

Social Knots Untied

A SERIES OF

Practical and Popular Sermons

DELIVERED BY

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED.

Edited by RICHARD S. RHODES.

*"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—
St. Matthew vii, 2*

CHICAGO.

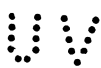
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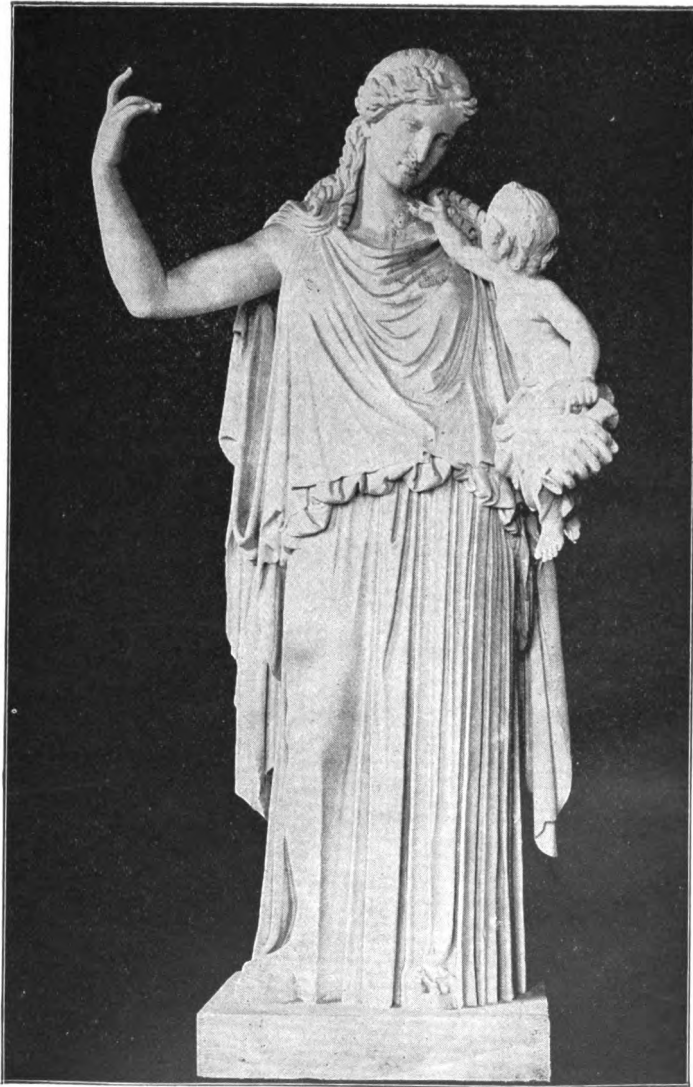
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To us with Tabmage

SOCIAL KNOTS UNTIED.

SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

“Without shedding of blood is no remission.”—Hebrews vi, 22.

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about “The Fountain Filled with Blood,” “Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?” My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a “slaughter-house religion,” only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had

depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

EXERCISE COMMON SENSE.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

TOILING FOR OTHERS.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses

are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of **overwork** for others. Some sudden disease finds them with **no** power of resistance, and they are gone. **Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!**

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the

pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road; and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is, she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our

northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the

flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest ; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down ; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said : "I was sick and ye visited Me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution !

SEWARD'S GRAND PLEA.

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel ? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale, and thin, and awkward.

It was William H. Seward who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words :

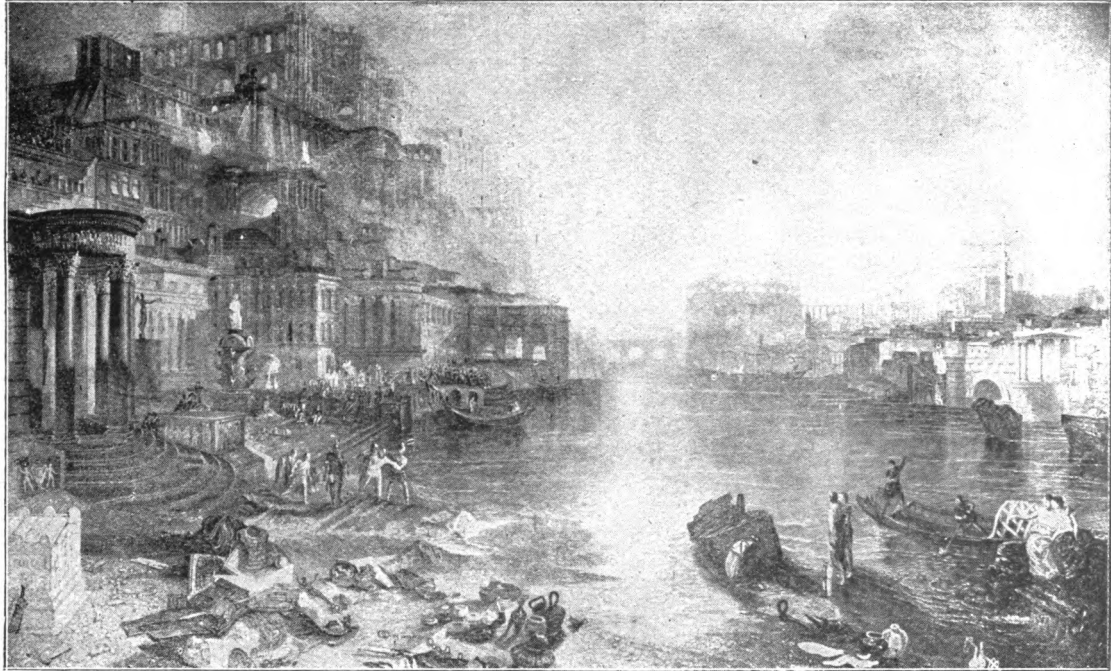
“I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, “God bless you!” as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow-men, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.”

The gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons, and to all the world, that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony

step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

RUSKIN'S DEFENSE OF TURNER.

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticized painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box nineteen thousand pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for



ANCIENT ITALY.—From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner.

public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic, and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!



"WRECK OF THE MINOTAUR."—From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner.

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the Martyr, Christ the celestial Hero, Christ the Defender, Christ the Substitute. No new principle,

for it was as old as human nature ; but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper, and more world-resounding scale ! The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust ; but here is another David who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute ; but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers, and quakes, and recoils, and groans at the horror.

WHOM DID CHRIST RESEMBLE ?

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this Substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic, and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God ; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge ; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor ; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by his brethren ; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage ; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility ; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion ; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others ; but put together Adam and Noah

and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ.

He forsook a throne and sat down on His own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation, and changed a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up He came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, Himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree-tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust His shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through His vitals, and wrapped Himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on Him at once—our Substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience, who has ever suffered for another, find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under His one arm,

and all His sorrows under His other arm, and said : " I will atone for these under My right arm, and will heal all those under My left arm. Strike Me with all Thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Justice ! Roll over Me with all Thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow ?" And the thunderbolts struck Him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in the presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all the worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by " blood." Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battle-field on which Christ achieved our liberty !

TALMAGE AT WATERLOO.

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battle-field of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on the famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Chateau, the walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies

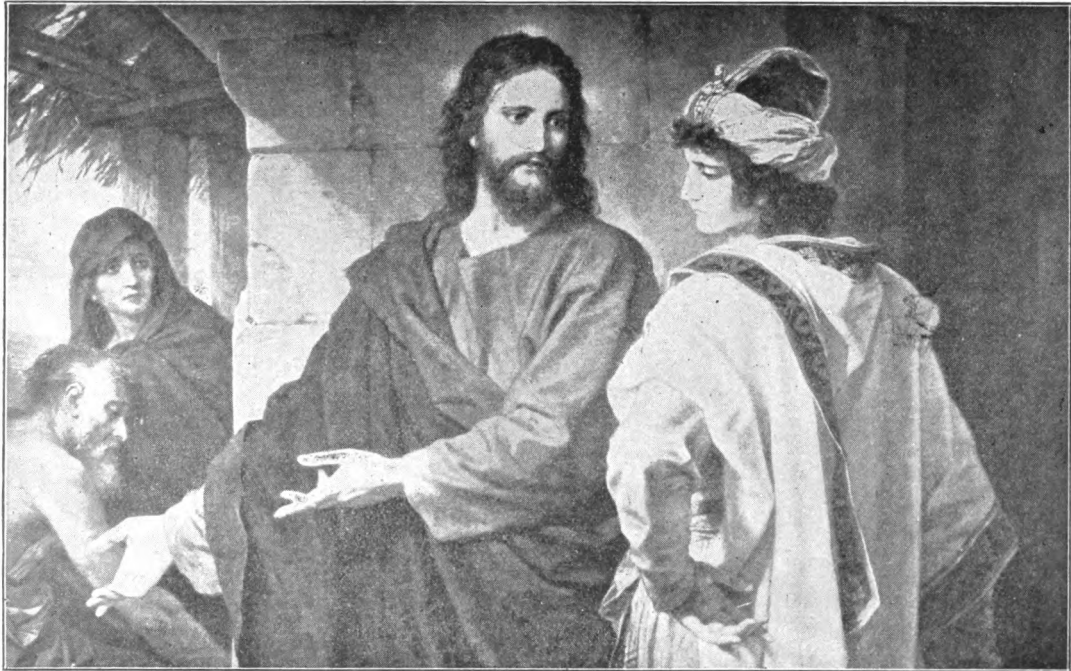
wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English, and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains, and colonels, and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

“There,” said our guide, “the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: ‘Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field.’ Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse’s bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back.” Scene from a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to twelve o’clock on the eighteenth of June, until four o’clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: “Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!” and the tide turned, and at eight o’clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was

called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. From twelve o'clock at noon to three o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain, and the battle-axes struck Him, until brow, and cheek, and shoulder, and hand, and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but He fought on until He gave a final stroke and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

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CHRIST TO THE RICH YOUNG RULER.—From the Painting by Hoffman.

HARBOR OF HOME.

“Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.”—St. Mark v, 19.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us and he practically says: “I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle.”

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the

all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be .
“Lord, what wilt Thou have me (now and here) to do?”

WHAT IS HOME ?

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. That word is HOME. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means



“HAYMAKERS' LUNCH.”—From the Painting by Julien Dupri.

love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers, and murderers in embryo. Vile songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair.

The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

THE HOME TESTS CHARACTER.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business-men who all day long are mild, and courteous, and genial,

and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability, and their petulance, and their discontent ; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest ; it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript ; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as a north-east storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public, and who is

irritable in private, is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home." If we have it not there we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

HOME IS A REFUGE.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack our arms; we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack; we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put into the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! there we go for repairs in the dry dock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the light-house guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we may have done without being charged with self-adulation.

There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances, and exasperations, and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

THE HOME IS A SAFEGUARD.

Further, I remark that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only cornerstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overthrow and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the Constitution. Jails and penitentiaries, and armies and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling-

houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home. No republic.

THE HOME IS A SCHOOL.

Further, I remark that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plough, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after-life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty, or thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth, if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving

mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-birds trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women. Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed, and in the day of judgment, they will curse you!

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof over it: Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that earthly home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star

that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my childhood, I will forget thee; the family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead; father and mother, with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then. You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of a sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been



"CHILDISH CARESES"

From the Painting by A. Delobbe.

describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over that.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left His home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent Himself. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him, He arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail! Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds, I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; Mazzini, from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of heaven or earth.

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 time to gather their children home again! But

I have noticed that almost always there is 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 dryshod.

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 an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in 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 angels, home with God.

TALMAGE'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

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 mire 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, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the



MORNING PRAYER.
From the Painting by Meyer Von Bremen.

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 !"

LIFE A DRAMA.

"Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place"
—Job xxvii, 23.

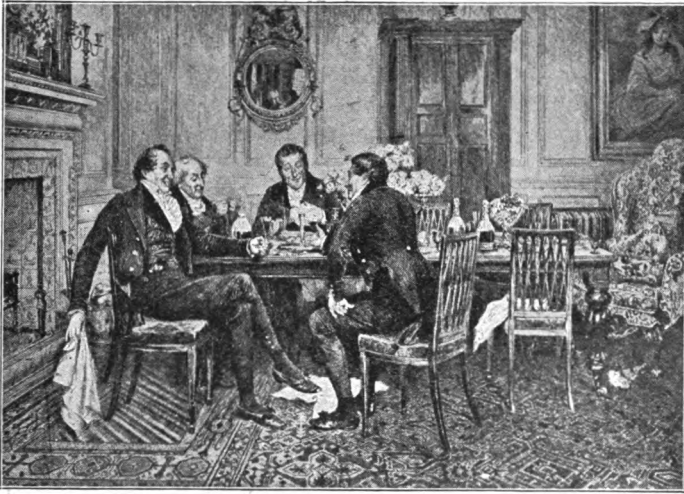
The allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are made a theatre or spectacle to angels and to men." It is evident from the text that some of the habits of theater-goers were known in Job's time, because he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards and, either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness or other incapacity, the audience is offended, and expresses its disapprobation and disgust by hissing. "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. What hardship and suffering and discipline great actors have undergone 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 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 own 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 ourselves were making 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 they may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Neither can we put off our character; no change of apparel can make us anyone else than that which we eternally are.

DISSIPATION.

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 the year 959, King Edgar of England made a law that the drinking cups 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 grave. Dr. Sax, of France, has discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol, in any shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, con-



"OVER NUTS AND WINE."—From the Painting by W. Dendy Sadler.

tains 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 or 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 seems 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 these 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 winrows 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 around you, and it will after awhile put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a coil 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 convulsion 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.

INDOLENCE.

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

touchy 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 years of age 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 they lounge about the scenes till they shall be called to be something great. After awhile, by some accident of prosperity or circumstances, they get into 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 clergymen, he is making tirades against the ingratitude of churches. Or, if an attorney, by unskillful management he loses a case by 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. Our incompetent friend would have made a passable 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 Havemyers. He could have mended shoes, but he wanted to amend the Constitution of the United States. Towards the end of life these people are out of patience, out of money, out of friends, out of everything. They go to the poor house, or keep out of it by

running in debt to all the grocery and dry goods stores that will trust them. People begin to wonder when the curtain will drop on the scene. After awhile, leaving nothing but their compliments to pay doctor, undertaker, and Gabriel Grubb, the grave-digger, they disappear. Exeunt! Hissed off the stage.

SELFISHNESS.

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into their 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?" and "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt towards the Asapi, or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After awhile 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 awhile he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce how he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchiefs to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed. The heirs sit up all night when 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 equipages, and all the mourning stores are kept busy selling weeds of grief. The stone-cutters 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 graveyard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The heirs are glad because they get possession of the long-delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of his plumes, every certificate of his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of 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 my text has 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 head-gear 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 near-sighted so that you cannot see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, and hesitate as though you were trying to call up a dim memory and say, "Well, y-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, which then, with eyes blinded, goes tumbling over the precipice, the great antlers crashing on the rocks.

HONOR.

Now, compare some of these goings out of life with the departure of men and women who, in the drama of life, take the part that God assigned them and then went away honored of men and applauded of the Lord Almighty. It is about fifty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest invited to that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousal was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? The young woman who left her father's house for her young husband's home started out with a parental benediction and good advice she will never forget. Her mother said to her the day before the mar-

riage: "Now, my child, you are going away from us. Of course, as long as your father and I live you will feel that you can come to us at any time. But your home will be elsewhere. From long experience I feel it is best to serve God. It is very bright with you now, my child, and you may think you can get along without religion, but the day will come when you will want God, and my advice is, establish a family altar, and, if need be, conduct the worship yourself." The counsel was taken, and that young wife consecrated every room in the house to God. Years passed on and there were in that home hilarities, but they were good and healthful; and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages as bright as orange-blossoms could make them, and burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way and the children following. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education, character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger, and only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in



EVENING PRAYER.
From the Painting by Meyer Von Bremen.

the street. But without complaint she waited and toiled and endured and accomplished all these years. The children are out in the world—an honor to themselves and their parents. After awhile the mother's last sickness comes. Children and grandchildren, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she is too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair and tells them not to cry, and that she is going now, but they will meet again in a little while in a better world, and then kisses them good-bye and says to each, "God bless and keep you, my dear child." The day of obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly endurance, and many hearts on earth and in heaven echo the sentiment, and as she is carried off the stage of this mortal life there are cries of "Faithful unto death;" "She hath done what she could," while overpowering all the voices of earth and heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

But what became of the father of that household? He started as a young man in business and had a small income, and having got a little ahead, sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses, and suffered many betrayals, but kept right on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example and giving them the best of counsel, and never a prayer did he offer for all these years but they

were mentioned in it. He is old now and realizes it cannot be long before he must quit all these scenes. But he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch, and as he goes out of the world the Church of God blesses him and the poor ring his door-bell to see if he is any better, and his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up, and some say, "There will be no one to take his place," and others say, "Who will pity me now?" and others remark, "He shall be held in everlasting remembrance." And as the drama of his life closes, all the vociferation and bravos and encores that ever shook the amphitheatres of earthly spectacle were tame and feeble compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled-up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage and the life that shall close amid acclamations supernal and arch-angelic.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

Oh, men and women on the stage of life, many of you in the first act of the drama, and others in the second, and some of you in the third, and a few in the fourth, and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon the most suggestive passage that Shakespeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as infidel and atheistic, so the quotation be not only religiously helpful to ourselves, but grandly vindicatory of the great



**"LEFT TO THE WIDE WORLD."
From the Painting by C. Lingner.**

dramatist. I quote from his last will and testament:—

“In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory (God be praised)! do make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.”

COMFORT IN TROUBLE.

“And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night.”—Exodus x, 13.

The reference here is not a cyclone but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the east wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs, of the world's existence, the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a cli-

mate of perpetual nor'-wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the world's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides, and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the Church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject, I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptations that you cannot endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperat-

ing people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking



"IN THE SULKS."

From the Painting by Bouguereau.

about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not

act worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying, "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarant," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

DR. RUSH'S HYPOCHONDRIA.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men for God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver.

Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide his face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope I shall be found at his feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears.

