last pillow a soul looks back on life, and sees one vast reach of mercies, mercies, mercies unimproved, and then gets upon one elbow, and puts the head on the hand to see beyond all that, but seeing nothing beyond but mercies, mercies, mercies unimproved. The bells of sorrow will toll through all the past and the years of early life and mid-life, wail with a great lamentation. A dying woman, after a life of frivolity, says to me; "Mr. Talmage, do you think that I can be pardoned?" I say: "Oh, yes."

Then, gathering herself up in the concentrated dismay of a departing spirit, she looks at me, and says:

"Sir, *I know I shall not!*"

Then she looks up as though she hears the click of the hoofs of the pale horse, and her long locks toss on the pillow as she whispers:

"The summer is ended."

Again; the words are appropriate to all those who wake up in a discomfited eternity. I know there are those who say: "It don't make any difference how we live or what we believe. We will come out at the golden gate,

They are all there together in glory, the Pauls, and the Neros, and the Abraham Lincolns, and the John Wilkes Booths, the Robespieres and the men who were destroyed by the guillotine, and the court of Charles I., and Louis XVI. —all together in glory. If I thought it were true that whatever our belief or behavior in this world, we would go safely, I would preach that. It is a great deal pleasanter to offer congratulation than to offer warning. But that Bible tells us differently, and our own sense of what is right utters an overwhelming negative. Do you believe that your own sister and your mother, who lived Christian lives and died holy deaths, are now in a world in the companionship of all the unrepentant libertines and debauchees that went out last year from Baxter street? My soul abhors the idea. Let me say, if your belief leads you to that, so that you really do think that your Christian mother and your Christian sister are in such society, I want to tell you mine are not! mine are not!

No! No! The good must go up, and the bad must go down. I want no Bible to tell me that truth. There is something within my heart that says it is not possible that a man whose life has been all rotten, can, in the future world without repentance, be associated with men who have been consecrated to Christ. What does the Bible say? It says that "as we sow we shall reap." It says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. Does that look as though they were coming out at the same place? "And there was a great gulf fixed." "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." If a man rejects the Bible, I am not surprised that he believes anything, or refuses to believe anything, but how a man can believe in that Bible, and yet believe that all the good and all the unrepentant will go to the same

place, I cannot understand. Ah! you may ask me strange questions. You may say: "Are the heathen lost?" I reply: God has not given us supervisal of the heathen. I simply know this, that if your soul and mine have had an offer of life from Christ, the Lord, and reject it and continue to reject it, we must go to the bad place and not come out of it. I am not now discussing the state of the heathen, but discussing the state of my soul and yours. Now, suppose a man goes out from Brooklyn, a city in which there are as many religious advantages as in any city under the sun, and suppose he wakes up in a discomfited eternity—how will he feel? Having become a serf of darkness, how will he feel when he thinks that he might have been a prince of light! There are no words of lamentation sufficient to express that sorrow. You can take the whole group of sad words, pain, pang, convulsion, excruciation, torment, agony, woe, and they come short of the reality. The summer of gracious opportunity is all gone. The last clock has struck. The last bell rung. The last call has been rejected. Then looking up to a heaven that it can never reach, and looking down to a ruin it must always inhabit, and shivering with the chill of an unending horror, the soul will wring its hands and cry: "The summer is ended!" I am glad that that hour of doom has not struck for any reader; and I mean now to launch a life boat large enough to take off all the passengers. Shove off, my lads, and pull for the wreck! What is the use of dying when the ten thousand voices of heaven cry: Live! Live! Oh! there is enough mercy in the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ, in the flash of an instant to take all my readers into the peace and the hope of the gospel. If I point out the peril, it is only because I want to tell you of the way of escape. Say! Bondmen of sin and death will you be free?

In boyhood days we were impressed with the fertility of a certain author whose name so often appeared in the spelling-books and readers, styled Anon. He seemed to write more than Isaac Watts, or Shakespeare, or Blair. In the index, and scattered throughout all our books, was the name of Anon. He appeared in all styles of poetry and prose and dialogue. We wondered where he lived, what his age was, and how he looked. It was not until quite late in boyhood that we learned Anon was an abbreviation for anonymous, and that he was sometimes the best saint and at other times the most extraordinary villain.

After centuries of correspondence old Anonymous is as fertile of thought and brain and stratagem as ever, and will probably keep on writing till the last fire burns up his pen and cracks to pieces his ink-bottle. Anonymous letters sometimes have a mission of kindness and gratitude and good cheer. Genuine modesty may sometimes hide the name of an epistolary author or authoress. It may be a "God bless you" from some one who thinks herself hardly in a position to address you. It may be the discovery of a plot for your damage, in which the revelator does not care to take the responsibility of a witness. It may be any one of a thousand things that mean frankness and delicacy and honor and Christian principle. We have received anonymous letters which we have put away among our most sacred archives.

But we suppose every one chiefly associates the idea of anonymous communications with everything cowardly and

base. There are in all neighborhoods perfidious, sneaking, dastardly, filthy, calumnious, vermin-infested wretches, spewed up from perdition, whose joy it is to write letters with fictitious signatures. Sometimes it takes the shape of a valentine—the fourteenth of February being a great outlet for this obscene spawn. If your nose be long, or your limbs slender, or your waist thick around, it will be pictorially presented. Sometimes it takes the form of a delicate threat that if you do not thus or so, there will be a funeral at your house, yourself the chief object of interest. Sometimes it will be denunciatory of your friend.

Let every young man know that when he is tempted to pen anything which requires him to disguise his handwriting, he is in fearful danger. You despoil your own nature by such procedure more than you can damage any one else. Bowie-knife and dagger are more honorable than an anonymous pen sharpened for defamation of character. Better try putting strychnine in the flour barrel. Better mix rat-bane in the jelly cake. That behavior would be more elegant and Christian.

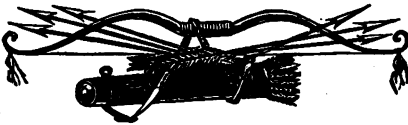
Much of the work of the Day of Judgment will be with the authors of anonymous letters. If, since the world stood, there have been composed and sent off by mail, or private postmen, 1,600,378 anonymous letters, derogatory of character, then 1,600,378 were vicious and damnable. If you are compelled to choose between writing a letter with false signature vitriolic of any man's integrity or any woman's honor on the one hand, and the writing a letter with a red-hot nail dipped in adder's poison, on a sheet woven of lepers' scales—choose the latter. It were healthier, nobler, and could better endure the test of man's review and God's scrutiny.



AIMED

AT

FOLLIES TO
BE SHUNNED.





LITERARY FOPS.

THEY say, these men, that science is overcoming religion in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scientists and they say, "It is impossible that this book be true; people are finding it out; the Bible has got to go overboard; science is going to throw it overboard." Do you believe that the Bible account of the origin of life will be overthrown by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life? If they should come up in solid phalanx, all agreeing on one sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christianity might be damaged; but there are not so many differences of opinion inside the church as outside the church. O! it makes me sick to see these literary fops going along with a copy of Darwin under one arm and a case of transfixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, telling about the "survival of the fittest," and Huxley's protoplasm, and the nebular hypothesis.

The fact is that some naturalists just as soon as they find out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle, they begin to patronize the Almighty; while Agassiz, glorious Agassiz, who never made any pretension to being a Christian, puts both his feet on the doctrine of evolution, and says: "I see that many of the naturalists of our day are adopting facts which do not bear observation or have not passed under observation." These men warring with each other—Darwin warring against Lamarck, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel de-

nouncing Ferguson. They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the gradation of the species.

What do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place. He says if it had been put four times further from the earth than it is now, there would be more harmony in the universe; but Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right place. How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the *Aurora Borealis*? Two and a half miles, says Lias. How far is the sun from the earth. Seventy-six million miles, says Lacalle. Eighty-two million miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight million miles! All split up among themselves—not agreeing on anything.

Here these infidel scientists have empanelled themselves as a jury to decide this trial between Infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back for another five hundred years and deliberate and agree on something. There is not a poor miserable wretch in the Tombs court to-morrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict, and yet you expect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who cannot agree on anything.

Ah! my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ instead of falling back is on the advance. I am certain it is on the advance. I see the glittering of swords, I hear the tramping of the troops, I hear the thunderings of parks of artil-

lery. O! my God and Saviour, I thank Thee that I have been permitted to see this day—this day of Thy triumph, this day of the confusion of Thine enemies. O! Lord God, take Thy sword from Thy thigh and ride forth to the victory.

I am mightily encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded for centuries, infidelity has not destroyed one church or crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Bible. If that has been their magnificent record for the centuries that are past, what may we expect for the future? The church all the time getting the victory, and their shot and shell all gone.

Then you notice a more significant fact still further—you have noticed if you have talked with people on the subject, that they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house. They tell you when they were sick and the door of the future seemed opening, the only comfort they could find was in the Gospel. People are having demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solace the trouble and woes of the world, and they want some other religion, and they are taking Christianity, the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world.

You just take your scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "*survival of the fittest.*" Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children. That is your "survival of the fittest." Just try your transcendentalism and your philosophy and your science on that widowed soul, and tell her it was a geological necessity that her companion should be taken

away from her, just as in the course of the world's history the megatherium had to pass out of existence; and then you go on in your scientific consolation until you get to the sublime fact that fifty million years from now we ourselves may be scientific specimens on a geological shelf, petrified specimens of an extinct human race. And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not crazed by it, I will send forth from this church the plainest Christian we have, and with one half hour of prayer and reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be wiped away, and the house from floor to cupola will be flooded with the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There is where I see the triumph of Christianity. People are dissatisfied with everything else. They want God. They want Jesus Christ.

You say morphia puts one to sleep. You say in time of sickness it is very useful. I deny it. Morphia never puts anybody to sleep, it never alleviates pain. You ask why I say that. I have never tried it, I never took it. I deny that morphia is any soothing to the nerves, or any quiet in times of sickness. I deny that morphia ever put anybody to sleep; but here are twenty persons who say they have all felt the soothing effects of a physician's prescribing morphine. Whose testimony will you take? Those who took the medicine, or my testimony, I never having taken the medicine.

Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an anodyne for all trouble, the mightiest medicine that ever came down to earth. Here is a man who says: "I don't believe in it; there is no power in it." Here are other people who say, "We have found out its power and know its soothing influence; it has cured us." Whose testimony will you take in regard to this healing medicine?

Young man, do not be ashamed to be a friend of the Bible. Do not put your thumb in your vest, as young men sometimes do and swagger about, talking of the glorious light of the nineteenth century, and of there being no need of a Bible. They have the light of nature in India and China and in all the dark places of the earth. Did you ever hear that the light of nature gave them comfort for their trouble. They have lancets to cut and Juggernauts to crush, but no comfort. Ah! my friends, you had better stop your scepticism.

Colonel Ethan Allen was a famous infidel in his day. His wife was a very consecrated woman. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father: "Father, shall I take your instruction? or shall I take mother's instruction? I am going to die now; I must have this matter decided." That man, who had been loud in his infidelity, said to his dying daughter: "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." My advice is the same to you, O! young man; you had better take your mother's religion. You know how it comforted her. You know what she said to you when she was dying.

EDUCATIONAL NEGLECT.

Much of the world's knowledge is common property, and can no more be fenced in or kept under lock and key or chained fast to an author's desk than you can sell or buy the atmosphere. Such are all the facts of history. Such are all the statistics of the world. Such is the realm of anecdote and of logic. Such are all the theories of science and religion. Each age borrows and appropriates the accumulated knowledge of the past ages. Each year is the lawful heir of the preceding year, and every century the legatee of former centuries.

Quote from all books that you can lay your hands on, quote from all directions—it is a compliment to have breadth of reading to be able to quote—but be sure to announce the fact that it is a quotation.

The trouble is when plagiarists are caught they go to pleading, generally, unconscious assimilation, or unwitting appropriation. They happened to read it and it stuck fast to them! And they did not realize it. False! No man makes a mistake like that without knowing it. A man no more makes that mistake than does by mistake a sneak-thief put his hand in your cash box. Unconscious assimilation, indeed!

In my first country settlement I had a great deal of interest in raising a *splendid flock of fowls*. I used to go out two or three times a day and admire them. One morning I went to the hennerly and they were all gone. I thought at the time that the man who took them was a criminal; but I find

out in these days perhaps it was only a case of unconscious assimilation! I suppose he just walked away and they stuck fast to him! I tell you that with the vast resources, legitimate resources open before literary men in this day, plagiarism is inexcusable.

I say these things just at this point not only in justice to myself, but as a lesson to all Christian workers here and elsewhere. Be yourself and no one else. All the work you do for Christ that is effective you will do with your own weapons. God has given you just enough faculty to do all the work He ever expects of you. Use all books and all intellectual toil of others only as *a whetstone to sharpen your own battle-axe*. Your own way will be more effective for good than anybody else's way employed by you, although there were fifty per cent. more ingenuity in that way. David broke down under Saul's armor, but he had been a shepherd's boy, and he knew how to use a sling, and he took five smooth pebbles from the brook and he had five times more ammunition than was necessary, for it only took one pebble skillfully hurled to crack like an eggshell Goliath's cranium.

Above all, my dear friends, saturate yourselves with Scriptural knowledge and with Scriptural style. No copyright of that Book of books. Daniel Webster said if he had ever come to any perspicuity of style it was by long time perusal of the Scriptures. Rufus Choate having with forensic magnetism aroused judge and jury and court room to highest pitch of enthusiasm, whelmed them with Scriptural peroration. It is the most magnificent Book ever written, and it is all at your disposal. Do you want history? Quote Moses. Do you want blank verse? Quote Habakuk. Do you want the spectral? Quote Ezekiel. Do you want the pastoral? Quote Ruth. Do you want a battle march?

Quote Joshua. Do you want argument? Quote Paul. Do you want pathos? Quote John. Do you want all tenderness and all omnipotence? Quote Christ.

Equip yourself from all sources. Read all good books. Listen to all oratorios. Examine all pictures. Bring botany and geology and astronomy and history and poetry and archæology. Gather all these up and then mass your troops for one great Gospel campaign, and remember it closes at sun-down. Alas! how many lose the battle of life because either they do not start early enough, or they make fatal mistakes after they have started. How was Waterloo lost? For those two reasons Napoleon lost Waterloo. History tells us, and Victor Hugo in his most popular work powerfully dramatizes the fact, that the night before the memorable 18th of June, 1815, there was a great deluge of rain, and the ground was so soaked that Napoleon could not move his artillery, and he had to wait until the ground was somewhat settled; so that instead of opening the battle as he had expected at six o'clock in the morning, he opened it at nearly twelve at noon. Of course, that gave time for Blucher to come up with his reinforcements, and to join Wellington and to overthrow the great Frenchman. Had there been no rain that night, and had the battle opened at six o'clock in the morning instead of at twelve o'clock at noon, or near twelve, the battle might have been ended by noon in the overthrow of the English army, for Napoleon had nearly a hundred more guns than Wellington.

The difference between six and twelve o'clock for Napoleon was the difference between defeat and victory. And that is the way I see a great many people losing the battle of life. They start too late. They wait until their foes are reinforced and reinforced, and other battalions of temptation fall into line. Instead of opening the battle in the

morning of life they open it in the noon of life; at twelve instead of six. Oh, you cannot do in an afternoon what was intended for a whole day. What a lesson for all of the young. Oh, the stupendous difference between six o'clock and twelve o'clock.

But after Napoleon had started his army, he made a fatal mistake. History tells us and Victor Hugo powerfully dramatizes the fact that Napoleon was misdirected by a guide, and he supposed that the plain ascended gradually to the hill on which the English were entrenched, and that there were no chasms intervening. With the sound of bugle, 3,500 armed, helmeted, mounted horsemen dashed up the hill with great impetuosity to take it, when suddenly riders and horses by the hundreds vanished. They plunged into the awful gulch near the village of Ohain, a ravine about seventeen feet deep, and with perpendicular sides, and a hundred riders and their horses went down into that gulch, and two hundred, and five hundred, and a thousand, and fifteen hundred, filling the chasm with struggling and dying men and beasts; so that the riders and horses in the rear coming up could not stop, and they went to the other side of the chasm over this quivering bridge of mangled flesh and broken bones. To the lateness of the hour of starting was owing that fatal mistake. That is the way Napoleon lost Waterloo.

And so I see men losing the battle of life. They started with the blowing of bugles and they expected to gallop to the top, but there was some misdirection, or because *some spiritual guide has failed* in his duty, that caused the opening of some chasm in their way, and before they know it they are at the bottom, taking others down with them in the awful plunge. Oh, I wish I could report that in the catastrophe only 1,500 men had fallen into the awful chasm of a ruined

life. Only one false entry. Only one fraud. Only one plagiarism. Only one experiment in sin. Only one evil companionship. Only one day of dissipation. Only one night of wassail. Only one fall.

Oh, remember the difference between six and twelve o'clock. Remember the awful gulch of Ohain. Only those are safe who are bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west and above and beneath by the grace of God. Your beautiful intentions will avail nothing unless they are divinely upheld. They will be a beautiful suspension bridge with buttresses not strong enough to hold the strain. Make Christ your ally, and you make heaven an annex of time.

SNEERING AT CHRISTIANITY.

Suppose then that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose at present to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And in the first place I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made *wonderful transformations of human character*. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech, and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and genial and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer meetings and churches; so complete is the delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was, as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night.

Tremendous delusion! Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and seated not long before his death, at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States Government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared every body out of the cabin except myself, and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.'

"'O! no,' I said, 'father, I will not be that, I will tread the quarter-deck, and command as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said, 'no David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter-deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then, 'I will change, I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again, and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity.'"

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ.

They tried to whip it out of him; they tried to scare it out of him; they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not swear it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the six thousand years the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton.

Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see."

Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty was enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." *Benjamin Rush*, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." *Isaac Newton*, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That

man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." *David Brewster*, at the pronouncement of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying: "O! this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." *President Thiers*, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." *David Livingstone*, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. *William E. Gladstone*, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. O! if those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Beside that, I have noticed that first-rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. *Goethe*, a leading sceptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." *Rousseau*, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cried out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." *Altamont*, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. O! no. After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "O! Thou blasphemed but most indulgent

Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown."

Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing two hundred and fifty publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial, and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first-rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity.

Thomas Paine, the god of modern sceptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this land—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But no. In his dying hour, he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy

Powerful delusion, all conquering delusion, earthshaking delusion of the Christian religion.

Deluded doctors—two hundred and twenty physicians

meeting week by week in London, in the Union Medical Prayer Circle to worship God.

Deluded lawyers—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of the United States, an old-fashioned evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South Sea, the Bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams, and the three thousand missionaries of the cross, turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchres. What a delusion!

Yea, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to *those who are in trouble*. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: “You will be well again after a while; you are going into a land where there are no coughs and no pleurisies and no consumptions and no languishing; take courage and bear up.” Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor and it says to them: “You are

on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable."

This delusion of Christianity comes to *the bereft* and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes.

I open a hospital and I bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions.

I ask, "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is, God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all a gleam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years, will not cast me off now: glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!"

"Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is Heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am go-

ing to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

O! my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep. Oh if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion.

VAIN INVESTMENTS.

King Solomon! It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lip. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, sound no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but *it was all his*.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace and see his robes actually encrusted with jewels as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy! No. While standing there amid all that splendor the tears start and his heart breaks, and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy.

I. I learn from this subject in the first place that official position will never give solace to a man's soul. I know there have been very happy men in high positions, such as Wilberforce, as Theodore Frelinghuysen, as Governor Briggs, as Prince Albert. But the joy came not from their

elevated position; it came from the Lord God whom they tried to serve. This man Solomon was king thirty-five years; all the pleasure that comes from palatial residence, from the flattery of foreign diplomatists, from universal sycophancy, gathered around him. For a long while his throne stood firm and the people were loyal, and yet hear his awful sigh of disheartenment in the words before me. How many people in all ages have made the same experiment with the same failure!

How often you see people who think: "If I could only get into this or that position—if I could be a Mayor or a Governor, or a Senator, or a President I should be *perfectly happy!*" And they have gone on climbing from one position to another, never finding the solace they anticipated. Ask the men who have gone through the political life of the last forty years, in their old days what they think of the honors of this world, and they will tell you, "*Ashes! Ashes!*" An old man told me some time ago that he called at the White House just before the expiration of the second term of President Jackson. He sent a message in: the President came not. He sent a second time and a third time. After a while the President came out in great indignation, and said: "Gentlemen, people envy me in this White House, and they long to get here, but I tell you at the end of the second term I am glad to get out of it, for it is a perfect hell."

The honors and emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. *Pharaoh* sat on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of *Edward I.* aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will

not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. *Frederick William III.* of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV. and William III.

The ghastliest suffering, the most shrivelling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, has walked amid obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power. Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been execrated by the mob, who cry out: "Not this man but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By patriotic devotion, by honesty, by Christian principle, I would have every reader seek for the favor and the confidence of his fellow-men, but not to look upon some high position in society as though that were always sunshine. The *mountains of earthly honor* are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and the love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into this world and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God. Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now, and be kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

II. Still further, I learn from my subject that worldly wealth cannot satisfy the soul's longing. The more money a man has the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. The whole teaching of the Word of God has a tendency to create those kinds of habits, and that kind of

mental acumen which lead on to riches. A man who talks against wealth as though it were a bad thing, is *either a knave or a fool*, not meaning what he says, or ignorant of the glorious uses to which money can be put. But the man who builds his soul's happiness on earthly accumulation is not at all wise, to put it in the faintest shape.

To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of \$3,400,000,000, and he had silver to the value of \$5,146,885,000. The Queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of \$3,600,000, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down to pick it up; and yet with all that affluence he writes the words before me: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Alas! if that man could not find in all his worldly possessions enough to satisfy his immortal soul, no amount that you and I will ever gather by the sweat of our brow, or by the strength of our arm, will make us happy.

I have been amused to hear people when they start in life say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says: "I want to get \$20,000 and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied. Then I will say to my soul: 'Now, just look at that block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Just look at those bonds and mortgages. Just look what lucrative investments you have. Now, my soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry!'" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions you will never be with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful

if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst. If you sat this morning at your table and the fare was so poor you complained you would not be satisfied though you sat down to partridge and pineapple.

If you are not content with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you fifty or a hundred thousand dollars a year. It is not what we get, it is what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day are waspish and dissatisfied, and overbearing, and foreboding, and cranky and uncompromising; with a countenance on which wrath always lowers and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer evening you see a laboring man going home in his shirt-sleeves, with a pail on his arm and a pickaxe over his shoulder, his face bright with smiles and his heart with hope, and the night of his toil bright with flaming auroras? It is an illustration of the fact that it is not outward condition that makes a man happy.

A man came to Rothschild, the great banker, and said: "You must be a thoroughly happy man." He said: "Happy? Me happy? Happy, when just as I am going to dine a man sends me a note, saying, 'if you don't send me £500 before to-morrow night, I will blow your brains out.' Me happy?" Oh, I wish I could by the power of the Lord Almighty, break the infatuation of those men who are neglecting the present sources of satisfaction, hoping that there is to be something in the future for them of a worldly nature that will satisfy their souls. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong. But I ask you to higher riches, to crowns that never fade, to investments that always declare dividends.

III. I go still further and learn from this subject that learning cannot satisfy the soul. You know that Solomon was one of the largest contributors to the literature of his day. He wrote a thousand and five songs, he wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the walls; and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes and put on hunter's trappings and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds, and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoology, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds; about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his achievements he cries out in these words, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Have you ever seen a man trying to make learning and science his God? Did you ever know such a fearful autobiography as that of John Stuart Mill, a man who prided himself on his philosophy and had wonderful strength of intellect; yet after his death his autobiography went forth to the world showing that his whole life was a gigantic wretchedness. We have seen men go out with mineralogist's hammer, and geologist's pry, and botanist's knife, and ornithologist's gun, and storm the kingdom of nature in her barred castles of cave and grove and forest; and if there is any heaven on earth it is that. With your eyes prepared for all beautiful sights, and your ears for all sweet sounds, and your soul for all great thoughts, if you go forth in the place where God breathes in the aroma of flowers

and talks in the wind's rustling, and sings in the roar of the forest and mountain cataract, then you know why Linnæus spent his life among plants, and Cuvier found intelligent converse among beasts, and Werner grew exhilarant among minerals, and Audubon revelled among birds, and Agassiz found untraveled worlds of thought in a fish.

But every man has testified, after trying the learning and science of the world for a solace, that it is an insufficient portion. The philosopher has often wept in astronomer's observatory and chemist's laboratory and botanist's herbarium. There are times when the soul dives deeper than a fish and soars higher than the bird, and though it may be enraptured with the beauties of the natural world, it will long after trees of life that never wither, and fountains that never dry up, and stars that shall shine after the glories of our earthly nights have gone out forever.

Oh what discontents, what jealousies, what uncontrollable hate have sprung up among those who depended upon their literary success!

How often have writers plunged their pens into the hearts of their rivals, pens sharper than cimeters, striking deeper than bayonets. Voltaire hated Rousseau, Charles Lamb could not endure Coleridge, Waller warred against Cowley. The hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as their works. Corneille had an utter contempt for Racine. Have you ever been in Westminster Abbey? In the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey sleep Drayton, the poet, and a little way off Goldie, who said the former was not a poet.

There sleep Dryden and a little way off poor Shadwell who pursued him with fiend's fury. There is Pope and a little way off is John Dennis, his implacable enemy. They never before came so near together without quarreling. Byron had all that genius could give a man, and that sym-

pathy with nature could give a man, and that literary applause could give a man, and yet he died of wretchedness.

IV. I come to learn one more lesson from my subject, and that is that there is no comfort in the life of a voluptuary.

I dare not draw aside the curtain that hides the excesses into which Solomon's dissoluteness plunged him. Though he waved a sceptre over others there arose in his own soul a tyrant that mastered him. With a mandate that none dare disobey, he laid the whole land under tribute to his iniquity. Delilah sheared the locks of that Samson. From that princely seraglio there went forth a ruinous blight on the whole nation's chastity; but after while remorse with feet of fire leaped upon his soul, and with body exhausted and loathsome and dropping apart with putrefaction, he staggers out from the hell of his own iniquity to give warning to others.

Oh, how many have ventured out on that wild sea of sensuality, driven by fierce winds of passion, hurled against rocks, swallowed in the whirl of hell's maelstrom; that was the last of them. *No; that was not the last of them.* Everlastingly ruined, with their passions unsubdued and burning on the soul fiercer than unquenchable fire, they shall writhe in a torture that shall make the cheek of darkness pale and utter a blasphemy that shall shock devils damned. Oh, how many young men have gone on that path of sin because it seemed blooming with tropical splendor and the sky was bright and the air was balm, and from the castles that stood on the shore of glittering seas there came ringing up laughter as merry as the waves that dashed on the crags beneath.

From Christian circles, from the very altars of God, the ranks of ruin are made up. They march on with scorched feet over a pathway of fire, the ground trembling with earth-

quakes and the air hot with the breath of woe and sulphurous with the fleet lightnings of God's wrath. Scorpions strike out at every step, and the worm that never dies lifts its awful crest, with horrid folds to crush the debauched. Oh, *there is no peace* in the life of a voluptuary. Solomon answer! "None! none!"

But, my friends, if there is no complete satisfaction in worldly offices, in worldly wealth, in worldly learning, in sinful indulgence—where is there any? Has God turned us out on a desert to die? Ah, no; look at this fair one that comes! Immortal garlands on her brow! The song of heaven bursting from her lips! "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and *all her paths* are peace." In Christ is peace. In Christ is pardon. In Christ is everlasting joy, and nowhere else.

PRIDE AND IRREVERENCE.

The seraph standing near the throne, overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there, overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the furthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of *humility at imperfection*. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service, we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many mis-

steps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature.

The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot,—the articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss is an irreparable disaster; its health an invaluable equipment.

If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shrivelled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated.

The Bible honors it. *Especial care*: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone"; "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved"; "thy feet shall not stumble." *Especial charge*: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." *Especial peril*: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we. "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is bragadocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick, but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the

gardener, William Von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall re-open and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture is this one: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guards must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree; and that calls corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad.

How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God

in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come out the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind, and soul, into Christ's keeping. "No," says Irreverence, "I want no atonement; I want no pardon; I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him, and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchies of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because

it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence is characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master oratorios. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandajos. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. *Do not be flippant* about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the wings come up. Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death, and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing.

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a

sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: “With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly.”

SNAPPY PEOPLE.

We know persons so genial that their face is always full of sunshine, and there is no night there. When they have trouble, you can hardly tell whether they are crying or laughing, the wave of tears dashing against a bank of smiles. But we meet others who are explosive and gunpowdery under slight provocation.

There is such a thing (who would have thought it?) as a snappy editor. When you enter his editorial rooms he does not look up for a long while. You stand with your hat in your hand thinking what a luxury it would be to be asked to sit down. While you are meditating the best way of attracting his attention, he suddenly looks over his shoulder, and spits out, "What is it?" There is a flash in the eye and a venom in the tone that make you feel yourself a villain, though previously you had supposed yourself honest. Before you get through telling him what you want he is at another editorial, and he finally puts you off by telling you he cannot attend to it now. You back out with apologies for interruption, but inwardly resolving that you will never risk your life again in an editorial sanctum.

There is such a thing as a snappy railroad conductor. When he announces the name of a depot he bites off the first letter and the last syllable. It is at your peril you ask him the name of the next station. While you are deciding in which of your eight pockets you put your ticket, he gapes upon you devouringly, as much as to say, "I have you now! You expected to get a ride without paying for it, eh?" If you venture to tell him that the car is very cold, he will freeze you still worse with a wondering stare. If you ask why there is no water on the train, he will throw over you the wet blanket of a curt reply, and that is water

enough. He is snappy to the old lady who is too long getting off, and the old gentleman who is too long getting on; snappy about where you put your feet, snappy about where you set your valise. Before many miles all the passengers feel the contagion from having been bitten by such a snappy disposition, and so they get snappy too.

You have noticed, furthermore, the snappy merchant. After you have asked for a certain style of goods he halts before showing them, as much as to say, "Do you really want to buy, or are you among those who do nothing but go a-shopping, and are you going to take up my time for nothing?" He talks over the counter in exasperating monosyllables. When you point out a defect in the fabric, he asks, "Do you expect to find anything perfect under the sun?" While you are meditating whether or not you had better take the goods, he says, "You need not have it if you don't want it?" As you quietly suggest that you saw something a little cheaper at the next store, he howls at you, "Go there and get it!" As you go out he slams the door after you and you go down the street with irritations all over you, just because you came in contact with a snappy merchant.

Suavity is an art that we all need to cultivate. It pays to be gentleman or lady. Porcupines are fit for nothing but museums. Most of us need to have a smoothing-iron run over our tempers. Many people get up to a cherry heat at a moment's notice and do not always cool off so quickly. Some are like hot journals on the railway cars,—a little friction, and, lo! they are on fire, and it takes ice and salt and waste and time to get things running smoothly; and then there is no saying when they will be on fire again. If we had more of the spirit of Him, concerning Whom it was said, "Grace is poured into Thy lips," we would all cease being snappy.

CROAKING FARMERS.

We rise to give out the hymn. It is the two hundred and seventy-sixth of "Shovel and Hoe Harmony:"

' Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know. '

The agriculturists will all join in, while some Lancaster farmer gives the key-note with his pitchfork, and we are favored with drill and threshing machine accompaniment. The outdoor life of our country friends now begins. We hope that they will plough up more health and good cheer than ever before. Standing and walking so much in the sunshine, they ought to be bright and gladsome. The breath of the fields and woods ought to make them healthy. Their hard work ought to sharpen their appetite three times a day, and afford them eight or nine hours of sound sleep. We pray for their freedom from flood and drought, weevil and curculio; that there may be no long storms after they get the grain down, no ring-boned or spavined horses at the time when they want all the teams, no hollow-horn to depress the cows, no gaps for the rising generation of chickens, no incursion of neighbors' cattle into the bean-patch. We shall have a prosperous agricultural year. "How do you know?" cry out the rural population. "What sign in sky or ground or atmosphere do you judge by?" Our reason for thinking so is that it is almost always so. The good Lord has a way of abundantly blessing the fields. When

one crop fails others make it up, as blind eyes almost always insure superexcellent ears. In the last six thousand years we do not believe that there have been twenty that might be called dead failures. We are certain that this year, with not more than one or two exceptions of crops, we shall have large peaches, luxuriant corn, golden wheat, sound potatoes, rich grass, and great affluence of turnips, celery, cabbage, and squash. While you are guessing by the moon, or the squirrel's storage of nuts, or the state of the mountain stream, or the almanac, as to what is coming to pass, we refer to the first agricultural journal ever written, and find in it: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

GAUDY CHRISTIANS.

There seems to be in the churches a great strife raging. It is an Austerlitz of ribbons. The carnage of color is seen all over our religious assemblages. Along on the outskirts of the Sabbath audiences you see, here and there, a picket of fashion. But down in the middle of the church are the solid columns, blazing away all through the service. Five hundred "broken and contrite hearts" covered up in rainbows and spangles. Followers of the "meek and lowly Nazarene" all a-jingle and a-flash. Ten cents for the missionary cause, and two hundred and fifty dollars for trappings. Church of God hung by the neck with gold chains, diamond-locked. Unsophisticated person traveling on two yards of silk, dragged by the lady going up the aisle in front of him. Diamonds enough to give all India the Gospel. The item of dress among Christian people on the Sabbath day is an outrage on the Christian religion.

For graceful and beautiful apparel we have admiration. But this strife in Christian circles as to who shall excel in costly millinery, and who shall dash up to the church door in gayest turn-out, and who shall make the most blazonment of wardrobe, is one of the great hindrances to religious advancement. Our ladies' hats and shawls are so fine that on rainy days we are afraid to go to church, lest we get a drop on them. Our headgear is worth more than our souls. We teeter and swagger up the aisles, to the disgust of good men and the grief of angels. Enough money is expended by the Christians of our city, in excess of the requisite out-

lay for dress, to relieve all the poverty, and educate all the ignorance, and balk all the crime. Much of the piety of our churches is being smothered under shirred basques and jabot ruffles and Louisines. Some of our Christian gentlemen have boots so tight they can hardly walk in paths of righteousness, and they feel in church more like swearing than praying, because their corns hurt; and our Christian women shut out the sun of righteousness by twenty-dollar parasols, lace-trimmed, silk-lined, silver-mounted. The poor are kept out of church because their plain apparel looks so bad in the contrast.

We want a great ecclesiastical reformation in this matter of Sabbath accoutrement. Shoo these religious peacocks out of the house of God. By your example make subdued and modest costume more popular than gaudy apparel. Do not put so much dry-goods on your back that you cannot climb into glory. You cannot sail into the harbor of heaven with such a rigging as that. They would level their guns at you as being a blockade runner.

RUTS AND ANTI-RUTS

The Church is divided into two parties,—the Ruts and the Anti-Ruts. The former are in favor of driving along in just the way that all the preceding religious vehicles have gone. They want ministers to run their sermons along the same established grooves, and their prayers. Anything new in manner or modes is frightful. They say, “Who ever heard of such a thing? My father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather never did. These young fellows are disorganizers and iconoclasts. Their front wheels have got out of the ruts. Pull these innovators off of the box. They are not fit to drive. By some strong ecclesiastical pry let us get the clerical wagon down up to the hubs in the old crevices.”

But the Anti-Ruts would rather be out than in the old grooves. Yet they want to be sure that they are on the right road. It is the terminus they are looking after, not so much the way of reaching it. They have rougher riding than those who keep in the ruts. The vehicle sometimes bounces fearfully. Obstacles are apt to be thrown in their way. These persons get now and then a sound jolt; but that is good for dyspepsia. Besides, roughnesses in the road are apt to keep a man wide awake and observant of the scenery. The University of Hard Knocks graduates the best scholars. The Anti-Ruts can more easily change their course if they desire so to do. We like them better than their antagonists. We see no reason why a sermon should have the stereotyped three heads when one head, or

ten heads, would be more convenient and effective; nor why they should begin with an exordium preparing an audience for a discourse, if they happen to be already prepared; nor of postponing the application of a sermon to the close, if you feel like making a running application; nor of sticking to stale modes of illustrating truth, when you know of something else that will shake the people up more effectively; nor why a Church should be conducted like all other Churches, when you think you have a better plan. Three cheers for the Anti-Ruts.

Let us say to young men that their safety depends in never starting in the old grooves. Get once in the regular ruts, and you cannot get out without breaking the shafts, or twisting the tire off the wheel. We have seen teamsters by the quarter of an hour trying to get the carts out of the old track; and the horses sweated, and the driver lost his patience. If a young man starts in the rut at eighteen, he will be in the rut at eighty. An old fogy at twenty-one is fearful. He is an Egyptian mummy, fit only for the shelf of a museum and to be laid away amid fossiliferous specimens.

WATERING PLACES.

Among the fashionable pleasure seekers who in the summer months take wing and fly to the watering—perhaps we should say brandy and watering—places are the following classes: 1. Those who violate the physical law nine months of the year, eating gluttonously and drinking intemperately, and who hope to rinse themselves into the sweetness and purity of health during a three months' spree at Saratoga, at Niagara Falls, at Long Branch, or at some other place of popular resort. They sit up late; they dance all night (unless the gout has a mortgage on the light fantastic toe); they eat indigestible suppers; they drink immense quantities of logwood and whiskey, and other *dye* stuffs, and when the season is over they return to their homes with lighter purses and heavier hearts.

2. Politicians meet at such points to make up slates for a prospective canvass. They are generally sleek, fat, and well-fed men, who look wise, although many of them are otherwise. They punctuate their conversation with oleaginous oaths, and wash their throats with wine. Some of them seem to stagger under the official loads they carry. With exceptional instances, their heads are disproportioned to the size of their waistcoats, and after dinner their speech would not stand the analysis of grammar and good taste. Even the nominations made by such men have a vinous smell, and the pillars that support their platform look like lager-beer casks.

3. Fast men are sure to be present where pleasure has a

loose rein. They are fast eaters, fast drinkers, fast drivers, but they are slow to think. Their heaven is a sort of celestial hippodrome, where they can ride on swift horses around a ring and win the stakes. They can play at cards "professionally." They are famous, not to say infamous, for making pools, not like the one in Bethsaida, for angels never move in them, and they have no healing qualities. The spelling of the word should be changed to suit their calling, for they are like tadpoles, they live in the scum; they are amphibious, although the water they use is adulterated with rum, and their legs, like those of the tadpoles, seem to come out of their pockets suddenly, after which they hop about in bar-rooms and ball-rooms and even in drawing-rooms, and they become great toads in little puddles. Their motto is "You bet," and they bet on boat races, on horse races, and on the human race.

4. Fops are at the resort of fashion what dummies are in front of dry-goods stores,—they show what the tailor and the haberdasher can do for a man. Sensible ladies laugh at them and put them on a footing with lap-dogs. We have not space to speak of the matrimonial visitors; of the gorgeous butterflies, whose great trunks are the chrysalides out of which they get their wings; of the invalids seeking health; of the tired toilers from the study and the shop in pursuit of rest and recreation; of the good and noble men and women whose pleasant faces are a benediction, and whose labors of love are a blessing. They are the only visible angels that move the healing waters.

LARGE AND SMALL GAME.

Our boy, gun over shoulder, went out for game yesterday. His anticipation, like that of other hunters, was large. It is the season for ducks, and ducks he wanted or nothing. He saw during the morning a great many robins, and says he could easily have bagged them, and for the practical purposes of the table they are almost as good as ducks. But he despised the smaller game, determined upon the larger, and came home without anything. As he set down his gun we laughed to see how the analogy runs all through life. We told him he ought to have brought down the robins and been sure of them, and taken the ducks also if he could. But men as well as boys make the same mistake. They despise the smaller successes of life in their tramp for greater ones. We are all out for rare game, and so miss much that is valuable in ordinary affairs. Young men will not save five dollars, because they are not a thousand. Christians neglect opportunities of plain usefulness, because they cannot do something extraordinary. Not robins, but ducks.

We have noticed that those who will not serve God and society on a small scale fail completely. Because they cannot be eloquent they are stolidly silent. Because they cannot endow a college, they will not help a poor widow who has lost her cow. Because in the hunt of life they cannot bring down something large and fat and memorable, they come in at the evening of their days and set down their gun chagrined and gameless. Despising robins, and ambitious for ducks, they get neither.

FRETTING.

There are two ways of taking warm days. We can fret and fume and complain of the heat, look at the thermometer twenty times a day, and gaze in despair from the blistering pavement to the burning sky. We can be as miserable as we please, and all the palm-leaf fans in the world will fail to cool our unhappy tempers. On the other hand, we can accept the situation. We can avail ourselves of all the comfort there may be about us, and we can quietly go through our business, giving no thought, and certainly no aggrieved thought, to the heat. It would be very pleasant, of course, to spend midsummer days rocking in a boat, with the cool salt spray blowing in our faces, or swinging in a hammock, lulled by the cradling murmur of the wind among the oaks. But if we must follow our duty-path, and it keeps us in a close office, or a closer kitchen, or wielding a hammer, or stitching at a machine, we shall make matters worse rather than better by continual self-bemoaning.

It is a glorious thing to have got where we can stand on the Apostle's platform, and say from the heart, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." In the end, a child of God is sure to conquer circumstances, however adverse, and it is a shame that any one, in whose nature are infinite possibilities, should let himself be conquered by any infelicities of passing life.

These warm days are so affluent, so abounding in vitality, —though they drain us a little of our vital force, it is only to give it back by and by in larger measure. They are so

rich in beauty. How many summer-dressed hill-sides, just now, are like roseate walls, carved in the coralline clusters of the laurel, from top to bottom, over all their dimpling slopes. How many lovely lakes laugh in the morning, under the white and golden glory of the lilies. How green and graceful are the ferns that grow in shadowy places. How sweet are the bird-songs, poured out through the soft expectancy of the dawn. In the city parks, how velvet are lawns and swards, close-clipped, and resting the eye with their verdure. And the dear little city gardens, so tenderly loved and cared for, how burdened they are with fuchsias, and heliotropes, and delicate mignonnette, and lavish petunia. To say nothing of the growing corn, and the ripening fruit, and buckwheat, and the rye, what, on the score of the beautiful alone, should we do without the long warm days?

HELPLESS PEOPLE.

They are not necessarily halt, maimed, sick, old, or decrepid. On the contrary, they are sometimes particularly youthful and singularly strong, but they never do anything. We know a woman who lost the first and second fingers of her right hand, who yet does all her family work, carries her neighbors through critical sicknesses, and takes in sewing, wearing her thimble on the third finger. A man who lost both hands contrived an arrangement for fastening garden tools to the stumps of his arms, cultivated his land, and raised vegetables for market. But it is the able-bodied do-nothings we are speaking of. "O, I can't," is their watchword. Great, grown-up babies, or boobies, whichever orthography you prefer. This kind of helplessness is a synonym for uselessness, and results from incapacity, or indisposition to effort; not infrequently from fastidious notions,—a farcical idea of gentility which luxuriates in elegant idleness. Some of these exquisite glory in their ignorance of practical matters. Instance, the city girl, who, when summering with her country cousins, inquired: "Which cow gives the buttermilk?" She might have made an appropriate match with an acquaintance of ours who asked, in all sincerity: "How many gallons of vinegar does it take to pickle a barrel of pork?"

We maintain that no woman is ready to marry until she understands every necessary duty of the household, even if she marry a millionaire. Depend upon it, girls, there is no discharge in this war. You must know how. This

comes, not by looking on, but by taking hold, and keeping hold, till home duties are easy to you. O, the women who weep and wail over starch that sticks, and bread that sours, because they don't know what is the matter! Helpless, hapless, creatures, over whom Bridget and Dinah reign supreme! Such helplessness is utterly incompatible with independence and comfort. Should Bridget "lave ye," let her not turn from your door with a secret chuckle at thought of the chagrin in store for you because you are a novice in the kitchen. For your own sake be mistress of the situation. Your servants will respect you none the less for seeing that you understand their business. We live in a world of common things, ignorance of which is inexcusable. Nor be for a moment content with theory. It is unreliable, deceptive. Reduce it to practice. "What! with our own hands?" Yes, with your own dear little hands, lest some day the following paraphrase may fit you too well:

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are jewelled, white, and small;
With shapely fingers tapering,
But good for nothing at all,"

You may put on some old kids when you sweep, and improvise a turban of a cast-off veil; but take hold of everything from arranging a bouquet to blacking a stove. We sometimes think that our degree of strength should be the only limitation in the line of practical feminine accomplishments. Your good judgment will forbid your lifting tubs of wet clothes (better spoon them out first), or doing everything in one day.

We fear there are young ladies in the world who fancy that languid helplessness is interesting. They could hardly get a meal together if they would, and they would not if they could. Others cannot make their own beds, but they

can traverse miles of flagging when weighted and freighted with dry-goods.

Cultivate helpfulness. The first step in this direction is thoroughly to help ourselves. Then we shall be qualified to help others. However aristocratic you may deem it to be waited upon, you will sometimes find it very convenient to be able to wait upon yourself. Some people never seem to see anything to be done around them. From a failure in the conception of circumstances, or from willing obtuseness, they may be in ever so busy a family, and fail to relieve the overtaxed wife and mother by so much as lifting a burden with one of their little fingers. They are not to be counted upon in their own home, and are unwelcome guests in others. In refreshing contrast to such a nonentity is the helpful friend, the sight of whom lightens your heart, because she is conceded to be "a host" in every emergency. There seems to be nothing which she cannot do.

We have heard it hinted that there are helpless men, who cannot complete their toilet unaided; foiled by the mysteries of cuff buttons and bosom studs. For want of space we must turn them over to the tender mercies of their wives.

Helpfulness must be acquired for our own sakes, since it is declared that "every man shall bear his own burden." It must also be attained for the sake of others, for without it we cannot obey the command: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

PLAYING DOG.

Our three-year-old youngster insists on our dropping the pen, and playing dog. It seems to be her model idea of sport. All that she demands is that we get down on our hands and knees, and advance rapidly, with a bark not natural to our human species. It being a moderate demand, we undertake to gratify it, and succeed as well as could be expected. We thought at the time how many are engaged unwittingly in this game of playing dog. There are so many men after each other in all occupations and professions, with sharp teeth and threatening bark, that it seems as if all the spite and enmity of men were being unkenneled: merchants after merchants, clergymen after clergymen, doctors after doctors, politicians after politicians. They are doing what our little girl demanded of us. They are "playing dog." They bite and devour each other. They get on the track, and run down their game. Sometimes it is the great mastiff after the small rat-terrier. Then it is little poodle after great Newfoundland. If men want to go a-hunting why do they not go after that which ought to be hunted? There are all the foxes of human deceit, and the roaring lions of infernal cruelty and hate that ought to be pursued. Whistle up all your dogs for this chase. Keep them in the leash till the right moment comes, and then, with clap of hand, and stamp of foot, and halloo of voices, set them on the black brood of death. When there are so many horned and hooped and tusked enemies of God and man to be overtaken and brought to grief, there is not much use in social life that men should spend their time "playing dog."

SUMMER VISITORS.

The dog-days are upon us, and everybody is on the go, less particular as to where they go as that they do not stay at home. Everybody wants a change. Inhabitants of the south shore of Long Island have a way of going to Massachusetts for the summer; the people of Massachusetts fly to the sea-shore. It is a game of "Puss-in-the-corner" all around. Everybody who can changes residence with somebody else; and the pawns, the bishops, the knights, the kings, and the queens, all change places on the chess-board. Even the President hies off to Long Branch, and the minister drops the "Rev," takes off his white cravat and puts on a black one, and attempts to pass himself off for a layman. Some ministers have been known to laugh and poke their acquaintances under the ribs; some have been seen to run, hop, skip, and jump, and some ministers—we say it sadly—have even been known to go crabbing.

Well, all want recreation and relaxation, and all ought to get it and ought to enjoy it; and there is no better place than off in some quiet retreat where fashion is not known; where are green leaves and blossoming fields; where the forests, God's first temples, invite the nature-worshiper, or where the sea sounds its diapason all the night long. Let who will go to the crowded hotels; but, if our friends will believe it, the real rest and comfort are to be found in the thousand homesteads throughout the country where they take boarders "just for the summer;" where they give you good, plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it; where "a

little more butter" does not mean twenty-five cents, and where all the water there is in the milk is first drank in by the cow in her own most excellent way.

Just here, though, there is one thing our recreating friends are apt to forget. Because they have got to a new place where they know no one and have no Church ties, they say to themselves: "I guess I won't go to church;" and they prove themselves wonderfully good guessers, for they do not go. "It's too hot," or "He is not much of a preacher," or some excuse of the kind. Friends, with health, with time at your command, blessed by God as you are, cannot you afford to go to that little country church, join in the singing, though it is not as good as that of your quartette choir at home, and listen to the sermon, though it may not have the fire, the rounded sentences, and the eloquent peroration of the Rev. Mr. Cicero? Drink in all the blessings of the country; thank God for so much His bounty spreads before you for your enjoyment, and then, when the first day of the week is come, surely you can afford to give an hour to joining with His people in the confession of sin, the hymn of praise, and in the consideration of His words, whose waters flow unceasingly, and drinking which they shall so satisfy you that you shall never thirst again.

WASTED WOMANHOOD.

I will suppose that a young woman omits her opportunity of making home happy. 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 go into other possession, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which, last Thanksgiving Day, 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. It will be too late to correct mistakes. 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 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 woman, 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. O, 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 kindnesses performed ere the dying hand dropped on you a benediction and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the worn-out 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 to deride their influence; and on the day when you follow 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! O, 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, mother at the other 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!

Again: I will suppose that a young woman spends her whole life, or wastes her young womanhood, in selfish display. Worldliness and frivolity may seem to do very well while the lustre is in the eye, and the flush is on the cheek, and the gracefulness is in the gait; but when years and trouble have clipped off those embellishments, what a life to think of! O, if there be nothing to remember but flowers that faded, and splendid apparel that is worn out, and brilliant groups that are scattered! Belshazzar's feast is full of sport until the tankards are upset and the enemy marches in, and nothing is left but torn garlands, and the slush of the wine cup, and the rind of despoiled fruit, and fright, and terror, and woe. Alas! Alas! Alas! then. Better than that sinful banqueting, a plain table with plain loaf and a plain companionship, with a blessing at the start and a thanksgiving at the close of the meal. When the trinkets are all gone; when the gay feet have halted; when the revel is done—what then? What then? I go into her dying room. I see that there are lace fans to cool her cheek, and gorgeous upholstery to shield her eyes, and a godless group to look down on the scene; but no pleasant memory of the past, no hopeful consideration of the future. She worshipped her own eye, or cheek, or wardrobe, and her god has cast her off. Like Queen Elizabeth in the last hour, she writhes on the couch, and clutches the air, and cries: "A kingdom for an hour!" In the theatre, it is the tragedy first, and it is the farce afterward; but that young woman has reversed the order in her life. It is first the farce of a useless existence, followed by the tragedy of a lost eternity. The actress asked in her closing moments that all the jewels might be brought that had been presented to her by foreign courts; and as they were brought in the casket, and with her pale and dying hand she turned over the diamonds, she said: "O, you dear jewels, what a pity it is that I have to

part with you so soon!" The pleasures, the adornments, the riches of this world are a poor satisfaction to us in the last hour! We want something grander, deeper, better.

Again: I will suppose that a young woman wastes her opportunity of doing good. There is no age in life when a woman can accomplish so much for Christ, I believe, as between sixteen and twenty-five. But now suppose those years have passed along and she has come to the afternoon of life, or to the eternal world, and she looks back and says: "O, how much sickness there was in that day in which I lived my girlhood life; how much sickness there was: and I never alleviated any of it. There were all those children that I might have picked out of the street fifteen years ago, but who are to-day in houses of abandonment because I did not, while they were in childhood, come to the rescue. There are twenty, thirty, forty years which I might have made tell for the welfare of the world which I then lived in, all gone for nothing and worse than nothing." Can you tell me any place dark enough for such a soul to weep in? "To think; there was that city of Brooklyn, with scores of thousands of poor, wretched, suffering, groaning, bleeding, blaspheming, dying people; scores of them and scores of them, and thousands and thousands of them; and I lifted no hand of help, I uttered no word of comfort." O, to crawl away into eternity without a crown or a plaudit, when you might have entered hailed by a bannered procession and a great shout from all the battlements. I would to God that all the young women of this congregation might rise up in soul to-day, and say: "O Lord, here I am for time and eternity. If there is anything in my arm, anything in my look, anything in my soul, anything in my vivacity, it is all Thine and, Thine forever."

Again: I will suppose that a young woman omits her opportunity of personal salvation. A great multitude of

women have gone into heaven, led on by Deborah and Hannah and Abigail and Elizabeth and Mary of Bible story, and the gates of heaven are open for women's entrance. The Lord never yet thrust one out. He who pitied the Syrophenician woman and who raised the damsel to life, is ready to-day to give resurrection to every woman's soul. But suppose now that you cast all these things behind your back, and in the close of life, or in the eternal world, you look back upon this state of things and this state of opportunity, how will you feel? Do you suppose there will be any organ with wailing stops enough to utter your lamentation? How strange it is that there are intelligent women who will just trample under foot the jewels of their immortal souls, and travel on in darkness and in sin, when God's chariots are harnessed to wheel them up the king's highway! O, to sit down at the close of life and to feel: "All my opportunities are gone. No Cross. No Christ. No God. No heaven. With a lifetime that might have been made a triumphal march to glory, I have despoiled everything with selfishness and with sin." O God! what will such an one do? What apology will such an one make? Having fought back and fought down all the advantages of a lifetime, such an one will stand on the banks of the cold river, wringing the hands while tears drop into the foaming flood, crying "How have I hated instruction and my heart despised reproof. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." What can soothe such a grief as that? Could all the music of the earth play down that dirge? Could all the flowers of the earth, gathered in one garland and flung on the soul, bury up that sepulchre of dead hope? Could all the pearls and diamonds and jewels of the earth buy her out of that captivity? Nay. Nay. Opportunity gone, is gone forever. Privileges wasted, wasted forever. The soul lost, lost forever.

ANOTHER FOOL.

We thought that the days of duelling had passed; but it seems that a doctor, a few days ago, challenged the proprietor of a factory to mortal combat on account of slanderous utterances. Here is the letter, poor spelling and all:

“ Mr.——

“ Sir I understand from *Good Authority* that you have been *defaming my character* I grant you the *privilege* of choosing between Long and Short Soards or pistols and the *time* and *place*. You will meet me with your *Second*. Waiting a reply I remain

—— M. D.”

It is a mystery to us how the taking of another's life can cure defamation. If the proprietor of the soap factory was guilty of slander, he ought, to say the least, to have been dropped into one of his own vats,—the most appropriate punishment for falsehood being a plunge in lye. But not knowing either of the parties, nor the charges made, we are disposed to think that the derogatory statements were true, for duelling is murder, and if a man wishes to commit murder, we are ready to think him guilty of any other possible crime. Life is short enough at the longest, and we had better not do anything toward its abbreviation. The world is large enough for us and our emenies. If Doctor Stevens and Mr. Languette cannot stand it anywhere near each other, we propose that the Doctor set up medical practice on Montauk Point, and the proprietor start a soap factory in the south of Florida. That will be safest for them, being beyond the reach of each other's short swords, and it would be an improvement to all the intermediate neighborhoods.

STARTS AND STOPS.

The mere *starting gives no security*. Lot had started out of the city, but he might have perished half way before he got to the mountains. Men start for heaven, but do not always get there. If my house be burning, and I take a bucket of water and put out the flames in this and that and yonder room, while I leave the flames in another room, I might as well have wasted no strength, and brought no buckets of water at all. The whole thing will be consumed. And if a man is only half saved, he is not saved at all. Ten thousand men start for the kingdom of Christ, but do not get there. They either start too late, or stop before they get there. The *Cambria* started for Scotland, but did not go into port. The *City of Boston* came out from Liverpool harbor with flags flying, but the ocean keeps the awful secret of its burial. There is such a thing as starting for a place and not getting there. There was not one inch of safety anywhere between Sodom and the mountain of refuge. Lot might as well have stayed in his own home, and perished there, as to have perished outside the city.

Last Sabbath night there were men who started for the kingdom, have they got there? Let me say to all such as have not reached that place: there is no rock of shelter where you are; no promise of safety where you are; overtaken by the storm here, you perish. A man has been very sick, doctors have attended him carefully, and he comes up to life again, begins to walk out; but he takes a cold, has a relapse, and in twelve hours he is a dead man. There are men who have been almost cured of their sin; they begin to get well, the heavenly Physician stayed day after day by their soul, they had almost recovered, but not quite;

there came on them a cold draught from the world, there came a relapse, and they were gone. I hear men saying in all sincerity: "Lord, I will believe, I will be a Christian." Will you, now? If not now, to-morrow will take you into the whirl of business and gayety, and you may never think of these things again. There is a man who, forty years ago, became almost a Christian, but not quite. What would have become of the Prodigal Son if he had stopped half-way between the swine trough and his father's house? Why, he might better not have started, but stayed down where he was. The carrots that the swine eat are better than nothing at all. Oh, to have started for heaven and not to get there! If there are any in this house who are in this position I now describe, let me say that you are no more safe in this half and half experience than you were in the time before you began to think, and so I sound the tocsin: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed."

A man after being persuaded out of sin *sometimes looks back*. Lot's wife looked back and perished. Lot himself would have looked back had it not been for the warning of the text. It is very natural that they should. It was their home. All her friends were there; all his friends were there. We become attached to the city of our residence, notwithstanding all its sins. Still it was wrong for them to look back. God forbade it. But are there not persons in this day who start out of their sins, yet look back wistfully for occasional indulgence? Here is a man who started for heaven a year ago. He had been given to dissipation, he has looked back. You are drinking too hard. I believe a moderate drinker may get into heaven, but a hard drinker, never! "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

The snake catches the eye of the bird on the limb; it begins to tremble, and soon slips from the tree branch, and begins to fly down toward the serpent, and soon it is caught in the terrible folds and is gone. The wine cup has been your fascination. You have by it been brought down from the circles in which you once moved, and come down nearer and nearer to the day of your destruction, and after a while you will be caught in the coils of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." *Oh, man, give up drinking, or give up heaven!* There is your choice. A man stood on the scaffold about to be executed, and the sheriff, pulling out his watch, said: You have five minutes to say what you have to say." The dying man said: "Rum ruined me. I had a little brother. I loved him very much. He was a bright-eyed lad. I came home one day intoxicated. My little brother was picking berries in the garden, and for some reason I got mad at him, and I took up an iron rake and with one stroke I killed him. Now I am to die for it, and you ask me what I have to say. It is this: never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." Alas, if once you start for heaven and look back to your earthly dissipation!

Here is another who has made shipwreck in another direction: it has been the house of shame. That Sodom will be the eternal damnation of your soul unless you quit it. "As an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver." So says God, in Proverbs, shall be the doom of all the impure.

Another man is captured by *the convivialities of life*. He has chosen better associates, but says: "I guess I will go down to the room and see the boys a little while." He goes down, and is there one or two hours, and in those two

hours he loses all his good resolutions and all serious impressions. They are witty, they are brilliant, they are smart there; but they are bad, and they ruined him. Oh, how many have started out of such associates, and looked back. How can you look back? "Oh," you say, "it is like plucking out the right eye, it is like cutting off the right arm, for me to give up those habits." Then I say to you in these words of Christ: "It is better that you enter into heaven halt and maimed rather than having two eyes and two hands and two feet to go into the fire that shall not be quenched." How many have looked back and perished. Oh, be not among them. "Escape for thy life."

Some men, having started, *loiter by the way*. They tarry in the plain. They are too lazy to get on. You know that men, in order to get on in this world, must deny themselves and work hard; must go through drudgery, that after a while they may have luxuries. But there are some men too lazy for this life and too lazy to win heaven. If we get to heaven it will be by gathering up all the energies of our souls and hurling them ahead in one grand persistent direction. I have seen within the past week or two people in this place start for heaven, but they loitered by the way, so that ten thousand years would not be long enough for them to get there. In mid ocean, on the *China*, going out, at midnight, the "screw" stopped. "What's the matter?" everybody cried. People rushed out to see why the "screw" had stopped in mid-ocean. Something wrong, or it would not stop in the middle of the Atlantic. So it is a bad sign when men voyaging toward heaven stop half way. It is a sign of infinite peril.

I don't exactly know why Lot and his wife loitered by the way. I think Lot's wife looked back because she thought, after all, it might be a hoax—that there might be no destruction of the city, and she said to herself: "Wouldn't

we feel silly if our property should be confiscated and the city stand undamaged?" Just so there are men now who say it is all talk about a judgment and a long eternity; it is all a hoax. I don't wonder that a man says that who don't believe the Bible; but if a man believe the Bible I don't know how he can say that, because this Bible declares God will turn into hell all the nations that forget Him, and will sweep with the hail of His vengeance the refuges of lies. In the peroration of His sermon on the mount, Christ told how some houses are on the rock and stand, and other houses are on the sand and fall. Oh, this modern religion of sweet oil and sugar-plums, that would make God a nerveless, inert being that the world can run over and He say nothing. While God is so merciful and patient that He will take back the most besotted wretch that ever came to Him for help, He has omnipotent indignation for those who refuse His sway and trample upon His law. Sodom must perish; sin must be crushed, and the whole world acclaim the justice of God.

Perhaps Lot and his wife thought there was no hurry. They may have said: "There is no sign in the heavens; there never was a more beautiful day than this. We suppose that when the time comes there will be some sign of it. There will be a rumbling in the earth, or there will be an ominous shadow on the hills." They were mistaken. I suppose it came in an eye-twinkle. One moment mirth and song, the next volcanic eruption and bursting cloud and horrible obliteration. Men now tarry in the plain of sin and say, "There is no hurry." My dear friend, there is every reason to hurry. What if your breath should stop. Where would you be? Where would you go? I don't ask you to take my poor words about the brevity and uncertainty of life. Ask any commercial man whose kind of business necessitates that he calculate the length of human life—ask

him in his business what he thinks of the uncertainty of human existence. "Oh," says some man, "I shall repent on my sick bed." Will you? The last sickness, as far as I have observed it, is generally divided into two parts. The first half of that final sickness is spent in the expectation of getting well, in the discussion of doctors and different styles of medicines; the last half in delirium, or in stupidity, or a consternation which prohibits religious thought. So that I take it for granted that the poorest place on earth for a man to repent of sin and prepare for heaven is on his deathbed. In the first half of that sickness he will expect to get well, and in the last half of it he will not be fit to think. What a foolish thing it is to tarry in the plain, when more people perish between Sodom and the mountains than actually perish inside the city. A gentleman was telling me, a night or two ago, walking up the street, of a lady who said: "I will repent and turn to God in six months. I have made up my mind deliberately to that, and when I make up my mind I stick to it. In six months I mean to be a Christian." Three of the six months passed along, and one evening, at the expiration of the three months, she said to some one who was talking on serious subjects, "Just three months more and I will attend to it." The next morning they knocked at her door. She gave no answer. They went in. She had passed up to reckon with God. Oh, man immortal! woman immortal! tarry not in the plain. If it were a mere matter of temporal peril, I could not help but be interested in you. If I saw your house kindling with flames, I could not help but cry out, "Fire, Fire!" If I saw you smitten with some terrible disease, I would run for medicament; but when I find it is the soul that is in disease and in peril, I feel like coming, and with almost a violence of earnestness crying, "Why will you die?"

RELIGIOUS INDECISION.

The indecision of *those who do not know what is the time to attend to religion*. There are two clarion voices in that man's soul. The one says: "Now." The other says: "To-morrow." I do not pretend to say which is the best time. Choose yourself, as to which is the best time. Perhaps it is better to put off this matter of religion for ten years. If so, drop the whole subject now. Just as a judge in court sets down a trial for three months ahead, and does not bother himself about the trial until that day comes, so set down a day for your conversion, ten years from now. If you can keep the world all these ten years, and at the close of that time can take Christ, will it not be better than to take him now? Decided, then, let it be, that ten years from now, in 1896, you will attend to it. Or, if you be in robust health and your prospects are very fair, then put it off twenty years—put it down for 1906. But I hear some one say: "How if an accident should take me off before that? How if I should lose my reason before that? How if my day of grace should end before that? How if the Holy Spirit should leave my soul before that? How if the avalanche of my transgressions should crush me before that? How if I should lift my eyes on hell before that?" Oh, I see the point you make. You mean to say: I think that it may be now or never. I think you mean to say that of a million souls lost, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine are lost through procrastination.

I think you mean to say that there is not more than one soul in a century, that goes into the lost world through anything but putting it off. I think you mean to say that, if in the doomed world it was asked that all those should rise up who have been destroyed through procrastination, that they would all rise up, crying out: "We lost heaven by putting it off!" Oh, if around that one word "now," there clusters all heaven; if around that one word "to-morrow," there hiss the forked tongues of despair, then perhaps to-night you had better decide the matter, one way or the other, and say: "Oh, Lord God, this moment I surrender myself into thy keeping;" or else say: "I put this matter off for twenty years. Witness, heaven, earth and hell, that I am not afraid to take the responsibility." If you had to go out of the gate of my church, you would not find a street leading directly to the North. You will have to go East or West, up or down Schermerhorn Street; and it is just so about your soul—you cannot go straight leaving that church; you will either go to the right or to the left; you will either go toward God or toward Baal, toward light or toward darkness. You have started, already, on a journey that will never end. The foot will stiffen, and the lungs will fail to catch the air, and over the eyes there will come a film that will shut out the light of the sun, and moon, and stars, and your body will stop; but your soul will go on, on; up, up; or down, down, through Edens or deserts; along rivers of light, or by Marahs of eternal bitterness; under palm or bramble; across homesteads or hovels; halting at the hall filled with music at the marriage of the king's son; or halting where Despair, with skeleton arms, shall beat the drum with the "Dead March" of the soul: "Woe! Woe!"

Again let us look at the indecision of those who try to serve the world and Christ at the same time by compromis-

ing the matter. You want to go into Christian society, but you want to keep your old cronies. You want to come to the prayer meeting, but you want also to go into dissipating society. You want to have Christ in one hand; you want to have the world in the other hand. You want to be characterized for Christian society, and yet you are not willing to give up the double damning influence of the wine cup. You are halting half way between God and Baal. Oh, that I might persuade you to do one thing or the other. You are in a most unsatisfactory position. You shrink back from the world, and you are losing its friendships and its joys, while on the other hand you are getting no advantage from the other side. You are halting in a desert. Three miles to the right there is a fountain, and three miles to the left there is a fountain. I do not pretend to say which fountain is the best; but I do say that either is better than standing down in the desert. If you do not mean to go clear over to God, then go clear over to the world. But if you would really like to come on the side where the martyrs stood, if you would like to be on the side where your old-fashioned Christian father and mother used to stand, if you would like to be on the side where the one hundred and forty and four thousand radiant and tearless ones are standing, if you really have a longing after that side and finally to join those who are unbesieged of sin and sorrow and trouble—then go over on that side. Do not die of thirst in a path across which there come a thousand buckets dripping from the spring. Do not starve on the doorstep of heaven, while within you hear the clash of the golden platters. Do not stand scraping the discordant strings of that worn out instrument, when you may join the minstrelsy of God and the Lamb.



AIMED
AT
DANGERS ^{TO} _{BE} AVOIDED.



DANGEROUS DELAYS.

MY friends, this business of the King is not only important, it is urgent.

In other words, if not attended to right away, it may never be attended to at all. There are those, for instance, who propose—Christian people who propose—that after a while they will be consecrated, after a while they will be diligent students of the Scriptures, after a while they will be importunate in prayer. Oh, what good Christians you and I mean to be after a while! Meanwhile our day of grace is going. Meanwhile our opportunities are going. Out with your Bibles and begin to read! Down on your knees and begin to pray! The business of the store, the office, the shop, the street, is interfering with the King's business. Up, man, the King's business requires haste—haste!