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

BROUGHT FOR A PURPOSE.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east

wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purgose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did eseepe it? Especially who that accomplished anything for church or state ever escape it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the flail.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands tremblind. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your pro-

fession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick-room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

Keats wrote his famous poem, and the hard criticism of the poem killed him—literally killed. Tasso wrote his poem entitled "Jerusalem Delivered," and it had such a cold reception it turned him into a raving maniac. Stillingfleet was slain by his literary enemies. The frown of Henry VIII. slew Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington refused to have the fence around his house, which had been destroyed by an excited mob, rebuilt, because he wanted the fence to remain as it was, a reminder of the mutability and uncertainty of the popular favor.

YOU WILL HAVE TRIAL.

And you will have trial of some sort. You have had it already. Why need I prophesy? I might better mention an historical fact in our history. You are a merchant. What a time you had with that old business partner! How hard it was to get rid of him! Before you bought him out, or he ruined both of you, what magnitude of annoyance! Then after you had paid him down a certain sum of money to have him go out, and to promise he would not open a store of the same kind of business in your street, did he not open the very same kind of business as near to you as possible, and take all your customers as far as he could take them? And then, knowing all your frailties and weaknesses, after being in your business firm for so many years, is he not now spending his time in making a commentary on what you

furnished as a text? You are a physician, and in your sickness, or in your absence, you get a neighboring doctor to take your place in the sick-room, and he ingratiates himself into the favor of that family, so that you forever lose their patronage. Or, you take a patient through the serious stages of a fever, and some day the impatient father or husband of the sick one rushes out and gets another medical practitioner, who comes in just in time to get the credit of the cure. Or, you are a lawyer, and you come in contact with a trickster in your profession, and in your absence, and contrary to agreement, he moves a nonsuit or the dismissal of the case; or the judge on the bench, remembering an old political grudge, rules against you every time he gets a chance, and says with a snarl, "If you don't like my decision, take an exception." Or, you are a farmer, and the curculio stings the fruit, or the weevil gets into the wheat, or the drought stunts the corn, or the long-continued rains give you no opportunity for gathering the harvest. Your best cow gets the hollow-horn, your best horse gets foundered. A French proverb said that trouble comes in on horseback and goes away on foot. So trouble dashed in on you suddenly, but oh, how long it was in getting away! Came on horseback, goes away on foot. Rapid in coming, slow in going. That is the history of nearly all our troubles. Again and again and again you have experienced the power of the east wind. It may be blowing from that direction now.

TROUBLES FOR SOME PURPOSE.

My friends, God intended these troubles and trials for some particular purpose. They do not come at ran-

dom. Here is the promise: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." In the Tower of London the Swords and the guns of other ages are burnished and arranged into huge passion-flowers, and sun-flowers, and bridal cakes, and you wonder how anything so hard as steel could be put into such floral shapes. I have to tell you that the hardest, sharpest, most cutting,



" ANXIETY."—From the Painting by Eug Lejuive.

most piercing sorrows of this life may be made to bloom and blossom and put on bridal festivity. The Bible says they shall be mitigated, they shall be assuaged, they shall be graduated. God is not going to allow you to be overthrown. A Christian woman, very much despondent, was holding her child in her arms, and the pastor, trying to console the woman in her spiritual depression,

said, "There, you will let your child drop." "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't let the child drop." He said, "You will let the child drop." "Why," she said "if I should drop the child here, it would dash his life out!" "Well, now," said the Christian minister, "don't you think God is as good as you are! Won't God, your Father, take as good care of you, his child, as you take care of your child? God won't let you drop."

I suppose God lets the east wind blow just hard enough to drive us into the harbor of God's protection. We all feel we can manage our own affairs. We have helm and compass and chart and quadrant, Give us plenty of sea-room and we sail on and sail on; but after awhile there comes a Caribbean whirlwind up the coast, and we are helpless in the gale, and we cry out for harbor. All our calculations upset, we say with the poet,

"Change and decay on all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!"

The south wind of mild providence makes us throw off the cloak of Christian character and we catch cold, but the sharp east wind of trouble makes us wrap around us the warm promises. The best thing that ever happens to us is trouble. That is a hard thing perhaps to say; but I repeat it, for God announces it again and again, the best thing that happens to us is trouble.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read

ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics, we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corncribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Give him capacity to write of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

THIS WORLD INSUFFICIENT.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an

insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell; an unstrung harp; a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Phœbus lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter, and the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palate of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, failing, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Bless God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard? The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrow tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth

any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossoms in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harps and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "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." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer the shining shore. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallows easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long-boat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God:

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed him for the south wind, and blessed him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless him for the east wind?

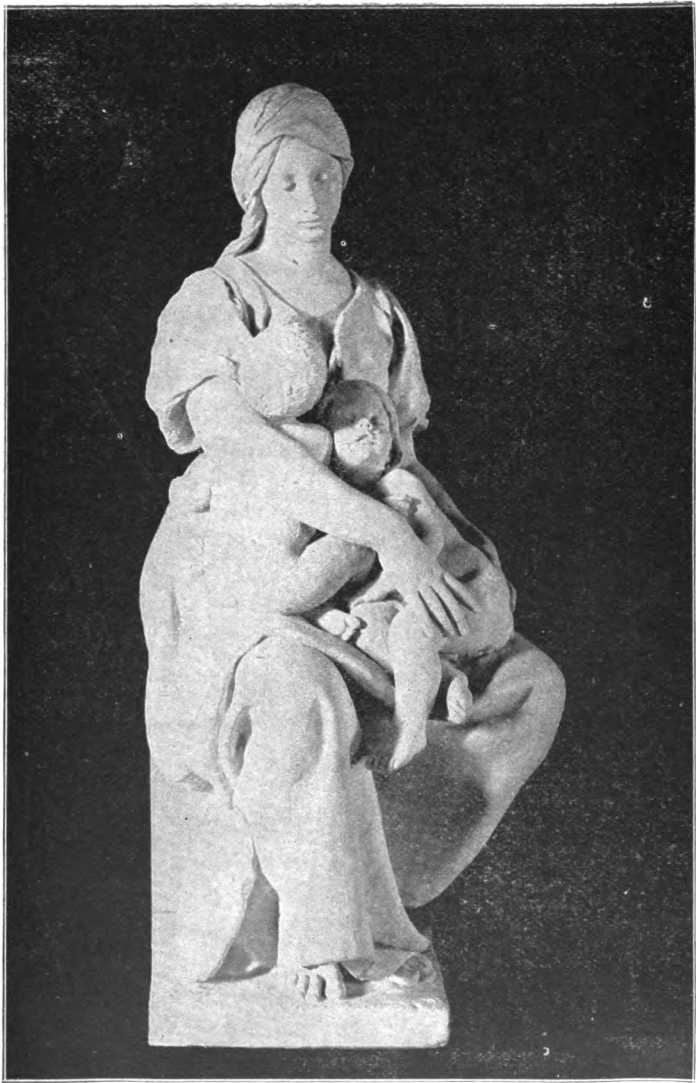
“Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

A SOFT TONGUE.

“A soft tongue breaketh the bone.”—Proverbs xxv, 15.

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that 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.”

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defence, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.



CHARITY.
From the Painting by Paul Du Bois.

KINDNESS DEFENDS.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defence. 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



"THE PREFERRED ONE."—From the Painting by George Langie.

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 up 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 fifty-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 shoulders 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 awhile some good men resolved upon another tack. 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 awhile 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 hand-shaking, 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 Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders 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 day, 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.”

KINDNESS USEFUL.

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on “The Evidences of Christianity” have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding-place. It says: “Now we’ll just rouse up all this sea;” and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After awhile the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high-water-mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the

attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling-hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his, have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond, Va., a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said, "Poor fellow." She took her

handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ. Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace. That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a ship-wrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. O, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, that though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as snow;

though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word. There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

"Kind words can never die, never die;
Cherished and blessed."

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 grace. 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. The world is dying for lack of kindness.

These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five;

Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work came before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the brow-beating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellencies. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

In all our sermons there must be help for every one somewhere. You go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully, before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who are going to preach the Gospel, these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the

jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles.

RUBIN'S "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."

Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Ruben's pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent from the Cross," as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you and staggers you and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Ruben's "Descent from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get him down." O, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

WE NEED KINDNESS.

Kindness! We all need more of it in our hearts, our words and our behavior. The chief characteristic of our Lord was kindness. 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 awhile, 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 imposter. The trial

came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court-room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official



"JUNE ROSES."

From the Painting by E. Niczky.

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. A verdict was brought in rejecting the right 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 villian!" 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 was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

—:O:—



THE REAPERS.
From the Painting by Jules Breton.

SAFEGUARDS FOR YOUNG MEN.

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man."—II Kings vi, 17.

One morning, in Dothan, a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defence for him, in chariots made of fire, drawn by horses of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies in autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity, and your destiny!

A YOUNG MAN'S DEFENSE.

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough-hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of

trees planted on fashionable country-seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm-house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the old swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling-place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect, when your work is done, to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place: but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning, and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unassuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures, and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel.

Make ungodly mirth stand back from the treshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.

Another defense for a young man is industrious habits. Many young men, in starting upon life at this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A boy now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at a thousand dollars a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship, make a copy-plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind; all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams a vision of the penitentiary; but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds cultivate the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox-teams to draw him logs, and with their hard hands to help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sickness should smite through

the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony; if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the nashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success, except through toil, either of head or hand. At the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word, "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle, all through, and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting! Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin, and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The curse of this age is the geniuses; men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain and plodding and useful, rather than high-flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Extraordinary capacity without work is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability

is he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and therefore God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the Divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and



"RETURN FROM THE FIELD."—From the Painting by Georges Langie.

their posterity; a proof positive for all ages to come that those who did not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the

pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets!

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant and cleanly, and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. So it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after awhile, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning with any trade or profession; but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time, but after awhile those things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison.

Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When asked if he was frightened, he said: "No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH.

Respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new-fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's Day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come.

This is the statement of a man who has broken this Divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza, and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried, and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the Divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be

upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect to the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no permanent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. The way of the wicked he turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship to-day the step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the oncoming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

A NOBLE IDEAL.

A noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it are an infallible defense. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's of Venice—

men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life-plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser, in the hottest haste, I ask: "Hallo, man whither away?" His response is, "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand or laying down the yard-stick, say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrongdoing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red-stripe the picture, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed and froth-tangled, and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame the right name for it—the soul's suicide. If one entering upon sinful directions would only, in his mind or on paper, draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say: "Am I a Dante, that by my own life I should write another *Inferno*?" But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but, in your mind or upon paper, sketch it in all its min-

utiæ. You cannot know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and veracity and faith stand in the heart of the sketch. On some still brook's bank make a lamb and a lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost-stricken, nor ice-glazed, nor wind-stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that pillow of the dying storm. You need not print the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance, and say, "That is the road to heaven." Ah, me! On this sea of life, what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well-rigged, yet seem bound for no port! Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys, and are at their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor.

I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character, and faith in its attainment, will find himself encased from a thousand temptations. There are magnificent possibilities before each of you young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the field and the armor and the fortifications. Who is on the Lord's side? A captain in ancient times, to encourage his men against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these

fellows in the face. They are six thousand, you are three hundred. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With a million against you the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

TALMAGE IS SLANDERED.

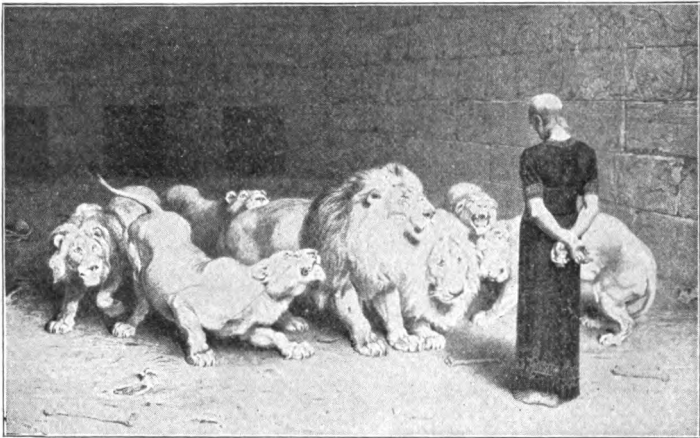
Many years ago word came to me that two imposters, as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio, in various places, and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me, and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, Chief of Brooklyn Police, saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have those villians arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty, he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defense for a young man is the possession of religious principle. Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature, and laws, and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequalled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting-house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a cowardly and illiterate being. He cannot bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship, full-winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its millions of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior. It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart

he does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition.

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace



"DANIEL"—From the Painting by Briton Riviere.

of the Cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are unsuspecting the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your

good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wondering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after awhile it may be rough, wild, and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two sign-boards: "This is the way to happiness. This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the fork of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning-point in the history of these two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank



THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB.
From the Painting by W. A. Bouguereau.

deeper and deeper in infamy; he was lost. That other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

MORE WEEK-DAY RELIGION NEEDED.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him."--Proverbs iii, 6

There has been a tendency in all lands and ages to set apart certain days, places and occasions for especial religious service, and to think that they formed the realm in which religion was chiefly to act. Now, while holy days and holy places have their use, they can never be a substitute for continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man can not be so good a Christian on Sabbath that he can afford to be a worldling all the week. If a steamer start for Southampton, and sail one day in that direction, and the other six days sail in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? Just as soon as a man will get to Heaven who sails on the Sabbath day toward that which is good, and the other six days of the week sails toward the world, the flesh and the devil. You cannot eat so much at the

Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the rest of the week.

Genuine religion is not spasmodic, does not go by fits and starts, is not an attack of chills and fever—now cold until your teeth chatter, now hot until your bones ache. Genuine religion marches on steadily, up steep hills, and along dangerous declivities, its eye ever on the everlasting hills crowned with the castles of the blessed.

I propose, so far as god may help me, to show you how we may bring our religion into life, and practice in common things—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow.

IN ORDINARY CONVERSATION.

And in the first place I remark: What ought to bring religion into our ordinary conversation. A dam breaks and two or three villages are submerged; a South American earthquake swallows a city, and people begin to talk about the uncertainty of human life, and in that conversation think they are engaging in religious service, when there may be no religion at all. I have noticed that in proportion as Christian experience is shallow men talk about funerals, and death-beds, and hearses, and tombstones, and epitaphs. If a man have the religion of the Gospel in its full power in his soul he will talk chiefly about this world and the eternal world, and very little comparatively about the magnificent pass between this and that. Yet how seldom it is that the religion of Christ is a welcome theme! If a man full of the Gospel of Christ gets into a religious circle, and begins to talk about sacred things, all the conversation is hushed, and things become exceedingly awkward. As on a summer day, the forests full of song, and chirp,

and carol, mighty chorus of bird harmonies, every branch an orchestra— if a hawk appears in the sky, all the voices are hushed, so I have sometimes seen a social circle that professed to be Christian, silence by the appearance of the great theme of God and religion. Now, my friends, if we have the religion of Christ in our soul, we will talk about it in an exhilarant mood. It is more refreshing than the waters, it gives a man joy here, and prepares him for everlasting happiness before the throne of God. And yet, if the theme of religion be introduced into a circle, everything is silenced—silenced unless, perhaps, an aged Christian man in the corner of the room, feeling that something ought to be said, puts one foot over the other and sighs heavily and says: “Oh, yes; that’s so!” My friends! the religion of Jesus Christ is not something to be groaned about, but something to talk about and sing about, your face irradiated. The trouble is that men professing the faith of the Gospel are often so inconsistent that they are afraid their conversation will not harmonize with their life. We cannot talk the Gospel unless we live the Gospel. You will often find a man whose entire life is full of inconsistencies filling his conversation with such expressions as, “we are miserable sinners,” “the Lord help us,” “the Lord bless you,” interlarding their conversation with such phrases, which are mere canting, and canting is the worse kind of hypocrisy. If a man have the grace of God in his heart dominant, he can talk religion and it will seem natural, and men, instead of being repulsed by it, will be attracted by it. Do you not know that when two Christian people talk as they ought about the things of Christ and Heaven,

God gives special attention, and he writes it all down. Malachi iii., 16: "Then they that feared the Lord talked one to the other, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written."

My brother, you can not be called to do anything so insignificant but God will help you in it. If you are a fisherman, Christ will stand by you as He did by Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. Are you a drawer of water? He will be with you at the well curb, when talking with the Samaritan woman. Are you a custom house officer? Christ will call you as He did Matthew at the receipt of custom. The man who only has a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand hard dollars. And yet there are men who profess the religion of Jesus Christ who do not bring the religion of the Gospel into their ordinary occupations and employments. There are in the churches of this day men who seem very devout on the Sabbath who are far from that during the week. A country merchant arrives in this city, and he goes into the store to buy goods of a man who professes religion, but has no grace in his heart. The country merchant is swindled. He is too exhausted to go home that week; he tarries in town. On Sabbath he goes to some church for consolation, and what is his amazement to find that the man who carries around the poor box is the very one who swindled him. But never mind—the deacon has his black coat on now, and looks solemn, and goes home talking about that blessed sermon! Christians on Sunday. Worldlings during the week.

That man does not realize that God knows every dishonest dollar he has in his pocket, that God is looking right through the iron wall of his money safe, and that the day of judgment is coming, and that "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." But how many there are who do not bring the religion of Christ into their everyday occupation! They think religion is for Sundays.

Suppose you were to go out to fight for your country in some great contest, would you go to do the battling at Troy or at Springfield? No, you would go there to get your swords and muskets. Then you would go out in the face of the enemy and contend for your country. Now, I take the Sabbath-day and the church to be the only armory where we are to get equipped for the great battle of life, and that battlefield is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Antioch," and "St. Martin's," and "Old Hundred" are not worth much if we do not sing all the week. A sermon is of little account if we cannot carry it behind the counter and behind the plow. The Sabbath day is of no value if it lasts only twenty-four hours.

"Oh!" says some one, "if I had a great sphere I would do that; if I could have lived in the time of Martin Luther, if I could have been Paul's traveling companion, if I had some great and resounding work to do—then I should put into application all that you say." I must admit that the romance and knight errantry have gone out of life. There is but very little of it left in the

world. The temples of Rouen have been changed into smithies; the classic mansion at Ashland has been cut up into walking-sticks; the muses have retreated before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and a Vermonter might go over the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains and see neither an Oread nor a Sylph. The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for fire-wood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great scenes for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere. If you do not serve him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers, rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region in certain seasons. I have seen the earth

strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say: "This is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies—I won't load my gun; wait until I can get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward, and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. And if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life, you would not be faithful when great disasters, with their thundering artillery, came rolling down over the soul.

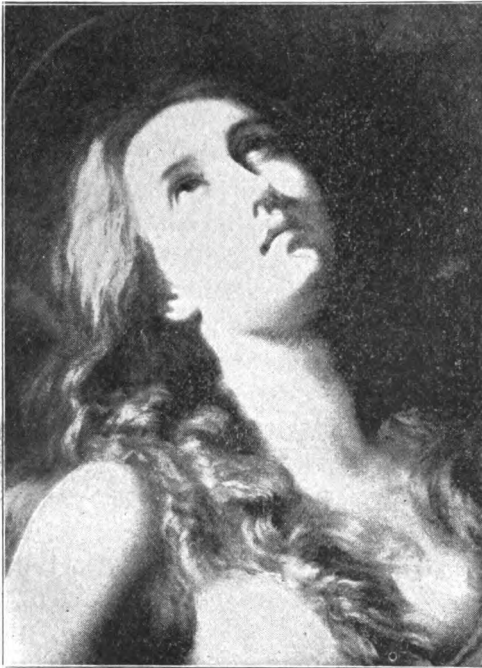
RELIGION IN OUR TRIALS.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like tempest, then we go to God for comfort; but yesterday, in the little annoyances of your store, or office, or shop, or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordinary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh!" you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, clipping your moral character and making you less and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making

a piece of sculpture. You say: "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and



"MAGDALEN."

From the Painting by Murello.

yet the work is going on. You say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue; I must make it this way, stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated. Well, I find God dealing with some men. He is shaping him for time, and shaping him for eternity. I say,

"O, Lord! why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says: "That's not the way I deal with this man; it is stroke after stroke, annoyance after annoyance, irritation after

irritation; and after awhile he will be done, and a glad spectacle for angels and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thousand little strokes of misfortune are men fitted for Heaven. You know that large fortunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions.

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling a poisoned rose. The scratch of a six-penny nail may give you the lock-jaw. Columbus by asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent came to the discovery of a new world. And there is a great connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings. Do you not suppose that God cares for your insignificant sorrows? Why, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life. How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there is? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say: "What are you doing down there in the grass, poor little violet? Nobody knows you are here. Are you not afraid nights? You will die of thirst; nobody cares for you; you will suffer, you will perish." "No," says a star, "I'll watch over it to-night." "No," say the cloud, "I'll give it a drink." "No," says the sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom." And then the wind rises, and comes bending down the grain, and

sounding its psalm through the forest, and I say: "Whither away, O wind! on such swift wing?" and it answers: "I am going to cool the cheek of that violet." And then I see pulleys at work in the sky, and the clouds are drawing water, and I say: "What are you doing there, O clouds?" They say: "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass, and I say: "Can it be that God takes care of a poor little thing like you?" and the answer comes up: "Yes, yes; God clothes the grass of the field, and He has never forgotten me, a poor violet." Oh, my friends, if the heavens bend down to such insignificant ministry as that, I tell you God is willing to bend down to your case, since He is just as careful about the construction of a spider's eye as He is in the conformation of flaming galaxies.

INTO ORDINARY BLESSINGS.

But I remark again: We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the president of the United States and the governors make proclamation, and we are called together in our churches to give thanks to God for His goodness, and every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We take most of the blessings of life as a matter of course. We have had ten thousand blessings this morning. Before the night comes we will have a thousand more blessings you will never think of mentioning before God.

We must see a blind man led along by his dog before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eye-sight. We must see a man with St. Vitus' dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies. We must see some soldier crippled,

limping along on his crutch, or his empty coat sleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can wake us up to an appreciation of our common blessings.

We get on board a train and start for Boston, and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off, and crash goes the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement, and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us; and we all kneel down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But to-morrow morning you get on a train for Boston. You cross that bridge at Norwalk. You cross all the other bridges. You get to Boston in safety. Then you return home. Not an accident, not an alarm. No thanks. In other words, you seem to be more grateful when fifty people lose their lives and you get off, than you are grateful to God when you all get off, and you have no alarm at all. Now you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other it is more like what it ought to be.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, foaming in the cascade, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to thank God for that? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the great fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this won-

derful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this crimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

Oh, my friends! Let us wake up to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right. You go home and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. You can not do my work; I can not do your work. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands, and wave its scepter, and sit upon its throne long after the world has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march.

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PITCHER OF TEARS.
From the Painting by Paul Thumann.

TEMPTATIONS.

TAVERN TEMPTATIONS.

"They came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns."—Acts xxviii, 15.

Seventeen miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment, and, in our time, part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No! There were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the sea-coast to that place; the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village houses of merchandise, and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did

not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

SAILORS' TEMPTATIONS.

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipose, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, ice-bbergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely: before they go out, and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailor's preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charleston, he said, "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul destroying busi-

ness is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it, they say 'you can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill! and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying "the trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that



"DRAWING THE NETS."--From the Painting by Haquette.

we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the sea-ports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of sea-faring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship

Home went out from New York for Charleston. There were about one hundred passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summering at the northern watering places, and they were on their way South, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A life boat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and mother leaped after it, the sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk. Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea-captain. But not until the judgment day when the sea shall give up its dead, and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic de-thronement. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the fiery stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him, "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The Admiral answered, "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at two o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock I will

pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." The Three Taverns of my text were too near the Mediterranean shipping.

But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificant town to support more than one house of lodgment. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No; the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent draughts must be taken to slack the thirst created by the preceding draughts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses all Christendom to-day—too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns on every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that re-inforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are Three Taverns where there ought to be only one.

THREE TAVERNS NOW.

The fact is, there are in another sense Three Taverns now; the gorgeous Tavern for the affluent, the medium Tavern for the working classes, and the Tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people begin-

ning with the first come down through the second and come out at the third. At the first of the Three Taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side-tables, under pictures approaching master-pieces. The patrons pull off their kid gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change Taverns, and they come down to Tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, *colulus indicus*, plaster of paris, copperas, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this Tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving away. That Tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters Tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccupping and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about two o'clock in the

morning, and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him up and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

PAUL'S NOBILITY.

I am glad to find in this scene of the text, that there is such a thing as declining successfully great Tavernian temptations. I can see from what Paul said and did after he had travel the following seventeen miles of his journey, that he had received no damage at the Three Taverns. How much he was tempted, I know not. Do not suppose he was superior to temptation. That particular temptation has destroyed many of the grandest, mightiest, noblest statesmen, philosophers, heroes, clergymen, apostles of Law and Medicine and government and religion. Paul was not physically well under any circumstances; it was not in mock depreciation that he said he was "in bodily presence weak." It seems that his eye-sight was so poor that he did his writing through an amanuensis, for he mentions it as something remarkable that his shortest Epistle, the one in Philemon, was in his own penmanship, saying, "I, Paul, have written

it with my own hand." He had been thrown from his horse, he had been stoned, he had been endungeoned, he had had his nerves pulled on by preaching at Athens to the most scholarly audience of all the earth, and at Corinth to the most brilliantly profligate assemblage, and been howled upon by the Ephesian worshippers of Diana, tried for his life before Felix, charged by Festus with being insane, had crawled up on the beach, drenched in the shipwreck, and much of the time had an iron hand-cuff on his wrist and if any man needed stimulus, Paul needed it, but with all his physical exhaustion, he got past the Three Taverns undamaged, and stepped into Rome all ready for the tremendous ordeal to which he was subjected. Oh! How many mighty men feeling that they must brace up after extraordinary service, and prepare themselves for other service, have called on the spirit of wine for inspiration, and in a few years have been sacrificed on the altar of a Moloch, who sits on a throne of human carcasses. It would not be wise, or kind, or Christian to call their names in public, but you call them out of your own memory. Oh! how many splendid men could not get past the Three Taverns.

THE TAVERN HORRORS.

Notice that a profound mystery is attached to these Italian hostelries. No hotel register tells the names of those who stopped at those taverns; there is no old account book as to how many drank there; there is no broken chalice or jug to suggest what was the style of liquid which these customers consumed. So an awful mystery hangs about the barrooms of the modern taverns. Oh! if they would only keep a book upon the

counter, or a scroll that could be unrolled from the wall, telling how many homesteads they have desolated, and how many immortal souls they have blasted. You say that would spoil their business. Well, I suppose it would, but a business that cannot plainly tell its effect upon its customers, is a business that ought to be spoiled. Ah! you mysterious barrooms, speak out and tell how many suicides went out from you to halter, or pistol, or knife, or deadly leap from fourth story window; how many young men, started well in life, were halted by you and turned on the wrong road, dragging after them bleeding parental hearts; how many people who promised at the marriage altar fidelity until death did them part, were brought by you to early and ghastly separation; how many mad-houses have you filled with maniacs; how many graves have you dug and filled in the cemeteries; how many ragged and hungry children have you beggared through the fathers whom you have destroyed. If the skeletons of all those whom you have slain were piled up on top of each other, how high would the mountain be? If the tears of all the orphanage and widowhood that you have pressed out were gathered together how wide would be the lake, or how long the river? Ah! they make no answer. On this subject the modern Taverns are as silent as the oriental Three Taverns, but there are millions of hearts that throb with most vehement condemnation, and many of them would go as far as the mother in Oxford, Massachusetts, whose son had been long absent from home and was returning, and at the Tavern on the way he was persuaded to drink, and that one drink aroused a former habit, and again and

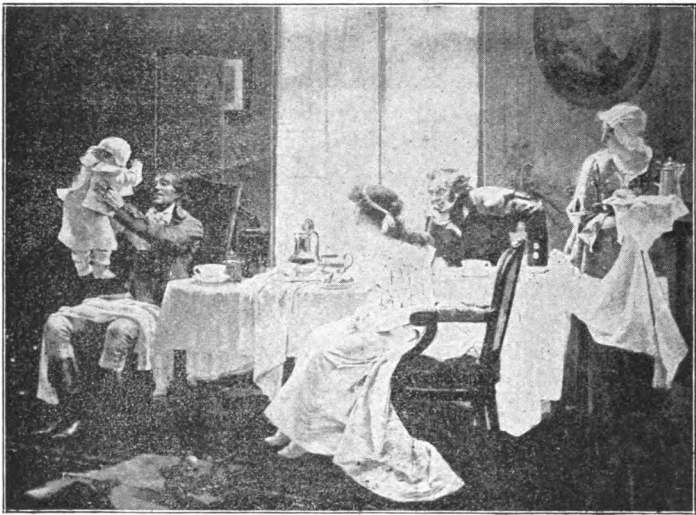
again he drank, and he was found the next morning dead in the barn of the Tavern. The owner of the Tavern, who gave him the rum, helped carry his body home, and his broken-hearted mother afterwards telling about it, said: "It was wrong, but I cursed him; I did it. Heaven forgive him and me."

THE TAVERNS MUST GO.

But what a glad time when the world comes to its last Three Taverns for the sale of intoxicants. Now there are so many of them that statistics are only a more or less accurate guess as to their number. We sit with half-closed eyes and undisturbed nerves and hear that in 1872 in the United States there were one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four breweries; four thousand three hundred and forty-nine distilleries, and one hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine retail dealers, and that possibly by this time these figures may be truthfully doubled. The fact is that these establishments are innumerable, and the discussion is always disheartening, and the impression is abroad that the plague is so mighty and universal, it can never be cured, and the most of sermons on this subject close with the Book of Lamentations, and not with the Book of Revelations. Excuse me from adopting any such infidel theory. The Bible reiterates it until there is no more power in inspiration to make it plainer, that the earth is to be, not half, or three-quarters, but wholly redeemed. On that rock I take my triumphant stand, and join in the chorus of Hosannahs,

EDUCATE THE YOUNG.

One of the most advantageous movements in the right direction is taking this whole subject into the education of the young. On the same school-desk with the grammar, the geography, the arithmetic, are books telling the lads and lasses of ten and twelve and fifteen years of age, what are the physiological effects of strong drink, what



"THE DEJUNER."—From the Painting by Flameng.

it does with the tissue of the liver and the ventricles of the brain; and whereas other generations did not realize the evil until their own bodies were blasted, we are to have a generation taught what the viper is before it stings them, what the hyena is before it rends them, how deep is the abyss before it swallows them. Oh! boards of education, teachers in schools, professors in colleges, legis-

latures and congresses, widen and augment that work, and you hasten the complete overthrow of this evil. It will go down. I have the word of Almighty God for that in the assured extirpation of all sin. But shall we have a share in the universal victory? The liquor saloons will drop from the hundreds of thousands into the score of thousands, and then from the thousands into the hundreds, and then from the hundreds into the tens, and from the tens to Three. The first of these last Three Taverns will be where the educated and philosophic and the high-up will take their dram, but that class, aware of the power of the example they have been setting, will turn their back upon the evil custom and be satisfied with the two natural beverages that God intended for the stimulus of the race—the Java coffee-plantations furnishing the best of the one, and the Chinese tea-fields the best of the other. And some day the bar-room will be crowded with people at the vendue and the auctioneer's mallet will pound at the sale of all the appurtenances. The second of these last Three Taverns will take down its flaming sign and extinguish its red light and close its doors, for the working-classes will have concluded to buy their own horses and furnish their own beautiful homes and replenish finely the wardrobe of their own wives and daughters, instead of providing the distillers, the brewers and liquor-sellers with wardrobes and mirrors and carriages. And the next time that second Tavern is opened it will be a drug-store, or a bakery, or a dry-goods establishment, or a school. Then there will be only one more of the Three dissipating Taverns left. I don't know in what country or city or neighbor-

hood it will be, but look at it, for it is the very last. The last inebriate will have staggered up to its counter and put down his pennies for his dram. Its last horrible adulteration will be mixed and quaffed to eat out the vitals and inflame the brain. The last drunkard will have stumbled down its front steps. The last spasm of delirium tremens caused by it will be struggled through. The o'd rookery will be torn down, and with its demolition will close the long and awful reign of the mightiest of earth's abominations. The last of the dissipating Three Taverns of all the world, will be as thoroughly blotted out as were the Three Taverns of my text.

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NEAL DOW.

With these thoughts I cheer Christian reformers in their work, and what rejoicing on earth and heaven there will be over the consummation! Within a few days one of the greatest of the leaders in this cause went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and may never have another. He has been an illumination to the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves of Portland, Maine, covered with casks, of West Indian rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The good he has done, the homes he has kept inviolate, the high moral sense with which he has infused ten generations, is a story that neither earth nor heaven can afford to let die. Derided, belittled; caricatured, maligned, for a quarter of a century as few men have been, he has lived on until at his decease universal

newspaperdom speaks his praise and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cathedral organ sounding his requiem on the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of October second [1897], he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministries, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. But all heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his death-bed, where he said, "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecrated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come"—Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongue patriarch Stephen H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian Movement" was there, and John Stearns and Commodore Foote and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend Alfred Colquitt, the Christian Senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come

back. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer.

When legislatures are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation loosing its grip as Christ ascended, and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come in on the right side and against the wrong side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms, and play harps, and breath frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied;

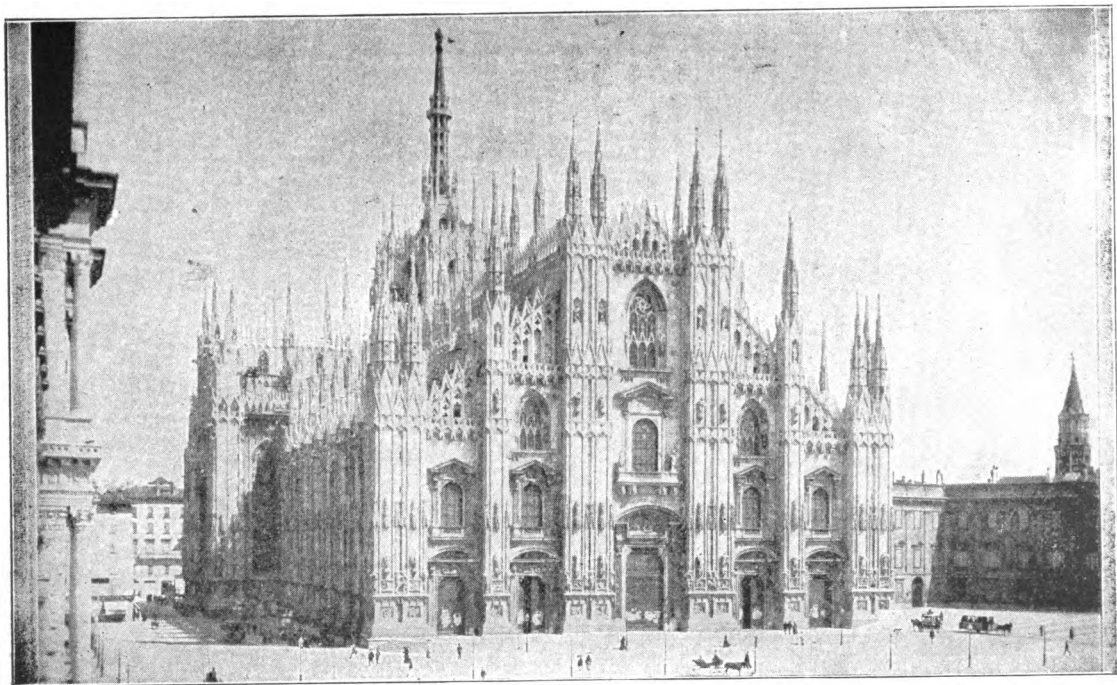
and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger worlds than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world, and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed. Church militant and Church triumphant but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

"One army of the living God.
At his command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now!"

PITFALLS FOR YOUNG MEN.

"Fayette, O. Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons, 'Advice to Young Men.' Yours respectfully, H. S. Millott, F. O. Millott, J. L. Sherwood, Charles T. Rubert, M. E. Elder, S. J. Altman.