In Berne, Switzerland, it was the custom for many years to have the clocks one hour ahead of the real time, and it came from this fact: many years before an army had besieged the city, and they had the stratagem that when the cathedral of that city struck twelve all the forces from all sides should advance. And so they waited for the hour to come. After a while the cathedral tower by mistake struck one instead of twelve, and the surrounding enemy thought they had lost their opportunity, they were an hour short the time. They felt it too late to start, they gave up the stratagem, and the city was saved. And then by public decree, and for many years, in remembrance of that deliverance

all the clocks of the city were kept one hour ahead of time, and they struck one when it was twelve, and they struck twelve when it was eleven. Oh, Christian men and women, set your clocks on, set your clocks on! Better come too early than come too late. "The King's business requires haste!—haste!"

We have—I am speaking of Christian people now—we have a fatal deliberation. We sit in church wondering how the world is to be saved. We fold our hands in great and protracted thought. We really wonder how we and how the church of God had better go to work. Meanwhile we decide that after a while the millennium will start. If the millennium starts next year there will be six millions of people that it will not touch—six millions of people who will die this year. All the influence that you and I and Christian people have upon the six million people who will die this year, must be exerted within twelve months. The work with some of them must be within one month, within one week, within one day, within one hour. So that I feel flashed upon my soul this idea, that this opportunity never returns. We might come together again at some other place, but it would not be just this opportunity. Then there are those to whom I come this moment to whom I will never come again. And this is the hour. I cannot say to-morrow. I cannot say to-night, I cannot say this afternoon. Now is the time.

Have you never heard that your neighbor was sick and afterward you said within yourself: "Now, that man has made no preparation for the eternal world, and we are good friends, and I must go over and talk to him about his soul?" But that day you were busy and could not go, you thought. The next day you were busy and could not go. The third day you went and you pulled the bell at the door, and the

door was opened, and you said: "How is he to-day?" and the servant replied, "He is dead." "Oh," you say, "that can't be possible! How long has he been dead?" "Five minutes." May God have mercy on that Christian man who comes five minutes too late.

Do you not realize—the thought sometimes comes upon me oppressively, that your mental faculties may fail after a while, before you had attended to the things that pertain to your soul's welfare? The ratio of ruined intellects in this country is increasing year by year. There is something in our climate that urges people to such extremes, and there is such a pressure upon our active business men, that sometimes mental disorders come and put an end to the man's prospects of repentance. He had plenty of time of illumined mental faculty to attend to the matter, but he procrastinated until his mental faculties fell from the throne. *Pythagoras* had such a morbid idea about the importance of studying philosophy, that he with a string tied the hair of his head to a beam, so that if at any time he began to slumber and his head nodded, the pain would awaken him. So there are now men who have such a morbid idea that they must be busy and attend to this, and attend to that, and the other thing, and the strain is too great for them, and the most brilliant men of business, and the most brilliant men of professional life, are finding their intellects given way.

Now, suppose that while a man has the opportunity of attending to the great work for which his mind was given him, suppose he neglects that, and suppose his mind perishes, what then? A slip, a fall, a sudden stroke on the head, some affliction for which you are not ready may destroy the intellect. And do you really think if your intellect perished that you would have no responsibility in the fact that for many years, with an unclouded mind, you rejected God? Among

the vast populations in the asylums, or carefully guarded in private abodes, there are those who for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years expected to be Christians, but after a while *mental disorders* fell upon them, and though now they are not responsible, and though they should not be brought into account for anything they do while under mental eclipse, do you not really think they will be brought into an account for the long years when they were not under mental eclipse? Oh, while you have your full reason, put it to the grandest use in weighing eternity against time! While you have your will, put it to the grandest use in coming to God. While you have your brilliant imagination, put it to the grandest use in bringing around you the realities of the eternal world. Do not let that brilliant torch go out until you find the road to heaven. "The King's business requires haste."

In one of the asylums of Massachusetts there is a man who for many years was wrought upon by the Holy Spirit of God and refused to yield his soul to the divine service. His mental faculties failed after a while, and now, week after week, and month after month, and year after year, I am told, he says only one thing, and he says it day and night: "If I only had!"

Beside that, this truth comes upon us with great force when we have the consideration that all must admit, that after a while God's patience might be exhausted.

It is indisputable that there are men in mid life, or in early life, or in old age who so aggravatingly reject the Gospel that God lets them alone. They slam the door of the soul in God's face and tell Him to begone. Eternal affront is given, and in the book from which no erasures are made their name is recorded among the doomed. Let a man cross the line which separates God's mercy from His indignation, let a man cross that line one inch, and he is as badly off as though he

had gone ten thousand furlongs beyond. Oh, before the door is shut, enter! Before the ship sails, get on board! "The King's business requires haste—haste!"

Beside that, this truth comes upon me with the greater force when I remember that our earthly stay is uncertain. How I was thrilled when a little piece of paper was handed to me one morning, announcing the departure of one who only a little while before had as much life and health as we have! We are all *living on borrowed capital*, and know not when it may be called in. There is no map of the great future into which we are traveling. No explorer has gone there and come back to tell us how it is. We feel our way along, knowing not when the lion may spring upon us from the jungle.

There are so many ways of getting out of life: by fall, by assassination, by overwork, by malaria, by insidious disease, by misplaced railroad switch, by rotten bridge, by fractious horse, by falling wall. Suddenly the curtain falls and the lights are put out, and we go so quickly. Our passage from this life to the next is quicker than I could drop my handkerchief from one hand to the next. The clock ticks one moment and we are here. The clock ticks the next moment and we are in eternity. And what if we die not prepared? Can there be any sorrow greater than that? Who can imagine the horror of that undoing? If I have had—for I make it a personal matter with myself—if I have had twenty, thirty, forty years of opportunity for repentance, and have not genuinely repented, what then? There can be no rectification of blunders beyond the dead line.

There is no place in the grave to pray. The rider of the pale horse spurs on his steed, and we know not at what moment he may be pounding at the gate for admittance. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," "The King's business requires haste."

Do you know how near Aaron Burr came to being a Christian? While in Princeton College a revival of religion came, and Aaron Burr, powerfully wrought upon by his sense of sin, was about to fly to God for refuge and pardon, when he happened to meet one of those ministers of the Gospel who do not believe in revivals, and the minister said: "Oh, that is all fanaticism,—that you get in the college there is all fanaticism!" And Aaron Burr shook off his religious impressions, and went that dreadful path of ruin and licentiousness and abomination that has been conspicuous to all the years since, and is as infamous as anything in American history. Almost in the kingdom of God, but not quite. One little push in the wrong way sent him down. There is a sea-flower called the opalette.

It is very beautiful, it is exquisite in color and shape, it is as beautiful as anything that ever bloomed, but it is poisonous, and the little fish comes and touches it, and struggles and dies. And then there are other petals to the flower that sweep around and take the fish down into the dead bosom. Oh, sin is beautiful sometimes, exquisitely beautiful! Oh, how attractive it is, how it puts forth an exquisite bloom! But *it is poisonous*, and if it touches a soul, the soul is poisoned. And those petals of sin reach out after my soul, and reach out after your soul, and only this glorious net of the Gospel sweeping around can take us out and take us up. Hear you not the music drop from the throne? "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, that is what we want! Rest, rest!

THE GODLESS HUSBAND.

A woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time 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 club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital 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 be delivered from irrevocable mistake !

Avoid affiancing 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 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 almshouse 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 whiskey, 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 cannot 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 any one 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 as 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 and 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.

THE UNFAITHFUL MOTHER.

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 slatternness 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 descend from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart man 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 man 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 books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

THE PLATFORM WOMAN.

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 dare to interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can reinforce 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 ay or no, 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 an one with one of these die-away, 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, 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 thousand 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 farmhouse 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 Loises 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 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 house.

TEASING.

In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because if a daughter is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot 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 incomes for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father lay 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 his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels 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 do not 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 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 murderess.

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, the heroine of her day, 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 begins to turn white, and gets 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 sisters, is your success. His victories will be your victories; for, while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red 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 horse 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, quarrelling 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.

THE INFIDEL CAROUSAL.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace. Rushing up to the gates are chariots upholstered with precious cloth from Dedan and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grass by the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women dressed in all the splendor of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and chasteness, coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cupbearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks and to the carol of the music. See the blaze of the jewels. Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever.

Ah, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver entwined with leaves, plucked from the royal conservatory. Vases inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite trceries, filled with nuts that were thrashed from forests of different lands. Wine brought from the royal vats foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankin-

cense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opening window bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens.

Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory in jets of crystal to fall in fluttering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroidery stooping about the windows, and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music mingling the thrum of harps and the clash of cymbals and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall, and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim. Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Be-starred headband and coronet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine. Give us more light, wilder music, water perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash, decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song and the drunken hiccough and the slavering lip and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot, and while mingling with it all I hear, "huzza, huzza, for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The

goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Assyrians who for two years had been laying a siege to that city took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners and broken wreaths and the slush of upset tankards and the blood of murdered women and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. "For in that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this, as on former occasions I learned certain lessons. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that people like or that people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will.

If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things, but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight: "Ye generation of vipers! Ye

whited sepulchres! How can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the Apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say: "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man"? No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is.

A minister preached before James I. of England, who was also James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man, who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James 1: 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the seas, driven with the wind."

There is a great difference between the opening of the banquet and of sin at its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said. But you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet. Human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music.

Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and the floors and the arches. And yet how

often is that banquet broken up and how terrible is its end; ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment like an armed host breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain.

Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip-top pitch, death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After a while you may see him standing in the American Senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium like a reckless charioteer seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—North, South, East and West. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills? What

invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Arctic? What fish but our nets must sweep them for the market? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our senates? Ho to the national banquet reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their fruit. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the tanned Carolinian from the rice-swamps, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet.

Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickahominy, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain-fields turned into a pasturing-ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn-fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry? Justice must come. A hand-writing on the wall! The nation has been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet!

THE PERILOUS SEASON.

There is something in the winter season that not only tests our physical endurance, but, especially in the city, tries our moral character. It is the winter months that ruin morally and forever many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night, and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast; but, if our ears were only good enough, we could on any winter night hear the crash of a *hundred moral shipwrecks*. Many who came last September to town by the first of March will have been blasted. It only takes one winter to ruin a young man. When the long winter evenings have come many of our young men will improve them in forming a more intimate acquaintance with books, contracting higher social friendships, and strengthening and ennobling character. But not so with all. I will show you before I get through that at this season of the year temptations are especially rampant, and my counsel is, Look out how you spend your winter nights!

I remark, first that there is no season of the year in which vicious allurements are so active. In warm weather places of dissipation win their tamest triumphs. People do not feel like going, in the hot nights of summer, among the blazing gaslights, or breathing the fetid air of assemblages. The receipts of most grog-shops in a December night are three times what they are in any night in July or August. I doubt not there are larger audiences in the casinos in winter than in the summer weather. Iniquity plies a more

profitable trade. December, January and February are *harvest months for the devil*. The play-bills of the low entertainments are more charming, the acting is more exquisite, the enthusiasm of the spectators more bewitching. Many a young man who makes out to keep right the rest of the year capsizes now. When he came to town in the autumn his eye was bright, his cheek rosy, his step elastic; but before spring, as you pass him you will say to your friend: "What is the matter with that young man?" The fact is, that one winter of dissipation has done the work of ruin.

This is the season for parties, and if they are of the right kind our social nature is improved and our spirits are cheered up. But many of them are not of the right kind, and our young people, night after night, are kept in the whirl of unhealthy excitement, until their strength fails, and their spirits are broken down, and their taste for ordinary life corrupted; and by the time the spring weather comes they are in the doctor's hands or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of their death is made out, and the physician, out of regard for the family, calls the disease by some Latin name, when the truth is that they died of too many parties.

Away with these wine-drinking convivialities! How dare you, the father of a household, trifle with the appetites of our young people? Perhaps out of regard for the minister, or some other weak temperance man, you have the decanter in a side-room, where, after refreshments, only a select few are invited; and you come back with a glare in your eye and a stench in your breath that show that you have been out serving the devil. The excuse which Christian men often give for this is, that it is necessary, after such late eating, by some sort of stimulant to help digestion. My plain opinion is that, if a man have no more control over

his appetite than to stuff himself until his digestive organs refuse to do their office, he ought not to call himself a man, but rather to class himself among the beasts that perish. I take the words of the Lord Almighty, and cry: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!"

Young man, take it as the counsel of a friend when I bid you be cautious where you spend your winter evenings. Thank God that you have lived to see the glad winter days in which your childhood was made cheerful by the faces of father and mother, brothers and sisters, some of whom, alas! will never again wish you a "Happy New Year" or "A Merry Christmas." Let no one tempt you out of your sobriety. I have seen respectable young men of the best families drunk on New Year's Day. The excuse they gave for the inebriation was that the ladies insisted on their taking it. There have been instances where the delicate hand of woman hath kindled a young man's taste for strong drink, who after many years, when the attractions of that holiday scene were all forgotten, crouched, in her rags and her desolation and her woe, under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster who, on that New Year's morning so long ago, took the glass from her hand. And so the woman stands on the abutment of the bridge on the moonlight night, wondering if down under the water there is not some quiet place for a broken heart. She takes one wild leap—and all is over!

I also remark that the winter evenings, through their very length, allow great swing for indulgences. Few young men would have the taste to go to their rooms at seven o'clock and sit until eleven reading Motley's "Dutch Republic" or John Forster's "Essays." The young men who have been confined to the store all day want fresh air and sight-seeing, and they must go somewhere. The most of them

have of a winter's evening three or four hours of leisure. After the evening repast the young man puts on his hat and coat and goes out. "Come in here," cries one form of allurements. "Come in here," cries another. "Go," says Satan; "you ought to see for yourself." "Why don't you go?" says a comrade; "it is a shame for a young man to be as green as you are. By this time you ought to have seen everything."

Especially is temptation strong when business is dull. I have noticed that men spend more money when they have little to spend. The tremendous question to be settled by our great populace, day by day, is how to get a livelihood. Many of our young men just starting for themselves are very much discouraged. They had hoped before this to have set up a household of their own. But their gains have been slow, their discouragements many. The young man can hardly take care of himself. How can he take care of another? And, to the curse of modern society, before a young man is able to set up a home of his own, he is expected to have enough to support in idleness somebody else, when God intended that they should begin together and jointly earn a livelihood. So many of our young men are utterly discouraged and utterly unfit to resist temptation. The time when the pirate bore down upon the ship was when its sails were down and it was making no headway. People wish they had more time to think. The trouble is, in dull times, that people have too much time to think. Give to many of our commercial men the four hours of these winter nights, with nothing to divert them, and before spring they will have lodgings in an insane asylum.

I remark, further, that the winter is especially trying to the moral character of our young men, because some of their homes in winter are especially unattractive. In summer they can sit on the steps or have a bouquet in the vase

on the mantel, and the evenings are so short that soon after gaslight they feel like retiring. Parents do not take enough pains to make these long winter nights attractive. It is strange that old people know so little about young people.

Many of you have the means—why do you not buy them a violin or a picture? or have your daughter cultured in music until she can help to make home attractive? There are ten thousand ways of lighting up the domestic circle. It requires no large income, no big house, no rich wardrobe, no chased silver, no gorgeous upholstery, but a parental heart awake to its duty. Have a doleful home and your children will not stay in it, though you block up the door with Bibles, and tie fast to them a million catechisms. I said to a man: "This is a beautiful tree in front of your house." He answered, with a whine: "Yes, but it will fade." I said to him: "You have a beautiful garden." He replied: "Yes, but it will perish." I found out afterward that his son was a vagabond, and I was not surprised at it. You cannot groan men into decency, but you can groan them out of it.

Devote these December, January and February evenings to high pursuits, innocent amusements, intelligent socialities, and Christian attainments. Do not waste this winter. We shall soon have seen the last snow-shower, and have passed up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is exceeding white as snow—as no fuller on earth can whiten it. To the right-hearted the winter-nights of earth will soon end in the June morning of heaven. The River of God from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of Life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivals and hilarities and family gatherings of Christmas times on earth will give way to the larger reunions and the brighter lights and the gladder scenes and the sweeter garlands and the richer feastings of the great holiday of heaven.

INCOMPETENT WORKERS.

Each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. McCullough, the actor recently buried, was no more certainly appointed on any occasion to appear as Spartacus, or Edwin Forrest as King Lear, or Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, or John Kemble as Macbeth, or Cooke as Richard III., or Kean as Othello, than you and I are expected to take some especial and particular part in the great drama of human and immortal life. Through what hardship and suffering and discipline these artists went year after year that they might be perfected in their parts, you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity and faith and humility and helpfulness—what little preparation we have made, although we have three galleries of spectators—earth and heaven and hell! Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and while we needed to be looking at home and concentrating on our duty, we have been criticising the other performers, and saying, "That was too high," or "too low," or "too feeble," or "too extravagant," or "too tame," or "too demonstrative," while we were making ourselves a dead failure and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage?

Each one is assigned a place, no supernumeraries hanging around the drama of life to take this or that or the other part, as he may be called upon. *No one can take our place.* We can take no other place. Ay, it is not the impersonation of another; we ourselves are the real Merchant of

Venice or the real Shylock; the real filial Cordelia or the real cruel Regan; the real Portia or the real Lady Macbeth. The tragedian of the playhouse, at the close of the third scene of the fifth act, takes off the attire of Gonzalo or Edward Mortimer or Henry V., and resigns the character in which for three hours he appeared. But we never put off our character, and no change of apparel can make us any one else than that which we eternally are.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as 959 King Edgar of England made a law that the drink-cup should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine-cup or beer-mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravelly bottom of their own graves.

Dr. Sax, of France, has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called *bacillus potumaniæ*. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room

what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbibor of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea, it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all young men and old.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is *the crop of drunkards*. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole windrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil round you, and it will after a while put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a cold around your lung and a coil around your foot and a coil around your heart; and some day this never-dying worm will with one spring tighten all the coils at once, and in the last twist of that awful convolution you will cry out, "Oh, my God!" and be gone.

The greatest of dramatists, in the tragedy of the Tempest, sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler, but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward against the footlights of conspicuity, and then staggering back into failure, till the world is impatient for their disappearance, and human and diabolic voices join in hissing them off the stage.

Many also make a failure in the drama of life through indolence. They are always making calculations how little they can do for the compensation they get. There are more lazy ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists, and farmers than have ever been counted upon. The community is full of laggards and shirkers. I can tell it from the way they crawl along the street, from their tardiness in meeting engagements, from the lethargies that seem to hang to the foot when they lift it, to the hand when they put it out, to the words when they speak.

Two young men in a store. In the morning the one goes to his post the last minute or one minute behind. The other is ten minutes before the time, and has his hat and coat hung up, and is at his post waiting for duty. The one is ever and anon in the afternoon looking at his watch to see if it is not most time to shut up. The other stays half an hour after he might go, and when asked why, says he wanted to look over some entries he had made, to be sure he was right, or to put up some goods that had been left out of place. The one is very punctilious about doing work not exactly belonging to him. The other is glad to help the other clerks in their work. The first will be a prolonged nothing, and he will be poorer at sixty than at twenty. The other will be a merchant prince. Indolence is the cause of more failures in all occupations than you have ever suspected. People are too lazy to do what they can do, and want to undertake that which they cannot do. In the drama of life they don't want to be a common soldier carrying a halberd across the stage or a falconer or a mere attendant, and so lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be a Macready or a Junius Brutus Booth. They say, "Give me the part of Timon of Athens rather than that of Flavius, his steward." "Let me be Cymbeline, the king, rather

than Pisano, the servant." After a while they, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, get in the place for which they have no qualification. And very soon, if the man be a merchant, he is going around asking his creditors to compromise for ten cents on the dollar. Or, if a clergyman, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or, if an attorney, by unskilful management he loses a case in which widows and orphans are robbed of their portion. Or, if a physician, he by malpractice gives his patient rapid transit from this world to the next, as the clumsy surgeon of Charles II., King of Navarre, having sewed up the feeble limbs of the king in a sheet saturated with inflammable material, and having no knife to cut the thread, took a candle to burn off the thread, and the bandages took fire and consumed the king.

Our incompetent friend would have made a splendid horse doctor, but he wanted to be professor of anatomy in a university. He could have sold enough confectionery to have supported his family, but he wanted to have a sugar refinery like the Havemeyers. He could have mended shoes, but he wanted to mend the Constitution of the United States. Toward the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poorhouse or keep out of it by running in debt to all the grocery and drygoods stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After a while, leaving nothing but their compliments to pay their doctor, undertaker, and Gabriel Grubb, the grave-digger, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage!

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into the sea, all the roads of emolument end at their door, and they

gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. "How big a pile of money can I get?" "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt toward the Asapi or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After a while this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect that his possible decease may have on the money markets. After a while he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce how he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchief to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed between Central Park and the Battery or between Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. The heirs sit up all night while he lies in state, discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the livery stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipage, and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stonecutters send in proposals for a monument. The minister at the obsequies reads of the Resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous financier does come up in the general rising he will try to get *a corner on tombstones* and grave-yard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The Wall Street speculators are glad, because there is more room for themselves. The heirs are glad, because they get possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his plumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of the Dead March in Saul, and all the pageantry of his interment,

and all the exquisiteness of sarcophagus, and all the extravagance of epitaphology cannot hide the fact that these words have come again to tremendous fulfilment: "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

You see the clapping comes before the hiss. The world cheers before it damns. So, it is said, the deadly asp tickles before it stings. *Going up*, is he? Hurrah! Stand back and let his galloping horses dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling headgear and arched neck. Drink deep of his Madeira and cognac. Boast of how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunlight of his prosperity. *Going down*, is he? Pretend to be nearsighted, so that you cannot see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate, as though you were trying to call up a dim memory, and say: "Well, y-e-e-s; yes, I believe I once did know him, but have not seen him for a long while."

Cross a different ferry from the one where you used to meet him, lest he ask for financial help. When you started life he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit, now that his fortunes are collapsing. He put his name on two of your notes; tell him that you have changed your mind about such things, and that you never indorse. After awhile his matters come to a dead halt, and an assignment or suspension or sheriff's sale takes place. You say, "He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst." Ha! ha! Applause when he went up, sibilant derision when he came down. "Men shall clap their hands at him, and hiss him out of his place." So high up amid the crags the eagle flutters dust into the eyes of the roebuck, and then with eyes blinded it goes tumbling over the precipice, the great antlers crashing on the rocks.

MOVING DAY.

Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the ten commandments. There is no more fearful post than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out, and the other moving in! The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January, and the first of February, and the first of March, and the first of April, will not be sufficient for the first of May.

Say your prayers to-morrow morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks! You will want supernatural help to-morrow, if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make Xantippe out of Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in the crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I write this practical May-day advice.

All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will

heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate the move upward.

I. My first word then in this part of my article is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one add two stories to your vanity, or make your brightly polished silver door-plate the coffin plate to your *buried humility*. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder."

I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller houses—no sooner did they go over the doorsill of the new house than they became a *glorified nuisance*. They were the terror of dry-goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept; and if compelled to stand a moment, with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat of arms, and had lion couchant, or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when if they had the appropriate coat of arms it would have been a butter firkin, or a shoe last, or a plough, or a trowel.

Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were trickled out of Heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing-master. A woman

spoiled by a finer nose is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavendered fool goes around so dainty and so precise and so affected in the roll of his eyes, or the whirl of his cane, or the clicking of the ivory handle against his front teeth, or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha.

Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading, or wealth of bric-a-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense, do not lose your balance, do not be spoiled by your successes.

Two or three years ago, we were the guests on an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men servants and maid servants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, started the music, his daughter at the organ, and then, the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees to the Lord Almighty.

God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes.

Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life, do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door, or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as you are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low-Water-Mark Street, and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door. Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after a while, through lavish hospitality, or through betrayal, he lost everything. Then he sent for help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money, Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, and Ventidius.

Did these lords send any help to him? O, no, Lucullus said when he was applied to, "Well, I thought that Timon would come down, he was too lavish; let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucius said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made large purchases and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent one excuse and another lord sent another excuse. But to the astonishment of everybody, after a while Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves: "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune, or he has been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet apologetic for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under

them but smoking hot water. Then Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap! lap, dogs!" and under the terrific irony they fled the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them.

O! my friends, I would not want to make you over-suspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon the prosperous, and Timon the unfortunate. I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up, and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

II. But I must have a word with those who in this May-day time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size and so much room is not required, so they move out into smaller apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and after a while, father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it.

Moving day is a *great sadness* to such if they have the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine; we name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting-room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started, or a life stopped; the Alpha and the

Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart break. Every door-knob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else.

When moving out of a house I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks to-morrow that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized.

O! life is such a strange *mixture of honey and gall*, weddings and burials, midnight and midnight clashing. Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God these changes are not always going to continue, otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamities.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold, or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, or Belshazzar in the saturnalia?

Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic, it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move; you will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? all the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little deaf? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you to-morrow at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothes closet over the banisters, and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination, I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you have ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining-hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor. And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move

Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day.

INTERMEDDLING.

This maxim, which is applied in worldly affairs, is as applicable in ecclesiastical. All the denominations of Christians at times have trouble. The Baptist Churches for a few years have been vexed to know what to do with the Rev.—, the Rev. —, and other brethren. Open communion or close communion is the question. Some very angry things have been written, and angry sermons delivered, and angry resolutions passed. The contest is far from ended. The brethren of that Church will have to fight or pray the matter through. Outsiders cannot help them. Better not interfere. Every time an editor or pulpit of some other sect attempts to put his oar in, he only helps trouble the water. Clear the ring and give the contestants room. In other words, mind your own business.

So there is an Episcopalian combat. New liturgy or old liturgy, affiliation with other Churches or remain *the* Church. Other denominations had better keep out of the way of those missiles. The Episcopal Church must settle its own quarrels. What right have others in the chancel? Mind your own business. Let not other denominations suppose that they can help the Presbyterian Church, North and South, come together. If the old wound is healed, the balm must come from a Presbyterian apothecary. Solomon got badly bitten, and wrote, "He that passeth by and intermeddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

The Methodists, too, sometimes have trouble, and it is not always with them "Glory," "Amen," and "Hallelujah." But they will have to settle for themselves the questions grown out of book concerns and lay delegations and bishoprics and entire sanctification. Go and sit in the

gallery and look at their conferences, but say nothing unless you have a right to speak.

Let every denomination manage its own affairs. Their belligerencies will sooner end if we let them alone. In ecclesiastical as well as other courtships three are one too many. We once went in to settle a riot at Belleville between the Irish and the negroes. Brickbats were freely flying, but we had a notion that we could calm the perturbations. We cried peace, but there was no peace. Our Irish friends thought that we were siding with the negroes and the negroes thought we were siding with the Irish, and we got hit from both sides; and instead of quelling the riot we ourselves came near being quelled. We went the next day into the pulpit with a black eye that demanded explanations, and looking as much damaged as would have been Robert J. Breckinridge and Lyman Beecher, if they had met just outside the gate of heaven. We came back from that reading of the riot act to adopt the policy of letting our neighbors settle their own disputes, social and ecclesiastical. But while we stand off from all internecine wars, would like to bring all the sects together in one great brotherhood, and at the convocation we would have "a baptistry," "an anxious seat," a Prayer-book, and a Westminster Catechism. We would cool all strife by a plunge in the baptistry, and get all down on the anxious seat seeking for pardon, and out of the Westminster Catechism would teach them what is the chief end of man, while with the liturgy open before us we would all cry "Good Lord, deliver us." Now you are confounded at this, and are inquisitive to know whether we ourselves are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. Indeed, we have scores of letters during the year asking to what we belong. In hope, therefore, of putting that question completely to rest, we reply that we belong to *Christ's Workers*.

RECKLESS FINANCIERING.

The Bank is a wreck. It was a specie-paying bank of large capital, and was supposed to be a most solid institution. Its managers were regarded as solid men, because they handled much money and controlled many large enterprises, most of which were supposed to be profitable. The president was a man of almost fabulous wealth, and no enterprise was considered a first-class one in which he was not engaged. They ruled the mining and agricultural interests. They ran steamships and hotels. The magnitude of their apparent wealth dazzled the confiding public. The majesty with which they brandished their golden sceptres over the heads of their slaves and subjects made these money emperors the objects of social and pecuniary worship. They dived deep into politics, and controlled elections. Pliant Congressmen and Senators did their bidding. Boundless ambition made them mad with the insanity of the success they enjoyed, and the further success to which they expected to attain. They engaged in enterprises of a magnitude out of all proportion to their ability. Supposing they were financially omnipotent, they extended themselves to everything within their reach, until, at last, when they had reached out in every direction to grasp everything that could be grasped, the collapse came.

The structure of financial magnificence they had reared was indeed splendid to look upon and talk about. But it was as the Philistine temple resting on the pillars on which Samson placed his hands. When those pillars gave way the

whole edifice came down with a crash, and became, with all that were in it and on it, a heap of ruin. The downfall was fearful. The public wanted some of the specie which they had deposited in the bank. They came for it, and lo ! it was not there ! Great flutter among the managers. Doors closed. Greater panic among depositors; spreading to outsiders generally. Streets full of excited people. Everybody asking everybody what is coming next. Now for the cause. What did it all ? When a ship goes down at sea, men soon find out whether it was owing to a plank ripped out of the bottom, or a rock against which she ran. What wrecks these banks ?

Overtrading with other people's money. Gambling in enterprises which may or may not have solid foundation. Recklessly taking ventures where profit may be made, but where if the expected profit does not come, all is lost.

All this is criminal. Its tendency is to sap the foundations of public confidence. It demoralizes our business men, old and young. It inflicts wounds on society, leaving great scars which the lapse of a generation does not heal. It drags promising financiers to ruin. It fills suicides' graves.

We have had enough of this way of doing business, all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Pacific may deride us for our paper currency, and the Atlantic may mock at the Pacific for its gigantic mining swindles. But the same rottenness pervades us all, from ocean to ocean; the same reckless grasping after wealth; the same insane emptiness in keeping up an extravagant show of grandeur on the expectation of profits yet to be made out of enterprises not yet completed. Let us try to reform before reformation becomes impossible. Let us try to be economical before we lose everything that we can economize on. Let us try the experiment of honesty, just to see how it would go, before we become a nation of rascals.

THE BOAT RACE, THE HORSE RACE, AND THE HUMAN RACE.

There are many good people who will not go to a horse race, because it is in their estimation vulgar and low, because bets are made on the speed of the horses, because liquor is consumed by the people who bet, and because the horses that run are strained and overstrained in order to make them accomplish the wonderful feats which are expected of them.

We have not much to say in favor of the horse race, even though the British Parliament takes a holiday in order that its members may have an opportunity of joining in the general jam, and betting on their respective favorites; but we want to know exactly how much worse a horse race is than a boat race. There is much about boating that is delightful, healthful, and profitable. The idea in which collegiate boating originated was a grand one. Our young collegians had been denied proper exercise. They had slept in unventilated and gloomy dormitories, some of them hardly fit for lodging places for bats or owls. They had consumed midnight oil and eyesight and brain in poring over their studies. They were growing lank and sour and nervous and dyspeptic. They were cramming themselves with learning, and not keeping up enough physical force to hold the learning in. It was seen that a change was necessary. Wealthy men gave gymnasiums to colleges. Boys bought boats. Professors opened windows. Pure air and exercise were discovered to be compatible with knowledge.

Muscles were strengthening. Stooping shoulders were made erect. Flabby nerves were toned up. Flat chests, whose lungs had never known a healthy inspiration, were inflated. Spare arms became brawny. Vigor took the place of lassitude, and physical culture took its position alongside of mental.

This was well. But we American boys cannot do a thing well without being so well pleased with it as to over do it. The mischief of overdoing is what we have now fallen into. There is as much betting and gambling on, the strength of our collegiate boat races as there is at horse races. At horse races there is said to be cruelty to animals, in the urging of horses to run at a rate beyond their natural speed. We would like to hear the voice of the horse on this. We suspect that up to a certain reasonable point the horse enjoys running races. It is its natural habit. But in boat racing we have a palpable instance of cruelty to men, and some young men have been killed by it while others have been wrecked physically for years or for life. We do not see that Columbia College was a whit more of a college during the year because its crew came out in the year's race a boat's length ahead of the crews of other colleges.

There are to-day hundreds of college youths who are not taking half the exercise they ought to. They are those who see no probable success in their attempts at boat rowing, and who, therefore, row no boats at all. It would be well if the exercise were averaged more evenly. The desire for healthy exercise is noble. Exercise itself is magnificent. But let us have something which will tend to the development of healthy constitutions, rather than that which will hurry our young men into their graves, and saturate our institutions of learning with the accursed spirit of gambling.

POOR INVESTMENTS.

We are constantly investing time, talent, treasure of some kind. Love or money it may be, sometimes thoughtlessly, often firmly believing that it will prove "for value received." Frequently the investment is experimental wholly, and the worst of it is, the proof of fatal failure comes too late. Wise it is to ask the question, Does it pay? before engaging in any enterprise. Life is so short and strength so small that it were wanton to waste either. What may pay for one may not for another. Each must judge wisely, or take the consequences. Some speculations bear upon their face such uncertainty, such stupendous risk, that the foolhardy venturer finds no sympathy in his failure. The interminable nature of other enterprises stamps them as unprofitable. Once committed to them, they will worry and wear us in the finishing, or stand incomplete, ignoble ruins of a resolution we failed to carry out. This principle may apply to all departments of practical life, works of the hand, head, and heart.

When we see young ladies punching holes in cloth and carefully sewing them up again, we look doubtfully on the process, albeit it is dignified by the term "embroidering." Nuns will follow this employment, and lace-makers must live. Buy their handiwork or dispense with the luxury, and save your precious eyesight for work more worthy. Much of the trimming and tucking and ruffling and scuffling of clothes-making generally we would class in the category of non-paying investments.

Many books do not pay either in publication or perusal, since neither writer nor reader is made richer by them. If we have appropriated nothing of value from what we have read, we have lost something. We are too lavish of our

time when we are content with no returns. Passion is a poor investment. "I had rather do a day's work than to get real angry," said a sensible woman. "It takes my strength away; it does not pay." It takes away our self-respect, and lessens the confidence of others in us. Revenge never pays. However sweet in prospect, it will prove bitter in review when wrested from the hand of Him who has said, "I will repay." Patience is perhaps the most profitable investment we can make. The unruly child, the inefficient servant, the wrangling neighbor, and the bad world generally demand it. And in proportion as we, imitating the divine example, can exercise it, do we find ourselves repaid in the peace which possesses our souls. But what of the many things we are compelled to do, pay or no pay; the duties we can not get away from, however repulsive and severe?

Well do we know that much of the machinery of life moves on unaided by the oil of gladness. At best its motion may be monotonous and distasteful, often so wearing in its friction that some are prone to question the profitableness of living at all. This is not ours to discuss or decide.

There are times when even the Christian heart will cry out of the depths of depression, "Nothing pays." This is the language of discouragement, of despair, perhaps of temptation; and in the shadow of this darkness let us draw near to the heart of Him who was tempted in all points like as we. Yet after treading the wine-press alone He paid the most inconceivable sacrifice in all time to purchase for us the joys of eternity. When we review our little lives in the light of that eternity, only those things which we have done heartily unto the Lord will seem worth doing. Let us be loyal to the Master. Earnest, well-directed, Christian effort, put forth wherever God has placed us, shall never be in vain.

A SARCASTIC TONGUE.

There is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to consider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him, and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a

quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About thirty-five years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another *tact*. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults; and, lo! the great Church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says to you: "You are mistaken; I'll put *you* down." And so the contest rages; and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor, and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great handshaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives."

You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your God who died for His armed enemies.

“But,” you say, “what are we to do when slanderers assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?” My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great “swamp angel,” like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and, above all, they conquered themselves. “O,” you say, “that’s a very good theory to preach on a hot night, but it won’t work.” It will work, It has worked, I believe it

is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord, by His Spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

O that we might in our families and in our Churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women, or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian graces. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law, unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel.

CHRONIC COMPLAINERS.

Having life, and with it a thousand attendant blessings, it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a *living* man complain?"

For the last two or three years the land has been set to the tune of "Naomi." There has been here and there a cheerful soloist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation, accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufactories, unemployed mechanism, and all those disorders described by the two short words "hard times." The fact is that we have been paying for the bloody luxury of war. There were great national differences, and we had not enough Christian character to settle them by arbitration and treaty, and so we went into battle, wasting life and treasure, and well nigh swamping the national finances; and North and South, East and West have ever since been paying for those four years' indulgence in barbarism. But the time has come when this depression ought to end,—yea, when it will end, if the people are willing to do two or three things by way of financial medicament. The best political economists tell us that there is no good reason for continued prostration. Plenty of money awaiting investment. Magnificent harvests crowding down from the West to the seaboard. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet we go on groaning, groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon gruel and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six

months. The fact is, the habit of complaining has become chronic in this country, and after all these years of whimper and wailing and objurgation, we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

I have noticed that the people in this community who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads against these times, and I have asked them: "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" And after some hesitation and coughing and clearing their throat three or four times, they say, stammeringly: "Y-e-s." So that with a great multitude of people in our midst, it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they cannot make as much money as they would like to make. They have only two thousand dollars in the bank, where they would like to have four thousand. They can clear in a year only five thousand dollars when they would like to clear ten thousand, or things come out just even. Or in their trade they get two dollars a day when they wish they could get three or four. "O!" says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of employment, and that there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wit's ends, not knowing which way to turn?" Yes, I know it, better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my ear and eye. But who is responsible for this state of things? Much of that responsibility I put upon you men in comfortable circumstances, who by an everlasting growling keep public confidence depressed and new enterprises from starting out and new houses from being built. You know very well that one despondent man can talk fifty men into despondency, while one cheerful

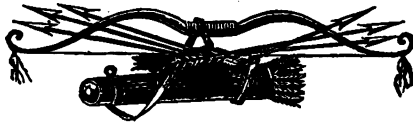
physician can wake up into exhilaration a whole asylum of hypochondriacs. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed for you to join in this deploration. If you have not the wit and the common sense to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent. There is no man that can be independent of depressed conversation. The medical journals are ever illustrating it. I was reading of five men who resolved that they would make an experiment and see what they could do in the way of depressing a stout, healthy man, and they resolved to meet him at different points in his journey; and as he stepped out from his house in the morning in robust health, one of the five men met him and said: "Why, you look very sick to-day. What is the matter?" He said: "I am in excellent health; there is nothing the matter." But passing down the street, he began to examine his symptoms, and the second of the five men met him and said: "Why, how bad you do look." "Well," he replied, "I don't feel very well!" After a while, the third man met him, and the fourth man met him, and the fifth came up and said: "Why, you look as if you had had the typhoid fever for six weeks. What is the matter with you?" And the man against whom the stragem had been laid went home and died. And if you meet a man with perpetual talk about hard times and bankruptcy and dreadful winters that are to come, you break down his courage. Autumn before last, as the winter was coming on, people said: "We shall have a terrible winter. The poor will be frozen out this winter." There was something in the large store of acorns that the squirrels had gathered, and something in the phases of the moon, and something in other portents, that made you certain we were going to have a hard winter. Winter came. It was the mildest one within my memory and within yours. All that winter long

I do not think there was an icicle that hung through the day from the eaves of the house. So you prophesied falsely. Last winter was coming, and the people said: "We shall have unparalleled suffering among the poor. It will be a dreadful winter." Sure enough it was the coldest winter I remember ever to have seen or felt; but there were more large-hearted charities than ever before poured out on the country; better provision made for the poor, so that there have been scores of winters when the poor had a harder time than they did last winter. Another winter is coming on, and I hear the evil prophecy already rising on the air. I hear it everywhere. Now, let me tell you, you lied twice about winter, and I believe you are lying this time! I will give my prophecy on this coming winter. That is, it will be the easiest winter we ever had, either in one way or the other. If it be severe in temperature, then I believe there will be such Christian beneficence that the poor will not suffer more than they ever have before. They will not suffer so much. Wendell Phillips was so overborne with the dolorousness of the times, that he said if we do not inflate, we shall have communistic outrages in this country such as they had in France. I did not believe it. The parallel does not run. They have no Sabbath, no Bible, no God, in France. We have all these defences for our American people, and public opinion is such that if people in this country attempt a cut-throat expedition, they will land in Sing Sing, or from the gallows go up on a tight rope. I do not believe the people of this country will ever commit outrages and riot and murder for the sake of getting bread. But all this lugubrosity of tone and face keeps people down. Now I will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, I will open all the manufactories; I will give employment to all the

unoccupied men and women; I will make a lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes; I will stop the long processions on the way to the poor-house and the penitentiary, and I will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with national jubilee. But says some one: "I will take that contract; but we can't affect the whole nation." My friends, representing as you do all professions, all trades, and all occupations, if, you resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about the money markets, but by manner and by voice and by wit and caricature, and above all by faith in God, to try to scatter this national gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and wide-spread? The effect would be felt to-morrow morning on Wall street; and what is felt on Wall street is felt around the world. For God's sake, and for the sake of the poor and for the sake of the unemployed, quit growling. Let our fagged out business men find that there is at least on prayer-meeting and one Sunday-school and one church filled with illumination. Depend upon it, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining, God will blast your harvests, and see how you will get along without a corn crop; and He will sweep you with floods as he did Galveston; and He will devour you with grasshoppers as He did Minnesota; and He will burn your city as He did Chicago. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining, God will give you something to complain about. Mark that!



AIMED
AT
SORROWS TO BE MITIGATED.



SORROW AND SUFFERING.

TO some the word sorrow is meaningless. They are strangers to the sensation. As yet, this world is not to them a vale of tears, and they "don't like to be doleful." Neither do we.

Yet the tale of sorrow is told in a thousand tongues, and written in premature wrinkles on numberless faces. As well might we deny the existence of her twin-sister, Sin. Truly has it been said—

"Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break."

And on higher authority are we assured that the few days allotted us here are "full of trouble." Observation and experience prove that the capacity of the heart for suffering is equalled only by its powers of endurance. How often are we surprised to see a shrinking, sensitive nature survive some great anguish. "We never know how much we can bear "till trouble comes:"

"We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

"We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne."

Sorrow is selfish and absorbing in its nature. "No sorrow like unto my sorrow" is the spontaneous language of the stricken soul. When your first born lay dead, you looked from the window, wondering at the passers by that the world, so changed to you, should still move on. You felt that the tramp of trade and the tide of pleasure-travel was sacrilegious. You wondered that the sun shone and the birds sang. You were roused from this state only by hearing of some other household similarly smitten. Then you recalled "the Rachels and the "Ramas, and a wailing Egypt." You had forgotten that other hearts could ache as hard as yours. Rebellious sorrow is as unreasonable as it is unlovely. "I cannot feel it right that my boy should be taken," said a bereaved mother. "The little fellow has leaned on me so these four years, *it seems as if he would need me in heaven.*" Poor, foolish mother, afraid to trust the little lamb in the good Shepherd's bosom. Alas for those who thread the darksome labyrinth of un-sanctified sorrow! Submission softens grief. "Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and not evil?" Hopeless anguish is agonizing to look upon. The dreadful things that cannot be helped are legion. And those who are dumb with grief are often most grateful for silent sympathy.

But even sorrow has its sunny side. Many have proved its wholesomeness when "exercised thereby," and are more than willing to pay this price for the precious peace which possesses their souls. It fits us, too, to feel for others—a work to which we are scarcely equal until set apart by this blessed baptism. Thank God there are sorrows that may be helped; burdens that may be borne for others by us. To this work let us give heart and hand, rejoicing if the dross of our selfishness be consumed, and the gold of our

sympathy refined, even in the crucible of suffering. Unspoken sorrow is perhaps the saddest. The griefs we may not tell gnaw deep. These are generally "living troubles" that eat to the heart's core. God is their refuge, their present help. Even they may be transmuted to blessings, if they drive us to the Mercy Seat and make our walk with God closer. The most secret sorrow may be whispered in the ear of a sympathizing Saviour. Is not this Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief, and did not He tread the wine-press alone? Sorrow is sometimes a sanctuary. When God has come very near with His loving chastenings, He has been known to recompense His contrite children by special manifestations of His goodness and greatness, filling their hearts with indescribable peace. Stripped of all earthly joy, they rise above the earthly, and seen at the very gate of heaven. Shut out from common cares, the scales of unbelief and worldliness fall from their eyes, and with transparent vision they view the heaven. Blessed are they that mourn thus in sacred seclusion. It is a very holy of holies to the heart. It is a state of exaltation from which one dreads a return to the routine of active life, and to which one recurs in after days with a feeling akin to regret that it can be known but once.

Child of sorrow, shrink not from God's discipline. There is no sweeter Christian experience than sanctified sorrow. Our Saviour was made perfect through suffering. Is the servant greater than his Lord? If we are strangers to it here, how can we be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in that land where sorrow and sighing shall flee away?

THE INFINITE SYMPATHIZER.

We all want sympathy. I hear people talk as though they were independent of it. None of us could live without sympathy. At this season of the year we come home from our summer absence and perhaps we leave a portion of our family away until the cool weather is established, and how lonely the house seems until they all get home. But alas me! for *those who never come home*. Sometimes it seems as if it must be impossible. What, will the feet never again come over the threshold? Will they never again sit with us at the table? Will they never again kneel with us at family prayer? Shall we never again look into the sunny faces? Shall we never again on earth take counsel with them for our work? Alas me! who can stand under these griefs?

O! Christ. Thou canst do more for a bereft soul than any one else. It is He that stands beside us to tell of the resurrection. It is He that comes to bid peace. It is He that comes to tell us of future reunion. It is He that comes to us and breathes into us the spirit of submission until we can look up from the wreck and ruin of our brightest expectations and say. "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." O! yes, ye who are bereft, some of you have gone through the deep waters of trouble—ye anguish bitten, come unto this refuge. The roll of those who come for relief to Christ is larger and larger. Unto this Shiloh of omnipotent sympathy the gathering of the people shall be.

O! that Christ would stand by all these empty cradles and all these desolated homesteads and all these broken hearts, and persuade us it is well. The world cannot offer you any help at such a time. Suppose the world comes and offers you money. You would rather live on a crust in a cellar and have your departed loved ones with you than live in palatial surroundings and they away. Suppose the world offers you its honors to console you. What is the Presidency to Abraham Lincoln when little Willie lies dead in the White House? Perhaps the world comes and says: "Time will cure it all." Ah! there are griefs that have raged on for thirty years and are raging yet. And yet hundreds have been comforted, thousands have been comforted, millions have been comforted, and Christ has done the work. O! what you want is sympathy.

The world's heart of sympathy beats very irregularly. Plenty of sympathy when we do not want it, and often, when we are in appalling need of it, no sympathy. There are multitudes of people dying for sympathy. Sympathy in their work. Sympathy in their fatigues. Sympathy in their bereavements, sympathy in their financial losses, sympathy in their physical ailments, sympathy in their spiritual anxieties, sympathy in the time of declining years. Wide, deep, high, everlasting, almighty sympathy. We must have it, and Christ has it. Christ it is that is the cord with which He is going to draw all nations to Him.

At the story of punishment a man's eye flashes and his teeth set and his fist clenches and he prepares to do battle, even though it be against the heavens, but what heart so hard but it will succumb to the story of compassion. Even a man's sympathy is pleasant and helpful. When we have been in some hour of weakness to have a brawny man stand beside us and promise to see us through, what courage it

gives to our heart and what strength it gives to our arm. Still mightier a woman's sympathy.

Let him tell the story, who when all his fortunes were gone and all the world was against him, came home and found in that home a wife who could write on the top of the empty flour barrel: "the Lord will provide," or write on the door of the empty wardrobe: "consider the lilies of the field; if God so clothe the grass of the field, will He not clothe us and ours?" Or let that young man tell the story who has gone the whole round of dissipation. The shadow of Blackwell's Island is upon him and even his father says: "Be off—never come home again." The young man finding still his mother's arm outstretched for him, and how she will stand at the wicket of the prison to whisper consolation, or get down on her knees before the Governor begging for pardon, hoping on for her vagrant boy after all others are hopeless.

Or let her tell the story, who under *villainous allurements* and impatient parental restraint has wandered off from a home of which she was the idol into the murky and thunderous midnight of abandonment, away from God, and further away until some time she is tossed on the beach of that early home a mere splinter of a wreck. Who will pity her now? who will gather those disheveled locks into her lap? Who will wash off the blood from the gashed forehead? Who will tell her of that Christ who came to save the lost? Who will put that weary head upon the clean white pillow and watch the day and watch the night until the hoarse voice of the sufferer becomes the whisper, and the whisper becomes only a faint motion of the lips, and the faint motion of the lips is exchanged for a silent look, and the cut feet are still, and the weary eyes are still, and the frenzied heart is still, and all is still? Who will have

compassion on her when no others have compassion? Mother! Mother!

O! there is something beautiful in sympathy, in manly sympathy, wifely sympathy, motherly sympathy, yea, and neighborly sympathy. Why was it that our city was aroused with excitement last week when *a little child was kidnapped* from one of our streets? Why were whole columns of the newspaper filled with the story of a little child. It was because we are all one in sympathy, and every parent said: "How if it had been my Lizzie? how if it had been my Mary? how if it had been my Maud? how if it had been my child? how if there had been one unoccupied pillow in our trundle bed to-night? how if my little one, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, were to-night carried captive into some den of vagabonds never to come back to me? how if it had been my sorrow looking out of the window, watching and waiting, that sorrow worse than death? Then when they found her why did we declare the news all through the households, and everybody that knew how to pray said: "Thank God!" Because we are all one, bound by one great golden chain of sympathy.

O! yes, but I have to tell you this morning that if you will aggregate all neighborly, manly, wifely, motherly sympathy, it will be found only a poor starveling thing compared with the sympathy of our great Shiloh who has held in His lap *the sorrows of the ages* and who is ready to nurse on His holy heart the woes of all who will come to Him. O! what a God, what a Saviour we have.

But in larger visions see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturb-

ance, the demon of destruction. La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in three hundred years fifteen hundred worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that fifteen hundred worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable.

But it seems as if the worst sorrows have been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Trinboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only twenty-six people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon, in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the earth stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerland burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls in Italy in the night when 2000 people are asleep and they never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Japan broken off from China. By a convulsion of the earth the Carribean islands broken off from America. Three islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 inhabitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over them and 214,000 perish that day. Alas! alas, for our poor world.

It has been recently discovered that a whole continent has sunk, a continent that connected Europe and America—part of the inhabitants of that continent going to Europe, part coming to America over the table lands of Mexico, up through the valleys of the Mississippi, and we are finding now the remains of their mounds and cities in Mexico, in Colorado and the table lands of the west. It is a matter of demonstration that a whole continent has gone down, the Azores off the coast of Spain only the highest mountain of that sunken continent. Plato described that continent, its grandeur, the multitude of its inhabitants, its splendor and

its awful destruction, and the world thought it was a romance; but archæologists have found out its history and the English and the German and the American fleets have gone forth with archæologists, and the *Challenger* and the *Dolphin* and the *Gazelle* have dropped anchor and in deep sea soundings they have found the contour of that sunken continent and given us a map of it. The Australian archipelago only the mountain tops of another sunken continent.

O! there is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, on the sea, on the flora, and the fauna. Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, oceanic trouble, political trouble, social trouble, domestic trouble, and standing in the presence of all those stupendous devastations, I ask if I am not right in saying that the great want of this age and all the ages is divine sympathy and omnipotent comfort; and they are found, not in the Brahma of the Hindoo, or the Allah of the Mahomedan, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gathering of the people be.

Other worlds may fall, but this morning star will never be blotted from the heavens. The earth may quake, but this Rock of Ages will never be shaken from its foundation. The same Christ who fed the five thousand will feed all the world's hunger. The same Christ who cured Bartimeus, will illumine all blindness. The same Christ who made the dumb speak will put on every tongue a hosanna. The same Christ who awoke Lazarus from the sarcophagus will yet rally all the pious dead in glorious resurrection. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that "to Him shall the gathering of the people be."

There are people here to-day, *who think Christ will come in person* and sit on a throne. Perhaps He may. I should like to see the scarred feet going up the stairs of a palace in which all the glories of the Alhambra and St. Marks and

the Winter Palace are gathered. I should like to see the world pay Christ in love for what it did to Him in maltreatment. I should like to be one of the grooms of the chargers, holding the stirrup as the King mounts. O! what a glorious time it would be on earth if Christ would break through the heavens and right here where He has suffered and died have this prophecy fulfilled. "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

But failing in that I bargain to meet you at the ponderous gate of heaven on the day when our Lord comes back. Garlands of all nations on His brow—of the bronzed nations of the south and the pallid nations of the north—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the other continents that may arise meantime from the sea to take the places of their sunken predecessors. Arch of Trajan, Arch of Titus, Arch of Triumph in the *Champs Elysees* all too poor to welcome this King of Kings, and Lord of lords, and conquerer of conquerors in His august arrival.

Turn out all heaven to meet Him. Hang all along the route the flags of earthly dominion, whether decorated with crescent, or star, or eagle, or loin, or coronet. Hang out heaven's brightest banner, with its one star of Bethlehem and blood striped of the cross. I hear the procession now. Hark! the tramp of the feet, the rumbling of the wheels, the shouts of the riders. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Put up in heaven's library right beside the completed volume of the world's ruin, the completed volume of Shiloh's triumph. The old promise struggling through the ages fulfilled at last. "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

SICKNESS IN MANY PHASES.

You are aware of the fact that the most of diseases come from an impurity of the blood, and if the heart throws out the wrong kind of blood, and that blood settles on the lungs, it produces inflammation or congestion; or on the muscles, it produces rheumatism; or on the skin, it produces erysipelas. Wherever that bad blood settles there is disease, and the trouble all comes from the heart. And so it is with this disease of sin; it all starts in the heart, and it circulates through the entire moral nature, and wherever it settles there is suffering and there is death. I propose to consider now this sin-sickness of the soul, and then to offer an infallible cure to all the people.

In the first place, I remark in regard to this sin-sickness, it is a delirious sickness.

You have known people seized with some dangerous malady who thought themselves perfectly well. You could hardly get them to lie on the pillow. They rose up in the bed and said, "I don't see why you sent for the doctor. I am perfectly well: there is nothing the matter with me." And perhaps in the night, when the nurse had fallen asleep, they went out slyly and walked on the roof of the house or along a precipice. They were delirious.

Well, that is just the character of this disease with which we have all been afflicted—this disease of sin; it is a delirious sickness. *A man thinks he is all right.* He says, "I have need of nothing," when the fact is that he is poor, and wretched and miserable, and blind, and naked. That

he is delirious I prove from the fact that he walks on the verge of a dangerous precipice, and that he sits down at a banquet where there are swords suspended overhead, and that he drinks out of fountains, where the nightshade drops its leaves, and into which the adder spits its venom. I prove that he is delirious from the fact that he stops his ears to the raptures of harps seraphic, and he blinds his eyes to a beauty which opens into wider landscape, and sweeter joy, and mightier triumphs, and stronger hallelujahs, and loftier thrones. By the awful risks he runs, and by the glorious opportunities he refuses, I come to the conclusion he is in delirium.

You know how up from a marsh or pond the malaria will ascend, and going along that place at night you breathe the air, you get the fever, you come down on the sick-bed. And I have to tell you that our surroundings in this world somehow give us this disease of sin. We breathe it in the air. We take it with our food. We get it from all the circumstances among which we mingle. The fact is that the earth is only a great quagmire of iniquity, and no pond ever sent up such a *dreadful malaria* as this whole earth, in a spiritual sense, now sends up, until all the nations sweat, and fester, and groan with this awful malady. I go further, and remark, in regard to this sin-sickness with which we are all afflicted, that it is catching. You know how very contagious the ancient plague was. In the year 263, in the city of Rome, 5000 people died daily of the plague. Under King James 30,000 perished in the plague; under Edward the First 35,000 people perished in the plague, and it went on from neighborhood to neighborhood, and from nation to nation, until all the world was aghast; but that was not a contagious disease as compared with sin, the disease with which our souls is afflicted. In the course

of your life you have caught it from ten thousand, and you will give it to ten thousand.

It is so contagious a disease that, if the whole race were purified and healed, save just one man in all the earth, he would give it to the neighborhood, and the neighborhood to the next neighborhood, until the continent and the two hemispheres would feel it. Yes, it is a contagious sickness. I go a step further, and say that it is a disease beyond all human medicament.

Plato wrote a prescription, and the world took it; the prescription failed. Zeno wrote a prescription; the world took it; the prescription failed. Socrates wrote a prescription; the world took it; the prescription failed. *For six thousand years there has never been anything but failure* on the part of men who have tried by their own power to cure this disease. No catholicon, no anodyne, no balm, no help. Away, then, with all human quackery. Away, then, in a spiritual sense, with all earthly *materia medica*. It will effect nothing at all in this matter of the soul's sickness.

But I will introduce to you a Doctor who is able and willing to cure the whole race. "The whole need not a physician." If there are people here who feel themselves all right, if they are pleased with themselves, if in looking back upon their life they cannot see any great mistakes, and making an inspection of their entire nature, they are perfectly satisfied, then I can do nothing with them save to cut them with the sarcasm of Christ in the text: "The whole need not a physician." But if there are people here—and I believe this comprises the whole audience—if there are people here who feel they are not all right—if there are men and women here who want to be made better—dissatisfied with their past life and want to begin—if there are thousands of people here who are willing to

admit that they are sick with sin, then I am ready to come out and commend *the best doctor* the world has ever seen. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

II. Yes; this verse speaks in the second place of a great physician.

My first remark in regard to this physician is that He has cured millions of cases that were as sick as you are. He cured the demoniac the paralytic, the leper. He took the most *chronic and complicated diseases*, and they could not stand before His fiat. To one He said, "Be thou clean;" to another He said, "Take up thy bed and walk;" to another He said, "Damsel, arise;" and all these were not only cured as to the body, but cured as to the soul.

I go further and remark, in regard to this divine Physician, that He is *an almighty doctor*. At midnight a sudden disease comes upon your little child. You hasten for a physician, or you call for a telegraph boy to get the doctor there as soon as you can, and hour after hour there is a contest between science and the King of Terrors. And yet you stand there and you watch and you see the disease is conquering fortress of strength after fortress of strength, until after a while you stand over the lifeless form and have to confess that there is a limit beyond which human medicament cannot go. But I hail to-night an almighty Doctor, who never lost a patient. Why, a leper came out with a bandage over his mouth and utterly loathsome, so they drove him out from all society, and when he came out the people all ran, and *Christ ran*. But Christ ran in a different direction from the people. They all ran away from the poor man; Christ ran toward him. And then a second leper came out with a bandage over his mouth, and a third, and a fourth, and so on until there were ten lepers, and I see Christ standing among them. It is a dangerous ex-

periment, you say. Why, if you caught the breath of one such man as that, it would be certain death. There Christ stood, *among the ten lepers* and He cured the first, and the second, and the tenth.

Going along by a graveyard one day, two maniacs came out, fire in the eye, foam on the lip, cutting themselves with knives until the blood spurted from the face to the limbs; and Christ spake, and the devils were exorcised, and the men were clothed and in their right mind.

When Christ went through the streets, He could hardly find a place to put his foot down for the cots and the mattresses that were laid in His way. I see Him going through the streets of Jerusalem, and *He has to pick His way*, stepping over the cots of the suffering and the distressed. He touches a blind eye, and into it pours the beauty of mountain and lawn and lake and sea. He touches a deaf ear, and into it pours the sound of the bird's song, and the waterfall's dash, and the insect's hum, and the boy's halloo. He touches the palsied and limp arm that hangs down useless by the man's side, and no sooner does Christ touch it than the blood begins to circulate, and the muscles to work, and the arms to thrill, until that arm which hung just before powerless at the man's side is stretched out in strong and healthy congratulation.

Oh! He is a mighty Doctor! He cured not only bodies, but *He cured souls*. When I see at Christ's touch Fraud dropping its dishonest gains, and Burglary throwing away its false keys, and Arson extinguishing its torch, and Murder sheathing its dagger, and Pollution washing itself clean, and the wretchedness and the misery and abandonment of the world turning into brightness and purity and joy, I say, "Hail! hail! this is an almighty Doctor!"

I have again to remark that this physician spoken of in this verse is a sympathetic doctor.

There are some men in the medical profession who have not learned the first art of gentleness. They have a way of slamming the door when they come in or go out, and they tramp across the floor until all your nerves quiver; and I do not care how many medicines they bring in, they make you worse. They do not know how to doctor you. They have a rough way of taking off a bandage, and a hard way of pressing a sore. *They like to cut*; it puts them in a perfect glee when they can cut. But your family physician comes in, and he is so cheerful and hopeful. The dawn of his face in the room cools the fever and quiets the nerves, and he talks with you a few moments, and you really think, after all, you do not need any medicine. He is so kind. His looks and his manner are worth more than the medicines.

But I greet the Lord Jesus Christ to-night as a sympathetic Physician. Sometimes indeed he has to cut; He must cut; but he never likes to cut.

He does not afflict willingly the children of men. He has been afflicted in all our afflictions, and Oh, how it soothes us, how it comforts us, how it solaces us, how it strikes us through and through with an infinite contentment as He breathes on us these words. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" He has *been wounded Himself*. He had pains in the head, pains in the hand, pains in the heart, pains in the feet. He knows all about it. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Sorrow of our sorrow. Heart of our heart. Groan of our groan. He wept. He bled. He agonized. He died. He cannot help being sympathetic. Oh, you sin-sick soul, unbandage the awful wound and let Him look at it. Do not shrink back when He tries to touch you. He will not hurt you. Tell Him all your spiritual symptoms. Trust this sympathetic, this experienced, this omnipotent Doctor.

Across the harsh discords of this world there comes floating down the voice of a great rapture, dropping from golden harps and swept off from fiery seas, and rumbling down under eternal arches, and rolling through aisles of amethyst, and between mountains of frankincense, and through gates of pearl, and between walls of jasper and chrysoprase, while there mingle together the warble of seraphs, and the trill of minstrels, and the fire-song of the martyrs, and the chanting of temples, and the shout of great armies, and the chorus of ransomed empires, and the eternal and triumphal march of myriads come to glory.

Oh, my friends, I see some of those who are on crutches coming up to that bright gate, and they move in, and instantly their step is elastic. I see others coming up to that gate borne on couches of pain, and the Lord lifts them out of the field-ambulance, and instantly all their wounds are healed. I see them coming up to that gate in total physical blindness, and they are feeling their way up toward it; but no sooner do they touch the gate than it opens, and there flashes upon them immortal vision. And these bright and beautiful ones—who are they? Oh, they are the sick children that the Lord lifted out of the mother's arms, or out of the cradle, and there they are now—they have got over all their sickness, and there they stand in heaven, drinking at the fountain of eternal health, and they say one to another, "What shall we bring as a gift to the Physician?"

And one shall bring a palm, and another will bring a gem from the depths of the river of life, and another will bring a leaf of amaranth, and another will bring a crystal glass, flashing bright with the waters from the eternal rock—

water bright as its own glorified spirit ; while there will be others there who will stand in astonishment, and they will bring neither leaf, nor palm, nor gem, nor crystal, but stand in transfixed silence, looking upon the inscription written in folds of light all over the architectural glory at the entrance: "The inhabitant shall never say, I am sick, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

POOR AND CRIPPLED.

I have known a young man cross, and sour, and queer, and feeble of body and mean of soul, disgusting everybody, under a heavenly touch transformed into a man buoyant and blissful, the earth and the heavens breaking forth into music. "O!" says some one, "I admit that that must be a great re-creation, doing good, and I would employ that mode if I had the means." You have the means. "O," says some one, "my means are extremely limited; you would be surprised how small my means are, and I can't employ that mode of re-creation." My brother, have you two hands? "Yes." Have you two feet? "Yes." Do you suppose that during the coming year you could devote ten dollars to charities? "Yes." Will you during the year be able to give *twenty-five hundred cheerful looks* to the desponding? "Yes." Would you during the coming year have five thousand words of encouragement if you should seek for them? "Yes." Magnificent equipment you have.

To-morrow morning on the way to the ferry you see a case of real destitution, for sometimes there is a call from God in such a case, and you can see right through and know the difference between a sham case and a real case of destitution. You contribute two pennies out of those ten dollars you are going to give during the year, and as the pennies rattle down into the blind man's hat, he hears it and says, "God bless you, thank you, thank you, thank you." You look indifferent. You pass down with cultured indifference for fear some one is looking at you. You

look as if you were not elated, but from scalp to heel you feel a thrill. No need of denying it. You feel a great satisfaction in having made that man happy.

Forenoon passing along, you see a *poor lad* trying to get a wheelbarrow up over the curbstone. He has failed in the attempt. You say, "Here, stand back, let me try that," and you push the wheelbarrow over the curbstone, you put it down, you start on. The poor lad is so surprised he has not even thanked you. You go on looking indifferent, but O! how thrilled you are. There is a great satisfaction, body, mind, and soul. You are made better. You are re-created. After a while, perhaps in the middle of the afternoon, going along on some business errand, you see a *sick man*. He is not poor, he does not want any of your money, he has ten times more money than you have, but he is sick, O! so very sick, so despondent. Now you try on him one of those cheerful looks, one of those twenty-five hundred cheerful looks, one of those twenty-five hundred sympathetic, loving looks. You look at him as you pass. It thrills him. You are thrilled. You pass on. You do not tell anyone the story, but in body, mind, and soul you feel it. You know it helped that sick man.

On your way home you come by the store of a man whom you know very well, who is not getting on very well in business. *He is embarrassed* and discouraged. You go in and say, "Why you have a nice store here. Business, I think, will be better after a while in your department. Sometimes there comes a strange lull in certain styles of business, but you will get over this; after a while there will be plenty to do, I have no doubt. Besides that, I have some friends whom I will introduce to you, and I think they will trade with you. Good bye!" "Good bye!" he says, thrilled again through and through with a holy satisfaction.

You get home. Somehow *the door plate is brighter* than it used to be, and you pass in the door, and everything is bright. It seems as if you never had such a beautiful supper as you have that night. And then after a while you are seated by the fire and you sing a little and you talk a little and whistle a little, and you say after a while in an outburst, "Well, I don't know what is the matter with me; I never felt so splendidly in all my life."

I will tell you what is the matter with you. You gave two pennies out of the ten dollars that you are going to give during the year; you helped the boy up with his wheelbarrow; you gave ten or fifteen of the twenty-five hundred cheerful looks; you gave twenty, or thirty, or fifty of the five thousand cheerful words you are going to speak. That is what is the matter with you.

Why the most magnificent recreation on earth, for body, mind, and soul is doing good. Some of you have tried it. You know it better than I do, the whole story. Some of you, I have no doubt, have given a lad sixpence just to see him hop and skip and jump. There are such men and women in the world, thank God. I cannot tell you the story. You can tell it better to me. But I will tell you I never had so bright *a time* as in Prospect Park one day when I was on the lake in a boat. I had been through the park hundreds of times, sometimes riding with very radiant friends, delightful friends; but I never had such a time as that day. I was in the boat on the lake in the park and two ragamuffins on the banks said, "Here, mister, won't you give us a ride?" I said, "Certainly." So I pulled up to the bank and said, "Get in;" so they got in, one of them at one end the boat and the other at the other end the boat. Well, to hear those lads chatter and to see the joy they had in their hearts, shining out on their faces! for God

knows they had not had many boat rides—they had done the most of *the journey of life on foot, and bare foot*. “O,” one of them said to me, “Mister, it seems to me I have seen you somewhere.” Said I, “Perhaps you have; you may see me again some time.” They tried to guess who I was, and I tried to guess what their names were, and after about half an hour I put them on the bank, and I really did not know whether they had given me a ride, or I had given them a ride. I think they gave me a ride! O! it was a little thing to do, but you all know the joy of having made somebody else happy

HOUSEKEEPERS' TROUBLES.

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for the 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 10 o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket; but oh, 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 desolation 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, 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 a while 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 recipe 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.”

AWAY FROM HOME.