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battles of life, and who have more interrogation points in their



CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.—From a Photograph.

mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May-time blossom week. The east wind never did understand the South wind. Autumnal golden-rod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot, he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after their is a bald spot on the cranium. I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice, and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at seventy-five years as young in feeling as any one at twenty, arose and said: "That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funereal tones of voice and funereal ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted, than he would go and spend the evening in Lural Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio, and all young men, have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world, to give helpful suggestions as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

GET YOUR SOUL RIGHT.

First: Get your soul right. You, see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all other rooms of your nature right; but, Oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be the usher to announce his arrival, and introduce the King of this world; the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have him once for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warrantee against moral disaster, and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

HAVE YOUR BODY RIGHT.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are

suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine-closet, or a rum-jug, or a whisky-cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisoned cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion; yet, all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured. You six young men of Ohio, and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking out-door exercise, whether by ball, or skate, or by horseback, lawn-tennis, or exhilarating bicycle, if you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs, and cramped chests, and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all-fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todd's Manual, and Coomb's Physiology, and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication, and digestion, and assimilation. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead. From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the

parallel bars, and punching bags, and pulleys and weights, I thought Satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one hour of climbing and lifting and pulling, I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since at eighteen years I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve, and all possible eyesight, and all possible muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR INTELLECT.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belittling to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table, and tea table, and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper, with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases, and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called great primer type, and vice in nonpareil or agate! You have all seen the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from

that same negative. He opens the great chest containing the black negatives of 1885 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the Judgment Day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at, and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well-being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecarys to get some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train;" and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York battery to Golden Gate. The plague! The plague!

GET A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by



"WANT TO SEE WHEELS GO ROUND."

From the Painting by Goodman.

a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them; one room for slumber, one for food, its preparation and the partaking there of. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and statuetted, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got

there. He who wins, and keeps the affection of a good, practical woman has done gloriously. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God before she

loved you. What do I mean by a practical woman? I mean one who can help you to earn a living, for a time comes in almost every man's life when he is flung of hard misfortune, and you do not want a weakling going around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm poultice of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until standing in his pulpit in City Road Chapel he complained to the people, saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness;" when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said: "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he marries for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, O., had better look out.

DO AS YOU SHOULD.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Pascal at sixteen years of age; Grotius at seventeen; Romulus at twenty; Pitt at twenty-two; Whitefield at twenty-four; Bonaparte at twenty-seven; Ignatius Loyola at thirty; Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest stroke you

will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had; yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof, a kind Providence has crowned my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go at your work on the minute you are expected, and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they are required, and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless you are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day, you will remain on the low levels, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

THIS LIFE IS SHORT.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world a hundred years old. But a very few people in any country reach eighty.

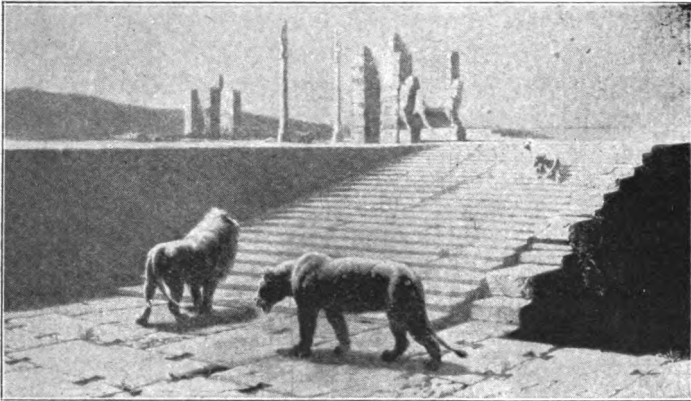
POST YOURSELF.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the business, or occupation, or profession you are about to choose, or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper, and Abbot Lawrence, and James Lenox, and William E. Dodge, and George Peabody. See how

most of the merchants at the start munched their noon-day luncheon made up of dry bread and a hunk of cheese, behind a counter or in a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to the top of influences which enabled them to bless the world with millions of dollars consecrated to hospitals, and schools, and churches, and private benefactions, where neither right hand nor left hand knew what the other hand did. Going to be a physician? Read up Harvey, and Grosse, and Sir Adam Clarke, and James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anaesthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the centuries; and all the other mighty physicians who have mended broken bones, and enthroned, again deposed intellects, and given their lives to healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a mechanic? Read up the inventors of sewing machines, and cotton gins, and life-saving apparatus, and the men who as architects, and builders, and manufacturers, and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century worth more than the full one hundred years of any other century. You six men of Ohio, and all the other young men—instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library, and acquaint yourselves with men who in the sight of earth, and heaven, and hell, did the great things. Remember, the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it

Saragossa, and Gettysburg, and Sedan were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago where now there is no water. Only six out of the eight hundred grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers, and consumption, and leprosies are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off, to stout constitutions which are able to throw them off. Worlds like Mars and the moon will be within hailing distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and their volcanoes, they will signal all styles of intelligence to them. Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of Gospelization the world is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb-screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities you are going to have, young men, all the world over, under thirty. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are

being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it. During this nineteenth century the world has by Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century! Ah, that will be the time to see great



"PERSEPOLIS."—From the Painting by Briton Riviere.

sights, and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest, and grandest, and most glorious century that the world has ever seen! Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century, and the birth of the new. I do not know what sort of a December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it

will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting, or the soft winds will breathe upon the pillow of the expiring centenarian. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from it kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow wrinkled with so many vicissitudes. Old nineteenth century of weddings and burials; of defeats and victories; of nations born and nations dead; thy pulses growing feebler now, will soon stop on that thirty-first night of December. But right beside it will be the infant century, held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than seventeen hundred million inhabitants of the earth will hail its birth and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life I think will be under the sway of its scepter. Get ready for it. Have your heart right; your nerves right; your brain right; your digestion right. We will hand over to you our commerce, our mechanism, our arts and sciences, our professions, our pulpits, our inheritance. We believe in you. We trust you. We pray for you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the fight for God and righteousness we may have disappeared from earthly scenes, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the dear Lord will excuse us for a little while from the Temple Service and the House of Many Mansions, we will come out on the battlements of jasper, and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet, you may hear our voices dropping from afar, as we cry, "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have a crown!"



ANGEL OF PEACE.
From the Painting by A. Tobias.

OPPORTUNITY.

"As we have therefore opportunity let us do good."--Galatians vi, 10.

At Denver, Colo., years ago, an audience had assembled for divine worship. The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the people, stood in the pulpit looking from side to side, and when no more people could be crowded within the walls, he turned to me and said, with startling emphasis: "What an opportunity!" Immediately that word began to enlarge, and while a hymn was being sung, at every stanza the word "opportunity" swiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made, the word piled up into Alps and Himalayas of meaning, and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and circumference until it encircled other worlds, and swept out and on, and around until it was as big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great gospel harmony it is a staccato passage. It is one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language of more than one hundred thousand words of English vocabulary. "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

WHAT IS OPPORTUNITY?

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circum-

stances for accomplishing a purpose; but words can not tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the Angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand, and lower down and lower down, and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word, I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth, and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission.

In the second place opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell us of insects that are born, fulfill their mission, and expire in an hour; but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such over-shadowing, far-reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office, or your house, and you said, "Times are hard now, but better days will come. I have seen things as

bad, or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide, or something worse, namely, a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

In yonder third gallery you sit, a man of the world, but you wish everybody well. While the clerks are standing round in your store, or the men in your factory are taking their noon spell, some one says, "Have you heard that one of our men has been converted at the revival meeting in the Methodist church?" While it is being talked over you say, "Well, I do not believe in revivals. Those things do not last. People get excited and join the church and are no better than they were before. I wish our men would keep away from those meetings." Do you know, oh man, what you did in that minute of depreciation? There were two young men in that group who that night would have gone to those meetings and been saved for this world and the next, but you decided them not to go. They are social natures. They already drink more than is good for them, and are disposed to be wild. From the time they heard you say that they accelerated their steps on the downward road. In ten years they will be through with their dissipations and pass into the great beyond. That little talk of yours decided their destiny for this world and the next. You

had an opportunity that you misimproved, and how will you feel when you confront those two immortals in the last judgment and they tell you of that unfortunate talk of yours that flung them over the precipice? Oh, man of the world, why did you not say in that noon spell of conversation, "Good! I am glad that man has got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on; I will meet you at the church door at eight o'clock. You see you would have taken them all to heaven and you would have got there yourself. Lost opportunity!

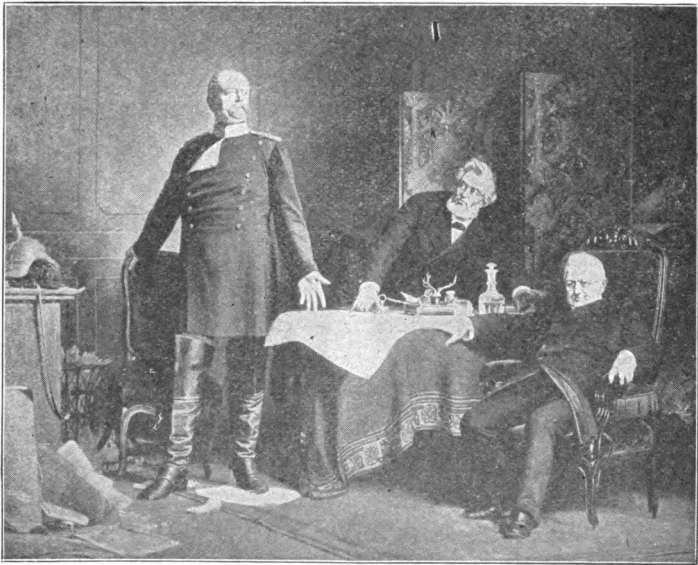
The day I left our country home to look after myself, we rode across the country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here, who from their own experience knew how I felt. At such a time a young man may be hopeful, and even impatient, to get into the battle of life himself, but to leave the home where everything has been done for you; your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys; and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take; and then to go out with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat, and a homesickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him, in

sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household; and he wound up by saying "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon: "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was, my father saw that was his opportunity, and he improved it. This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city, and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city; and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way; and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements, and so many of them on the same night, and every night, after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in school house or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in a great city, and I will tell you what he will be throughout his life on earth, and where he will spend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

IMPROVE OPPORTUNITIES.

A city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said,

“Why do you not go home?” She said, “They would not receive me at home.” He said, “What is your father’s name, and where does he live?” Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, on the outside of the letter the word “immediate” underscored. It was the heartiest possible in-



“BISMARCK AT VERSAILLES.”—From the Painting by C. Wagner.

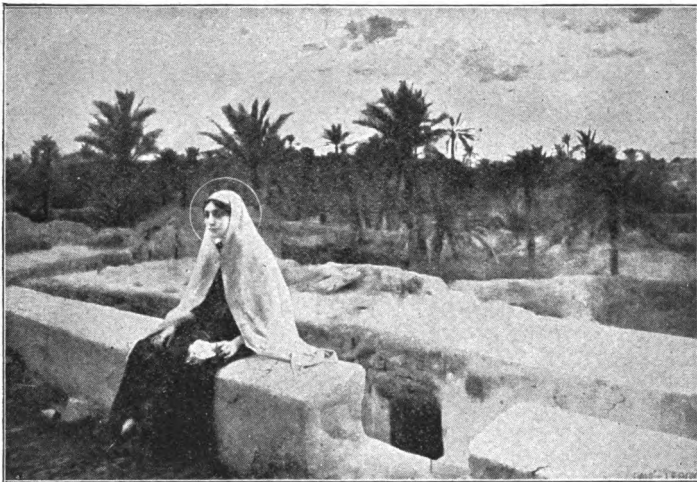
vation for the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary’s opportunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them written by the hand of the God who will bless you, and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light, the word “immediate.

A military officer very profane in his habits was going down into a mine at Cornwall, England, with a Christian miner, for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage going down. As they were coming up out of the mine the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is down to that place, but if this rope should break you would be there in a minute." It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on our Hudson river, and hearing a man utter a blasphemy, the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after, this same clergyman was on his way to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Philadelphia, when a young minister addressed him and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before? The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for uttering that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am trying to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the gospel, and a delegate to the general assembly." Seven years before on that Hudson river sloop was the clergyman's opportunity.

A Scotch shepherd was dying and the pastor called in. The dying shepherd said to his wife, "Mary, please go into the next room, for I want to see the minister alone." When the two were alone the dying shepherd said, "I have known the Bible all my life, but I am going, and I am 'afeered to dee.'" Then the pastor quoted

the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." "Yes, mon," said the shepherd, "I was familiar with that before you were born, but I am a-goin', and I am afeered to dee." Then said the pastor, "You know that Psalm says, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'" "Yes," said the dying shepherd, "I knew that before you were born; but it does not help me." Then said the pastor, "Don't you know that sometimes when you were driving the sheep down through the valleys and ravines there would be shadows all about you, while there was plenty of sunshine on the hills above? You are in the shadows now, but it is sunshine higher up." Then said the dying shepherd, "Ah! that is good. I never saw it that way before. All is well. 'Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, Thou art with me.' Shadows here but sunshine above." So the dying shepherd got peace. Living and dying may we have the same peace! Opportunity! Under the arch of that splendid word let this multitude of my hearers pass into the pardon, and hope, and triumph of the gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each. The aged leaning on a staff; the middle aged throwing off their burdens as they pass; and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom! As soon as you pass the dividing line there will be shouting all up and down the heavens. The crowned immortals will look down and cheer. Jesus of the many scars will rejoice at the result of his earthly sacrifices. Departed saints will be gladdened that their prayers are answered. An order

will be given for the spreading of a banquet at which you will be the honored guest. From the imperial gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow, and from the halls of eternal music the harpers will bring their harps, and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all up and down the amethystine stairways of the castles, and in all the rooms of the House of Many Mansions, it will be talked over with holy glee that this day while one plain



"AN EVENING IN NAZARETH."—From the Painting by Leroy.

man stood on the platform of this vast building giving the gospel call, an assemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries, chose Christ as their portion, and started for Heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of Heaven at the tidings! Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

“Faith without works is dead.”—James ii, 20.

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works, he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, beastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its



"FOR THE POOR."
From the Painting by J. Coomans.

banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby by the water lillies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down from the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

WORKS.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel in front of the store the

cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon, and the brick-dust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their

own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deducting themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: “Oh, Lord, we, by getting a ‘corner’ in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent, of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!”

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a “corner” in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a “corner” in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a “break” in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism, and all

toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better,

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified; and it will keep the farmer from sending to the city market, veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will



"HAY HARVEST."—From the Painting by Julien Dupri

keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drugstore because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school-teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull-head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed; and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

MARRIAGE.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

NOT A NEW RELIGION.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only

new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work.



CLASS OF DEAF MUTES listening to music with the Audiphone which enables the deaf to hear through the medium of the teeth. Invented by R. S. Rhodes, Chicago.

From a Photograph by Brisbois.

In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known

much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes, and ears, and souls of men, and to become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and businesses of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Washington just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And

scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into every-day life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men, just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or

along the banks of the Potomac, and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

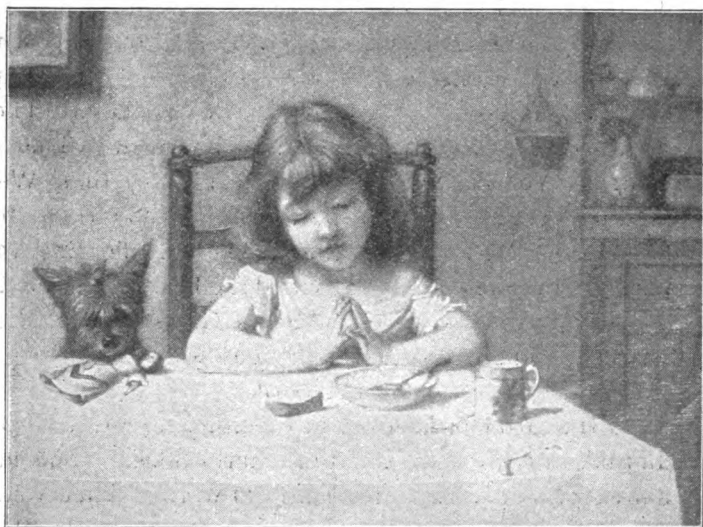
Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship-chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scots Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won.

CONSECRATION.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front dooryard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time

rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the doorway. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in the factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid and



"SAYING GRACE."—Photograph from life.

could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good



**"TOLL PAID HERE."
From the Painting by Meyer Von Bremen.**

works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without work is dead."

LABOR STRIKES.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."—St. Matthew vii, 12.

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employees' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of that imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may poo-poo it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employees. "You shall have less," say the capitalist. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain condition, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four million hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clinched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop will stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly administered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

PEOPLE WANT RICHES.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building

a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses: result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

LABORING CLASSES WORTHY.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of

Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

VIOLENCE NOT BEST.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder.

The poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country-seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working-classes in the United States are their demented coadjutors.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the rail-track in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing-offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be de-

livered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung sud-



"IN THE FIELDS."

From the Painting by Salanson.

denly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that.

THE GOLDEN
RULE.

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor can not be settled by human wisdom, if to-day capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it points from my text roseate and jubi-

lant, and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the home-spun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were down-stairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary War there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said,

"I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

"Oh," says some wiseacre, "talk as you will, the law of demand and supply will regulate these things until the end of time." No, they will not, unless God dies and the batteries of the Judgment Day are spiked, and Pluto and Proserpine, king and queen of the infernal regions, take full possession of this world. Do you know who Supply and Demand are? They have gone into partnership, and they propose to swindle this earth and are swindling it. You are drowning. Supply and Demand stand on the shore, one on one side, the other on the other side of the life-boat, and they cry out to you, "Now, you pay us what we ask you for getting you to shore, or go to the bottom?" If you can borrow \$5,000 you can keep from failing in business. Supply and Demand say, "Now, you pay us exorbitant usury, or you go into bankruptcy." This robber firm of Supply and Demand say to you: "The crops are short. We bought up all the wheat and it is in our bin. Now, you pay our price or starve." That is your magnificent law of supply and demand.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the centuries, and the blood and the bones redden the valley while the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand aside, and instead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ. Have you no idea of the coming of such a time? Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject,



"TWO SISTERS."

From the Painting by A. Delobbe.

and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and

George Peabodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries, more gardens thrown open for the holiday people and the working-classes.

FRIENDS OF MANKIND.

I was reading in regard to a charge that had been made in England against Lambeth Palace, that it was exclusive; and that charge demonstrated the sublime fact that to the grounds of that wealthy estate eight hundred poor families have free passes, and forty croquet companies, and on the half-holidays four thousand poor people recline on the grass, walk through the paths, and sit under the trees. That is Gospel—Gospel on the wing, Gospel out-of-doors worth just as much as in-doors. That time is going to come. That is only a hint of what is going to be. The time is going to come when, if you have anything in your house worth looking at—pictures, pieces of sculpture—you are going to invite me to come and see them, you are going to invite my friends to come and see them, and you will say, "See what I have been blessed with. God has given me this, and so far as enjoying it, it is yours also." That is Gospel.

In crossing the Alleghany Mountains, many years ago, the stage halted, and Henry Clay dismounted from the stage, and went out on a rock at the very verge of the cliff, and he stood there with his cloak wrapped about him, and he seemed to be listening for something. Some one said to him, "What are you listening for?" Standing there, on the top of the mountain, he said, "I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent." A sublime posture for an American statesman! You and I to-day stand on the

mountain-top of privilege, and on the Rock of Ages, and we look off, and we hear coming from the future the happy industries, and smiling populations, and the consecrated fortunes, and the innumerable prosperities of the closing nineteenth and the opening twentieth century.

The great patriot of France, Victor Hugo, died. The ten thousand dollars in his will given to the poor of the city were only a hint of the work he did for all nations and for all times. I wonder not that they allowed eleven days to pass between his death and his burial, his body meantime kept under triumphal arch, for the world could hardly afford to let go this man who for more than eight decades had by his unparalleled genius blessed it. His name shall be a terror to all despots, and an encouragement to the struggling. He made the world's burden lighter, and its darkness less dense, and its chain less galling, and its thrones of iniquity less secure.

But Victor Hugo was not the overtowering friend of mankind. The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillock back of Jeru-

salem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies; by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

PLAIN PEOPLE.

"Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.—Romans xvi, 14-15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where



MARGUERITE.
From the Painting by J. M. Bertrand.

were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in anywise anomolus, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

ORDINARY PEOPLE.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut

five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apolcalypse. You will not be a Paul to pre-
side over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary
to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyn-
critus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes,
or Philologus, or Julia.

HEADS OF HOUSEHOLDS.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath ob-
servance. Your brain decided the apparel, your judg-
ment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every
morning you plan for the day. The culinary department
of your household is in your dominion. You decide all
questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your
house are under your supervision. To regulate the food,
and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand
questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and
general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine
alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth
Fry did wonderful things among the criminals of New-
gate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs.
Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals.
It does not help you much to be told that Florence
Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea.
It would be better for me to tell you that the divine
Friend of Mary and Martha is your Friend, and that he
sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abra-
sions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from
morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the
last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with
help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.



"A DAUGHTER OF CANCALE."
From the Painting by Eug. Feyen.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or by the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athaliah, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent or abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

BUSINESS MEN.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor a half million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worry and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonagenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn out business man.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two

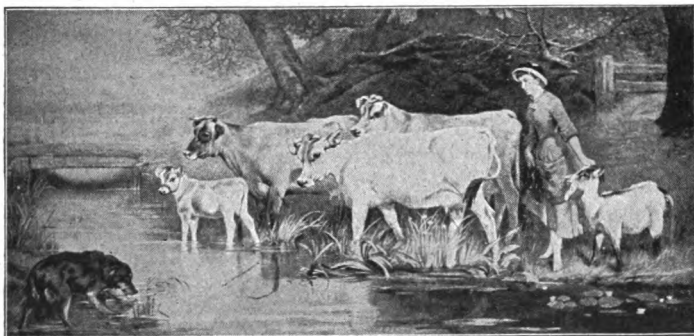
hundred and fifty employees in a factory, but grace to supervise the book-keeper, and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or are a dead failure—calm in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street, the business men come out and stand upon tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics, and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experiences without moving five miles from their door. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious

interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish-market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lillies which pitch their tents of beauty, and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart.

FARMERS.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plough to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plough. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, fifty,

or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while ploughing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.



"JERSEY BEAUTIES."—From the Painting by E. Douglas.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot-rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding

outfit, and a little surplus for the time when ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his similes from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow;" as when he built his best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

CRAFTSMEN.

Those stone masons do not want to know about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside.

Carpenters standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an over-worked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that

religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people because there are more of them.

HEALERS.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognōsis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism, into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crisis of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the

household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, “that is well done.” Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a rœbuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of the candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I. printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies

of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page, England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

A CONTENTED SPIRIT.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odessey, and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world to save sinners?" The dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and



MICHAEL ANGELO.
From the Statue by Himself

dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

STORM-CLOUDS BRIGHTENED.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii, 21.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words there are a hundred men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

MAKE THE BEST OF MISFORTUNE.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Sup-

pose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer-meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all on your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

“Oh,” you say, “I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children.” My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, “Well, there’s no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I’ll have just what I want.” You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as your are. The only fortune worth any thing that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with \$40,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know a half a dozen.

THE BEST INHERITANCE.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial-places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter’s field; some in the suicide’s grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the

beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a pæan of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven, and the prospect for the heaven of your children is mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." What does that mean? It means that the grandest blessing God ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that

he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be enclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be enclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins!

BEREAVEMENTS.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea

in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, they reached at a flash? If the last ten thousand children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those ten thousand



"A VISIT."

From the Painting by Jean Geoffroy.

children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your child-

ren want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter goodbys; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irradiated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you may become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

BIBLE ATTRACTIONS.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the clip he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who reads Lamentations? Paul—he had a lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may

be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more than those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From my observation, I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick-room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! my foot, my foot! my back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. "The inhabitants shall never say, I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

LIFE'S ENDING.

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would

close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? “Oh,” you say, “those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!”

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains he ever made he hung around this planet, and all the flowers he ever grew he has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of the year is called blossom week—called so through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which

the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctics of trouble towards the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John

Milton and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the sharp cobble-stones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight.

Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hoppers on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might reign and rejoice."



"TRUST."

From the Painting by Barber.

DEATH NOT
FRIGHTFUL.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go towards hea-

ven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. “Where did they bury Lily?” said one little child to another. “Oh,” she replied, “they buried her in the ground.” “What! in the cold ground?” “Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers.”

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that your going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and lost their property, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

REWARDS DISTRIBUTED.

"He shall divide the spoil with the strong."—Isaiah liii, 12.

My family, who saw it with their eyes year before last, tell me that in the Coliseum at Rome, where persecutors used to let out half-starved lions to eat up Christians, there is now planted the figure of a cross. And I rejoice to know that the upright piece of wood nailed to a transverse piece has become the symbol, not more of suffering than of victory. It is of Christ the Conqueror that my text speaks. As a kingly warrior, having subdued an empire, might divide the palaces, and mansions, and cities, and valleys, and mountains, among his officers, so Christ is going to divide up all the earth and all the heavens among His people, and you and I will have to take our share if we are strong in faith and strong in our Christian loyalty, for our text declares it: 'He shall divide the spoil with the strong.'

The capture of this round planet for Christ is not so much of a job as you might imagine, when the church takes off its coat and rolls up its sleeves for the work, as it will. There are 12,000,000,000 people now in the world, and there 450,000,000 Christians. Subtract the 450,000,000 who are Christians from the 12,000,000,000 and there are 11,550,000,000 left to be Christianized. Now divide the 11,550,000,000 by the 450,000,000 already Christianized, and it makes only twenty-five people for each Christian to bring to Christ. Surely, when

the church gets wide awake, no Christian will be content to take to Heaven less than twenty-five. Why, I hope to take with me at least 10,000. I know evangelists that have already gathered 50,000 each for the kingdom. There are at least 200,060 men in Christendom whose one business it is to save souls. So that when I tell you all that we need to average is twenty-five souls reaped for God in a lifetime, all idea of impossibility vanishes from this omnipotent crusade.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

I know a Sabbath-school teacher who has spent her lifetime in teaching the young, and she has had five different classes during all these years, and she tells me they averaged about seven in a class, and they were all converted, and five times seven are thirty-five, as near as I can calculate. She brought her twenty-five, and had ten to spare. My grandmother brought her whole family into the kingdom, and her grandchildren, and, I hope, all her great-grandchildren, for God remembers a prayer seventy-five years old as well as though it were a minute; and she took her twenty-five into the kingdom and had at least one hundred to spare. Besides that, the telegraph and the telephone will, within a few years, put the whole earth into a compass of ten minutes. Consider this, and also that Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence preside over all the work of betterment, and you will take this enterprise of the world's redemption out of the impossibilities into the possibilities, and then out of the possibilities into the probabilities, and then out of the probabilities into the certainties. The building of the Union Pacific railroad from ocean to

ocean was a greater undertaking than the girdling of the earth with the Gospel, for the one enterprise depended upon the human arm while the other depends upon Almightyness.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Do I really mean all the earth will surrender to Christ? Yes. How about the uninviting portions? Will Greenland be evangelized? The possibility is that after a few



“FATHER MARQUETTE.”—The first Chicago visitor on his journey in 1674.

more hundred brave lives are dashed out among the icebergs, that great refrigerator, the Polar region, will be given up to the walrus and the bear, and the inhabitants will come down by invitation into tolerable climates, or those climates may soften, and, as it has been positively demonstrated that the Arctic region was once a blooming garden and a fruitful field, those regions may change climate and again be a blooming garden and a fruitful field.

It is proved beyond controversy by German and American scientists that the Arctic regions were the first portions of this world inhabitable; the world hot beyond human endurance, those regions were of course the first to be cool enough for human foot and human lung. It is positively proved that that Arctic region was a tropical climate.

Prof. Heer, of Zurich, says the remains of flowers have been found in the Arctic, showing it was like Mexico for climate, and it is found that the Arctic is the mother region from which all the flowers descended. Prof. Wallace says the remains of all styles of animal life are found in the Arctic, including those animals that can live only in warm climates. Now that Arctic region which has been demonstrated by flora and fauna and geographical argument to have been as full of vegetation and life as our Florida, may be turned back to its original bloom and glory, or it will be shut up as a museum of crystals for curiosity-seekers once in awhile to visit. But Arctic and Antarctic in some shape will belong to the Redeemer's Realm.

What about other unproductive or repulsive regions? All the deserts will be irrigated, the waters will be forced up to the great American desert between here and the Pacific by machinery now known or yet to be invented, and, as great Salt Lake City has no rain and could not raise an apple or a bushel of wheat in one hundred years without artificial help, but is now through such means one great garden, so all the unproductive parts of all the continents will be turned into harvest fields and orchards. A half-dozen De Lesseps will furnish the world with all

the canals needed, and will change the course of rivers and open new lakes, and the great Sahara desert will be cut up into farms with an astounding yield of bushels to the acre. The marsh will be drained of its waters and cured of its malaria.

I saw the other day what was for many years called the Black Swamp of Ohio, its chief crop chills and fevers, but now, by the tiles put in the ground to carry off the surplus moisture, transformed into the richest and healthiest regions. The God who wastes nothing, I think, means that this world, from pole to pole, has come to perfection of foliage and fruitage. For that reason He keeps us running through space, though so many fires are blazing down in its timbers and so many mock terrors have threatened to dash it to pieces. As soon as the earth is completed God will divide it up among the good. The reason He does not divide it now is because it is not done. A kind father will not divide an apple among his children until it is ripe. In fulfillment of the New Testament promise, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and the promise of the Old Testament, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," the world will be apportioned to those worthy to possess it.

It is not so now. In this country, capable of holding, feeding, clothing and sheltering 1,200,000,000 people, and where we have only 60,000,000 inhabitants, we have 2,000,000 that are unable to get honest work and, with their families, an aggregation of 20,000,000 that are on the verge of starvation. Something wrong, most certainly. In some way there will be a new apportionment. Many of the millionaire estates will crack to pieces on the

dissipations of grandchildren, and then dissolve into the possession of the masses who now have an insufficiency.

What, you say, will become of the expensive and elaborate buildings now devoted to debasing amusements? They will become schools, art galleries, museums, gymnasiums and churches. The world is already getting disgusted with these amusements, and no wonder. What an importation of unclean theatrical stuff we have had within the last few years brought to our shores! And professors of religion patronizing such things! Having sold out to the devil, why don't you deliver the goods and go over to him publicly, body, mind and soul, and withdraw your name from Christian churches and say: 'Know all the world by these presents that I am a patron of uncleanness and a child of hell.' Sworn to be the Lord's, you are perjurers.

But at last the tide has turned, and the despisers of purity overdid the matter. A foreign actress of base morals arrived, intending to make the tour of the States, but the remaining decency of our cities rose up and canceled the contracts, and drove her back from our American stage—a woman fit for neither continent. In the name of Almighty God I take these abominations by the throat. If you think these offenses are to go on forever, you do not know who the Lord is. God will not wait for the day of judgment. All these palaces of sin will become palaces of righteousness. They will come into the possession of those strong for virtue and strong for God. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

China and Africa, the two richest portions of the earth by reason of metals and rare woods and inexhausti-

ble productiveness, are not yet divided up among the good because they are not ready to be divided. Wait until the doors that Livingstone opened in Africa shall be entered, and Bishop Taylor with his band of self-supporting missionaries have done their work, and the Ashantees and Senegambians shall know Christ as well as you know Him, and there shall be on the banks of the Nile and the Niger a higher civilization than is now to be found on the banks of the Hudson, then Christ will divide up the continent among His friends.

Wait until China, which is half as large as all Europe, shall have developed her capacities for rice, tea and sugar among edibles; and her amethyst, and sapphire, and topaz, and opal, and jasper, and porphyry among precious stones; and her rosewood, and ebony, and camphor, and varnish trees among precious woods; and turned up from her depths a half dozen Pennsylvanias of coal and iron, and twenty Nevadas of silver, and fifty Californias of gold, and her 500,000,000 of people shall be evangelized—then the Lord will divide it up among the good.

If my text be not a deception, but an eternal truth, then the time is coming when all the farms will be owned by Christian farmers, and all the commerce controlled by Christian merchants, and all the authority held by Christian officials, and all the ships commanded by Christian captains, and all the universities under the instructions of Christian professors, Christian Kings, Christian Presidents, Christian Governors, Christian Mayors, Christian Common Council. Yet, what a scouring out! What an upturning! what a demolition! what a resurrection, must precede this new apportionment!

I do not underrate the enemy. Julius Cæsar got his greatest victories by fully estimating the vastness of his foes and prepared his men for their greatest triumph by saying: "To-morrow King Juba will be here with 30,000 horses, 100,000 skirmishers, and 300 elephants." I do not underrate the vast forces of sin and death, but do you know who commands us? Jehovah-Jireh. And the reserve corps behind us are all the armies of Heaven and earth, with hurricane and thunderbolt. The good work of the world's redemption is going on every minute. Never so many noble men and glorious women on the side of right as to-day. Never so many good people as now. Diogenes has been spoken of as a wise man because he went with a lantern at noonday, saying he was looking for an honest man. If he had turned his lantern toward himself he might have discovered a crank.

Honest men by the ten thousand! Through the international series of Sunday-school lessons the next generation all through Christendom are going to be wiser than any generation since the world stood. The kingdom is coming. God can do it. No housewife with a chamois cloth ever polished a silver teaspoon with more ease than Christ will rub off from this world the tarnish and brighten it up till it glows like Heaven, and then the glorious apportionment, for my text is re-enforced by a score of other texts, when it says of Christ: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

"But," you say, "that is pleasant to think of for others, but before that time I shall have passed up into another existence, and I shall get no advantage from

this new apportionment." Ah, you have only driven me to the more exciting and transporting consideration, and that is that Christ is going to divide up Heaven in the same way. There are old estates in the celestial world that have been in the possession of its inhabitants for thousands of years, and they shall remain as they are. There are old family mansions in Heaven filled with whole generations of kindred, and they shall never be driven out. Many of the victors from earth have already got their palaces, and they are pointed to those newly arrived. Soon after our getting there we will ask to be shown the apostolic residences, and ask where does Paul live, and John, and shown the patriarchal residences and shall say: "Where does Abraham live, or Jacob?" and shown the martyr residences and say: "Where does John Huss live, and Ridley?" We will want to see the boulevards where the chariots of conquerors roll. I will want to see the gardens where the Princes walked.

We will want to see Music Row, where Handel, and Haydn and Mozart, and Charles Wesley, and Thomas Hastings, and Bradbury, have their homes, out of their windows, ever and anon, rolling some sonnet of an earthly oratorio or hymn transported with the composer. We will want to see Revival Terrace, where Whitefield, and Nettleton, and Payson, and Rowland Hill, and Charles Finney, and other giants of soul reaping, are resting from their almost supernatural labors, their doors thronged with converts just arrived, coming to report themselves.

But brilliant as the sunset, and like the leaves for number, are the celestial homes yet to be awarded, when Christ to you, and millions of others, shall divide the

spoil. What do you want there? You shall have it. An orchard? There it is; twelve manner of fruit, and fruit every month. Do you want river scenery? Take your choice on the banks of the river, in longer, wider, deeper roll than Danube, or Amazon, or Mississippi, if mingled in one, and emptying into the sea of glass, mingled with fire. Do you want your kindred back again? Go out and meet your father and mother, without the staff or stoop, and your children in a dance of immortal glee. Do you want a throne? Select it from the million burnished elevations. Do you want a crown? Pick it out of that mountain of diamond coronets. Do you want your old church friends of earth around you? Begin to hum an old revival tune and they will flock from all quarters to revel with you in sacred reminiscence. All the earth for those who are here on earth at the time of continental and planetary distribution, and all the heavens for those who are there.