The world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham an exile from Ur of Chaldee, 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 write to-day 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.

Christ was *an imperial exile*. He got down off of a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind Him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was dethroned by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louis of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day He left heaven.

Australian exile very severe for English criminals, Siberian exile very severe for Russian political offenders; but Christ turned Himself out from throne-room into sheep-pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St.

Helena and a thousand times worse, the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world. An imperial exile King Eternal! "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne."

He was an exile *in a hostile country*. Turkey not so much against Russia, France not so much against Germany as this earth against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against Him with every bayonet of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every beak of its war eagles. For years after His arrival, the only question was how best to put Him out.

Herod hated Him, the high-priest hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gestas, the dying thief, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but the most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when He expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened, He could look to the right, and He could look to the left, and He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes

had been driven home, and the hard, round iron heads of them were in the palms of His hands; He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands.

Christ was in an exile which He knew *would end in assassination*. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ wearily stretched forth, together with His body, throw on the wall the shadow of a cross. Oh, my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on door of temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine marching with his army saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality, but Christ knew that His rough path would end at a defoliated tree without one leaf and only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as no human lips had ever tasted. Oh, what an exile, starting in an infancy without any cradle, and ending in assassination. Thirst without water. Day without sunlight. *The doom of a desperado*, for more than angelic excellence.

For what, that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor-grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta, and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more magnetic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last decade. Hawthorne turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence.

Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall eclipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ an exile from heaven, opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

In my boyhood, I often used to hear my father talk with enthusiasm of the Colonization Society which proposed to take all the colored population of America to Africa, and the most eloquent lips in the American Senate and in the American pulpit, advocated that theory, and there was something inspiriting about it. But how tame all that compared with Christ's work, by which He proposed the colonization of the whole human race from earth into the free lands of heaven. Millions have already been shipped and other millions will make the magnificent passage. For this royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles; and in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that

there are on the main floor of my church, and in the aisles, and in the galleries many voluntary exiles from other lands.

Some of them are Scotchmen. I see it in their high cheek bones and in the glory that illumines their faces when I mention the land of their nativity. *Bonnie Scotland!* Dear old kirk! Some of their ancestors sleeping in Greyfriars' churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather sometimes so deep of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every fibre of their nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce and the Campbells and Grizel Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile the love and the service of all Scotch exiles.

Some of them are Englishmen. Their ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket? and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red chariot? Some of their ancestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wesley sing, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals under the shadow of which some of them were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah. I bespeak for the royal exile the love and the service of all English exiles.

Yes, some of them came from the island of distress over which Hunger on a throne of human skeletons sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Procession of famines, procession of martyrdoms marching from Northern Channel to Cape Clear, and from Irish Sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell us, but as every philanthropist knows—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woe which no

human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage.

Land of Goldsmith's fhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet they cannot think of it to-day without having their eyes blinded with emotion, for there their ancestors sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles.

Yea, some of them are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of them are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of them are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mighties of the glorious Reformation. Some of them are descendants of the Puritans, and they were exiles, and some of them are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of them are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles. Some of them were born on the banks of the Yazoo, or the Savannah, and they are now living in this latitude. Some of them on the banks of the Kennebec, or at the foot of the Green mountains, and they are here now. Some of them on the prairies of the West or the table-lands, and they are here now.

Oh, how many of us far away from home. *All of us exiles.* This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back He left the gate ajar, or left it wide open. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say: "Going home." Going home out of this banishment of sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarities of our parents and our dear

children who have already departed. Going home to Christ. Going home to God. Going home to stay.

Where are your loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you. You are an exile far away from home. They are home. Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal; the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror."

CHILLS IN CHURCHES

There are *churches which are Arctic seas*, iceberg grinding against iceberg. People come into such a church and sit down as they sit in a ferryboat, side by side, no nod of recognition, no grasp of the hand, no throb of brotherly or sisterly affection. From Saturday to Monday, they are simply ferried over by Christian ordinances. Now, my brother, if you have a hard nature, if you have a malicious nature, if you have a bad nature, the higher the wall you build around yourselves the better; but if there be in you anything loving, anything kind, anything genial, anything sympathetic, anything useful, let it shine out.

There is *a vessel crashing into the rocks*. One man crawls up on the beach from the shipwreck. He walks right up the beach, goes into the fisherman's hut and sits down to warm himself, utterly reckless of the fact that there are fifty men struggling in the surf. O! how selfish and how mean, you say, that is. How much better the spirit of *the survivors of the Atlantic steamer* who, having escaped to land themselves, went out as far as they could toward the breakers, and the waters were cold, and they tried to bring the suffering and the drowning to the shore, and pulled away until the left arm gave out in the cold water, and then the right arm gave out, and then with their teeth they caught the garments of the suffering and the drowning and pulled them shoreward. Alas! my friends, if you and I having escaped from the wreck, from the dark wave of sin and death and got fairly ashore, sit down to warm our

Christian graces by the fires of the Christian church, utterly reckless of the fact that there are thousands of Christians in the surf.

My friends, the church ought to be a great home circle of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. That would be a very strange home circle where the brothers and sisters did not know each other, and where the parents were characterized by frigidity and heartlessness. The church must be a great home circle—the *pulpit*, the *fire-place*, the people all gathered around it. Who is that sitting before you? “I don’t know,” you say. Who is that sitting behind you? You say, “I don’t know.” Who is that sitting at the right and left of you? You say, “I don’t know.” You ought to know.

I declare that you have the privilege of giving the right hand of fellowship to every fellow-worshiper. Many a time when the Gospel sermon may have failed, and the Christian song may have failed, and the Scripture lesson may have failed, one good, hearty shake of the hand on the way to the door and an expression of personal interest in the man’s salvation have done that which all the other services of the day could not accomplish. O! let there be sociality in the church of Jesus Christ. If fish go in shoals, if sheep go in flocks, if flowers go in tribes, if stars swing in galaxies, then let all those who worship in the same church move in loving and shining bands. “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology, one Heaven.

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above,

From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity."

But I have also to remark that, during the past year I have tried, as I shall this coming year try, to preach a very practical religion. The vast majority of the people who attend my church are business men and business women. There is no need of my dealing in abstractions. I know what their troubles are, what their annoyances are, what their perplexities are, what their exasperations are. I care very little about the Hittites and the Hivites and the Jebuzites. I would rather look after their annoyances and their perplexities and their enemies that want to keep them out of the Promised Land. So I only preach a Gospel that is not only appropriate to the home circle but is appropriate to Wall Street, to Broadway, to Fulton Street, to Montague Street, to Atlantic Street, to every street—not only a religion that is good for half-past ten o'clock Sunday morning, but good for half-past ten o'clock any morning; or good for half-past seven o'clock Sabbath night, but good for half-past seven o'clock of any night.

Now, suppose here were a case of diphtheria and a physician came in; would he give medicines appropriate to the yellow fever, or to cholera, or marasmus? O, no! He gives a specific for diphtheria. And there is a large, company of promises here, a great collection of promises, and there is one just adapted to your case. It is a specific. *It will cure, it will cure!*

The fact is that a vast multitude of business men get no practical use from their religion. If you are sick, or if a member of your family dies, you say, "We must have religious consolation, send for the minister." But suppose

you are in a business corner, suppose the sheriff is after you, suppose your partner has played you a mean trick, suppose there are half a dozen men in the front office with duns for debts you cannot pay; suppose you can no more sleep at night than you could sleep on the top of a mast in a Mediterranean hurricane, suppose at midnight you walk the floor with flushed cheek and your head aching as though it would split open—do you take practical advantage of your holy religion? O, no! You wait until the morning and then you send for some old skinflint and try to borrow a thousand dollars from him at two per cent a month, and he will not lend it. Or you go to some friend that you helped in the day of trouble. You say he will surely help you. He will not.

I know a man who in *the panic of 1857*, helped many through their troubles. He loaned a thousand dollars to this man, and five thousand to that man, and ten thousand to another man. He took other men into his own bank and said, "Give this man all the accommodation he wants," and he saw many through their financial troubles. They said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you." Five years passed along and his day of trial came. Where were his friends he had helped? All gone. Most of them out of town, or if they came in it was to say, "God bless you;" knowing right well that one ounce of financial help would have been worth fifty tons of God bless you! Nothing makes a man so mad as to say God bless you when you ought to bless him.

Well, now, what have you done in the midst of your trial? Not at all what you ought to have done, my dear brother. You ought to have gone into the private office and locked the door, and then knelt down and said: "O! God, Thou hast said, 'Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will

deliver thee,' and this is a day of trouble; fulfill Thy promise. There is that note in the bank and I cannot pay it, and my credit is due, and I cannot meet it. Lord God, fulfill Thy promise." Would He have done it? Just as certainly as there is a God on the throne. Ah, no! So many of you, my dear friends, instead of making your religion a robe in which to wrap yourself warm from the chill of this world, make it a sort of string of beads around the neck, that looks very beautiful but nothing more.

THE PENITENTIARY INMATE.

Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unilluminated save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room at that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government, whose business it is to supervise the prison.

It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon, save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand, rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of the voice: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I write to-day to hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accost them in this crisis of their soul with a message from heaven.

There are those who might be more skilful in argument than I am; there are those who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are those before

whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior; but I yield to no one in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent Gospel, and with all-consuming desire that sometimes almost impedes my utterance, I beg you to accept immortal life.

A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons which have stood for thousands of years will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean above the Alps and the Andes clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the falling of a world.

The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurled this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners?

Ah! no; you know as well as I do *it was the earthquake* that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a vast multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as once it was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you like solferino and crimson, and purple, as well as once? Yes. But you say: "While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they

would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. O! the world is a very different place from what it was once for you. Once you said: "O! if I could only have it quiet a little while." It is too quiet. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones and soon their feet would be sounding in the hall, soon their voices would be heard in the family and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days, gone forever. O! it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune.

Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us to tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in His bosom, hushing it with *the lullaby of heaven*. O! brother, O! sister, the gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you out to ask this stupendous question "What must I do to be saved?"

DEATH IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

There was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom you read, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer-house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer-house was a place surrounded by flowers, and trees, and springing fountains, and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer-house, and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon arises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. And midst all the flower-leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree-branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality; but when the weather is pleasant, and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet this incident teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer-house.

Death is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf, and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death, *there* is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, Death, *there* is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah! Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house.

What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amidst this waving grass, and under this sunlight sifting through the tree-branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. *Death in the summer-house!*

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there, and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household, and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The death-watch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. *Death in the summer-house!* Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table, nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently, you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. *Death in the summer-house!*

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor,

entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations, and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "gate of tears."

Oh, I stand at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond.

If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it; and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of His feet we might all follow and be illumined?

There was a gentleman in a rail-car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a *maniac*. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating

against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was *a culprit*. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was *a bride*. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits. They refused a pardon, they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet? Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

THE BURNING HOUSE.

Among the things not burnt up is heaven. Fires may sweep through other cities—we heard the tolling of the bell as we came in to-night; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temple consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart-ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take hold of the hand of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the December snow bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

See that light in the window? I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window." No, guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No, guess again. You say,

“My darling little child that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window.” No, guess again. Jesus set it there, and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I can take another step, just help me put my foot on that door sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will, after a while, break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains, and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, and all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the setting sun which kindles up the window-glass of the house on yonder hill-top.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE FOUNTAIN.

David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps in his boyhood days he had played "hide and seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and, although others might not have known it, David did.

Travellers say there is only one way of getting into that cave, and that by a narrow path; but David was stout and steady-headed and steady-nerved; and so, with his three brave staff officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around at the roof and the dark passages of the mountains, feels very weary with the forced march, and *water he must have or die*. I doubt not there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may have been some water in the goat-skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted—a *deep, full, cold drink*, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well as that—a well where he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he almost imagines that he can hear the liquid plashing of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh that some one would give me drink from the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

It was no sooner said than done. The three brave staff officers bound to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will taken even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay the hosts of the Philistines, and what could

three men do with a great army? But where there is a will there is a way; and with their swords slashing this way and that they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming foolhardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They dropped the bucket. They brought up the water. They poured it in the pail and started for the cave. "Stop them!" cried the Philistines; "clip them with your swords! Stab them with your spears! *Stop these three men!*" Too late. They have got around the hill. The hot rocks are splashed with the overflowing of the water as it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous paths, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement and all out of breath in the haste, fling their swords red with the skirmish to the side of the cave and cry out to David: "There, captain of the host, is what you wanted—a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

David had known hundreds of wells of water, but he wanted to drink from that particular one; and he thought nothing could slake his thirst like that; and unless our souls can get access to the fountain opened for sin, and for uncleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was *dug in the night*. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug—not at the gate of Cæsar's palace—not in the park of a Jerusalem bargain-maker. It was *dug in a barn*. The camels lifted their weary heads to listen as the work went on; the shepherds, unable to sleep because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the opening of the well. The angels of God at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it and drank to the health of earth and heaven as they cried: "Glory to

God in the highest and on earth peace." Sometimes, in our modern times the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle ; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the beasts that perish as for our race—thirst-smited, desert-travelled, simoom-struck. O my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink out of that Bethlehem well !

David said : " As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God ! " One would get a better understanding of this if he were *amid the Adirondacks* in summer time. Here comes a swift-footed deer. The hounds are clear on the track ; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs ; it is fagged out, its eyes are rolling in death, its tongue lolling from its foaming mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs, until it plunges into Schroon Lake, and the hounds can follow it no further, and it puts down its head and mouth, until the nostril is clean submerged in the cool wave, and I understand it: " As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. "

Oh! bring me water from that well. Little child, who hast learned of Jesus in the Sabbath-school, bring me some of that living water. Old man, who fifty years ago didst first find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung amid the Highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "*Bonnie Doon,*" "*The Star, the Star of Bethlehem,*" bring me some of that water. "Who-soever drinketh of this water shall never thirst." "Oh that some one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Again: This Gospel well, like the one spoken of in this incident, is a captured well.

David remembered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ancestors; his father

drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how that water tasted when he was a boy, and came up from play. We never forget *the old well* we used to drink from when we were boys or girls. There was something in it which blessed the lips and refreshed the brows better than anything we have found since. As we think of that old well the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drops, sun glinted; and, all the more, we remember that the hand that used to lay hold of the rope, and the hearts that beat against the well-curb, are still now. We never get over these reminiscences.

George P. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song "Woodman, Spare that Tree" was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," that, after the song was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas, for the man who has no early memories.

David thought of that well—that boyhood well—and he wanted to drink of it; but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When these three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old-fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, don't their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, *the sceptics* tell us we cannot come to that fountain. They say the water is not fit to drink—anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is *the well of philosophy*; there is

the well of art ; there is the well of science." They try to substitute instead of your boyhood faith, an ideal religion. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortal hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants, when nothing will satisfy us but "a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate."

They try to starve us on husks when the Father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize heaven and abolish hell ; and try to measure eternity with their hour-glasses, and the throne of the great God with their yard-sticks. I abhor it.

A well at the gate. 'The traveller stops the camel to-day, and gets down and dips out of the valley of the east some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that that well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it. And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at *the gate of purification*. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is hardly any man, woman or child that has escaped sinful defilement. Is it outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? We have all committed a sin worse than murder. We have by our sin, recrucified the Lord, and that is Deicide ! And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be empanelled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us: guilty one—guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions: "There is none that doeth good, no not one."

“Oh,” says some one, “all we want—all the race wants—is development.” Now I want to say that the race develops without the Gospel into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downward and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What then is to become of your soul without Christ? Banishment! disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of transgression an eternity of forgiveness. For crime deep as hell, an atonement high as heaven. That where sin abounded, so grace may much more abound. That as sin reigned unto death even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Angel of the covenant, dip thy wing into this living fountain and wave it over us that our souls may wash in “the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate.”

Do you know *where David was* when he uttered the words I have quoted? He was in the cave of Adullam. That is where some people are now. Has the world always gone smoothly with you? Has it never pursued you with slander? Is your health always good? Have your fortunes never perished? Are your children all alive and well? Is there one dead lamb in the fold? Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery? Have you never heard the bell toll when it seemed as if every stroke of the iron clapper beat your heart? Are the skies as bright when you look into them as they used to be when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them? Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of a great ocean of agony? It is the cave of Adullam—the cave of Adullam! Is there some David whose fatherly heart wayward

Absalom has broken? Is there some Abraham who is lonely because Sarah is dead in the family plot of Macpehlah. After thirty or forty years of companionship how hard it was for them to part. Why not have two seats in the Lord's chariot so that both the old folks might have gone up at once? My aged mother in her last moment said to my father: "Father, wouldn't it be nice if we could both go together? No, no, no; we must part." And there are wounded hearts now. Some have had trouble. The world cannot give comfort. What can it bring? Nothing—nothing. The salve they try to put on your wounds will not stick. They cannot with their bungling surgery mend the broken bones. Zophar the Naamathite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Eliphaz the Temanite come in and talk and talk, and talk; but miserable comforters are they all. They cannot pour light into the cave of Adullam.

After you have been on a long journey and you come in all bedusted and tired to your house, the first thing you want is refreshing ablution; and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrimage of this world—the hard, dusty pilgrimage—we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub or seraph, or my own departed friends in that blessed land place in my lips the cup of life; the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven.

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman?

But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind Him and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched, she thinks if she can only just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on His coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope, this is my last chance."

And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her fin-

ger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health. God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd. He startles and confuses them with the interrogation: "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

Christ is sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate His accessibility. God in magnitude rather than God in minutiae, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck Him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the im-

personation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that this word unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make *the connecting line* between Him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid referred to. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which Christ's words is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's

predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men, who if the tears start, will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. Our sympathizing Savior was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of His earthly triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in His eyes and on His cheek; for when He beheld the city He wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch Him? "O," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way." So His back was turned to this invalid in the crowd. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says, "He turned Him about." If He was facing to the north He turned to the south; if He was facing to the east He turned to the west. What turned Him about? The Bible says He has no shadow of turning. He rides on in His chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing sceptres as though they were the crackling alders of a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of Him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned Him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course, it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken, if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights do not despise

bromide of potassium. If you have nervous paroxysm do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder where He carries our burden, touch Him on the head where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the centre of all His sympathies. Oh yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The world wants sympathy: it is dying for sympathy, large-hearted, Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate, He did not poultice, He did not scarify. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever, brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the Physician. He offered no febrifuge, He prescribed no drops, He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her and she was well.

PICKLED CHRISTIANS.

There is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have just found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. They are struck through with acidity. Their disposition is celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in Churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edges. They are critical of minister, elder-ship, and choir. Whatever is done, they act as though they could have done it better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some other Church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance and hindrance. Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life, if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words, and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need to give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the Church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

OBSCURITY OF BIRTH.

Two plain people centuries ago hoteled in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state waiting in ante-chamber as when other kings are born, no messengers mounted at the door were ready to herald the advent from city to city, no medical skill in attendance, no satin-lined cradle to receive the infantile guest.

The white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star, the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

“Lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them.” Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction and shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted *no more destruction*.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened?

A star ! That means defence, for did not the stars fight in their course against Sisera and for the Lord's people ? A star ! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever ? A star ! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As the transit of Venus was foretold many years before by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward, and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year one there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year one there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens.

But it may have been a *meteor* such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. Only a few nights ago I saw in the northern sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that had I been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable—the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night to which we refer. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed and swayed and swung and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ in haste to save our world had rushed down without His coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after Him !

Bright star of the night, wheel on thine orbit. I must come nearer and I must bend and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus. Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made a *bow of obeisance*. I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference, but I believe the millions and the trillions and the quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still by such creatures as God designed to make and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton and Kepler and Herschel only went on Columbus's voyage to find these continents of our King's domain.

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists and astronomers, and we say it with depreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the precession of the equinoxes, and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the description of the world from the map. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not

suppose the world was flat, as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study.

Then, the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came to the East. They understood embalming as our most scientific men cannot understand it. After they had gone on in studying hundreds and thousands of years, they only came up to the point where some of them began to forget. I believe the lost arts are as mighty as the living arts.

They were wise men that came from the East, and tradition says *the three wisest* came, Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man in mid-life; and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger. So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, *the brainiest men come to the manger*. Who was the greatest *metaphysician* this country has ever produced? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest *astronomer* of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest *poet* ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest *writer on law*? Blackstone, the Christian. Who is the mightiest intellect in Great Britain to-day? Gladstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship.

Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter. In *post mortem* examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ.

Here it is, the brain weighing fifty-eight ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment that man said: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to Thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in life and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

THE CRADLE OF POVERTY.

Christ's cradle was as wonderful as His cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which He entered was as tremendous as the door by which He went out.

He had only two friends—they His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel-drivers. No wonder the mediæval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty He rose until to-day He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

Not so high the gilded and jewelled and embroidered cradle of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but only the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being?

Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral this hour? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what height of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines. Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon. Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa. Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in an humble home at Westmoreland. Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want. Yea, I have to tell you that one out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the almighty arm of One who one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and eighty-six years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

As the clean white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder at the top of which is

our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. *A star harnessed to a manger.*

I enjoin upon all those whom these holiday times find in comfortable circumstances two things: First, helpfulness to the helpless—and the next, cheerful talk. This experiment has been made by medical scientists. A dozen men conspire to tell a well man he looks sick. They are to meet him on a journey and by the time the fourth man is giving him melancholy salutation, he feels he is doomed, and the twelfth man comes up with his melancholy salutation just in time to help carry him home on a stretcher. Then twelve men conspire that they will meet a man in uncertain health and tell him how well he looks. By the time the fourth man has met him with a cheerful salutation, his nervous system is all toned up, and by the time the twelfth man has met him with his cheerful salutation, he says to his wife: "Throw out that apothecary shop from our shelves: I don't want any more medicine."

Now, the nation is only a man on a larger scale. If you want to prostrate business and keep it prostrated, talk in dolorous tone and keep on talking. Let all the merchants sigh, and all the editors prognosticate a hard winter, and all the ministers groan in the pulpit. In the great orchestra of complaint those who play the loudest trombones are those who have the fullest salaries and the completest wardrobe. They are only made because they have to fall back upon the surplus resources of other years, or because they cannot make as large investments as they would like to make. Did you have your breakfast? Yes. Did you have your supper last night? Yes. Did you have a pillow to sleep on? Yes. What are you complaining about? The

genuine sufferers, those who are really in destitution, for the most part suffer in silence; but the loudest cries against hard times are by the men to whom the times are not hard. Artists tell us it is almost impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is possible for men *to groan well on a full stomach!*

Now, in these holidays let all the comfortable classes exchange the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the exultant Psalms of David. "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and we will have a different state of things in this country. I wish there might be a conspiracy formed—I would like to belong to it—a conspiracy made up that all the merchants and editors and ministers of religion in this country agree that they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and there would be a revival of business immediate and tremendous and glorious. Stop singing Naomi and old Windom, and give us Mount Pisgah and Coronation. Merry Christmas!

The land is full of prophets, and I have as much right to prophecy as any one. I prophecy that we are coming toward the grandest temporal prosperity we have ever witnessed in this country. Mechanics are going to have larger wages. Capitalists are going to have larger dividends. The factories that are now closed are going to run day and night to meet demands. Stores are going to be crowded with customers, jostling each other and impatient to get waited on. Amid the rapid strides of business attorneys will be called in to interpret legalities, and merchants overworked will want medical attendance, and the churches are going to be abundant with men and women anxious to consecrate their gains to the Lord.

You prophecy midnight. I prophecy mid-noon. You pitch your tent toward universal bankruptcy. I pitch my

tent toward national opulence. "What are your reasons?" you say. I give you one dominant reason, God's evident determination to shower prosperity on this nation. Five years of unexampled harvests. Five years of unprecedented health. Five years of unheard-of amity. Northern Pacific Railroad apocalypse, in one direction. New Orleans Exposition apocalypse, in another direction.

When at the New Orleans Exposition, I saw a dark-skinned Mexican flutist thrill fifteen thousand people into transport and ecstasy. I said to myself: "You are just in front of a great host of the southern republics and of the southern empires that are going to join us in a march of commercial prosperity which shall surpass anything that the most optimistic capitalist ever saw in his most enchanted midsummer night's dream. While I am fully sympathetic with the depression abroad—and no man in any place has a heart that more thoroughly bleeds for the people of this country who are out of work and out of bread—I prophecy national rescue; and just as it is healthful to a man when he is depressed about himself just to walk about amid the destitution and the suffering and he will come back thankful to God for all the mercies He has, just so it would do this nation good if it would look across the water and see how other nations have it.

A gentleman in a rail train in England said to me: "I don't understand how you endure a revolution every four years in America. You ought to have a queen as we have, or a king, and have things settled." Why, the administration changes very often on the other side the sea, and it changes just as radically. There is an admonitory vote and Disraeli goes and Gladstone comes in; and then, after awhile, there will be another admonitory vote and Gladstone will go, and somebody else will come in. A change

perhaps will be effected in a year or six months, while in our land the administration starting must go on for four years unless some great disaster happens. Political quiet. No outcry of hatred or contempt. No threat of assassination. Peace, complete peace all over the land.

I cannot think of anything now that could possibly bring on a war. We have all had enough of that. Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, Fort Pulaski, Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, the lions of war sound asleep on their iron paws. Gunpowder out of fashion, only used to blast rocks, or for pyrotechnic display, or to shoot reed birds down on the flats. Inter-marriage between North and South—Northern men marrying Southern wives, southern men marrying Northern wives; the consanguineal ties multiplying, the children half Mississippian and half New Englander; so if there should be an attempt to make war between North and South you would have to do as Solomon proposed to do with the child that was brought to him, cut it in twain by the sword, and give half to the North and half to the South. *The hardest thing on earth to split* is a cradle. “Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men.”

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Some time ago we saw a curious discussion upon the question as to where went all the pins, buckles, and needles that were manufactured. When so many large establishments are ever turning them out, what becomes of them? Some again enter the earth from which they came forth a metal, some crumble into rust. They are all lost, but where do they go to? There is a more interesting question to us however, and that is the question "Where do all the prayers go to?" What becomes of them—of the tens of thousands that are every day offered. Are they answered? Not half of them, not a fourth of them. If there be millions of Christians on earth and each Christian man makes one prayer a day—and we do not see how a Christian man could content himself and maintain his spirituality even with that small modicum—then there are millions of supplications going up before the throne of God. Everything that can be desired for the individual heart, everything that can be desired for the Church, everything that can be desired for all the nations is asked for hour after hour, and moment after moment. Now, we are very conscious that a great many of the prayers that we have offered have never been answered. While we may sometimes be in doubt as to whether or not certain temporal successes are best for us,—when we come before God and ask Him for a spiritual blessing, we *know* that is best for us. But what has become of all the prayers? We have often asked that we might be perfectly conformed to Jesus Christ; not once has that prayer been answered. We

have asked for the redemption of all the people that attend our church on the Sabbath day; that prayer never has been answered. We have asked for the salvation of this entire land, and still there are multitudes sitting in darkness, many of them not knowing so much as that there is a Holy Ghost. Yea, there are millions of Christians day by day imploring God for the salvation of the whole world, and the supplication has never been answered. Does God, then, keep His promise? Is prayer a dead failure? Does God mock the Christian Church? Are we told to bring all our gifts into the storehouse and prove Him, only to find out that He breaks His promise? Friends, the answer to prayer is only a question of time. So far from there ever having been a million prayers lost, there has never been one prayer lost. God not only keeps one promise, but He keeps all the promises, and never since the moment we first breathed the Christian life have we ever offered an unavailing prayer. We repeat, it is only a question of time. Suppose there were coming some great gala day in the city, and the authorities should close the gates at the reservoir so that for twenty-four hours no water should pour down into the city, in order that at the close of those twenty-four hours the water might toss stronger and brighter in the fountains, and the city might have greater refreshments and greater gladness,—we could all understand that. Now, God gathers up the prayers of His children in a great reservoir. At the right time the refreshment and the life and torrent of His mercy shall come down upon the people. The farmer plants corn in May. After a while the green blade comes up; then there is a strong stalk. It is not until September that he strikes the sickle into the stout corn. He does not expect to reap it the same day he plants it. We suppose many of our prayers are century plants, and that they bloom only after a hundred years.

Some aged grandfather at the family altar asks for the blessing of God upon himself and upon his children and upon his children's children. Forty years afterward the prayer is honored. Some day you say, "Where did all these mercies come from? I certainly am not deserving." Why, it is an old prayer of your grandfather being responded to! The Lord bottled up the tears, and perhaps it was only yesterday that He looked at the lachrymal in which He has kept those tears from generation to generation, and He said, "Go to, now: there is a prayer that has never been answered. I will answer it now." And God knows what is the best time. Sooner or later He who never turns a deaf ear to His children answers the cry, the first note of which was caught by the ear of God when it went up to heaven. Though the blessing tarry, wait for it, for, as God's word never fails, it shall come!

HOPE DEFERRED YET FULFILLED.

What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way.

Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is. It is not a long rigmarole of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Forever and ever, Amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is? Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers; with it John Knox shook Scotland; with it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melanchthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said: "Philip, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go; I am tired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melanchthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends; "God has saved the life of Philip Melanchthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer, have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," describes a mausoleum in India which it took twenty thousand men for twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word it echoed back from a height of one hundred and fifty feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying: "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this Gospel harvest; the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take—whether you sit, stand, or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agonies lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said, as he looked over the beds of suffering: "Let all those wounded men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand!" Some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand, some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say: "Me! Me!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the rhetoric of your prayers, it does not make any difference about the posture, it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift, God is ready to hear. Prayer is answered, God is waiting to respond.

"But," says some one, "when is this harvest to be reaped?" This word tells you, Now. "Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to the harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how

many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. How can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You, a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age, and not one?

I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday-school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributor, bringing forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with a hundred and fifty souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one. Can it be?

What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now. And that is this instant! Why not be reaped for God this morning?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, forty, fifty years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime, and I must first get myself fixed up."

Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until He comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to call." So you see I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine life will cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet

have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggles. You go into that battle, and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall, and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle, and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger until the evil propensity goes down, and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out of your sins! Have you not been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not fought that battle long enough?

I rattle the gates of your sepulchre to-day. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland in almost despair took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. But history says when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke. I take this trumpet of the Gospel and I blow the first blast: "Whosoever will." I blow the second blast: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I blow the third blast: "Now is the accepted time."

But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by our fathers, to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger

on the latch of his father's house. I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for fifty years been under the teaching of the Gospel and believed it all.

When I was living in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill street, in Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time, and many were converted, and among others one of the prominent members of *the worst club-house in that city*. The next night the leader of that club-house, the president of it, resolved that he would go down and get his comrade away. He came to the door, and before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim those two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man. And the work went on until they were all saved and the infamous club-house is disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty Gospel! Though you came in here this morning a child of sin, you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

“ Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me ;
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.”

RELIEF IN TEARS.

Stand back and let the procession pass out! Hush all the voices of mirth and pleasure! Let every head be uncovered! Weep with this passing procession, and let it be told through all the market places and bazaars of Nain that, in Galilee to-day, the sepulchre hath gathered to itself "the only son of his mother and she a widow." Perhaps this tramp at the gate of Nain has an echo in your own bereft spirit. You went out to the grave, and you felt you never could come back again. You left your heart there. The white snow of death covered all the garden. You listen for the speaking of voices that will never be heard again and the sounding of feet that will never move in your dwelling again, and there is this morning, a dull, heavy, leaden pressure on your heart. God has dashed out the light of your eyes, and the heavy spirit that that woman carried out of the gate of Nain is no heavier than yours. And you open the door, but he comes not in. And you enter the nursery, but she is not there. And you sit at the table, but there is a vacant chair next to you. And the sun does not shine as brightly as it used to, and voices of affection do not strike you with so quick a thrill, and your cheek has not so healthy a hue, and your eye has not so deep a fire. Do I not know? Do we not all know? There is an unlifted woe on your heart. You have been out carrying your loved one beyond the gate of the city of Nain. But look yonder. Some one stands watching. He seems waiting for you. As you come up He stretches out His hand of help. His voice is full of

tenderness, yet thrills with eternal strength. Who is it? The very One who accosted the mourner at the gate of Nain, and He says, "Weep not."

Perhaps it is a worse grief than that. It may be a *living* home trouble that you cannot speak about to your best friend. It may be some domestic unhappiness. It may be an evil suspicion. It may be the disgrace following in the footsteps of a son that is wayward, or a companion who is cruel, or a father that will not do right, and for years there may have been a vulture striking its beak into the vitals of your soul, and you sit there to-day feeling it is worse than death. It is. It is worse than death. And yet there is relief. Though the night may be the blackest, though the voices of hell may tell you to curse God and die, look up and hear the voice that accosted the woman of the text as it says, "Weep not."

"Earth has no sorrow
That heaven cannot cure."

Learn again from all this that Christ is *the master of the grave*. Just outside the gate of the city Death and Christ measured lances, and when the young man rose Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Oh! what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started and how her heart throbbed as she said, "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. It is going to be repeated ten thousand times. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" As the child shakes off the dust of the

tomb and comes forth fresh and fair and beautiful, and you throw your arms around it and press it to your heart, angel to angel will repeat the story of Nain: "He delivered him to his mother." Did you notice that? "He delivered him to his mother." Oh, ye troubled souls! oh, ye who have lived to see every prospect blasted, pealed, scattered, consumed! wait a little. The seed-time of tears will become the wheat harvest. In a clime cut of no wintry blast, under a sky palled by no hurtling tempest, amid redeemed ones that weep not, that part not, that die not, friend will come to friend and kindred will join kindred, and the long procession that marches the avenues of gold will lift up their palms as again and again it is announced that the same One who came to the relief of this woman came to the relief of many a maternal heart, and repeated the wonders of resurrection and "delivered him to his mother." Oh! that will be the harvest of the world. That will be the coronation of princes. That will be the Sabbath of eternity.

WOMANLY MINISTRATIONS.

Woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot and impatient bearing, minister? No. He cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be watcher. The Lord God, who sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and Florence Nightingale into the Crimea, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battle-field, has equipped wife, mother, and daughter for this delicate but tremendous mission.