That Heavenly distribution of spoils will be a surprise to many. Here enters Heaven the soul of a man who took up a great deal of room on earth, but sacrificed little, and among his good works selfishness was evident: He just crowds through the shining gate, but it is a very tight squeeze, so that the door-keeper has to pull away to get him in, and this man expects half of Heaven for his share of trophies, and he would like a monopoly of all his splendor and to purchase lots in the suburbs, so that he could get advantage from the growth of the city: Well, he had a little grace of heart, just enough to get him through, and to him is given a second-hand crown, which one of the saints wore at the start, but exchanged

for a brighter one as he went on from glory to glory. And he is put in an old house once occupied by an angel who was hurled out of Heaven at the time of Satan's rebellion.

Right after him comes a soul that makes a great stir among the celestials, and the angels rush to the scene, each bringing her a dazzling coronet. Who is she? Over what realm on earth was she queen? In what great Dusseldorf festival was she the cantatrice? Neither. She was an invalid who never left her room for twenty years; but she was strong in prayer, and she prayed down revival after revival, and pentecost after pentecost, upon the churches, and with her pale hands she knit many a mitten or tippet for the poor, and with her contrivances she added joy to many a holiday festival, and now, with those thin hands so strong for kindness, and with those white lips so strong for supplication, she has won coronation, and enthronement, and jubilee. And Christ says to the angels who have brought each a crown for the glorified invalid: 'No, not these; they are not good enough. But in the jeweled vase at the right hand side of my throne there is one that I have been preparing for many a year, and for her every pang I have set an amethyst, and for her every good I have set a pearl. Fetch it now and fulfill the promise I gave her long ago in the sick room: 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.'

GOD'S DISTRIBUTION.

But notice that there is only one being in the universe who can and will distribute the trophies of Heaven and earth. It is the Divine ruler, the Commander-in-

Chief of the centuries, the Champion of the ages, the Universal Conqueror, the Son of God, Jesus. You will take the spoils from His hand, or never take them at all. Have His friendship and you may defy all time and eternity; but without it you were a pauper, though you had a universe at your command.

We are told in Revelation that Jacob's twelve sons were so honored as to have the twelve gates of Heaven named after them—over one gate of Heaven, Naphtali; over another gate of Heaven, Issachar; over another, Dan; over another, Gad; over another, Zebulon; over another, Juda, and so on. But Christ's name is written over all the gates, and on every panel of the gates, and have His help, His pardon, His intercession, His atonement I must, or be a forlorn wretch forever. My Lord and my God! make me and all who hear me this day, and all to whom these words shall come, be Thy repentant, believing, sworn, consecrated and ransomed followers forever.

What a day it will be! This entire assemblage would rise to your feet if you could realize it, the day in which Christ shall, in fulfillment of my text, divide the spoil. It was a great day when Queen Victoria, in the midst of the Crimean war, distributed medals to the soldiers who had come home sick and wounded. At the Horse Guards, in the presence of the royal family, the injured men were carried in or came on crutches—Colonel Trowbridge, who lost both feet at Inkerman; and Captain Sayer, who had the ankle joint of his right leg shot off at Alma; and Captain Currie, his disabled limb supported by a soldier, and others maimed, and disfigured,

and exhausted—and with her own hand the Queen gave each the Crimean medal. And what triumphant days for those soldiers when, further on, they received the French medal with the imperial eagle, and the Turkish medal with its representation of four flags—France, Turkey, England and Sardinia—and beneath it a map of Crimea spread over a gun wheel.

And what rewards are suggested to all readers of history by the mere mention of the Waterloo medal, and the Cape medal, and the Gold Cross medal, and the medal struck for bravery in our American war. But how insignificant are these compared with the day when the good soldiers of Jesus Christ shall come in out of the battles of this world, and in the presence of all the piled up glories of the redeemed and unfallen, Jesus, our King, shall divide the spoil. The more wounds, the greater the inheritance. The longer the forced march, the more vivid the trophy. The more terrific the exhaustion, the more untroubled the transport. Not the gift of a brilliant ribbon or a medal of brass or silver or gold, but a kingdom in which we are to reign forever and ever and ever. Mansions on the eternal hills, dominions of un-fading power, empires of unending love, continents of unending light, Atlantic and Pacific Oceans of billowing joy.

THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

It was a great day when Aurelian, the Roman Emperor, came back from his victories. In the front of the procession were wild beasts from all lands, 1,600 gladiators richly clad, wagon loads of crowns presented by conquered cities; among the captives, Syrians, Egyp-

tians, Goths, Vandals, Samaritans, Franks; and Zenobia, the beautiful captive Queen, on foot in chains of gold that a slave had to help her carry, and jewels under the weight of which she almost fainted. And then came the chariot of Aurelian, drawn by four elephants in gorgeous caparison, and followed by the Roman Senate and the Roman army, and from dawn till dark the procession was passing. Rome in all her history never saw anything more magnificent. But how much greater the day when our Conqueror, Jesus, shall ride under the triumphal arches of Heaven; His captives, hand or foot or in chariots, all the kingdoms of earth and Heaven; in procession the armies celestial on white horses. Rumbling artillery of thunderbolts never again to be unlimbered, Kingdoms in line, centuries in line, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic splendors in line, and Christ seated on one great rolling hosanna, made out of all hallelujahs of all worlds, shall cry halt! to the procession. And not forgetting even the humblest in all the reach of His omnipresence, he shall rise, and then and there, His work done, His glory consummated, proceed amid an ecstasy such as neither mortal nor immortal ever imagined, to divide the spoil.

—:O:—



DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—From the Paint'ng by John Trumbull.

MEASURED BY YOUR OWN YARDSTICK.

“With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.”—
St. Matthew vii, 2.

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long, according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher, sitting while He spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yardstick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule, and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule, and you will be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. “With what measures ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.”

There is a great deal of unfairness in criticism in human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the Divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others, we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness we are disposed indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought and suffer they must, but in a difference of degree.

GOOD BLOOD AND BAD.

In the first place, in estimating the misdoings of others, we must take into calculation the hereditary tendency. There is such a thing as good blood, and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have 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 maraudings, and scoundrelism, and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania, or pyromania, or dipsomania, or whether it be in 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 under high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries, presided over by the earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes, and thereby shown 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 got 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 the 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 cost \$500? Difference in blood. We are wise enough to recognize it in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in the 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.

MARGARET, THE "MOTHER OF CRIMINALS."

Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvelous statistics in his story of a woman 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 was 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 crime. That was 90 years ago. There have been 623

persons in that ancestral line, 200 of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were 20, 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, fair 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 finds 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 turns out good, and honest, and pure, and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line, in an 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 their rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that juggernaut.

In Great Britain and in 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 out 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, 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 a desperate Manases, there afterward came a pious Josiah 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 100 miles, may, after awhile, 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 bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in and talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the *House of Ill-Fame* a criminal treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial.

After awhile 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 awhile you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At 15 years of age you go out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you 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 criminal 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 to-day, seated in this Christian assembly? 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.

CONSIDER CIRCUMSTANCES.

Again, I have to remark, that in our estimation of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong, I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get eutangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge further ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children; he wants to save his home; he wants to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge, and all is lost.

Some morning at 10 o'clock the bank door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, indicating there is trouble, and the

name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say: "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say: "I'm glad he's found out at last;" hundreds of other men say: "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of indignation, but no pity. The heavens full of lightning, but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man we would all have been in hell long ago.

Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you let all the hounds out from their kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has not an extravagant wife who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the temptation to please her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession of many miles. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain, and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you might have fallen. The reason some men do not steal \$200,000 is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but temper it with mercy.

YOU ARE SORRY.

But you say: "I am 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 to whom the credit of the bank was a matter of pride. Yes, I am sorry also for that man who brought all the distress; sorry that he sacrificed 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 awhile. 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 you, 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 15 years ago. Let us see!"

God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets 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



"BROKEN PITCHER."

From the Painting by Bouguereau.

path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right. You will have a large property. You can leave a fortune for your children, and endow a college, 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! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances anyone

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."

BE MERCIFUL.

You look in another direction. There is nothing like ebullitions of temper to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulses and a fine digestion and perfect health, can not understand how anybody should be capsize in temper by an infinitesimal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced 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 equi-poise of temper than that man has; I never could make puerile exhibition of myself as that man has made."

I see the scribes of Heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying: "What! you plead for mercy, you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows? Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinions of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy? You must mis-speak yourself when you plead for mercy here." Mercy for others but no mercy for you. "Look," say the scribes of Heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of God's judgment." See it coming out letter by

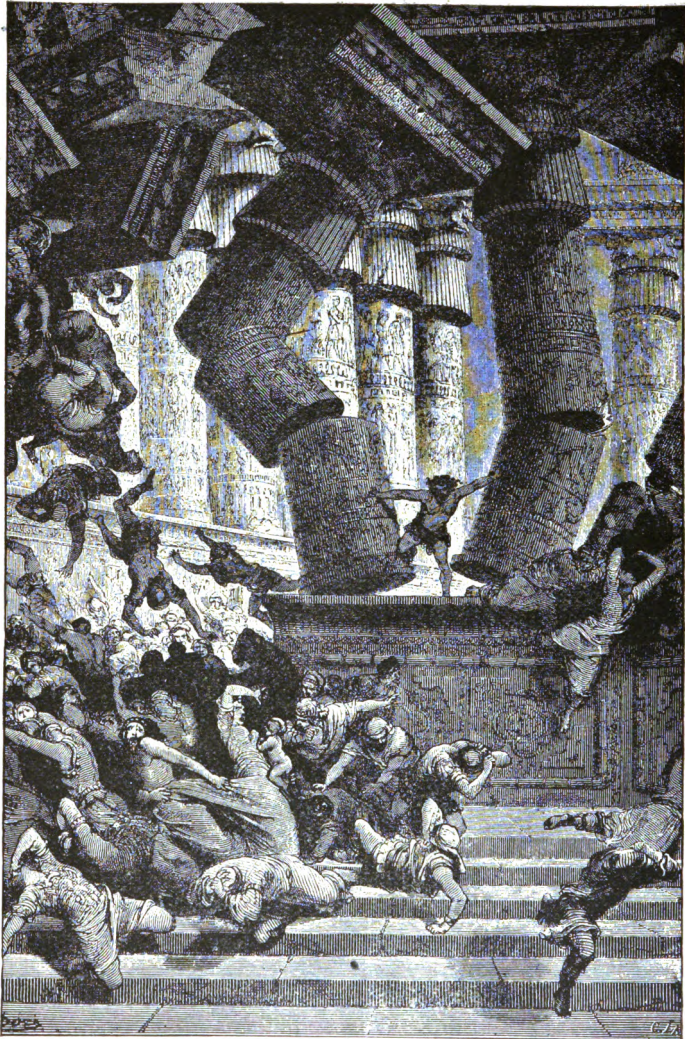
letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

RATIONAL RECREATION AIDS CHRISTIANITY.

"They that use this world as not abusing it."—I Corinthians vii, 31.

"And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport."—Judges xvi, 25.

There were 3,000 people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried: "Fetch him out! fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired, and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house; so he says to the lad who leads him, "Show me where the main pillars are!" The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his right hand on one pillar and his left hand on another pillar, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the



THE DEATH OF SAMSON.
From the Painting by Dore

whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house, and he made them sport." In other words, there are amusements that are destructive, and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer they die. The 3,000 people perished that day in Gaza are as nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed by sinful amusements.

USING THE WORLD.

But my first text implies that there is a lawful use of the world, as well as an unlawful abuse of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is, that in the former case the man masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him. For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this wonderful expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the ground, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest, in which the tree branches flute, and the winds trumpet, and the thunders drum, and all the splendors of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arched bridge of colors resting upon buttresses of broken storm-cloud? For whom did He gather the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men; but more especially for His own, dear children.

If you build a large mansion, and spread a great feast after it to celebrate the completion of the structure, do you allow strangers to come in and occupy the place, while you thrust your own children in the kitchen, or the barn, or the fields? Oh, no! You say: "I am very glad to see strangers in my mansion, but my own sons and daughters shall have the first right there." Now, God has built this grand mansion of the world, and He has spread a glorious feast in it, and while those who are strangers to His grace may come in, I think that God especially intends to give the advantage to His own children—those who are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, those who, through grace, can look up and say: "Abba, Father." You can not make me believe that God gives more advantages to the world than He gives to the church bought with His own blood. If, therefore, people of the world have looked with dolorous sympathy upon those who make profession of religion, and have said, "Those new converts are going down into privation and into hardship; why did they not tarry a little longer in the world, and have some of its enjoyments and amusements and recreations?"—I say to such men of the world, "You are greatly mistaken;" and when I get through I will show that those people who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardship and self-denials, while those who come in have the joys and satisfactions.

In the name of the King of Heaven and earth, I serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and polluted who have squatted on the domain of earthly pleasure as though it belonged to them, while I claim, in behalf of

the good and the pure and the true, the eternal inheritance which God has given them. Hitherto, Christian philanthropists, clerical and lay, have busied themselves chiefly in denouncing sinful recreations; but I feel we have no right to stand before men and women in whose hearts there is a desire for recreation amounting to positive necessity, denouncing this and that and the other thing, when we do not propose to give them something better. God helping me and with reference to my last account, I shall enter upon a sphere not usual in sermonizing, but a subject which I think ought to be presented at this time. I propose now to lay before you some of the recreations which are not only innocent, but positively helpful and advantageous.

MUSIC COMMENDED.

In the first place, I commend, among indoor recreations, music—vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird, so that the earth might have music at the start. This world, which began with so sweet a serenade, is finally to be demolished amidst the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet, so that as there was music at the start there shall be music at the close. While this heavenly art has often been dragged into the uses of superstition and dissipation, we all know it may be the means of high moral culture. Oh, it is a grand thing to have our children brought up amidst the sound of cultured voices, and amidst the melody of musical instruments.

There is in this art an indescribable fascination for the household. Let all those families who have the means to afford it, have flute, or harp, or piano, or organ.

As soon as the hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach it how to pick out the melody. Let our young men try this heavenly art upon their nature. Those who have gone into it fully have found in it illimitable recreation and amusement. Dark days, stormy nights, seasons of sickness, business disasters will do little toward depressing the soul which can gallop off over musical keys, or soar in jubilant lay. It will cure pain. It will rest fatigue. It will quell passion. It will revive health. It will reclaim dissipation. It will



"A PIPER AND PAIR OF NUT CRACKERS."
From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer.

strengthen the immortal soul. In the battle of Waterloo Wellington saw that the Highlanders were falling back. He said: "What is the matter there?" He was told that the music had ceased playing, and he called up

the pipers and ordered them to strike up an inspiring air; and no sooner did they strike the air than the Highlanders were rallied, and helped to win the day. Oh, ye who have been routed in the conflicts of life, try by the force of music to rally your scattered battalions.

THE GYMNASIUM GOOD.

Still further: I commend, as worthy of their support, the gymnasium. This institution is gaining in favor every year, and I know nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellencies. There are weak and despondent spirits who through the gymnasium might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year, who might, through such an institution, be benefitted in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they think that by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell the Christian people of my congregation that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when, through right exercise and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion, or the tiger, or the bear, while his dis-

position will change and become fierce and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

HORRID TOBACCO.

There are good people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put His jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects, in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery, capable of propelling a Majestic across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North river propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God, first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is concentrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair—a ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

INNOCENT GAMES.

Still further: I commend to you a large class of parlor games and recreations. There is a way of making our homes a hundred-fold more attractive than they are now. Those parents cannot expect to keep their children away from outside dissipations unless they make the domestic circle brighter than anything they can find outside of it. Do not, then, sit in your home surly and unsympathetic, and with a half-condemnatory look because of the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself; let your children be young. Because your eyes are dim and your ankles are stiff, do not denounce sportfulness in those upon whose eyes there is the first luster, and in whose foot there is the bounding joy of robust health. I thank God that in our drawing-rooms and in our parlors there are innumerable games and sports which have not upon them the least taint of iniquity.

Light up all your homes with innocent hilarities. Do not sit down with the rheumatism, wondering how children can go on so. Rather thank God that their hearts are so light and their laughter is so free, and their cheeks are so ruddy, and that their expectations are so radiant. The night will come soon enough, and heart-break, and the pang, and the desolation it will come soon enough for the dear children. But when the storm actually clouds the sky, it will be time enough for you to haul out your reef tackles. Carry, then, into your homes not only the innocent sports and games which are the inventions of our own day, but the games which came down with the sportfulness of all ages—chess and charades and

tableaux and battledore and calisthenics and lawn tennis and all those amusements which the young people of our homes know how well to contrive. Then there will be the parlor socials—groups of people assembled in your homes, with wit, and mimicry and joviality, filling the room with joy from door to mantel, and from the carpet to the ceiling. Oh, is there any exhilaration like a score of genial souls in one room, and each one adding a contribution of his own individual merriment to the aggregation of general hilarity.

Suppose you want to go abroad in the city, then you find the panorama and the art gallery and the exquisite collections of pictures. You will find the museum and Historical society rooms full of rare curiosities, and the scores of places which can stand plainly the test of what is right and wrong in amusements. You will find the lecturing hall, which has been honored by the names of Agassiz in natural history, Doremus in chemistry, Boynton in geology, Mitchell in astronomy, John B. Gough in moral reform, and scores and hundreds of men who have poured their wit and genius and ingenuity through that particular channel upon the hearts and consciences and the imaginations of men, setting this country 50 years farther in advance than it would have been without the lecture platform.

OUTDOOR SPORTS.

I rejoice in the popularization of outdoor sports. I hail the croquet ground and the fisherman's rod and the sportsman's gun. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census-taker represents a city having 400,000 inhabitants, there are only 200,000, since

it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is this metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunlight, more of the abandon of field sports. I cry out for it in behalf of the Church of God as well as in behalf of secular interests. I wish that our ponds and our rivers and our Capitoline grounds might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater. I wish that when the warm weather comes the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the eveningtide be resonant with beatmen's song, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow.

We shall have the smooth and grassy lawn, and we will call out people of all occupations and professions and ask them to join in the ball-player's sport. You will come back from these outdoor exercises and recreations with strength in your arm and color in your cheek and a flash in your eye and courage in your heart. In this great battle that is opening against the kingdom of darkness, we want not only a consecrated soul, but a strong arm and stout lungs and mighty muscle. I bless God that there are so many recreations that have not on them any taint of iniquity; recreations in which we may engage for the strengthening of the body, for the clearing of the intellect, for the illumination of the soul.

DOING GOOD.

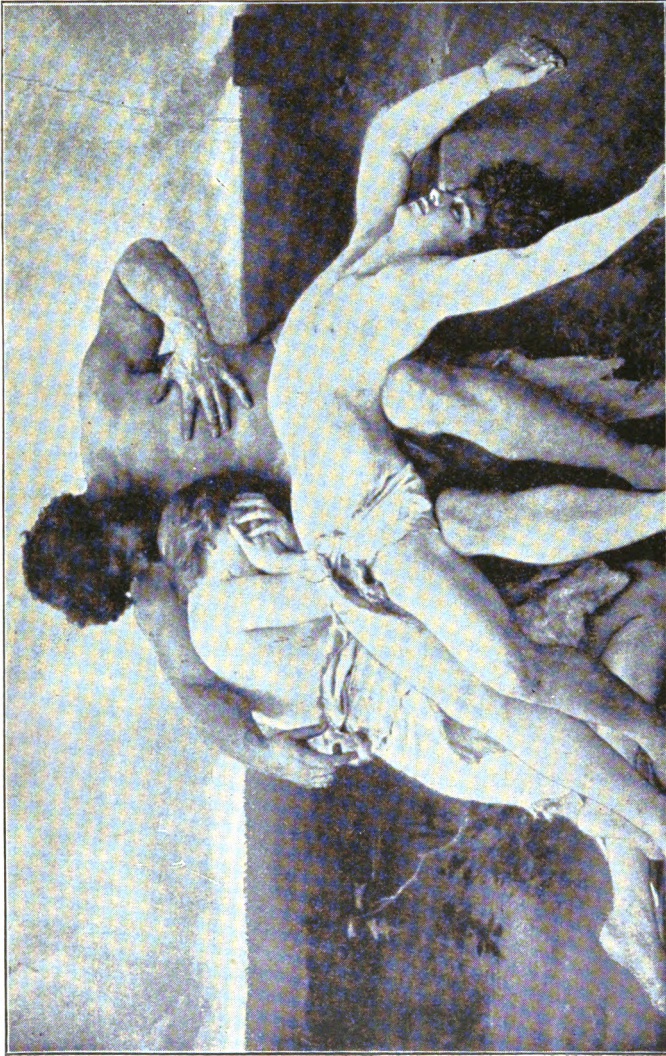
There is still another form of recreation which I commend to you, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have seen young men, weak and cross and sour and repelling in their disposition who by one heavenly touch have wakened up and became blessed and buoyant, the ground under their feet and the sky over their heads

breaking forth into music. "Oh," says some young man in the house to-day, "I should like that recreation above all others, but I have not the means." My dear brother, let us take an account of stock. You have a large estate, if you only realize it. Two hands. Two feet. You will have, perhaps, during the next year at least \$10 for charitable contribution. You will have 2,500 cheerful looks, if you want to employ them. You will have 5,000 pleasant words if you want to speak them. Now, what an amount that is to start with.

BUILD FOR ETERNITY.

But, before closing, I want to impress upon you that mere secular entertainments are not a fit foundation for your soul to build on. I was reading of a woman who had gone all the rounds of sinful amusement, and she came to die. She said: "I will die to-night at six o'clock." "Oh!" they said, "I guess not; you don't seem to be sick." "I shall die at six o'clock and my soul will be lost. I know it will be lost. I have sinned away my day of grace."

The noon came. They desire her to seek religious council. "Oh," she said, "it is no use. My day is done. I have been all the rounds of worldly pleasure, and it is too late. I shall die to-night at six o'clock." The day wore away, and it came to four o'clock, and to five o'clock, and she cried out at five o'clock. "Destroying spirits, ye shall not have me yet; it is not 6; it is not 6!" The moments went by, and the shadows began to gather, and the clock struck six; and while it was striking her soul went out. What hour God will call for us I do not know--whether six o'clock to-night or three o'clock this afternoon, or at one o'clock, or at this



The First Mourners.—From the Painting by Bouguereau.

moment. Sitting where you are, falling forward, or dropping down, where will you go to?

The last hour of your life will soon be here, and from that hour we will review this day's proceedings. It will be a solemn hour. If from your death-pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul, sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining pound of flesh and the remaining drop of blood; and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for Heaven the curtain will forever drop.

SAVE THE CITIES.

"O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea."—Ezekiel xxvii, 3.

This is a part of an impassioned apostrophe to the city of Tyre. It was a beautiful city—a majestic city. At the east end of the Mediterranean it sat with one hand beckoning the inland trade, and with the other the commerce of foreign nations. It swung a monstrous

boom across its harbor to shut out foreign enemies, and then swung back that boom to let in its friends. The air of the desert was fragrant with the spices brought by caravans to her fairs, and all seas were cleft into foam by the keel of her laden merchantmen. Her markets were rich with horses, and mules, and camels from Togarmah; with upholstery, and ebony, and ivory from Dedan; with emeralds, and agate, and coral from Syria; with wine from Helbon; with finest needlework from Ashur and Chilmad. Talk about the splendid state-rooms of your Cunard and Inman and White Star lines of international steamers—why, the benches of the state-rooms in those Tyrian ships were all ivory, and instead of our coarse canvas on the masts of the shipping, they had the finest linen, quilted together and inwrought with embroideries almost miraculous for beauty. Its columns overshadowed all nations. Distant empires felt its heart-beat. Majestic city! “situate at the entry of the sea.”

But where now is the gleam of her towers, the roar of her chariots, the mast of her shipping? Let the fishermen who dry their nets on the place where she once stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where she once challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who build their huts on the place where her palaces glittered, answer the question. Blotted out forever! She forgot God, and God forgot her. And while our modern cities admire her glory, let them take warning at her awful doom.

CAIN IMPRESSED CITIES.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It is a long while before a

city can get over the character of those who founded it. Were they criminal exiles, the filth, and the prisons, and the debauchery are the shadows of such founders. New York will not for two or three hundred years escape from the good influences of its founders—the pious settlers whose prayers went up from the very streets where now banks discount and brokers shave, and companies declare dividends, and smugglers swear Custom-house lies; and above the roar of the drays and the crack of the auctioneers' mallets is heard the ascription—"We worship thee, O thou almighty dollar!" The church that once stood on Wall street still throws its blessing over all the scene of traffic, and upon the ships that fold their white wings in the harbor. Cities are not necessarily evils, as has sometimes been argued. They have been the birth-place of civilization. In them popular liberty has lifted up its voice. Witness Genoa, and Pisa, and Venice. The entrance of the representatives of the cities in the legislatures of Europe was the death blow to feudal kingdoms. Cities are the patronizers of art and literature—architecture pointing to its British Museum in London, its Royal Library in Paris, its Vatican in Rome. Cities hold the world's scepter. Africa was Carthage, Greece was Athens, England is London, France is Paris, Italy is Rome, and the cities in which God has cast our lot will yet decide the destiny of the American people.

At this season of the year, I have thought it might be useful to talk a little while about the moral responsibility resting upon the office-bearers in all our cities—a theme as appropriate to those who are governed as to

the governors. The moral character of those who rule a city has much to do with the character of the city itself. I have noticed that according to their opportunities there has really been more corruption in municipal governments in this country than in the state and national legislatures. Now, is there no hope? With the mightiest agent in our hand, the glorious Gospel of



FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.— From the Painting by F. B. Carpenter.

Jesus Christ, shall not all our cities be reformed, and purified, and redeemed? I believe the day will come. I am in full sympathy with those who are opposed to carrying politics into religion; but our cities will never be reformed and purified until we carry religion into politics. I look over our cities and I see that all great interests are to be affected in the future, as they have been

affected in the past, by the character of those who in the different departments rule over us, and I propose to classify some of those interests:

COMMERCIAL ETHICS.

In the first place I remark: Commercial ethics are always affected by the moral or immoral character of those who have municipal supremacy. Officials that wink at fraud, and that have neither censure nor arraignment for glittering dishonesties, always weaken the pulse of commercial honor. Every shop, every store, every bazaar, every factory in the cities feels the moral character of the City Hall. A merchant may stand in his store and say: "Now, I'll have nothing to do with city politics; I will not soil my hands with the slush;" nevertheless the most insignificant trial in the police court will affect that merchant directly or indirectly. In the city of New York, Christian merchants for a great while said: "We'll have nothing to do with the management of public affairs," and they allowed everything to go at loose ends until there rolled up in that city a debt of nearly \$120,000,000. The municipal government became a hissing and a by-word in the whole earth, and then the Christian merchants saw their folly, and they went and took possession of the ballot boxes. I wish all commercial men to understand that they are not independent of the moral character of the men who rule over them, but must be thoroughly, mightily affected by them.

EDUCATIONAL.

So, also, of the educational interests of a city. Do you know that there are in this country about seventy

thousand common schools, and that there are over eight millions of pupils, and that the majority of those schools and the majority of those pupils are in our cities? Now, this great multitude of children will be affected by the intelligence or ignorance, the virtue or the vice, of Boards of Education and Boards of Control. There are cities where educational affairs are settled in the low caucus in the abandoned parts of the cities, by men full of ignorance and rum. It ought not to be so; but in many cities it is so. I hear the tramp of coming generations. What that great multitude of youth shall be for this world and the next will be affected very much by the character of your public schools.

I have also to say that the character of officials in a city affects the domestic circle. In a city where grog-shops have their own way, and gambling hells are not interfered with, and for fear of losing political influence officials close their eyes to festering abominations—in all those cities the home interests need to make imploration. The family circles of the city must inevitably be affected by the moral character or the immoral character of those who rule over them.

RELIGIOUS.

I will go further and say that the religious interests of a city are thus affected. The Church to-day has to contend with evils that the civil law ought to smite; and while I would not have the civil government in any wise relax its energy in the arrest and punishment of crime, I would have a thousand-fold more energy put forth in the drying up of the fountains of iniquity. The Church of God asks no pecuniary aid from political power; but

does ask that in addition to all the evils we must necessarily contend against we shall not have to fight also municipal negligence.

I demand that the Christian people who have been standing aloof from public affairs come back, and in the might of God try to save our cities. If things are or have been bad, it is because good people have let them be bad. That Christian man who merely goes to the polls and casts his vote does not do his duty. It is not the ballot-box that decides the election, it is the political caucus; and if at the primary meetings of the two political parties unfit and bad men are nominated, then the ballot box has nothing to do save to take its choice between two thieves! In our churches, by reformatory organization, in every way let us try to tone up the moral sentiment in these cities.

PRAY!

I take a step further in this subject, and ask all those who believe in the omnipotence of prayer, day by day, and every day, present your city officials before God for a blessing. If you live in a city presided over by a mayor, pray for him. The chief magistrate of a city is in a position of great responsibility. If in the Episcopal churches, by the authority of the Litany, and in our non-Episcopate churches, we every Sabbath pray for the President of the United States, why not, then, be just as hearty in our supplications for the chief magistrates of cities, for their guidance, for their health, for their present and their everlasting morality?

But go further and pray for your Common Council if your city has a Common Council. They hold in their

hands a power splendid for good or terrible for evil. They have many temptations. In many of the cities whole Boards of Common Councilmen have gone down in the maelstrom of political corruption. They could not stand the power of the bribe. Corruption came in and sat beside them, and sat behind them, and sat before them. They recklessly voted away the hard-earned moneys of the people. They were bought out, body, mind, and soul, so that at the end of their term of office they had not enough of moral remains left to make a decent funeral. They went into office with the huzza of the multitude. They came out with the anathema of all decent people. There is not one man out of a hundred that can endure the temptations of the Common Councilmen in our great cities. If a man in that position have the courage of a Cromwell, and the independence of an Andrew Jackson, and the public spiritedness of a John Frederick Oberlin, and the piety of an Edward Payson, he will have no surplus to throw away. Pray for these men.

Yes, go further, my friends, and pray for your police. Their perils, and temptations, best known to themselves. They hold the order and peace of your cities in their grasp. But for their intervention you would not be safe for an hour. They must face the storm. They must rush in where it seems to them almost instant death. They must put the hand of arrest on the armed maniac, and corner the murderer. They must refuse large rewards for withdrawing complaints. They must unravel intricate plots, and trace dark labyrinths of crime, and develop suspicions into certainties. They must be cool

while others are frantic. They must be vigilant while others are somnolent, impersonating the very villainy they want to seize. In the police forces of our great cities are to-day men of as thorough character as that of the old detective of New York, addressed to whom there came letters from London asking for help ten years after he was dead—letters addressed to “Jacob Hayes, High Constable of New York.” Your police need your appreciation, your sympathy, your gratitude, and, above all, your prayers. Yea, I want you to go further, and pray every day for prison inspectors and jail-keepers,—work awful and beneficent. Rough men, cruel men, impatient men, are not fit for those places. They have under their care men who were once as good as you, but they got tripped up. Bad company, or strong drink, or strange conjunction of circumstances, flung them headlong. Go down that prison corridor and ask them how they got in, and about their families, and what their early prospects in life were, and you will find that they are very much like yourself, except in this: that God kept you while he did not restrain them. Pray God day by day that the men who have these unfortunates in charge may be merciful, Christianly strategic, and the means of reformation and rescue. Some years ago a city pastor in New York was called to the city prison to attend a funeral. A young woman had committed a crime, and was incarcerated, and her mother came to visit her, and died on the visit. The mother, having no home, was buried from her daughter's prison-cell. After the service was over, the imprisoned daughter came up to the minister of Christ, and said: “Wouldn't you like to see my

poor mother?" And while they stood at the coffin, the minister of Christ said to that imprisoned soul: "Don't you feel to-day, in the presence of your mother's dead body, as if you ought to make a vow before God that you will do differently and live a better life?" She stood for a few moments, and then the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she pulled from her right hand the worn-out glove that she had put on in honor of the obsequies, and, having bared her right hand, she put it upon the chill brow of her dead mother, and said: "By the help of God, I swear I will do differently. God help me." And she kept her vow. And years after, when she was told of the incident, she said: "When that minister of the Gospel said: 'God bless you and help you keep the vow that you have made,' I cried out, and I said: 'You bless me! Do you bless me? Why that's the first kind word I've heard in ten years;' and it thrilled through my soul, and it was the means of my reformation, and ever since, by the grace of God, I've tried to live a Christian life." O, yes, there are many amid the criminal classes that may be reformed. Pray for the men who have these unfortunates in charge.

A PUBLIC TRUST.

My word now is to all who may come to hold any public position of trust in any city. You are God's representatives. God the King, and Ruler, and Judge, sets you in His place. O, be faithful in the discharge of all your duties, so that when all our cities are in ashes, and the world itself is a red scroll of flame, you may be in the mercy and grace of Christ rewarded for your faithfulness. I wish now to exhort all good people, whether

they are the governors or the governed, to make one grand effort for the salvation, the purification, the redemption of our American cities. Do you not know that there are multitudes going down to ruin, temporal and eternal, dropping quicker than words drop from my lips? Grogshops swallow them up. Gambling hells devour them. Houses of shame are damning them. O, let us toil, and pray, and preach, and vote until all these wrongs are righted. What we do we must do quickly. With our rulers, and on the same platform, we must at last come before the throne of God to answer for what we have done for the bettering of our great towns. Alas! if on that day it be found that your hand has been idle and my pulpit has been silent. O, ye who are pure, and honest, and Christian, go to work and help to make the cities pure, and honest, and Christian.

Lest it may have been thought that I am addressing only what are called the better classes, my final word is to some dissolute soul to whom these words may come. Though you may be covered with all crimes, though you may be smitten with all leprosies, though you may have gone through the whole catalogue of iniquity, and may not have been in church for twenty years you may have your nature entirely reconstructed, and upon your brow, hot with infamous practices and besweated with exhausting indulgences, God will place the flashing coronet of a Saviour's forgiveness.

Who is that that I see coming? I know his step. I know his rags. Who is it? A prodigal. Come, people of God; let us go out and meet him. Get the best robe you can find in all the wardrobe. Let the angels of God

fill the chalices and drink to his eternal rescue. Come, people of God, let us go out to meet him. The prodigal is coming home. The dead is alive again and the lost is found.

“Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

“Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
‘The sinner lost is found,’ they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.”

THE CITIES SAVED.

“And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.”—Zechariah viii, 5.

Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing-press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to



PICTURE OF HEALTH.
From the Painting by J. E. Millais.

all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancements.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! People who have had a free ride in the prison van never likes the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they like him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and its Common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its Mint, and its Girard College. Washington must continue to point to its wondrous Capitoline buildings. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his

nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What mean thing have you done there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, Conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come; or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and

that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat, or toiling on toward a victory.

FINANCIAL PROSPERITY.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall

have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain-makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak, taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through sensual indulgences. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who support the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvements, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No impanelling of juries to try theft and arson and

murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

· MORE CHURCHES.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness. In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit

and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the Churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear any of the great queens of song are a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought, at the same time, for all matters practical I would prefer the hearty, outbreking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it seem standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the Church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath School children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right on, and, afterward, a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

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

“Praise ye the Lord: let everything with breath
praise the Lord.” In the glorious time coming in our
cities, and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and
hallelujah, hallelujah.

SIN'S HAUNTS CLEANSED.

In that time also of which I speak, all the haunts of
iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will
be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say, per-
haps, by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I
will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in
it: The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency
that will ever accomplish this.

A THEORY OF HAPPINESS.

A gentleman in England had a theory that if the
natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave
were rightly applied and rightly developed it would make
this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, and
which rushed from edition to edition, he said: “Fellow-
men, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise
within ten years, where everything desirable for human
life may be had by every man in superabundance without
labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature
shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man
may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imagin-
able refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful
gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in
one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands

of years. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views that can be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof, and from the turrets, may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement, to lure the eye



"TWO DAUGHTERS OF THE OCEAN"—From the Painting by A. Delobbe.

and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind, and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be twenty dollars each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen com-

munity, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of. But I will take no stock in that company! I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the Gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. This is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sun-glass, and he focussed the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friends, by the sun-glass of the Gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire!

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes

down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENTS BETTERED.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

PUNISH THE BIG CRIMINALS.