You have known men who despised woman, but the moment disease fell upon them, they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates. Their first cry was, "Take me to my wife." The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences, but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek he says, "Where is mother?"

I think one of the most pathetic passages in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out of the harvest-field of Shunam and got sunstruck, throwing his hands on his temples and crying out, "Oh my head! my head!" and they said, "Carry him to his mother." And then the re-

cord is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in the bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministries of home!

I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed, far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward but they went too late. He feared not to die but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said, "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight—wife and daughters going westward, lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle. When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home.

Men did their work with shot, and shell, and carbine, and howitzer; women did their work with socks, and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said, "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of

distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress! Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it, but woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute! A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying, "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by

stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes, in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her, "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your cheque-book, mark the number of the cheque, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her.

She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that, when the crisis comes, she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household, again and again, "What is the matter?" but he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh sir, your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She perhaps might not have disentangled your finances or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two.

There are business men everywhere who know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long, but after a while there came a day when you said,

“Here I shall have to stop,” and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said, “We have got to stop.” You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you.

You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She helped you begin to plan right away. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked on what you thought was a thin, weak woman’s arm holding you up, but while you looked at that arm, there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You said, “Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don’t care—I don’t care.”

At the moment you were utterly exhausted, God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the Amalekites, and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household, where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households in every city to-day where as much bravery

and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses.

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize, this moment, that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown, whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

FUTURE RECOGNITION.

The Bible describes heaven as *a great home circle*. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better than now, "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." It will be my purified, enthroned, and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned, and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so, I have an idea it is so, I guess it is so." Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind, and soul, "I know it is so."

I. There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, *because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory*. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember." If the exiled and other lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstance is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot

see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our firesides with us when there rises before us the throne of the blessed, and when there surges up in our ears the jubilate of the saved.

Heaven is not a contraction, it is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. *It will be immortality gazing on immortality*—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch Minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, “My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?” He turned to her and said, “My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?”

II. Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because *the world's expectancy affirms it*. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes, “Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often.”

Among the Danes, when a master dies his servant sometimes slays himself that he may serve the master in the future world. Cicero, living before Christ's coming, said, “Oh, glorious day when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assemblage of

departed spirits, and not with the one I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, the best of sons and most faithful of men. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I was supported by the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

The Norwegians believe it. The Indians believe it. The Greenlanders believe it. The Swiss believe it. The Turks believe it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

III. Again, I adopt this theory because *there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever*. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is *by the disposition as well*, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?

IV. Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because *we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted*. The joy of heaven, we are told, is to be inaugurated by a review of life's work. These Christian men and women who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

In the church at Somerville, New Jersey, John Vredenburgh preached for a great many years. He felt that his ministry was a failure, and others felt so, although he was a faithful minister preaching the Gospel all the time. He died, and died amid some discouragements, and went home to God; for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after his death there came a great awakening in Somerville, and one Sabbath two hundred souls stood up at the Christian altar espousing the cause of Christ, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those two hundred souls was that they dated their religious impressions from the ministry of John Vredenburgh.

Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls *brought to Christ through his instrumentality*. Oh, of course he will know them. I remember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my sins and knowing not God, I took up Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark afternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the prayers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious old book he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other,—the son and the mother.

“Oh,” she says to the angels of God, “rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back.” The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes will it know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God will they know David Brainard?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, “I have no right to be here.” A voice from a throne says, “Oh, you forget that Sunday-school class you invited to Christ. *I was one of them.*” And another voice says, “You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread and told of the heavenly loaves. I was that man.” And another says, “You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one.” And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, “Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me.” And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, “What song shall it be?” And Christ bending over the harpers, shall say, “It shall be the Harvest Home!”

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that *so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory*. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often *the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow*, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him.

How often it is in the dying moments *parents see their*

departed children, and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after a while I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "*Hark! look!*" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after a while died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!"

You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where *one of my neighbors was dying*. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no; our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. *My idea of heaven* is, you are seated in the evening-tide by the fireplace, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been lost, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace.

That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle *where they are waiting for us*. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister?" You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Mary, or Florence to her? Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye, and the ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is worn in your soul. It cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

THE WANDERER'S WELCOME.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed had become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight-seeing and has returned to his father's house.

The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. O! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back-door and says, "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty

reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

First of all there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of my church professed Christ one night was *a young man* who next morning rang my door-bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, or Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers in his ears, and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car-driver in this city some months ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say,

“Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!”

Oh, it is *no tame thing to become a Christian*. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flashing water; to the morning, roseate, fireworked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and Heaven and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God who reads this, and cry: “Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty.” Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the Church in Heaven, and he said: “Now this is my experience: ‘sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, yet possessing all things.’” If the people in this and every place knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When *Daniel Sandeman* was dying of cholera his attendant said: “Have you much pain?” “Oh,” he replied, “since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin.” Then they said to him: “Would you like to send a message to your friends?” “Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, ‘Stop, Lord,

it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry VIII, consuming with hatred against poor Thomas-a-Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,"

and when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

"Where saints immortal reign."

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides
That Heavenly land from ours."

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart-throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and Heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man in the parable, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it.

He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter; go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah! no. When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish Sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the Eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice; and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by *post-mortem* examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a Sultan, not a Czar, not a despot, but a Father—kind, loving, forgiving, and He makes all Heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to Heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater

than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, He cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again!"

When the prodigal comes Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the life-boats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. It is not a dull tune you have heard in human congregations. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men

never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, was less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting-house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

THE HOME GATHERING.

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 procession 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 with each other, home with God!

One night lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp, and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: “When will they put off this and put on workmen’s garb, and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge? but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: “Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?” And the answer was made me: “We have no poor in this country.” And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold; but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said: “Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?”

And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I

knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around, and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home, home!"

A LAMP FOR THE DARK VALLEY.

There are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how," and the great question asked by thousands in every land is, "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. When you go home you expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe: I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trust-worthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "O," says some one

in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! No hope! we are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane-deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life-boats!" cries the captains. "Down with the life-boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be?—You or the captain? The captain says: "You. " You jump, and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long-continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all your heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my advice; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not

know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the Architect of the whole Universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my bible brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment

hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said attractive things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the “Merry Christmas,” or the “Happy New Year?” Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination. I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I

beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly day-break? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I wake in His likeness. O, broken-hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

THE WONDERFUL TRANSITION.

Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and as the grim official draws the sword Paul calmly says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle; one sharp, keen stroke, and Paul *does* go to the banquet, and Paul *does* dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm-wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped, the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature,—seated as he was amid pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother of pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was

kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence, his horses standing in stalls of solid gold and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by his victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose sceptre is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the words: "The time of my departure is at hand?"

Now, why cannot all the old people of every congregation have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the Queen as a great joke, but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why may not we as well. They got through with it, and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at all at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties. But you say: "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have more friends in heaven than here.

Just take the census. Take some large sheets of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore: the companions of your school-days, your early business associates, the friends of mid-life, and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? O no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure it another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed, "Come back to the cradle where you slept! come back to the hall where you used to play! come back to the table where you used to sit!" And there would be a great burglary in heaven. No, no. God will not trust you with resurrection power, but He compromises the matter, and says: "You cannot bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eyesight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is

old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say in perfect rapture of soul: "The time of my departure is at hand."

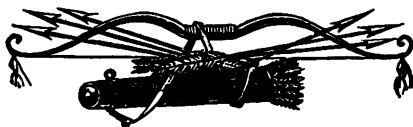
We ought to have joy, because leaving this world *we move into the best society of the universe*. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince, is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin, that carried my sorrows, that fought my battles, that won my victories?" O radiant One! how I would like to see Thee: Thou of the manger, but without its humiliation; Thou of the cross, but without its pangs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness. The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now what will you ask Him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of His last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and

Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the darkness that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon His endurance depended the rescue of a race, and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to His ear more faintly, and His hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and His feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and His head fell forward in a swoon as He uttered the last moan and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the Divine narrator, until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up: finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessing and riches, and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

"What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?"



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A GALLANT GRIP.

I LOOK at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

O my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses; and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles; and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ; and your associates in the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord

God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

" Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. " His hand clave unto the sword."

I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every

time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, *armed Philistine iniquity*. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian Church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it, until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver-chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new

hat is not done. Methodist churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshipper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work, that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave to the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries, and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments.

But they did in their day almighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said: "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battle on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a



very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, a hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts, as he says: "Behold this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfil His promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age, and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Marmertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and prescribing for the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react.

IMPEDIMENTS MASTERED.

I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day had for father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day was born of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions, that was founded by a man who, after he had vast estate, sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But it may be resisted, it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted

a hundred both ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up! Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate backbone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind, and soul in battle array.

I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror"

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, estranged

children from the homestead, come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when this word sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world; and when this word sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God, Heir of mortality! Take your inheritance!

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

I think a great many of you will say that you believe it is important to have the religion of Jesus Christ every day of our life, to smooth our tempers and purify our minds, and hold us imperturbable amid all the annoyance and vexations of life. You and I have seen so many men trampled down by misfortunes because they had no faith in Jesus, and you say to yourself: "If they were so easily overcome by the trials of life, what will it be when greater misfortunes come upon them—heart-breaking calamities, tremendous griefs?"

I do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck bound for Egypt. It was a bright, starry night, and as he paced the deck, thinking of the great affairs of the State and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God, one saying there was a God and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to these men in conversation, and said: "Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God; if there is no God, will you please to tell me who made all that?" Oh, if we have no God to comfort us when our fortune goeth, and we look upon the grave of our children, and our houses are desolate, what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God, going out to fight giants of trouble; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast. Oh,

when the swift coursers of trouble are brought up, championing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If having run with the footmen they wearied us, how can we contend with horses?

We have all yielded to *temptation*. We have been surprised afterward that so small an inducement could have decoyed us from the right. How insignificant a temptation has sometimes captured our soul. And if that is so, my dear brother, what will it be when we come to stand in the presence of temptation that prostrated a David and a Moses and a Peter and some of the mightiest man in all God's kingdom? Now we are honest; but suppose we were placed in some path of life, as many of God's children have been, where all the force of earth and hell combine to capture the soul? Without Jesus we would go down under it. If already we have been beaten by insignificant footmen, we would be distanced ten thousand leagues by the horses.

Oh, I don't like to hear a man say, "I could not commit such a sin as that. I can't understand how a man could be carried away like that." You don't know what you could do if the grace of God lets you. You know what John Bunyan said when he saw a man staggering along the street, thoroughly imbued with his habits. He said: "There goes John Bunyan but for the grace of God." I can say when I see one utterly fallen: "There goes De Witt Talmage but for the grace of God!" If we have been delivered from temptation, it is because the strong arm of the Lord Almighty has been about us, and not because we were any better than they.

It is a great folly to borrow trouble. If we can meet the misfortunes of to-day we will be able to meet the troubles

of to-morrow; but suppose now, if through a lack of the religion of Jesus, we are overthrown by small sins, does not our common-sense teach us that we cannot stand up against great ones? If we cannot carry a pound can we carry a thousand pounds? If we are discomfited coming into battle with one regiment, a battalion will cut us to pieces. If we are unfit to cope with one small trial won't we be overcome by greater ones? If the footmen are too much for us, won't the odds be more fearful against us when we contend with horses?

I thank God that some of His dear children have been delivered. How was it that Paul could say: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things?" And David the Psalmist soars up into the rock of God's strength and becomes thoroughly composed amid all his sorrows, saying: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake with the swelling thereof."

But these words suggest something in advance of anything I have said. We must all quit this life. However sound our health may be, it must break down; however good our title may be to houses, land and estates, we must surrender them. We will hear a voice bidding us away from all these places. We will have to start on a pilgrimage from which we can never come back. We will have seen for the last time the evening star and watched the last summer cloud and felt the breath of the spring wind for the last time. Hands of loved ones may be stretched out to hold us back, but they cannot—go we must.

About all other exits and changes we may trifle, but not

about this. Stupendous moment of life-quitting ! Oh, when the great tides of eternity arise about us and fill the soul and surround it and sweep it out toward rapture or woe, ah, that will be "the swelling of Jordan."

I know people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it. But men do make fun of the passage from one world to another. Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea of fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw one summer, in Westminster Abbey, an epitaph which a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb:

" Life is a jest,
And all things show it.
I thought so once,
But now I know it."

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulture, men should try their witticisms. A great German, having rejected Christ, in his last moment said: "Give me light, give me light !"

Oh, we may be smart with our criticisms about the last hour; but when it comes and the tides are rising and the surf is beating and the winds are howling, we will each one, my brethren, find for himself that it is "the swelling of the Jordan." Our natural courage won't hold us out then. However familiar we may have been with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources.

When the north-east wind blows off from the sea of death it will put out all earthly lights. The lamp of the Gospel, God-lighted, is the only lamp that can stand in that blast. The weakest arm holding that shall not be confounded;

the strongest one neglecting that shall stumble and die. When the Jordan rises in its wrath the first dash of its wave will swamp them forever. We feel how sad it is for a man to attempt this life without religion. We see what a doleful thing it is for a man to go down into the misfortunes of life without Christian solace; but if that be so how much more terrible when that man comes face to face with the solemnities of the last hour.

Oh, if in the bright sunshine of health and prosperity a man felt the need of something better, how will he feel when the shadows of the last hour gather about his pillow? If in the warmths of worldly prosperity he was sometimes dismayed, how will he feel when that last chill creeps over him? If while things were comparatively smooth he was disquieted what will he do in the agonies of dissolution? If in the land of peace in which he trusted they wearied him, what will he do amid the swelling of Jordan?

Oh, I rejoice to know that so many of God's children have gone through that pass without a shudder. Some one said to a dying Christian, "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?"

"Oh, no," he says, "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying," and then he pointed to a clock on the wall, and he said: "The last two hours in which I have been dying I have had more joy than all the years of my life." General Fisk came into the hospital after the battle, and there were many seriously wounded, and there was one man dying, and the general said: "Ah, my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy." And then he looked up into the general's face, and said, "*I am going to the front!*"

Oh, I have seen them, and so have you, go out of this

life without a tear on their cheek. There was weeping all round the room, but no weeping in the bed; the cheeks were dry. They were not thrown down into darkness, they were lifted up. We saw the tides rising around them and the swelling of the wave. It washed them off from the cares and toils of life; it washed them on toward the beach of heaven. They waved to us a farewell kiss as they stood on deck, and floated down further and further, wafted by gales from heaven, until they were lost to our sight—mortality having become immortality.

The world itself will grow old and die. The stars will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper and ocean heave its last groan, but you and I will live forever! Gigantic immortal. Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or sink. Then what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applause of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up and the things that pressed us down? What to John Wesley are all the mobs that howled after him? What to Voltaire are all the nations that applauded him? What to Paul now the dungeons that chilled him? What to Latimer now the flames that consumed him? All those who through the grace of Christ reach that land will never be disturbed. None to dispute their throne, they shall reign forever and ever. But alas for those who have made no preparation for the future! When the sharp-shod hoofs of eternal disaster come up panting and swift to go over them, how will they contend with horses? And when the waves of their wretchedness rise up, white and foaming, under the swooping of eternal storms, and the billows become more wrathful and dash higher, oh, what will they do "amid the swelling of Jordan?"

SHARPENING SICKLES.

If you want to enter into the Christian service, first of all you must have your heart right. There is no use of your trying to save a man from drowning if you yourself cannot swim. We have known men outside the Church who were anxious for the spiritual up-building of Zion, but they have accomplished very little in that direction. Their life and their personal example accomplished more in the wrong direction than their advice and counsel accomplished in the right direction. It was as though two men were walking along a road until they came to a fork in the road, and one man said, "You take the right road, it is far the best; but I am going to take the left road." The other man would not believe he was honest in his counsel. He would say to himself, "Why, if the man thought this right road was the best, he would himself take it. Now, he takes the left. I really think he must prefer the left road." In other words, you cannot lead men into the kingdom of God unless you go there yourself. But suppose that you have your heart made right by the grace of God, and that you have become an out-and-out, through-and-through Christian, then we charge you, get ready for Christian work. The vast majority of people never think of any such preparation. If you want to be effective in different departments of Christian service, gather around you concordances and dictionaries and encyclopædias and poems and histories, and wherever you find a man who has a sharp intellect, sharpen your intellect against his.

Not long ago, in Philadelphia, we stood over the form of an earnest Christian worker who had just passed out of this life. A great throng gathered there to do honor to his memory. They covered up the place with flowers. You could hardly tell where the casket was. There were anchors in flowers, suggestive of the hope within the vale. There were crosses, symbolic of the suffering tree on which he had hung all his hopes. There were harps of flowers, suggestive of the music of heaven, of which he had already become a participant. There were crowns that made one think of the victory he had already gained. And standing there and then, we thought what a grand thing it is to live a Christian life, and what a grand thing it is to die a Christian death. The people came in—the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the white and the black—and they passed along, and there was a flood of tears. We who tried to interpret the providence could not do much more than ourselves cry. “Dying in mid-life,” we said, “why is it, when there are so few Christian workers, God takes this man in the very meridian?” and then and there we found an explanation. It seemed to us that it is as when a farmer, who has two sons, sends them out to the field, and to one he says, “You culture that field,” and to the other, “You culture this field.” The one goes to his work, and he toils very leisurely; he saunters along while he is going there; he saunters through the furrow; he does not put forth any particular energy; he works until it is seven o’clock at night, and the sun is going down, and he goes home. But the other brother goes into the field; he toils mightily; he rushes into the work. He says “Here we want a great harvest “raised,” and he toils every minute with all the concentrated energies of his body, mind, and soul, and he gets through at twelve o’clock. His

work is done. What does he do? He goes home. What is the use in a man staying in this world after his work is done? Let him go to rest. Let him go and sit down at the banquet. Let him go and rejoice at the gathering of the sheaves. Let him enter into the glorious hilarities of heaven. Let him cast off the shackles of earth and mount up into the joy of the eternally free. O, that God would make us all earnest workers! We do not know when God is going to call us. As for ourselves we have a great ambition to have our work all done. We would rather die at forty-two years of age, our work finished, than at ninety years of age, our work only half done. Soon the journey will be through and we will lie down to rest. But the idea of rest is absurd to a man who has never worked.

VICTORIES BY STRATEGY.

Look ! the morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush, they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry "To arms! to arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked and bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua, than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave: "Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage failing him? "Fall back!"

The retreat is beaten, and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer and cheer. But they huzza too soon. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk-like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put to it the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush.

How about the division more especially under Joshua's



command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight, than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cries "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fatal city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Woe to the city of Ai. Cheer for the triumphs of Israel!

Lesson thus taught: There is such a thing as *victorious retreat*. Joshua falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon. Fall back from the wine party. Your flight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down here on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A teaspoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from

drunkenness, hurried into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your retreat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he *can read anything*. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Theodore Parker? Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts? Swedenborg's dreams? Tyndall's Glasgow University address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a fool-hardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as *victorious defeat of the church*. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back—when the blood of the Scotch covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the highlands, when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender, when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris, crying: "Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block, when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle, when John Knox died for the truth, when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford Jail, saying: "If God will help me, and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith." The days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshalling a continent

for the Christianization of the world. The Church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from the Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemberg castle, falling back from the Brussels market-place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Three thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground; sixty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least twenty-five million of Christians on the earth. All nations to-day kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing, until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

"The lion of Judah shall break the chain,
And give us the victory again and again!"

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice Him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until He walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives, and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God amid the Ahabs and the Jezebels and the Belshazzars. O, men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling back.

Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over

the plateau of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow into the awful snows of Russia, are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as He fell back, until the body of Him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and He fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objugation and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty !

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea ? I hear the sheet rending ! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill ? Who is this coming out ? Push him back ! The dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On His head be all the crowns, in His hand be all the sceptres, at His feet be all the human hearts ; and here, Lord, is one of them.



THE GOOD TIMES NOW.

We do not belong to the great army of croakers. We do not believe that things are going to crash generally, that the Palisades are to tumble down and crash out Christianity, that we have fallen upon evil times, and that truth and virtue and goodness only walked the earth in the good days of old. This to be sure is the common way of putting it—but we do not like the way. “When I was a child,” exclaims grandfather, and sighs regretfully as he adds, “Ah! but those were in the good old times;” and just so, when he was a child his grandfather said the same thing, and his in turn before him. The truth is, way back to the genesis of the world—for Adam had his “old times” to look back upon—people have been grumbling about the good old times.

It is a truth which the croakers would do well to lay to heart that the Lord has always been against them. When Jonah grumbled he was taught the lesson of the gourd, and was afterwards sent down the whale’s throat where he could find plenty of blubber; when Elijah grumbled the Lord silenced him; David turned grumbler and lost a battle by it. All through the Bible we hear about grumblers, and are told that the Lord was displeased with them.

People who lament over the good old times forget one thing; they forget that their good old times were when they were children—when they thought and spoke and acted as children;—and so they pass judgment on a constructive excellence the sense of which they drank in from the cup

of their child-wonder, a half or three-quarters of a century ago. There is evil around,—the devil enters into the hearts of men while they are busy writing long essays to prove that he has no existence. We hear of a pulpit that is scandalized—a shameless press that is subsidized—of a government official whose hands are soiled with bribes—of faith broken, of trust violated,—characters irretrievably ruined,—we hear of all these, and yet we know that more is to-day being done for the Master than ever before. More numerous and more powerful agencies are being employed than ever before. There is more real humanity manifested in behalf of the destitute, the fallen and the oppressed,—more charity, more toleration of opinion, for expressing which only a century ago men were sent to the stake,—more knowledge of God and his blessed Word than the world has ever seen before. If it be claimed that Infidelity is abroad in science it is sufficient to say that Infidelity has always chosen one form or another for its expression, and so far from regretting that it has chosen the grand name of Science under which to fight its battles, we rejoice that it has manifested itself in just that particular phase where it can take no refuge in indefinite abstractions, but must stand crucial test.

No! the good times, if we will but believe it, are *now*;—the better times are not backwards—but beyond. We believe, as in the past so in the future, the world will grow better and better. Bye-and-bye the world and all that there is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new earth righteousness, *only* righteousness shall dwell; and even then who can doubt that growth, constant growth, will ever mark the progress of the soul? Ah! but there will be no croakers in heaven.

SUNLIT ANTICIPATIONS.

Much of the Christian work is done amid gloomy forebodings. Temperance men, overwhelmed with statistics of drunkenness; advocates of political integrity, disheartened with the story of official corruption; ministers of the Gospel, stunned and crippled with the world's impenitency; Mohammedanism, with its host of three hundred and forty millions; Brahminism, with its army of one hundred and seventy-five millions; Buddhism, with its battalions of three hundred and forty millions, sometimes make the Christian man disposed to give up the contest. Indeed, throw out of the calculation the superhuman, and all reformatory, missionary, and ecclesiastical attempts would be a long-continued absurdity. But the reserve corps has not yet come up. We are only planting the batteries. It is only five o'clock in the morning. Wait till the sun rises. Wait till God buckles on His sword. Wait till the white horses are harnessed to the King's chariot. Joshua's troops retreated just before they triumphantly took the city of Ai. Let the enemies of God beware when the army of Christ falls back. It is preparing for universal rally.

Those who do not believe this had better quit Christian work, and go away. We have had enough of lugubrious Christians. They load once, shoot, fling away their rifle, and run. It is the cheerful worker who succeeds. Come on all ye who believe in the utter rout of sin and the universal domination of Jesus. Not only bring along with you enough ammunition with which to fight, but enough trumpets and drums and rockets to celebrate the triumph. Hosannah to the Son of David, who is also the Son of God!

DROWSY PREACHING.

A good deal is being said now-a-days as to the most efficient method of preaching needed in the pulpit. Some favor expository preaching, some the didactic, some the homiletic, some even the metaphysical. We suppose what is most efficient depends upon the constitution of the preacher himself. Some do best in hortatory efforts; others, again, are wonderfully successful in the simple exposition of the Scriptures; but whatever the method be, it should have the elements of directness, of simplicity, and of pungency. When a preacher has his subject, he should go right at it, as if he meant to hit it. The system of using texts by way of accommodation is a most pernicious one, and it is a false system. We have all heard of the minister who preached from the text, "Top knot come down," and equally absurd illustrations are being constantly met with.

So, too, the element of simplicity is a most necessary one. We once heard a minister—and he was of that abused class, the army chaplains—speak of "landing a finny inhabitant of the briny deep upon the dry and parched earth." What he meant was *fishing*, only he did not have the sense to say so.

Pungency is another essential element. As we had occasion recently to say, we want more clear, ringing Anglo-Saxon in the pulpit, and less artificiality of language and voice, which make the preacher seem to be either an improved automaton or a *vox humana* stop taken out of the

organ and set up in the pulpit. This dismal wailing which we sometimes meet with, mixed up with weak metaphor and redundancy of speech, is often put forth as the offspring of culture; but culture does not acknowledge the wayward child. It was with no such uncertain sound that the great Apostle Paul preached the magnificent discourse on Mars Hill, or declared the whole counsel of God all the way from Jerusalem to Rome. Men who employ in preaching a stilted, artificial method, never last beyond their little day.

There is still another point: we need more attention to a free, spontaneous oratory. The gestures may be awkward; but let the words burn, let the manner be earnest, and the hearers will not be apt to go to sleep. The importance to a preacher of being wide awake in the delivery of a sermon, even if he be liable to the charge of that great bugbear of modern Chadbands, "sensationalism," is well illustrated by an anecdote which Professor Lawson, a theological teacher in England, used to tell of one of his pulpits, Andrew Fletcher, who, after completing his theological studies, passed the first two years of his ministry in a colleagueship with his father, a clergyman of Perthshire, Scotland. When the father preached, the listeners were few; when the son discoursed, the house was flooded. The father's sermons elicited no praises, the son's were loudly applauded; whereat the former became jealous and irritable. At length the son borrowed one of his father's sermons, and on the following Sunday preached it from memory with great emphasis and animation. The hearers were louder than ever in praise of the youthful orator, and one worthy remarked, "The old man never in his life preached a sermon equal to that!"

So, too, when a friend of Mirabeau complained that the

Assembly would not listen to him, that fiery leader asked for his speech, and the next day electrified the Assembly by uttering as his own the words they had refused to hear from another. In either case it was the manner that made all the difference. This age is a wakening age, a nervous age, a quick age. Men have much to learn and they hear much. The men of to-day are wider awake than their ancestors ever were, and it becomes the successful preacher of to-day to be roused and wide awake. If one of the Apostles could leave heaven and drop into some of our churches he would think himself in a first-class dormitory, nor would he be far out of the way. When a house is on fire, the alarm comes out as from a clarion. It is some of this wide-awake spirit in manner, in matter, in tone, in voice, in gesture, which the pulpit of to-day needs, and without which preaching becomes as lifeless as a stone and as ineffectual as beating the air.

THE FRESHNESS OF RELIGION

What a beautiful thing the religion of Jesus Christ is. Although so long ago it started out on the world, it seems as new to us as though last night it were born in the manger. Religion, instead of wearing out is wearing in, and the world which once rejected it now begins to receive it, and all around the earth is heard the song of hosanna and congratulation. Look at this old Bible, composed under divine inspiration so long ago by the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle. If any other book in all the world had been half as much read as that book, it would have become a worn-out story, and been cast from the regard of men. No other book that the world has ever seen could endure so much reading and study without becoming stale and insipid, and positively disgusting. Yet after the studying of this book by the learned men of all ages, and after you have read it in the morning hour and in the evening hour for years and scores of years, and heard its truths preached Sabbath after Sabbath, and its passages quoted day after day, not only in religious books but in secular literature, it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though this very afternoon Ezekiel wrote his prophecies, and Luke inscribed the Acts of the Apostles, and Paul penned his Epistle to Timothy. The promises new. The miracles new. The parables new. The historical portion of the Bible new. Never were there so many people studying it as they are studying it to-day. Never did it pour so much comfort and light and hope and peace upon the nations as it is pouring to-day. A lantern for

every dark path. A light-house for every dangerous port.
A soft pillow for every dying head

“ How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.”

Then look at the mercy seat. Abraham knelt there. Noah knelt there. Daniel knelt there. Isaiah knelt there. John knelt there. Peter knelt there. Paul knelt there. All the redeemed of earth have knelt there. And yet we come now and find it an attractive place. While the angels of God have looked down from age to age upon it, and there has been no cessation to the supplication that has been going up from dungeons, from ship's deck, from Christian homes, from all lands, and from all ages, still it is a fresh and fair and attractive and beautiful mercy seat.

So it is with the Lord Jesus Christ. He is an aged Christ. The Bible represents Him as such when it says, “ His hair is white like snow.” And yet how attractive He is to our souls. We greet Him in our homes. We hail Him in our religious assemblages. Honored on earth, and praised in heaven. Light for all darkness. Bread for all hunger Harbor for all storm. Life for all death.

Then the whole subject of heaven is old. You have been singing about it all your days; and talking about it, and praying about it, and hearing the subject discussed; and yet that theme has as much rapture for your soul as when, at your mother's knee, you first heard there was any such place as heaven. Though “ a great multitude that no man can number ” have been standing around about the throne of God, and hallelujahs have been going up through all the ages, you are yourself anticipating, with great rapture

of soul, entrance upon that blessed rest; and the story, instead of becoming a worn-out and insipid story, becomes more and more thrilling by so much as you have trials and hardships and persecutions and temptations and sins. You sometimes say, "O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." O, land of light, land of love, land of joy, land of reunion,—who can describe it? Fountains that never fail. Trees of life that never wither. Sabbaths that never end.

We congratulate you that you have such a fresh religion, and, while you possess it yourselves, commend it to all the people. There are those who have not tasted one of its joys, nor wept one of its sorrows, nor felt the inspiration of one of its promises. Let us pray God that the religion of Jesus Christ may be made so glowingly attractive to all the world that men will step immediately into the kingdom of God, grounding the hostilities of their soul, and receiving Christ as their pardon and peace and life and joy and rapture and heaven.

THE DISCIPLINE OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to economy—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. That is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make \$5 do the work of \$7. How the bills 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 lifelong attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers. Oh, 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 Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Besides 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 robes 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 equipages; and if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, Oh, 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. Oh, what a change from here to there—from the time when they put down the rolling pin to when they take up the sceptre. 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 either of them.

INCONSPICUOUS HEROES.

David looked into the worn faces of the veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew how that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and *the little general* looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play;" and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the two hundred crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the two hundred men that went to the front. "As his part is

that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But this verse sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses and of Joshua and of David and of Luther and of John Knox and of Deborah and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and the moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mar's Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital."

There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand; but my business is to get the children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready and to keep account of the household expenses and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, I am clear discour-

aged." Woman, *God places you on garrison duty*, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah Moore, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

These two hundred men of David who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors; but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Such men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve, or under

some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" and I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility.

Do you not suppose God is going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the President of the Pennsylvania Railway, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known the brakeman who on the Erie Railroad was jammed to death amid the car coupling. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

For thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. *It was an awful time;* but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces doing his whole duty. *Nobody thanked the engineer,* but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as for the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along *the edge of a*

wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

“ I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.”

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service ?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a book-worm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. “What a pity it is,” they say, “that Ed can not get an education.” His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: “Father, I wish you would send Ed to college; if you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do.” The mother says: “Yes, I will get along without any hired help; although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help.” The father says, “Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance.” Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid, yea, suffering economy that the boy may go to college.

Think not that I mention an imaginary case. *God knows it happened.*

Commencement Day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after a while it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and *their faded shawls* and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale, and then they are very much flushed. *Ed gets the garlands*, and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognition. “As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.”

There is high encouragement in this subject also for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These two hundred men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the soldiers' hospital in Paris and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where

they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame, they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off those old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes.

Do you think my Lord is going to turn off His old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the face are wrinkles? No; they are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for Heaven. When they had plenty of money their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin-struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities, now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor.

Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think He has forgotten their service. Fret not, *ye aged ones*. Just tarry by the stuff, and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleat-

ing of the fat lambs and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck, and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on and they push you up, and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes, that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes, she was with me in the last sickness." And then the cry will go round the circle, "Come in, come in, come up, come up; we saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated service. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley, there will be a throne higher than either on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST FIELD.

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, 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 in the house to-day has 500 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!

Again, I remark, 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, 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 Saviour 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 Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down 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 may it be with us when our work is all done—"Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present, that 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.

They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those 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 a while 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 farther, 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.

O, 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, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.

We have not only the present surroundings to make us happy, but our minds are crowded with vivid reminiscences. On a day like this the memory becomes a kaleidoscope, and every minute the scene changes. You give to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn and there they are, natural as life, around the country hearth on a cold winter night. Hear the hickory fire crackle, and see the shadows flit up and down the wall. Games that sometimes well-nigh upset the chairs—"Blind Man's Buff," "Who's got the Button," "The Popping Corn," "The Molasses Pudding," and the witch stories that made the neighbors' boys afraid to go home after dark. Hickory nuts on one dish, roseate apples on the other. The boisterous plays of "More Bags on the Mill," "Leap Frog," "Catcher," around and around the room until some one got hurt and a kiss was offered to make up the hurt, the kiss more resented than the hurt. High old times! Father and mother got up and went into the next room because they could not stand the racket. Then, instead of compunctions of conscience, a worse racket. But now the scene is fading out. The old fireplace is down, and the house is down with it. One of those boys went to sea and was never heard of. Another became squire in the neighboring village. Another went to college and became a minister. Another died the following summer, and they are all gone, and you had better turn the kaleidoscope quickly or you will get us all crying.

There! Turn it no farther, for I want to see that old

Thanksgiving dinner. Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between wondering if father will ever get done *carving the turkey*. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before at school we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at that table we found that turkey was bounded by greece. The brown surface waited for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental the heart. Give to the one disposed to music the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, chopped the meat for them, spiced them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath. No brandy, for old folks were stout for temperance, and cider about half way between new and hard, with a slight tendency to hard. But I have always been opposed to cider—except when it's good. Dear me! What a pie! You deluded New Englanders can talk till you are gray about your pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving day; give me an old-fashioned New Jersey mince pie. Of the ten at that table all are gone save two—some in village churchyard, some in city cemetery—but we shall sit with them yet at a brighter banquet. Better turn the kaleidoscope.

Yes; there they go down the hill head first on a sled, coasting. Clear the track! Four sleighs abreast and four in the rear, the touch of the toe the only rudder. The walk up-hill thrashing the numb fingers around the body more than paid for by the descent, swift as the sled of a Laplander. Many of our lives only a repetition of that process, walking up-hill for the sake of riding down it.

Turn the kaleidoscope, and you see the neighborhood quilting. The mothers and wives came in the afternoon, all wrapped up from the cold, and their feet on a foot-stove. When they got warm and took out their needles and sat down it was a merry group and full of news. Once in a while a needle would slip and make a bad scratch upon the character of some absentee, but for the most part it was good, wholesome talk. And in the evening when the young people came and the old people were in one room and the young people in another, in the latter there was some lively stepping. While the black boy played "Moneymusk" even grandfather in the next room, who had distributed many tracts on the sin of dancing, was seen to make his heel go. It seemed to me a great fuss and a great gathering to get one quilt made. But the fact was that good neighborhood was quilted, warm sympathies were quilted, lifetime friendships were quilted, and connubial bliss was quilted. And they stayed late. And such plays as you had in that back room when you joined hands, and one of the loveliest stood in the ring! What a circumference to what a centre!

Turn again the kaleidoscope, and there is the old meeting-house, made solemn and sleepy, bumble-bees humming about the old clap-boards, horses under the shed stamping at the flies, choir in the gallery with a broken fiddle. Farmers in their sleeves aroused from their slumbers by the

hymn: "My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?" Aged minister, good enough for translation. The old church from floor to ceiling full of old-fashioned religion, one ounce of which is worth twenty tons of the humbug of modern evolution. Where's the old minister now? Where's the choir now? Where are the leaders who sat around the pulpit and listened till the sermon got to the seventeenthly?

Turn the kaleidoscope again, and there is the old country school-house where the master pulled our ears till they have always since been a little out of proportion. The tin cup out of which fifty drank without any fastidiousness. The gad cut out of the woods by the boy who was to suffer it in his own chastisement. The modest house in the woods and the jealousies because a pair of black or blue eyes would have uncomplimentary preferences. The bullies of ten years old imposing on those of seven. The rising of mirthful feeling among the ribs, quaking the young diaphragm and rising till it twitched the corners of the mouth and suppression was no more possible, and though frowning schoolmaster sat on the valve it would come to explosion, shattering the whole school into splinters of fun, one giggle setting off a whole magazine of cachinnation.

Turn the kaleidoscope and here is the corn-husking and the "raising" frolic, and here the snowballing carousal, and there the sleigh-riding party, and there the springtime blossoms and here the treat of the first ripe harvest apples. Was anything ever half so joyous?

One more turn to the kaleidoscope, and you see your early struggles. You now realize what were your best blessings. Your elaborate and prolonged decision as to whether it should be new hat or new coat, for it could not be both at the same season. Your efforts to make \$10 do the work of \$20. The snubbing you got when you attempted higher

position. The skilful buttoning up of the coat to hide patches. Your subordinate place to those who had not half your ability or morals. The endurance of those who swished about big with brief authority. At last your triumph, your raised salary, your advanced position, your affiancing, your marriage, your two rooms that were a plenty. The cradle with miracle of dimpled beauty, the high chair at the table pounding with spoon and rattle. The hardships of life widening into a comfortable livelihood and perhaps a competency. The graves covered with chaplets of consolation. The crosses with crowns hung on the top of them. The whole struggle and mystery of your life adjusted for your welfare here and hereafter. Enough.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HEAVEN.

After God has made a nature He never eradicates the chief characteristics of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never know a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of the temperament neither will death eradicate them.

You have then, only by *a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition* to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in Heaven what in their best moments they did on earth. The reason that so many people never start for Heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense conclude that in Heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rap-

ture, the great worship of Heaven; but will that abolish employments? No more than loves on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love, abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in *the fine arts* are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at, and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven?

Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art, on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio.

Raphael could now improve upon his masterpiece of Michael the archangel now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the Holy Family now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the Last Judgment after he has seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here; but I am persuaded that the grander studios and the brighter galleries are higher up the winding marble stairs of the

sepulchre, and that Turner and Holman Hunt and Rembrandt and Titian and Paul Veronese, if they exercise saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painters yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten-thousand fold. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that He might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skilful, more multipliant.

I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of Heaven that it cannot all be figurative. The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of Heaven. If Heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those of earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in Heaven who know "Coronation" and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all Heaven will be ready for the hallelujah.

How often we compliment some exquisite singer by saying "There was so much soul in her music." In Heaven it will be all soul until the body after a while comes up in the resurrection and then there will be an additional Heaven. *Cannot the soul hear?* If it can hear then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for Heaven as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years, because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are.

You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets

and real organs?" I do not know. Some wisecracs say positively there are no such things in Heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains and all the hills and all the forests and all the metals of the earth and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs.

Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward Heaven and said, "*It comes from there!*" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction.

Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward Heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in Heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in Heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at *the headquarters of harmony*. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to Heaven.

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and their delight in mathematics. There was more poetry for them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door: "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like Heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. The di-

dactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in Heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics.

So of our transferred and transported *metaphysicians*. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in Heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in Heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now?

Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin no more in disabled "Erebus" pushing toward the North Pole, Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded "Jeannette" from the ice, Christian Livingstone no more amid African malarialias trying to make revelation of a dark continent; but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole milleniums

before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all worlds.

What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the *aurora borealis* was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for themselves.

What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved ten thousand questions which once puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from our side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by *strange influences* which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. Agassiz standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying, "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks; He made them; let us pray"—Agassiz going right on with his studies forever and forever.

But what are *the men of the law*, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession—what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from flight of humming-bird to flight of world—laws, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God Himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art, doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in Heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skilful doctors of New York and Brooklyn had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him—Abercrombie, who after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him.

I should not wonder if my old friend *Dr. John Brown*, who died last month in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author of "*Rab and His Friends*;"—John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was skilful a physician and world-renowned author—I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sicknesses and the woes of earth, gone up to Heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality.

What a place to visit in, where your next-door neighbors are kings and queens. You yourselves kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first Paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the Heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield and Wesley and Livingstone and Fletcher and Nettleton and Finney. O! what a place to visit in.

EASTER'S DANCING SUN.

The simple-hearted peasants in the south of Ireland have a tradition that every Easter morning, the sun, as the mists of dawn clear away, and his full-orbed splendor is about to break upon the world, turns round three times in his place, and scatters a shower of radiant beams over earth and sky. After which he shines steadily as on other and lesser days. So in the faint twilight of the early morning, when the darkness of the night has scarcely melted into the first pearly softness of the coming day, old men and little children, matrons and maids, climb the nearest hill, and from its summit stand gazing, as did the wondering apostles on Ascension Day, into the blue heaven above them. Nobody has ever seen this mystic movement of the sun, but the credulous superstition of many still makes them hold fast to the belief that the trouble is not with it, but with their own eyes, which are not strong enough to discern the annual miracle.

We smile at the folly that is so apparent in this figment of an untutored fancy, while, as in all myths and traditions, we catch a glimpse of the beautiful thought that lies at its foot. There is a gem of exquisite loveliness under the swathings of ignorance and vain imaginations which have wrapped and bandaged minds that can accept so evident a fable. For are not all things glad when the Easter morning breaks? Does not the sun, even to our dull vision, seem to rise with a grander meaning of triumph than on common days? Every wave of his light that bathes our being, does it not seem translucent as if it had borrowed afresh the glory that lies forever on the sea of glass that surrounds the throne of God? Do not our hearts thrill with an intenser joy as we come from the gloom of the

place where they laid Him, to stand with His beloved ones, looking on the empty sepulchre, or seeing with Mary the stately, gentle, and benignant form of the risen Christ?

There is a sweet significance in the fact that it was in a garden-tomb that the bruised form of the Redeemer, white and cold, stamped with the seal of death, was laid to its three-days' rest. And sweet is the thought, that his first steps, when he rose in kingly might from the couch in the rock, were taken in a garden. Earth keeps the precious memory sacred, and ever as returns the festival which Christian hearts have always been prompted to hold in honor of the resurrection here, fields and forests break into bloom and her gardens awake from their winter trance to smile in the beauty of the spring. There are fearless little flowers peeping up in out-of-the-way places, lifting their frail brave heads against the pitiless blasts of spring, there is the stir and tremble of quickening life in the hearts of the trees, and green leaves are unrolling themselves in satin smoothness and delicacy of coloring, and lilies and azaleas in their stainless purity arise like virgins robed to meet the bridegroom. Nature in her vernal hope seems full of rejoicing, and each of her many resurrections is a tribute to the glory of the great resurrection of Him that liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore.

What are the Easter lessons to us? Subjects of a conquering Lord who yet calls us not servants but friends, shall we not work for Him with greater zeal and more conscious fidelity in days to come, than in the past? Shall we not take it to our hearts that He is living and present, not absent and dead? He is ours and here. Sometimes we talk about our Jesus as if He had once been with us, but as if now, in the serenity of heaven, He had removed to an infinite distance. We make of our Saviour an abstraction, and our teachings of Him fall on the hearts that hear like

icicles, and glance off hard, glittering and cold. Not so, dear friends; Jesus the Christ is to-day,

“ No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years,
 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He,
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
 The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain,
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.”

Let us talk of our Master, and work for Him as if He were here, and close to us. In our prayers let us press near and take hold of the hand that was pierced. Let us ask that angels may roll the barriers of unbelief away from all our hearts, and so, on the “stepping-stones of our dead selves,” let us mount to things higher and nobler.

The Easter comforts are as many as the Easter lessons. Our darlings that have gone from our arms to lie in narrow beds in the dark chilly ground shall not always lie there. The Lord is risen! That little babe who nestled a few brief bright days in your bosom, and then faded like a fragile flower, and passed away leaving your life in shadow, shall rise. That beloved friend whose soul was twin to yours, is not gone into the vast darkness of an unknown world. He shall rise. There will be a glorious Easter morning bye-and-bye, and though tears must fall and hearts must ache, there is balm for every sorrow, and ease for every pain. This new Easter day we clasp hands and wish each other joy because, as we often sing:

“ We are on our journey home
 Where Christ our Lord has gone;
 We shall meet around his throne
 In the New Jerusalem.”

WOMANLY TRIUMPHS.

It is woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of heaven.

It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleading of divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may write here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will refute it. I may write here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may write here and say there will be a Judgment Day after a while. Yonder is some one who will refute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's Gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth. A group of rough men were assembled at a tavern one night. It came on toward morning—one or two o'clock. One man boasted that it did not make any difference what time he went home, his wife cheerfully opened the door and provided an entertainment if he was hungry when he got home. So they laid a wager. They said: "Now, we'll go along with you. So much shall be wagered. We'll bet so much that when

you go home and make such a demand she will resist it." So they went along at two or three o'clock in the morning, and knocked at the door. The door opened, and the man said to his wife, "Get us a supper." She said, "What shall I get?" He selected the articles of food. Very cheerfully were they provided, and about three or four o'clock in the morning, they sat down at the table—the most cheerful one in all that presence the Christian wife—when the man, the ruffian, the villain, who had demanded all this, broke into tears, and said, "I can't stand this. O, what a wretch I am!" He disbanded that group. He knelt down with his Christian wife and asked her to pray for the salvation of his immortal soul, and before the morning dawned, they were united in the faith and hope of the Gospel. A patient, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the throne of the Lord Almighty, and blessed is that woman who can wield such an argument. A sailor came slipping down the ratline one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried, "What's the matter?" He said, "my mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated, Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge into African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I write for women, who have the eternal salvation of their

husbands in their right hand. On the marriage-day, you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the door of the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the tops of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I write here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the bans of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to make: and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman, "What knowest thou, O woman, but thou canst save thy husband?"

A man was dying; and he said to his wife, "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers, and you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness; and now I am going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband? Are there not some who have kindly influences at home; are there not some who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early homes? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? O, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that dark sea, I would just like, to

take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach. For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

One of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. O, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small rooms, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the “house of many mansions!” No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses. Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want to realize that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown, whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, “The crown is done; let her up that she may wear

it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life; and water from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of heaven will sit there making music with their harps; and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, "She suffered with Me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulations, "Hail! Hail!" And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror—but fire-tipped fingers writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

BIBLE CONQUESTS.

When, a few years ago, there was a great accident in Hartley Colliery, in England, and two hundred persons lost their lives, the Queen telegraphed down to the scene of disaster: "Can we give you any help? Will you be able to get the men out? How many are lost? Give my sympathy to all the bereft." What consolation it was to the families who stood amid the consternation and the terror, that the throne of England throbbed in sympathy with their disaster! But I have to tell you a more glorious truth, and that is, from the throne of God the King of heaven and earth telegraphs down through this Bible into the dungeons of our sin and suffering a message of pardon, of love, of sympathy, of comfort, of eternal life. Like some lighthouse on high promontory, blessed by ships passing through darkness and storms, so on the heights of God's love and grace there flames forth a light upon the great sea of man's wretchedness and of God's providence, so that angels on their way earthward, and ransomed spirits on their way heavenward, and devils on their way hellward, pass through its flash crying: "Thy word is a lamp."

In parlors all aflash with gaslight and gleaming mirror and blazing chandelier and candelabra, there may be Egyptian darkness; while in some plain room which a frugal hand has spread with hospitality and refinement, this one Lamp may cast a glow that makes it a fit place for heavenly coronations. We invoke no shadow to fall upon the hilarities of life. We would not have every song a dirge, and every

picture a martyrdom, and every step a funeral pace. God's lamp hung in the parlor would chill no joy, would rend no harmony, would check no innocent laughter. On the contrary, it would bring out brighter colors in the picture; it would expose new gracefulness in the curtain; it would unroll new wreaths from the carpet; it would strike new music from the harp; it would throw new polish into the manners; it would kindle with light borrowed from the very throne of God all the refinements of society. O, that the Christ who was born in a barn would come to our parlor! We need His hand to sift the parlor music. We need His taste to assort the parlor literature. We need His voice to conduct the parlor conversation. We are apt to think of religion as being a rude, blundering thing, not fit to put its foot upon Axminster, or its clownish hands on beautiful adornments, or lift its voice amid the artistic and refined; so, while we have Jesus in the nursery when we teach our children to pray, and Jesus in the dining-hall when we ask His blessing upon our food, and Jesus in the sitting-room when we have family prayers, it is a simple fact that from ten thousand Christian homes in this country Christ is from one end of the year to the other shut out of the parlor. O, that house-keepers understood that the grace of God is the greatest accomplishment, and that no seat is too luxuriant for religion to sit in, and no arch too grand for religion to walk under, and no circle too brilliant for religion to move in. If Christianity at last is to walk up the streets of heaven with seraphim and archangel, it is good enough to go anywhere where you go or where I shall go. To purify the heart, to cleanse the life, to culture the taste, to expurgate all hypocrisy and falsehood and sham, we must have the Bible in the parlor. When Christian people come to spend an evening, they talk about the weather, and they talk about the scan-

dal, and they talk about the crops, and they talk about the markets; but they do not talk about God and Christ and heaven. The thing we most want to-day in all our parlors is the lamp of the Bible.

What is the use of police-stations and almshouses and watchman's club, if there be no moral and religious influence to sanction the law and to purify the executive, and to hang over legal enactments the fear of God and an enlightened public opinion. When in a city crime runs rampant, and virtue is at a discount, and jails are full, and churches are empty, and the nights are hideous with the howl and the whoop of drunkards, and the saloons boil over with scum, the public officials think more of a bribe than they do of their own conscience, and when great tides of wickedness set down the streets—the first want of such a city as that is the street lamp of the Bible. Did you ever stand in a church tower and look down upon a city at night? It is overwhelming. But you feel that beneath all that brilliancy of gaslight there is a surging sea of want and suffering and woe.

Now, how will all these scenes of iniquity in our cities be overcome? They will not be overcome until the Church and the school and a Christian printing-press kindle all around about as God's street lamp of the Bible. Send the Bible down that filthy alley, if you would have it cleansed. Send it against those decanters, if you would have them smashed. Send it against those chains, if you would have them broken. Send it through all the ignorance of the city, if you would have it illumined as by a flash from heaven's morning. The Bible can do it, will do it. Gather all the ignorance and the wickedness and the vice of our cities in one great pile—Alps above Alps, Pyrenees above Pyrenees, Himalaya above Himalaya—and then give one little New

Testament full swing against the side of that mountain, and down it would come, Alps after Alps, Pyrenees after Pyrenees, Himalaya after Himalaya. What is the difference between New York and Pekin? What is the difference between London and Madras? What is the difference between Edinburgh and Canton? No difference, save that which the Bible makes. O, city missionary; O, philanthropist; O, Christian, go everywhere, and kindle up these great street lamps of the Gospel; and our city, purified and cleansed, will proclaim what the Psalmist so long ago declared: "Thy Word is a lamp."

And why are ten thousand of our business men ridden with a nightmare enough to crush Hercules and Prometheus? It is the want of a right kind of store lamp. What ruined the merchant princes of Tyre, that great city of fairs and bazaars and palaces; her vessels of trade with cedar masts and embroidered sails and ivory benches, driven by fierce blasts on Northern waters, and then dropping down on glassy Indian seas; bringing wine from Helbon, and chariot cloths from Dedan, and gold and spices from Rahmah, and emerald and agate from Syria; her waters foaming with innumerable keels; her storehouses bursting with the treasures of all nations—that queen of cities, on a throne of ivory and ebony, under a crown of gold and pearl and diamond and carbuncle and chrysolite? The want of a right kind of store lamp. If the principles of religion had ruled in her trade, do you suppose that dry rot would have sunk the ships, and that vermin would have eaten up her robes, and that God's mills would have ground up the agate, and that fishermen would dry their nets on the rocks which once were a-quake with the roar and tread of a great metropolis? O, what thrones have fallen, what monuments have crumbled, what fleets have sunk, what statues have been defaced,

what barbarism has been created, what civilization retarded, what nations damned, all for the want of the right kind of a store lamp. Men of business! take your Bibles with you. Place them in your store or shop. Do not be ashamed if anybody at noon finds you reading the Scriptures. It is safe always to do business by its teachings.

Still further: the Bible is the best *church lamp*. I care not how many chandeliers there may be in a church, how many brilliant lights there may be, the Word of God is the best church lamp. O, is there anything more beautiful than an audience gathered on the Sabbath for Christian worship? There may be no dazzle of theatric assemblage, there may be no glitter of foot-lights, there may be no allegoric images blossoming from pit to dome; but there is something in the place and in the occasion that makes it supernatural. In the light of this lamp I see your faces kindle with a great joy. Glorious church lamp, this Bible. Luther found it in the cloister at Erfurt, and he lifted it until the monasteries and cathedrals of Germany and Italy and France and England and the world saw its illumination. It shone under the trap-doors. It looked behind the curtains. It shone under the breast-plate of sacerdotal authority; and in the mosques of Turkey, and in the pagodas of India, and in the ice huts of Greenland, and in the mud hovels of Africa, and in the temples of China, God's regenerated children, in musical Tamil, and sweet Italian, and nasal Chinese, and harsh Choctaw, cried out: "Thy Word is a lamp." It throws its light on the pulpit, making a bulwark of truth; on the baptismal cups, until its waters glitter like the crystals of heaven. It strikes penitence into the prayers and gladness into the thanksgiving. It changes into a church John Bunyan's prison, and Covenanter's cave, and Calvin's castle, and Huss's stake, and McKail's scaffold of martyrdom.

Zwinglius carried it into Switzerland, and John Wickliffe into England, and John Knox into Scotland, and Jehudi Ashman into Africa. Begone, ye scoffers! Down to the lowest pit, ye emissaries of darkness, for by the throne of an omnipotent judgment I declare it, that all iniquity shall fall, and all bondage be broken, and all wounds be healed, and all darkness be dispelled, when God's truth shall go forth "as a lamp that burneth." We want no sappers or miners to level the wall; we want no axemen, no engineers to prepare the way; we want no glittering steel, or booming gun, or howling Hotchkiss shell to get us the victory, for the mountains are full of horses and chariots of fire. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not wonder that the stranger who sat the other day beside me in the rail-car reading his Bible, after he had concluded his reading, closed it, and kissed it, and put it in his pocket. There have been times when you did the same. When all else failed you, it was so bright, it was so loving, it was so sympathetic a book that you too kissed it.

Still further: the Bible is a *sepulchral lamp*. You know that the ancient Egyptians used to keep lights burning in the tombs of their dead. These lights were kept up for scores, even hundreds, of years. Friends would come from generation to generation and put oil in the lamps, and it was considered a disaster if those lamps went out. You and I will some day go down into the house of the dead. Some have looked upon it as an unknown land, and when they have thought of it, their knees have knocked together and their hearts fainted. There were whole generations of men that had no comfort about death, no view of the eternal world, and whenever they brought their friends and put them away into the dust, they said, without any alleviation:

“This is horrid, this is horrid.” And it was. The grave is the deepest, ghastliest pit that a man ever looks in, unless the lamp of God’s word flashes into it. For whole ages men thought that the sepulchre was a den where a great monster gorged himself on human carcasses. “I will put an end to that,” said Jesus of Nazareth; “I will with mine own voice go down and make darkness flee;” and as He stepped out from the gate of heaven, all the graveyards of earth cried: “Come! Come!” And He came down, bringing a great many beautiful lights, and above this babe’s grave He hung a light, and over this mother’s tomb He hung a light, and over this wife’s grave He hung a light, and over all the sleeping places of the Christian dead He hung a light. Then He uttered His voice, and it ran along under the ground from city to city, and along under the sea from continent to continent, until mausoleum and sarcophagus and sepulchre throbbled with the joy—“I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” And now if Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn could break their beautiful silence and should speak, their lips of bronze and granite would break forth in the strains: “Thy word is a lamp.”

O ye bruised souls! O ye who have been cutting yourselves among the tombs! O ye who have been sowing seed for the resurrection day! O ye of the broken heart! I come out to-day and put in your hand this glorious Gospel lamp. It will throw a glow of consolation over your bereft spirit. “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” “They that sow in tears will reap in joy.” Rabbi Mier went off from home to be gone a few days, and left two beautiful boys. While he was gone the two lads died. Rabbi Mier returned, not knowing that anything had happened. His Christian wife knew he would be over-

come with grief, and she met him at the door and said to him: "My husband, I once had two beautiful jewels loaned to me. I had them for a little while. And, do you know, while you were gone the owner came for them. Ought I to have given them?" "Of course," said Rabbi Mier, "you ought to have given them up, you say they were only loaned." Then she called her husband to the side room and removed the cloth that covered the dead children. After Rabbi Mier had for a few moments given way to his grief, he rose up and said: "Now I know what you meant by the borrowed jewels. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" And so Rabbi Mier was comforted. Let this sepulchral light gild all the graves of your dead. May this lamp be set in all your parlors, in all your streets, in all your stores, in all your churches, in all your sepulchres! Amen.

CHRIST'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

Supposing that you admit the Bible to be true, let us go out and see the Saviour's achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary.

Surgical achievements? Did you ever in all the scientific journals of the world see such wonderful operations as He performed? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He never made a patient squirm under cauterization. He never tied an artery, and yet, behold Him. With one word He stuck fast Malchus's amputated ear. He stirred dust and spittle into a salve, with which He made the man who was born blind, without optic nerve, cornea or crystalline lens, he opened his eyes on the glorious sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who had been bent almost double for nigh two decades. He made a man who had not used his limbs for thirty-eight years shoulder his mattress and walk off. Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy and Valentine Mott stood powerless before a withered arm. This doctor of omnipotent surgery comes up to the man with the lifeless, useless, shrivelled arm, and He says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand." The man stretched it forth just as good as the other. This was a God! This was a God!

Alimentary achievements! A lad comes with five loaves with which he expected to make a speculation; perhaps having bought them for five pennies and expecting to sell them for ten pennies, and thus double his money. Lo! Christ takes those loaves, and from them performed a mira-

cle with which he satisfies seven thousand famishing people. When the Saviour's mother went into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party, and by a calculation she saw that they had made a mistake in the amount of beverage that was requisite, she calls Christ for help; and Christ, to relieve the awkward embarrassment, by one word makes a hundred and thirty gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements? He brought around a whole school of fish into the net of the men who were mourning over their poor luck, and they had to halloo to the people in the other boat, and then both ships were loaded down to the water's edge, so that the sailors had to walk cautiously from larboard to starboard lest the boat sink. Then when the squall came down through the mountain gorge to the water, and Gennessaret with long white locks of foam rose up to battle it, and the vessel dropped into the trough, and shipped a sea, and the loosened sails cracked in the tornado, Christ rose from the back part of the vessel and came on across the staggering ship until He came to the prow; and, wiping the spray from His forehead, hushed the crying tempest on the knee of His omnipotence. O, was it a man wrestled down the storm? Was it a man who, with both feet, trampled Gennessaret into a smooth floor?

But look at His mortuary achievements. Let all the psychologists and anatomists of the world go to Westminster Abbey, and try to wake Queen Elizabeth, or Henry VIII. All the ingenuity of man never yet brought the dead to life. But look at that dead girl in Capernaum. She is only twelve years old. Feel of the hands. Feel of the brow. Dead. Dead. The house is full of uproar and wailing. What does Christ do? He comes and takes that little girl by the hand, and no sooner has He touched her hand than her eyes open, and her heart starts, and the white lily of death

flushes into the red rose of life, and she rushes into the arms of her rejoicing relatives. Who was it that raised her? Was it a man, or was it God?

What is that crying in Bethany? Mary crying, Martha crying, Jesus crying, and the neighbors crying. What is the matter? Lazarus is dead. The sisters think they will never again see him, never have him sit at the table again. Jesus comes down to the excavation in the rock, in one of the side niches of which Lazarus sleeps in death. Jesus lets out His voice to full strength, until it rings through all the labyrinths and avenues of the rock: "Lazarus, come forth!" And Lazarus slides down from the side niche into the main avenue of the rock, and stands a living man before the abashed and confounded spectators. Who was it that stood at the mouth of that cave, and uttered that potent word? Was it a man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale Asylum. It was Christ, the everywhere present, the everlasting, the omniscient, the omnipotent God! But there is one test which will show you whether Christ is God or not. The recital of that one verse ought to blanch the cheeks of some with alarm, and kindle the faces of others with eternal sunrise: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." The world will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger mid heaven; and stars will scatter like dried leaves in an equinox; the graveyards will unroll the bodies, and the clouds will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come together in incorruptible conjunction. Hark to the loud wash of the retreating sea, and the baying of the advancing thunders, and the sweeping of winged cohorts: Smoke and darkness and fire and earthquake and shouting, shouting, shouting, wailing, wailing, wailing. On the one side, in piled-up galleries of light, are the one hundred and forty and four thousand—yea, the quintillions

of the saved. On the other side is piled up, in galleries of thunder-cloud, the frowning, glaring, dying populations of the wrath to come. Before me, and between the two galleries, is a throne. It is very high. It stands on two burnished pillars—Justice and Mercy. It is stupendous with awards and condemnations. Look! but half hide your eyes, lest they be put out in the excess of vision. There is a throne, but no one is seated on it. Who shall occupy it? Will you go up and take it? “No,” you say, “I am only dust and ashes.” Show me some man that is fit to take it, in all the ages. Lord Mansfield? No. Solomon? No. Isaiah? No. Paul? No. Their foot would consume at the first touch of the step of that throne. Even Gabriel dare not go up on it. Michael, the archangel, would rather bow down, pulling his right wing over his left, and both over his face, and cry: “Holy!” But here is one ascending that throne.

His back is toward us. He goes step above step, height above height, until He comes to the apex. Then, turning around, so that all nations can see Him, we behold it is Christ; and all earth and heaven and hell fall on the knee, and cry out: “It is a God! It is a God!”

There is great comfort in my subject. It is God who came down in Jesus Christ to save us. Do you think only a man could have made an atonement for millions of the race? Does your common sense teach you that? I tell you if Christ is not God the redemption of our race is a dead failure. We want a divine arm to lift our burden. We want a divine endurance to carry our pang. We want a divine expiation to take away our sin; and “Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever.” Amen.

THE GRAVE DESPOILED.

That luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" That 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, 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 a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot 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 the sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousand-fold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

“Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?” Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mould and the earth. Resurrected? Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar? That albatross that smites the tempest with its wind, 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 traveller 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 on the 4th of June, 1844, he 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-makers of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious article of commerical 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.

“Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?” 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 soon 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 at half-past four o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks 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 is 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." But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, 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. Do 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 mind 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 of the 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 awhile 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." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a 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.

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 will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day

you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now.
Hail the resurrection Thou!"

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

It is high time that the King of Terrors was thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters, instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadnesses and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings

of Heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

You remember, also, that in the time of husking it was a neighborhood reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified back-logs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and here would be much sociality; but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the meadows, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned supreme, and there were great handshakings, and there were carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of the player have swept the chords.

The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so *Heaven will be just that*. There they come up! They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up! They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres of a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras. They come up from all sides—from Potter's Field and out of the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. They come

up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to usefulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God-fashioned grain, visible and conspicuous.

Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in Heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well-meaning disagreeables.

Now, in Heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with His children all around Him. No "good-by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprases, into seas of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, Heaven a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines

to speak to some one that is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant-killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumption over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O! my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest life-time eternity. And what is more strange about it all, is we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who had not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in. "But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was great equality of feeling among the neighborhood. There

at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, in worldly means; but at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask regarding his property or his education. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation—just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks of corn coming in *in their season*. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Ploughed at just the right time. Cut down at just the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

You have sometimes stood on the street waiting for some great procession to pass, and you waited hour after hour for it; but after a while you heard the sound of brazen instruments, and then you heard the shout of the people from the windows and the housetops, and then the procession came up and passed on. You will not have to wait long on this avenue of heaven to see the great procession of the redeemed. Let the marshals of heaven clear the way. He rides on, the conqueror of earth, and heaven, and hell, on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven following Him on white horses. Behold this procession of the text, the Commander-in-Chief of earth and heaven passing at the head of the troops, and on His head are many crowns, and He waves the sword of universal victory. Turn out, all heaven, to greet this Conqueror. Strew flowers on the shining way, wave all the banners of light, ring all the bells of heaven! Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. "And all the armies of heaven following Him upon white horses."

Notice that the first regiments are the martyrs. How do I know it? Why, over and over again we find they are nearest the altar and nearest the throne, and they seem to be the divine favorites. On earth they were hunted from city to city, they were sawn asunder, they were hurled out of life; but now they pass in triumph. Eighteen regiments of *Scotch martyrs*—18,000 having perished in one persecution. Escaped from Lord Claverhouse, and Bloody McKenzie, and from the

horrors of the Grass Market, now they pass in triumphal line. Grayfriars Churchyard took their bodies, but heaven took their souls. James Renwick, John Knox, Hugh Mc Kail and a great host, with high cheek bones, and strong arms and consecrated spirits. Some of them went through the glens of Scotland barefoot, and then they clambered upon hands and knees on the crags, and waited. Now they are in triumph. Once their song in the cave discovered them to their persecutors, and they were brought out and suffered agonies untold; but now they are in the procession. Eighteen regiments! Eighteen thousand Scotch martyrs. Ride on, conquerors of Dunottar Castle, Bass Rock, and Rutherglen, ride on, ride on! Here is an interregnum in the procession, but only for a moment. Here comes another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments, whole brigades of English martyrs.

Queen Mary against King Jesus was an uneven fight. When the 20,000 chariots of God roll down the sky they roll over any foe. Queen Mary thought she had put the Christians down; she only lifted them up. Here they pass in the regiments on the white horses. Here is Bishop Hooper. Here is Rogers, the prebendary of St. Paul's. Here is Cranmer, who got back his courage in time to save his soul. Here is Anne Askew, who, rather than give up her faith in Christ, submitted to the tortures of the rack, and then, after all the bones had been dislocated, she was carried to the stake, and then her last words went up in the flame-prayer for her murderers. A whole regiment of them picked out of the iron fingers of earthly torture and lifted into light. Ride on, great host, ye mounted troops of the English martyrs!

Another interregnum. You have to wait only a moment. Another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments,

twenty regiments. Who are they? Look at their sandals, look at their countenances. Tell us who they are. The men who fell on St. Bartholomew's day at Lyons, at Paris, at Orleans, at Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and said, "Kill, kill, kill!" As they ride along, you would not suppose that they had ever been pitched out of window or dragged through the streets, or mauled and cut, and in every wise insulted, until it seemed as if the cause of God was perishing from the earth, and cities were illumined with infernal joy, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered at the triumph of hell. Yes, these are the very persons whose blood-spattered bodies were thrown into the river Seine, and that were lifted out of a world's shriek into the joy of heaven.

" Soldier of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy."

Ride on, you regiments, you mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day! Another interregnum, but you will wait only a moment. Come on, now, the regiment of the Christian philanthropists.

Did I say regiment? Five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments of Christian philanthropists. They went down to take care of the wounded on the battle field. They plunged into damp and mouldy prisons, and pleaded before God and human governments in behalf of the incarcerated. They preached the Gospel to the besotted in great cities. They took the Bible and took bread into garrets of pain. They attended to most uncomely work for Christ's sake in behalf of the wounded and the suffering; but in the rivers of heaven they wash off all the loathsomeness of those

whom they attended, and now they are on the white horses riding on in eternal triumph.

Ah! that is John Howard, who circumnavigated the earth in the name of Him who said, "I was sick and you visited me." The resolution of the House of Commons and the recognition of all government were not to him so much as this day of triumph as he passes along on the white horse. I recognize those as the Moravian missionaries. They were told if they went in to take care of the plague-stricken they must never come out of the house again; so they made all their arrangements, and bade farewell to their friends and went into the plague-struck hospital, and toiled for the sick night and day, and afterward, worn out, lay down beside the dying, themselves to die. Ride on, ride on! That is Elliott, who toiled amid the savages of our own country and walked through the woods until his feet were bleeding, and said, in a letter: "My feet are always wet, but sometimes I take off my shoes and I wring my stockings, and then I put them on again—my chief ambition to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." There he is in the triumph—not walking now, but riding, a conqueror.

There is Elizabeth Fry, followed by many whom she taught the way up from Newgate prison to glory. Here is Grace Darling of the stout oar and the seabird's wing swooping upon the drowning. Here is the Good Samaritan who put the wounded man on the horse, himself walking, now riding in all the grander triumph because of that earthly dismounting. Hail heroes and heroines of God, followed by the sufferers whom you healed, and by the abandoned whom you reclaimed, and by the lost whom you found. Ride on, conquerors!

Only a short interregnum. More regiments—five, ten,

twenty regiments—regiments of the Christian poor. They never rode before. The only ride they took was in the hearse to the Potters Field. Poorly fed, meanly clad, insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of homes the rent of which they could not pay. They were jostled out of churches where their presence was an offence. From the way they went out of the world you might think they would have no very great reception on the other side. From the poor doctoring, and the rough shroud, and the hastened obsequies. But on the other side a glittering escort met them, and the snow-white chargers of God were brought in, and these conquerors mounted them. They have exchanged poorhouse for palace. They have exchanged rags for imperial attire. They have exchanged the weary walk for a seat on the white horse from the King's stable. Ride on, ride on! Christ waving His pierced hand back toward them, saying: "Ye suffered with me on earth, now be glorified with me in heaven. Follow, follow, on the white horses!"

A brief interregnum. There comes another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments—the regiments, the whole brigades, of Christian invalids. These are they who laid upon beds of suffering. From the firmness and exhilaration with which they ride this day you would not suppose they had ever been bent almost double with ailments, and that they had crouched with pain irremediable, and that they writhed in sufferings horrible to the beholders. After twenty-five years of useless prescription, and all surgery had failed, in one moment they recovered. The black groom Death put their one foot in the stirrup and gave them one lift, and they mounted to the white horse, riding on, a conqueror.

I heard Thomas Stockton in Philadelphia preach about

the heavenly land, and after he had been preaching a few moments he stopped to cough, and he coughed, it seemed to me, for three or four minutes, and it seemed as if he would never get his breath and could never talk again; but after a while he rallied, and he put his hand upon his lungs and said: "Thank God, there will be no coughing in heaven!" He is well now. Eloquent Thomas Stockton, glorious Thomas Stockton, he is in the procession.

I had a friend preaching the Gospel at the far West. He was seized with a disease which demanded immediate surgery. He must die without it, and the probability was he would expire under the process. But there was one faint hope, the surgeon told him, and for the sake of that one hope and in behalf of his family and his church, he resolved to endure all things. Sabbath morning came, and, standing in his pulpit, supported by a chair, he said: "My dear people, I start to-morrow for New York to submit to some painful surgery, and the probability is I shall die under it; but they tell me there is a hope of recovery, so I take that one hope for my family and my church; and so now I shall preach my farewell sermon." And I have been told by those who were present that suddenly his countenance was illumined with a supernatural joy as he said: "You will find my text in the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy, the 6th and 7th verses: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me at that day.'" The next Thursday he was well, he was completely well. He had gone to that land where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." Ride on, ye mounted troops of recovered invalids! Ride on, ride on!

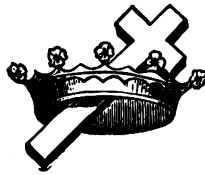
The horse in all literature is an emblem of victory. He was not used on ordinary occasions; but on coronation day and in great processions the conqueror would ride along amid acclaiming multitudes. And am I not right in saying that all the redeemed in heaven are victors? Ay, more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved them. Then let us take our stand for a few moments on one of the avenues of the celestial cities, on one of the boulevards of heaven, and see this great procession of the redeemed pass by. We will not have time to count all the companies, or regiments, or brigades of the redeemed; but St. John points out a few of them: "And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses."

But can I give you any idea of the multitude? We sometimes say it took a procession an hour to pass a certain point, or five hours to pass a certain point. How long will it take this great procession of the redeemed? Since the world was created there have been 144 generations, and that would make 29,000,000,000 of people who have died. Figures beyond all human comprehension, and the vast multitude of them, no doubt, passed up into this heavenly procession, and no one but an archangel, with the arithmetics of eternity, could give any idea of that multitude. All the time increasing. At the beginning of the review we took this position on the boulevard of heaven and not one half of the first division has gone by. Get you up into some tower of heaven and look to the north, and look to the south. Is there any end? No, not! Coming, coming. Company after company, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, host after host. Marching, marching, forever, forever, forever! "The armies of heaven followed Him on white horses."

The intense question for you and me is, "Will we be in that procession?"

If we do not belong to the Lord's army here, we will never belong to it there. If we do not follow the King here, we will never triumph with Him there. You must remember that this white horse cavalry had great battles with the black horse cavalry of hell, and the arch demon had gained many a triumph, and he has carried off some who will be captives in chains and in darkness unto the great day. Which side are you on? If on the wrong side cross over. Put spurs into the flanks of the steed and dash up under the standards of the cross. Though you may have for fifty years rebelled against this King, you may this day become His loyal subjects. Cross over, by the grace of God, cross over.

When the armies came back at the close of our late war, among the most wonderful things in the spectacle at Washington, as they passed by in review, were the horses on which the generals rode. They had not been in battle many of them. Many of them had never seen hardship, many of those horses had been picked up after the battle, and I am told some of them were picked up unlawfully. But they passed along with rounded limb, and flaming eye, and flying feet, and arched neck. As they bounded to the sound of the drum and the blast of the trumpet, the riders bowed on either side to what seemed an almost interminable "huzza, huzza!" But when our Commander-in-Chief shall come, bringing many sons to glory, when He shall return from His victories, leading all lands, all ages, all centuries, will you and I belong to the white horse cavalry of the redeemed? If so, on that day we will understand better than we ever could in this world what St. John meant when he said: "And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses."



CONQUERORS CROWNED.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

THERE is one secret that God has never told even to an archangel. There are no spirits so exalted in heaven that God has ever told one of them. It is the secret of secrets. It is the secret of the ages. If all heaven should rise up and beg God to tell them that one secret, He would not be prevailed upon to tell it. That secret is the chronology of the judgment. The time *when*. It may come in the autumn of 1886. It may come in the spring of 1887. It may be farther off. I cannot tell. No angel can tell. The Bible distinctly says no man or angel can tell. But the fact that such a day will come cannot be disputed. The Bible intimates, yea, it positively says, that in that last day God will come in by a flash of lightning. I suppose that on that day there may be rolled up dun storm clouds, and that there may be folds of darkness all around the perimeter, and that there may be a background black as midnight. Then, while the beasts are moaning with terror, and while the housewife is kindling the candle at noonday, and while the janitors of public buildings are lighting the chandeliers, and the nations are trembling and half suffocated with the terror, there may be in the distance a faint sound of thunder that will roll louder and louder and louder, as though a thousand tempests were gathering in battle array, and that then there may be a silence, a deep hush, a silence of complete expectancy, and that while the world is hushed in that dreadful stillness, instantaneous with the crash that shall split the hills there shall burst upon the

world a fiery cohort, a book of reckoning, a throne, and the Lord omnipotent.

I do not know but that the lightning flash that hurls that paraphernalia into the world may set the world on fire, for we are told distinctly that the world and all the things that are therein are to be burned up. I see it burning. The ships take fire mid-Atlantic—brig, bark, White Star Line and Cunarder. The cities send up jets of flames higher than the spire or dome of Trinity or St. Peter's. Banks and moneyed institutions with consumed bonds and melted bullion—all the investments of the world not worth one cent on a dollar. The picture canvas of the Louvre and of Luxembourg and of Dresden and of Berlin and of Naples and of Florence and of Rome, curled up in the hot blast. Gothic arch and Grecian column falling down low as the hut on the commons. Mount Washington and the Alps and the Himalayas flat on their faces. A wrecked world. A ruined world. A burning world. A calcined world. An ashen world. An extinct world. Let the stars beat their dirges. Dead cities. Dead mountains. Dead seas. That scene is not something that we read about as occurring four or five thousand miles away, at Stockholm or St. Petersburg. It will occur here, and you and I will be participants.

When the roll-call of that day is read your name and my name will be read in it, and we will answer, "Here!" These very feet will feel the earth's tremor, these eyes will see the scrolled sky, these hands will be lifted in acclamation or in horror, when the Lord shall be revealed from heaven, with mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon those who know not God, and who obey not the Gospel of His Son. It will be *our* trial. It will be *our* judge. It will be our welcome or it will be our doom. If each year be a mile, then over how many miles has that judg-

ment already travelled, and who can estimate the number of revolutions in a minute of the wheel of God's judgment chariot? It will not be an empty chariot, the occupant flung out by the speed of the travel or some sharp turn in the way; but firmly seated in that chariot will be the Lord, the most grandly loved and the most outrageously treated Being in all the ages. Coming to bless His saints. Rise, O children of the fire, and hail Him as He comes to count your wounds! Coming to vindicate His cause! Crouch, O you scientist and infidels who said there was no Christ, or if there were, He would never appear. Coming to cast out the hard-hearted and the rebellious. O, bow now before His arrival, that then you may be ready to hail Him! Coming with the months. Coming with the weeks. Coming with the days. Coming with the hours. Coming with the minutes. Coming with the seconds. Coming! "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

The hero of earth and heaven advances. Cheer ! cheer!
“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength ?”

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and startling fact. People talk of Christ as though he were going to do something grand for us after a while. He has done it. People talk as though ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life, or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it eighteen hundred and fifty-three years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950, as to speak of Christ as though he were going to achieve our salvation in the future. He did it in the year of our Lord 33, eighteen hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the field of Bozrah, the captain of our salvation fighting unto death for your and my emancipation. All we have to do is to accept that fact in our heart of hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But lest we might not accept it, Christ comes through here today, “travelling in the greatness of his strength,” not to tell you that he is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought, and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars, they carry on their flags the names of the battle-fields where they were distinguished. The Englishman

coming back has on his banner Inkermann and Balaklava; the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the German, Versailles and Sedan. And Christ has on the banner he carries as conqueror the names of ten thousand battle-fields he won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement—by the door-bell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortresses of our strength. Come out and greet him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle-passes on his flag.

Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased him from his first breath to his last. Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balk your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." Though his horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes, He comes up to-day, not exhausted from the battle, but fresh as when he went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "travelling in the greatness of his strength."

You know that when Augustus, and Constantine, and Trajan, and Titus came back from the wars, what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Beneventum, Rimini, and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we to-day let our Conqueror go by, without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot-wheels; but Christ, our Lord, takes those who once were captives and invites them into his chariot to ride, while he puts around them the arm of his strength, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this Conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust him? A bigot, on the battle-field, said to a dying soldier, "Of what persuasion are you?" He looked up and said: "What persuasion? I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall separate me from the love of God, in Christ Jesus my Lord." Oh! do you not feel, under this Gospel to-day, your griefs falling back, and your tears drying up, as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the Conqueror from Bozrah, "travelling, travelling in the greatness of his strength."

On that Friday which the Episcopal Church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lances struck him he gathered them up into a sheaf, as a reaper gathers the grain, and he stacked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, he rode down through the ages, "travelling in the greatness of his strength." On that day your sin and mine perished, if we will only believe it.

There may be some one who may say: "I don't like the color of this conqueror's garment. You tell me that his garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict,

but also that they were soaked, that they were saturated, that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote to you two passages of Scripture: Hebrews, Ninth and Twenty-second: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Leviticus, Seventeenth and Eleventh: "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was his own. Not only enough to redden his garments and to redden the horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on his brow, the blood on his hands, the blood on his feet, the blood on his side! It seems as if an artery must have been cut.

" There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Emanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains."

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world, tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit, and hurl him back on his haunches, and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse; lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah. What meant the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation? the blood of the bullock? the blood of the heifer? the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood, the healing blood of this conqueror who comes up from Bozrah, to-night, "travelling in the greatness of his strength." No interest in that blood and you die. It was shed for you if you will accept it; it will plead trumpet-tongued against you if you refuse it. I catch a handful of the red torrent

that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over all, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. Oh, Jesus, in that crimson tide wash my poor soul! We need it! We die! We die! We accept thy sacrifices! Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way! We fall into line! Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Travelling, travelling in the greatness of thy strength."

But after a while the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with him. I hope you will be there, and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number"—all heaven can tell without asking, right away, which one is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of his face, but because while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white,—saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—*his* robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garment of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly, I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this; "*Unto him who hath washed us in his blood!*"

DIVIDING THE SPOIL.

You find that all heaven is offered you. You wonder how you can get it for yourself and for your family. You wonder what resources it will give you now and hereafter. You are dividing peace and comfort and satisfaction and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

On a Sabbath night at the close of the service I said to some persons:

“When did you first become serious about your soul?” And they told me: “To-night.” And I said to others:

“When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?” And they said: “To-night.”

I saw by their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also in the flood of joyful tears and in the kindling raptures on their brow, and in their exhilarant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the spoil. At night, with one touch of electricity, all these lights blaze. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your souls might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some people supposed. You thought it was decadence; you thought religion was emaciation; you thought it was highway robbery; that it struck one down and left him half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it broke the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing with its black talons through the air. No, that is not religion. What is religion? It is

dividing the spoil. It is taking a defenseless soul and panoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the king's hand, every medal stamped with a coronation. It is an exhilaration, an expansion. It is imparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth, and death, and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emmanuel, and the diadems of heaven and the glories of realms terrestrial and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoil.

What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moment he said: "Christ is all! Christ is all!" Why, he was entering into light; he was rounding the Cape of Good Hope; he was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when at eighty years of age she arose in the meeting one day and said:

"The time of my departure is come. My grave-clothes are falling off." She was dividing the spoil.

She longed with wings to fly away,
And mix with that eternal day.

What is Daniel now doing, the lion-tamer? and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming coursers? and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? and all the other victims of flood, and fire, and wreck, and guillotine? Where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.

'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your golden gates
And let the victors in.

THE KING'S PALACE.

“The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion.” You know what Zion was. That was the King’s palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sebastopol was taken, Babylon fell; but these walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or Satanic beseigement. The Lord God Almighty is the defence of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King’s highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we would study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want. Christ and His people that I knew on earth—that is heaven enough for me. O, garden of light, whose leaves never wither and whose fruits never fail! O, banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever! O, city of light, whose walls are salvation and whose gates praise! O, palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of His reign! O song louder than the surf-beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

O, my heaven! When the last wound is healed, when the last heart-break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

THE GLORIFIED THRONG.

I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculated how long the world is going to last and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillion of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the Bible—it is “a multitude that no man can number.” Every few years, in this country, we take a census of the population, and it is very easy to tell how many people there are in a city or in a nation; but who shall give the census of the great nation of the saved? It is quite easy to tell how many people there are in the different denominations of Christians—how many Baptists, and Methodists, and Episcopalians, and Presbyterians—of all the denominations of Christians we could make an estimate. Suppose they were gathered in one great audience-room, how overwhelming the spectacle! But it would give no idea of the great audience-room of heaven, the multitudes that bow down and that lift up their hosanna. Why, they come from all chapels, from all cathedrals, from all sects, from all ages: they who prayed in splendid liturgy, and those who, in broken sentences, uttered the wish of broken hearts, from Grace church and Sailor’s Bethel, from under shapeless rafters and highsprung arch—“a great multitude that no man can number.” One of the most impressive things I have looked upon was an army while I was standing upon a hillside. You see forty or fifty thousand men pass along. You

can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that this earth has ever seen—the legions under Sennacherib, and Cyrus, and Cæsar, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Napoleon, and all our modern forces, and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half-formed regiment compared with the great army of the redeemed. I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment and battalion after battalion. It seemed as though there were no end to the procession. But now let us take the field-glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands of thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousand of thousands, until I put down the field-glass and say, “I cannot estimate it; a great multitude that no man can number.” You may tax your imagination, and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds, of thousands of thousands, of millions of trillions, of quadrillions of quadrillions, of quintillions of quintillions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and, exhausted and overwhelmed, you exclaim: “I cannot count them or mention their number—a great multitude that no man *can* number.’ ”

But the Bible tells you of their antecedents—“of all nations, and kindred, and tongues.” Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Tamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have long been in the land you can easily tell by their accent from what nationalities

they came. I suppose in the great throng around the throne it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came. These reaped Sicilian wheat-fields, and those picked cotton from the pods. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. These crossed the desert on camels, and these glanced over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on Swiss crags. Those fought the walrus and white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and these heard the song of fiery-winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were copper-colored. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into Austrian dungeons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheatre. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Albigenses. They were Scotch covenanters. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States wants a Republic. The British Government needs to be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants—Absolutism. But when they come up from earth, from different nationalities, they will prefer one great monarchy, over which King Jesus rules. And if that monarchy were disbanded, and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who should rule, then, by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed, Christ would become the president of the whole universe—Magna Charta, Bills of Right, Houses of Burgesses, Triumvirates, Congresses, Parliaments, nothing in the presence of Christ's sceptre, swaying over all the people who have entered upon that great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of customs, of nationalities, "of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues."

The Bible tells you of *the dress of those in heaven*. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow, and ear rings of dew-drop hung from the tree branches, and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder, and the violetted slippers of the grass for her feet, show that God does not despise beautiful apparel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed in white robes." It is white! In this world, we have sometimes to have on *working-day apparel*. Bright and lustrous garments would be ridiculously out of place sweltering amid forges, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding books. In this world we must have the working-day apparel sometimes, and we care not how coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth has passed and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth, we sometimes had to wear *mourning apparel*—black scarfs for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah, Isaac mourning for Rebecca, Hannah mourning for her children, David mourning for Absalom, Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day, a heart breaks. The earth from zone to zone and from pole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent, and the earth can easily afford to bloom when it is so rich with mouldering life. Graves! Graves! Graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrows to suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and be robed in white.

The Bible advances, and tells you of *the symbols they carry*. If it had represented the good in heaven as

carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If it had represented the good in heaven as carrying night-shade, that would have meant sin; but it is a palm branch they carry and that is victory. When the people came home from war in olden times, the conqueror rode at the head of his troops and there were triumphal arches, and the people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type then of the greeting and the joy of the redeemed in heaven. On earth, they were condemned of synagogues and put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat on their faces. Their back ached with sorrow. Their brow reeled with unalleviated toil. How many they were. Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the midst of all their anguish, crying out: "Oh, God!" But hark now to the shout of the delivered captives; as they lift their arms from the shackles they cry out: "Free! free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they fought, the burdens they carried, the misrepresentations they suffered, and because they are delivered from all these, they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ and they look up into his face and they remember his sorrows and they remember his pain and they remember his groans, and they say: "I was saved by that Christ. He pardoned my sins, he soothed my sorrows," and standing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms. Those hands once held the implements of toil or wielded the sword of war; but now, they pluck down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth. He crunched the hard crusts, he walked the weary way; but it is all gone now, the sin gone,

the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before that great army of the saved and recounts his victories, it will be like the rocking and tossing of a forest in a tempest as all the redeemed rise up, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, waving their palms.

The Bible speaks of *the songs they sing*. Doctor Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would spoil my idea of heaven if I thought so. I never liked mathematics, and I would rather take the representation of the Bible which describes the occupation of heaven as being that of joyful Psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice saying, salvation unto our God." In this world, we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs, but in heaven we will have taste for only one song and that will be the song of salvation—salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven through the blood of the Lamb that was slain. I see a soul coming up to join the redeemed in heaven. As it goes through the gates, the old friends of that spirit come around it and say, "What shall we sing?" and the newly arrived soul says, "Sing salvation." And after a while an earthly despotism falls, and a scepter of iniquity is snapped, and churches are built where once there were superstitious mosques, and angel cries to angel, saying, "How shall we celebrate this victory?" and angel cries to angel, "Let us sing," and the answer is, "What shall we sing?" and the voices say, "Let us sing salvation." And after awhile all the Church on earth will rush into the outspread arms of the Church of heaven, and while the righteous are ascending, and the world is burning, and all things are being wound up, the question will be asked:

“What shall we sing?” and there will be a voice like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, that will respond: “Sing salvation.” In this world we have plaintive songs, songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead, but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be a hallelujah, the dullest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the Cherubim! Joy among the Seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy forever! On earth the music in churches is often poor because there is no interest in it, or because there is no harmony. Some would not sing, some could not sing. Some sang too high, some sang too low. Some sang by fits and starts. But in the great audience of the redeemed on high all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation melody from the “Dead March in Saul,” will lift an anthem that the Mendelsohns, and the Beethovens, and the Schumans of earth never imagined, and you may stand through all eternity, and listen, and there will not be one discord in that great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God.

They sing a Rock Song saying: “Who is he that sheltered me in the wilderness and shadowed us in a weary land?” and the chorus comes in: “Christ the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.” They sing a Star Song, saying: “Who is he that guided us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out, arose in the sky the Morning Star, pouring light on the soul’s darkness?” and the chorus will come in: “Christ the Morning Star shining on the world’s darkness.” They will sing a Flower Song, saying: “Who is he that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness upon our soul, and bloomed through frost and tempest?” and the chorus will come in: “Christ the Lily of

the Valley blooming through frost and tempest. " They will sing a Water Song: " Who is he that gleamed to us from the frowning crag and lightened the darkest ravine of trouble, and brought cooling to the temples and refreshment to the lip and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness?" and then the chorus will come in: " Christ, the Fountain in the midst of the wilderness."

Will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal? If we cannot sing that song on earth, we will not be able to sing it in heaven.

ENTHRONED CHILDREN.

The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the court-room and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments; and a gentleman said to him afterward: "How could you be so calm standing in that august presence?" "O," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say: "My children shall be educated though I never had any chance." What to you are weary limbs, and aching head, and hands hardened and callous, if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And O, when the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled, the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family, in any land to-day that has not bent over such a treasure and lost it. In the family fold is there no dead lamb? I have seen many such cases of sorrow. There is one preëminent in my memory as pastor—Scoville Haynes Mc Callum. The story of his death has brought hundreds unto God. He belonged to my parish in the West. A thorough boy, nine or ten years of age. Nothing morbid, nothing dull about him. His voice loudest and his foot swiftest on the play-ground. Often he has come into my house and thrown himself down on the floor in an exhaustion of boisterous mirth; and yet he was a Christian, consecrated to God, keeping His commandments. That is the kind of childish piety I believe in. When the days of sickness came suddenly and he was told that he could not get well, he said: "Jesus alone can save me. Jesus will save me. He has saved me. Don't cry, mamma. I shall go right straight up to heaven." And then they gave him a glass of water to cool his hot lips and he said: "Mamma, I shall take a draught from the water of life after awhile, of which if one drink he shall never get thirsty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet and I want Him to do just what He thinks best to do with me." In those days, "Rest for the weary" was a new hymn, and he had learned it; and in a perfect ecstasy of soul, in his last hour he cried out:

" In the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest;
 There my Savoiur 's gone before me
 To fulfil my soul's request;
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.

" Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumphs as you go;

Zion's gates are open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary.

"There is rest for you, papa; there is rest for you, mamma." And then, putting his hands over his heart, he said: "Yes, there is rest for me." And then he asked them to read "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside still waters;" and he cried out: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Only ten years old! And then he said: "How I wish you would just turn this bed, so I can look once more on the foliage and see the sun set." And they turned the bed; and he said; "I do so wish that Jesus would hurry and come and take me." They said to him: "Why, are you not willing to await the Lord's time?" "Yes," he said, "I am; but I would rather Jesus would come and hurry and take me." And so, with a peace indescribable, he passed away. O, why need I go so far back? I can only take you this afternoon, at two o'clock, to the obsequies of one little child, who sat last Sabbath in our services and mingled in our songs. She stood up amid that host of 328 new members, and espoused the cause of Christ one Sabbath. Some saw her, perhaps, and thought she was too small; but O, she was ripe for heaven, and the Lord took her. She said to her parent a day or two ago: "Isn't there, mother, a passage that says, 'My grace shall be sufficient for thee?'" And she said: "Lord, make that grace sufficient for father and mother and sister;" and then, speaking of her deceased brother, she said: "I will take Harry by the hand, and we will come out to meet you, mother." O there is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief in the parent's heart. You see the little ones go

right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles! Children dead are safe. Those that live are in peril. We know not what dark path they may take. The day may come in which they will break your heart; but children dead are safe—safe forever. Weeping parents, do not mourn too bitterly over your child that has gone. There are two kinds of prayers made at a child's sick bed. One prayer the Lord likes, the other prayer, He does not like. When a soul kneels down at a child's sick-bed and says: "O Lord, spare this little one; he is very near to my heart; I don't want to part with him, but Thy will be done,"—that is the kind of a prayer the Lord loves. There is another kind of prayer which I have heard men make in substance when they say: "O Lord, this isn't right; it is hard to take this child; you have no right to take this child; spare this child; I can't give him up, and I won't give him up." The Lord answers that kind of a prayer sometimes. The child lives on and lives on, and travels off in paths of wickedness to perish. At the end of every prayer for a child's life, say: "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

The brightest lights that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they

have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heart-strings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart, reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves, and through the wintry snow-banks, we are passing on. O, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink from the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! O, how we shall gather them up!

" In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

" The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
When these short years of pain are past
We 'll meet before the throne at last."

THE ROYAL FEAST.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important, that all the clocks of the castle were stopped so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted at the gate with floating islands and torches, and the thunder of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced into a dining-hall, the luxuries of which astonished the world: four hundred servants waited upon the guests,—the entertainment costing five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and travelled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetite might be keen, and then, in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold; and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and a-blush with the costliest wines; and when the second course of the feast came, it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds, and beasts, and groups

dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank to the health, first, of the King of England, and next, to the Emperor of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels are the cup-bearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfaded beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plate; and I am one of the servants, coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them every whither, and oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, for all things are now ready."

There have been grand entertainments where there was a taking off; the wine gave out or the servants were rebellious or the lights failed; but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "all things are now ready."

In the first place I have to announce that the *Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready*. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast; aye, He has been waiting eighteen hundred and eighty-six years for His guests. He has been standing on His mangled feet; He has had His sore hand on His punctured side, or He has been pressing His lacerated temples, waiting, waiting. It

is wonderful that He has not been impatient, and that He has not said: "Shut the door, and let the laggard stay out;" but He has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing He is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channelled His brow and His back and His hands and His feet in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that He uttered in midnight chill and in mountain hunger and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry, bitter, agonizing, overwhelming; I gather all the pains that shot from spear and spike and cross-jolting into one pang, remorseless, grinding, excruciating; I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the Gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That Being, standing before you, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart break and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think He trifles?

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for one hundred and eighty days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you and I and all are invited to this. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion. So my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek so radiant that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliance compared with it. His face reflecting all the joy of the redeemed. His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough

cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders long enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap or harps to thrum or trumpets to peal forth the praise of this One altogether fair. Oh, thou Flower of Eternity, Thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful Day-break, let all people clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come, men and saints and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all height, all depths, all immensities—chorus! Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, along by great towers chiming with eternal Jubilee. Chorus! “Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!”

I have a word of five letters but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records; give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory, and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen, dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: “J-e-s-u-s.” It is this One infinitely fair to whom you, oh sinner, are invited. Christ is waiting for you, waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guests; the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with finger on the stiff string waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gate-way. Waiting for you, oh sinner, as a mother waits for her boy that went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting. Oh give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough, to express my meaning; something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say, He is waiting

as only the all-sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul.

“Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

Do you know that the feast is already begun, the feast to which you were invited, and the King sits with His guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banquetting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. It is half-way shut. It is three-fourths shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut forever. “Come, for all things are now ready.”

WAVING PALMS.

The arbor of Christian grace ought to have in it a good many *palm* branches. You know that is a favorite tree at the East. The ancients used to make it into three hundred and sixty uses. The fruit is conserved. The sap becomes a beverage. The stones are ground up as food for camels. The base of the leaves is twisted into rope. Baskets and mats are made out of it, and from the root to the tip-top of the palm it is all usefulness. It grows eighty-five feet in height, is columnar, its fringed leaves sometimes four or five yards long, and the ancients used to carry it in processions as a symbol of victory. O, for more palm branches in our Gospel arbor! Usefulness and victory! Head, heart, tongue, pen, money, social position—all employed for God.

We want palm branches, *for victory*. By nature we are serfs. The devil stole us. He keeps his eye on us. He is afraid all the time that we will get away. He has been watching us a great while, and keeping us under constant supervision. But one day word comes from our Heavenly Father saying that if we would like to break away from our taskmaster, He will keep us. Some day we rouse up and look at the black tyrant in our way, and we fly on him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and grind him and grind him into the dust, and then we leap on him with both feet, crying, "Victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Do not men want palm branches to celebrate that victory? O, what a grand thing it is to get

sin under foot, and a wasted life behind our back. "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." Is not that so? O, you have been long in the race, and know. Nod your heads, "Yes, it is so." Yes, let us go this day into the mount and get palm branches.

"But how about the future?" you say. O, you dear souls, do not bother about that. Saint Paul says that you are to be more than conquerors. Did Saint Paul write that merely for the purpose of saying something poetic and high sounding? No. It means that there is nothing between here and heaven that, by the grace of God, we cannot beat. "How about sickness," you say. More than conquerors. "How about slanderous abuse?" More than conquerors. "How about poverty?" More than conquerors. "How about death itself?" More than conquerors. "Well," you say, "that seems to take all troubles away." I want to gather your troubles in a great pile and set them on fire, and ask gales from heaven to blow even the ashes away. What is the use of your fretting and stewing about the present and about the future when God has promised to take all your affairs in His hands, and manage them for the very best. Do you think He can do it? Or are you so conceited that you think it will be better if you take care of your own matters. Do you want to drive, and insist upon God taking a back seat? "No," you say, "I want the Lord to be my leader and guide." Then you are going to be more than conquerors. Your last sickness will come, and the consulting physicians in the next room will be talking about what they had better do for you. What difference will it make to you what they do? You are going to be well anyhow. Everlastingly well. After the breath has gone from your body, your friends in the next room will be consulting as to where they had better bury you. What

difference will it make to you where they bury you, for the Lord of the resurrection would as lief pick you out of the dust in one place as in another, and all the cemeteries are in God's acre. I remember in the old country meeting-house my father sometimes led the singing, and he would take his tuning-fork from his pocket and strike the fork upon his knee, and then put the tuning-fork to his ear and catch the pitch, and then start the song. O, that these sons and daughters of God were this day catching the pitch of the eternal song of victory before the throne. You ought to be getting ready, and now come to the rehearsal. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly, do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle; they stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a *home song* in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony:

“ Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labor have an end
In joy and peace and thee ?”

It will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet, while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire;

these came up from Christian homes and these were foundlings of the city commons—children everywhere in all that land—children in the towers, children on the seas of glass children on the battlements. Ah! if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid threshing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean Hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to *your* ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien in the "Crystal Palace" stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh! the grander scene

when they shall come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before the great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hand and his wounded foot! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen! and Amen!" Oh! if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds may I hear that. If I join no other glad assemblage may I join that.

At the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry the Fifth figured, it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the King wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the King dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh! at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!*"

THE TITLED VICTOR.

“*The Name that is above every name.*” This was one of Paul’s rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus. There are merely human names that thrill you through and through. Such a name was that of Henry Clay to the Kentuckian, William Wirt to the Virginian, Daniel Webster to the New Englander.

Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour’s designation? That word “Jesus” seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance. When an aged man was dying, and he had lost his memory of everything else, one of his children said to him, “Father, do you know me?” He replied, “No, I don’t know you.” And another child came and asked the same question, and got the same answer, and another, and another. Then the minister of Christ came in and said to the dying man, “Father, do you know me?” He replied, “No, I don’t know you.” Then said the minister, “Do you know Jesus?” “O, yes,” said the old man, “I know Jesus. ‘Chief among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely.’” Yes, in all ages, in all languages, and the world over, it is an easy name.

“Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
’T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.”

It is a mighty name. Rothschild is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving a powerful name in the literary world, Washington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the earth so potent to awe and lift and thrill and rouse and agitate and bless as this name of Jesus. That one word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds a hundred million of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than King William; in France, means more than Thiers or MacMahon; in Italy, means more than Garibaldi or Victor Emanuel. I have seen a man bound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard taskmaster, in a bondage from which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronounciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronouncied in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of scoff and jeer, jocose of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronounciation of that name blanch and cower and quake and pray and sob and groan and believe and rejoice. O, it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstition crumble, the last juggernaut of cruelty crash to pieces. That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the pass-word at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle-shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in

apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their haunches, and the white horse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. France has to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the sceptres of the world are being shortened; but every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-school class taught, every school founded, every Church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall and in Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove and in eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That crown is to cover up all other crowns. That empire is to absorb all other dominations:

“All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.”

THE ENDURING NAME.

Christ's is an enduring name. You clamber over the fences of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscription on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Louis XVI. of France, Catherine of Russia—mighty names once, that made the world tremble; but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art, for there will be other Bellinis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Ghirlandjos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giotto's to appall our sight with the crucifixion. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumph; other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism is yet to have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalmed in the best books, and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity," and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judgment. But above all and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the

memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No!

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration, and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin—even then, they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: “Let the palaces and the temples burn, *we have Jesus left!*” “Blessed be His glorious name forever and ever. The name that is above every name.”

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in heaven? You know He has many names. Will you call Him Jesus, or the Anointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you learned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say: “My Lord, Thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.”

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star forever and ever, and the lustre of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say:

“My Lord, Thou art a brighter star—the Morning Star—a star forever.” Wandering some day amid the fountains of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in crash of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystalline urn, as you wander up the round-banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalices of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: “My Lord, Thou art the Fountain of Living Water.” Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into His loving and watchful eye and say: “My Lord, Thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hill.”

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up everything that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song full! The ranks full. The mansions full. Heaven full. The sun shall set a-fire with splendor the domes of the temples, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearls of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the noonday light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: “Thou art the Sun that never sets!”

“Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name.” “Hallelujah! unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever. Amen and Amen and Amen.”

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