Who are all those wretched women taken up for drunkenness, and carried up to the courts, and put in prison of course? What will you do with the grogshops that make them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into ruin? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleeced that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story, and frantically asked what he should do? Nothing.

Ah! we do well to punish small crimes; but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these wrongs will be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the Church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but, when righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime banished. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith, and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the

sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But, after awhile, the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits! Wheel into line; O, Israel! march! march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout



“DEPARTURE FOR FISHING.”—From the Painting by G. Haquette.

of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.



CHRIST TAKES LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.
From the Painting by Ploekhorst.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime, and sin, and wretchedness. "It don't amount to anything," people say. Don't it? God's winds of help will, after awhile, begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we shall be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us, and derided us, and tried to destroy us, will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."—Ecclesiastes xi, 3.

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a

palace: that as the defendant may lose his case in a Circuit Court and appeal it and have it go up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

A FALSE HOPE.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have ten thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog-shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the

digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that heart-broken woman is so different from the roseate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a-jangle. From crown



"TEMPERANCE."

From the Painting by J. E. Burne,

of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tremens pour out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying: "Take these things off me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times. Punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out

for them salvable effects. Why, you and I cannot imagine any worse torture from another world than we have seen men in in this world, and without any salutary consequence.

NO FUTURE REFORMATION.

Furthermore, the prospect of reformation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If starting with comparative innocency the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a seraph can be evolved? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure, white Parian marble than out of a black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of a half century? Could you not write a last will and testament or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it upon a sheet scribbled all over with infamy and blotted and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so uncommon-sensical as to believe that though a man starts in this world with infancy and its innocence and turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well. "But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the next world because our life here is so very brief; we scarcely have room to turn around between

the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost striking against the marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got three hundred years old, and worse at four hundred, and worse at five hundred, and worse at six hundred, and worse at eight hundred; until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, the path descending, until at sixty-eight years of age he was the suicide. If eight hundred years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity. "But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawn and good influences will be substituted, and hence, expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chance, that will leave all those who have never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, alone—alone! and where are the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected that

Dr. Duff, who spent his whole life in pointing the Hindoos to heaven, and Dr. Abeel, who spent his life in evangelizing China, and that Judson, who spent his life in preaching the Gospel to Burmah—can it be expected that they will be sent down from some celestial Missionary Society to educate and to save those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary and evangelistic influences will be ended forever, and the good, having passed up to their beatific state, all the morally bankrupt will be together, and where are the salvable influences to come from? Will a specked or bad apple put in a barrel of diseased apples make the other apples good? Will one who is down be able to lift others up? Will those who have miserably failed in the business of this life be able to pay the debts of other spiritual insolvents? Will a million wrongs make one right? Poneropolis was the city where King Rufus of Thracia, put all bad people of his kingdom, and whenever there were iniquious people found in any part of the land they were all sent to Poneropolis. It was the great capital of wickedness. Suppose a man or a woman opened a primary school in Poneropolis, would the parents of other cities have sent their children there to be educated and reformed?

If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deteriorating, depreciating and down. You would not send to a cholera or yellow fever hospital a man for his health, and the great lazaretto of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague-struck, will be

a poor place for moral recovery. The Count of Chateaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made him sleep in the turrets of the castle, where the winds howled and spectres were said to haunt the place. The mother and the sisters almost died of fright, but the son afterwards gives his account, and he says: "That gave me nerves of steel, and gave me courage that has never faltered." But, my friends, I do not think the turrets of darkness or the spectral world swept by sirocco and euroclydon, will ever prepare a soul for the eternal land of sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum in the College Inferno, where a man having been prepared by enough sin, enters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up, from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and the diploma is signed by Satan, the president, and all the professional demoniacs attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient time under their drill, and then enters heaven. Pandemonium, a preparatory school for celestial admission! Ah, my friends, while Satan and his cohorts have fitted a vast multitude for ruin, they never fitted one soul for happiness—never.

A RUINOUS POLICY.

Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness, he can fix it all right up in the future. That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are men who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we

are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea coming into his soul, this idea of another chance, he says, "Go to, now; I'll get out of this world all there is in it. Come gluttony and revenge and uncleanness and all sensualities, and wait upon me. It may abbreviate my earthly life by dissoluteness, but that will only give me heavenly indulgence on a larger scale in a shorter length of time. I will overtake the righteous before long, I will only come in heaven a little late, and I will be a little more fortunate than those who have behaved themselves on earth and then went straight to the bosom of God, because I will see more and have wider excursion, and I will come into heaven via Gehenna, via Sheol!" Hearers! Readers! Another chance in the next world means free license and the demolition of this. Suppose you had a chance in court, and all the judges and all the attorneys agreed in telling you the first trial of it—it would be tried twice—the first trial would not be of very much importance, but the second trial would decide everything. On which trial would you put the most expenditure? on which trial would you employ the ablest counsel? on which trial would you be most anxious to have the attendance of all the witnesses? "Oh," you would say, "if there are to be two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything depending upon that, I must have

the most eloquent attorney, and I must have all my witnesses present, and I will expend my money on that." If these men who are impenitent and who are wicked felt there were two trials, and the first was of no very great importance, and the second trial was the one of vast and infinite importance, all the preparations for eternity would be post-mortem, post-funeral, post-sepulchral, and this world would be jerked off into impenitency and godlessness. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

ON THE SAME LEVEL.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you; we are on the same level, and though the platform be a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, or treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you give twenty banquets, a banquet a year; and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After awhile you move into a larger house and amid more luxuriant surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send

that man another invitation. For twenty years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house, will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a brighter house,



DAUGHTER OF THE FERRYMAN—From the Painting by Emile Adan.

a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance." God has spread a banquet of his grace before us. For three hundred and sixty-five days of every year, since we knew the difference between our right hand and our left, he has invited us by his Providence and by his Spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers and all this kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a larger place,

in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the advertisement of the steamer's sailing. You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers; you see it placarded on the walls. Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back, swing up again to the docks. Throw the plank ashore that I may come on board." It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance." Here is a magnificent offer for heaven. It has been anchored within our sight year after year, and year after year, and year after year, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, since it may sail at any moment. Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: "Send back that opportunity; I want to take it; it isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance." Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands at the Navesink three days after the *Majestic* has gone out, and shout: "Captain, come back; I want to go to Liverpool on the *Majestic*. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the docks. Give me another chance." You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with

overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered as a gratuity for a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: "Give me another chance!" There ought to be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity.

You see common-sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way-station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul! my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparations for that trial to be made in this world, or never made at all. Oh, my soul! my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his army used to come around a city, and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender, and all would be well, but if they let that light go out, then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the Cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

TALMAGE'S DREAM OF THE JUDGMENT.

A dream. I am in the burnished judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America forty years ago, and I heard the Gospel preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour, I had great opportunities; but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day waiting for another chance." "Strange, strange," says the soul just come up from Madagascar. "Strange, why I never heard the Gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who on earth had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power. The latter replies: "I had great power on earth, I must admit; and I mastered languages and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power; but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul, and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance."

Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown opened. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of na-

tions come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says, "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there is an aisle between them, a great aisle; and then a vacuum, widening, and widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throng, and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, he says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then he stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The Hall of the last Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

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NONE LIKE CHRIST.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—I Peter ii, 7.

We had for many years in this country commercial depression. What was the matter with the stores? With the harvests? With the people? Lack of faith. Money enough, goods enough, skillful brains enough, industrious hands enough, but no faith. Now, what damages the commercial world damages the spiritual. Our great lack is faith. That is the hinge on which eternity turns. "Oh," says some one in the audience, "I have faith. I believe Christ came down to save the world." I reply that in worldly matters when you have faith you always act upon it. For instance, if I would show you a business operation by which you could make five thousand dollars you would immediately go into it. You would prove your faith in what I tell you by your prompt and immediate action. Now, if what you call faith in Christ has led you to surrender your entire nature to Jesus, and to corresponding action in your life, it is genuine faith, and if it has not, it is not faith at all.

BELIEVING WITH HEAD AND HEART.

There are some things which I believe with the head. Then there are other things which I believe with the heart. And then there are other things which I believe both with the head and heart. I believe, for instance, that Cromwell lived. That is a matter of the head. Then there are other things which I believe with



CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.
From the Painting by Hoffman.

the heart and not with the head. That is, I have no especial reason for believing them, and yet I want to believe them, and the wish is the father to the expectation. But there is a very great difference between that which we believe about ourselves and that which we believe about others. For instance, you remember not a great while ago there was a disaster in Pennsylvania, amid the mines; there was explosion amid the damp, and many lives were lost. In the morning you picked up your newspaper and saw that there had been a great disaster in Pennsylvania. You said: "Ah, what a sad thing this is; how many lives lost! O, what sorrow!" Then you read a little further on. There had been an almost miraculous effort to get those men out, and a few had been saved. "Oh," you said, "what a brave thing, what a grand thing that was! How well it was done!" Then you folded the paper up and sat down to your morning repast. Your appetite had not been interfered with, and during that day, perhaps, you thought only two or three times of the disaster. But suppose you and I had been in the mine, and the dying had been all around us, and we had heard the pickaxes just above us as they were trying to work their way down, and after awhile we saw the light, and then the life bucket let down through the shaft, and, suffocated and half dead, we had just strength enough to throw ourselves over into it, and had been hauled out into the light. Then what an appreciation we would have had of the agony and the darkness beneath, and the joy of deliverance. That is the difference between believing a thing about others and believing it about ourselves.

We take up the Bible and read that Christ came to save the world. "That was beautiful," you say, "a fine specimen of self-denial. That was very grand, indeed." But suppose it is found that we ourselves were down in the mine of sin and in the darkness, and Christ stretched down His arm of mercy through the gloom and lifted us out of the pit, and set our feet on the Rock of Ages, and put a new song into our mouth. Oh, then it is a matter of handclapping; it is a matter of deep emotions. Which kind of faith have you, my brother?

It is faith that makes a Christian, and it is the proportion of faith that makes the difference between Christians. What was it that lifted Paul and Luther and Payson and Doddridge above the ordinary level of Christian character? It was the simplicity, the brilliancy, the power and the splendor of their faith. Oh, that we had more of it! God give us more faith to preach and more faith to hear. "Lord! we believe, help thou our unbelief!" "To you which believe He is precious."

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS AS A SAVIOR.

First: I remark Christ is precious to the believer, as a Savior from sin. A man says: "To whom are you talking? I am one of the most respectable men in this neighborhood; do you call me a sinner?" Yes! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." You say: "How do you know anything about my heart?" I know that about it, for God announces it in His Word; and what God says is always right. When a man becomes a Christian people say: "That man sets himself above us." "Oh, no! Instead of setting himself up he throws himself down. He cries out: 'I was

lost once, but now I am found. I was blind once, but now I see. I prostrate myself at the foot of the cross of the Savior's mercy."

What a grand thing it is to feel that all the bad words I have ever uttered, and all the bad deeds I have ever done, and all the bad thoughts that have gone through my mind, are as though they had never been, for the sake of what Christ has done. You know there is a difference in stains. Some can be washed out by water, but others require a chemical preparation. The sin of the heart is so black and indelible a mark that no human application can cleanse it, while the blood of Jesus Christ can wash it out forever. O, the infinite, the omnipotent chemistry of the Gospel! Some man says: "I believe all that. I believe God has forgiven the most of my sins, but there is one sin I cannot forget." What is it? I do not want to know what it is, but I take the responsibility of saying that God will forgive it as willingly as any other sin.

"O'er sins like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

There was a very good man about seventy-five years of age, that once said: "I believe God has forgiven me, but there was one sin which I committed when I was about twenty years of age that I never forgave myself for, and I can't feel happy when I think of it." He said that one sin sometimes came over his heart, and blotted out all his hope of Heaven. Why, he lacked in faith. The grace that can forgive a small sin can forgive a large sin. Mighty to save. Mighty to save. Who is the God like unto our God that pardoneth iniquity? Oh,

what Jesus is to the soul that believes on him! The soul looks up into Christ's face and says: "To what extent wilt thou forgive me?" And Jesus looks back into his face and says: "To the uttermost." The soul says: "Will it never be brought up again?" "Never," says Christ. "Won't it be brought up again 'in Judgment Day?" "No," says Christ, "never in the Judgment Day." What bread is to the hungry, what harbor is to the bestormed, what light is to the blind, what liberty is to the captive, that, and more than that, is Christ to the man who trusts Him.

Just try to get Christ away from that Christian. Put on that man the thumb-screw. Twist it until the bones crack. Put that foot into the iron boot of persecution until it is mashed to a pulp. Stretch that man on the rack of the Inquisition, and louder than all the uproar of the persecutors, you will hear his voice, like the voice of Alexander Le Croix, above the crackling fagots as he cried out: "O, Jesus! O, my blessed Jesus! O, divine Jesus! who would not die for Thee!"

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS AS A FRIEND.

Again: I remark that Christ is precious to the believer, as a friend. You have commercial friends, and family friends. To the commercial friend you go when you have business troubles. You can look back to some day—it may have been ten or twenty years ago—when, if you had not that friend, you would have been entirely overthrown in business. But I want to tell you this morning of Jesus, the best business friend a man ever had. He can pull you out of the worst perplexities. There are people in this audience who have got in the

habit of putting down all the worldly troubles at the feet of Jesus. Why, Christ meets the business man on the street and says: "O, business man, I know all thy troubles. I will be with thee. I will see thee through." Look out how you try to corner or trample on a man who is backed up by the Lord God Almighty. Look out how you trample on him. O, there is a financier that many of our business men have not found out. Christ owns all the boards of trade, all the insurance companies and all the banking houses. They say that the Vanderbilts own the railroads, but Christ owns the Vanderbilts and the railroads and all the plottings of stock gamblers shall be put to confusion, and God with His little finger shall wipe out their infamous projects. How often it has been that we have seen men gather up riches by fraud, in a pyramid of strength and beauty, and the Lord came and blew on it and it was gone; while there are those here to-day who, if they could speak out in this assemblage, or dared to speak out, would say: "The best friend I had in 1837; the best friend I had in 1857; the best friend I had at the opening of the war; the best friend I ever had has been the Lord Jesus Christ. I would rather give up all other friends than this one."

But we have also family friends. They come in when we have sickness in the household. Perhaps they say nothing, but they sit down and they weep as the light goes out from the bright eyes and the white petals of the lily are scattered in the blast of death. They watch through the long night by the dying couch, and then, when the spirit has gone, sooth you with great comfort. They say: "Don't cry. Jesus pities you. All is well."

You will meet the lost one again." Then, when your son went off, breaking your heart, did they not come and put the story in the very best shape and prophecy the return of the prodigal? Were they not in your house when the birth angel flapped its wings over your dwelling? And they have been there at the baptisms and at the weddings. Family friends! But I have to tell you that Christ is the best family friend. Oh, blessed is that cradle over which Jesus bends. Blessed is that nursery where Jesus walks. Blessed is that sick brow from which Jesus wipes the dampness. Blessed is that table where Jesus breaks the bread. Blessed is that grave where Jesus stands with His scarred feet on the upturned sod, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Have you a babe in the house? Put it into the arms of the great Child Lover. Is there a sick one in the house? Think of Him who said: "Damsel, arise." Are you afraid you will come to want? Think of Him who fed the five thousand. Is there a little one in your house that you are afraid will be blind or deaf or lame? Think of Him who touched the blinded eye and snatched back the boy from epileptic convulsion. Oh, He is the best friend. Look over your family friends to-day and find another that can be compared to Him. When we want our friends they are sometimes out of town. Christ is always in town. We find that some will stick to us in prosperity who will not in adversity. But Christ comes through darkest night, and amid ghastly sorrow, and across roughest sea, to comfort you. There are men and women here who would have been dead twenty years



CHRIST AT GETHSEMENE.
From the Painting by Hoffman.

ago but for Jesus. They have gone through trial enough to exhaust ten times their physical strength. Their property went, their health went, their families were scattered. God only knows what they suffered. They are an amazement to themselves that they have been able to stand it. They look at their once happy home, surrounded by all comfort. Gone! They think of the time when they used to rise strong in the morning and walk vigorously down the street, and had experienced a health they thought inexhaustible. Gone! Every thing gone but Jesus. He has pitied them. His eyes watched them. His omnipotence has defended them. Yes, He has been with them. They have gone through disaster, and He was a pillar of fire by night. They have gone across stormy Galilee, but Christ had His foot on the neck of the storm. They felt the waves of trouble coming up around them gradually, and they began to climb into the strong rock of God's defense, and then they sang, as they looked over the waters: "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in time of trouble; therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." The other day there was a sailor who came into the Bethel in New York, and said: "My lads (he was standing among sailors), I don't know what's the matter with me. I used to hear a good deal about religion and about Jesus Christ. I don't know that I have any religion, or that I know anything much about Christ; but when I was in mid-Atlantic I looked up one day through the rigging, and there seemed

to come light through my soul. I have felt different ever since. and I love those I once hated, and I feel a joy I can't tell you. I really don't know what is the matter of me." A rough sailor got up and said: "My lad, I know what's the matter of you. You have found Jesus. It is enough to make any man happy."

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS AS A DELIVERER.

I remark again: Christ is precious to the believer, as a final deliverer. You and I must after awhile get out of this world. Here and there, one perhaps may come on to eighty, to ninety years of age, but your common sense tells you that the next twenty-five years will land the majority of this audience in eternity. The next ten years will thin out a great many of these family circles. This day may do the work for some of us. Now, why do I say this? To scare you? No; but just as I would stand in your office, if I were a business man, and talk over risks. You do not consider it cowardly to talk in your store over temporal risks. Is it base in us this morning to talk a little while over the risks of the soul, that are for eternity? In every congregation death has the last year been doing a great deal of work. Where is your father? Where is your mother? Your child? Your brother? Your sister? O, how cruel doth death seem to be! Will he pluck every flower? Will he poison every fountain? Will he put black on every door-knob? Will he snap every heart string? Can I keep nothing? Are there no charmed weapons with which to go out and contend against him? Give me some keen sword, sharp-



CHRIST AND THE ADULTRESS.

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ened in God's armory, with which I may stab him through. Give me some battle-axe that I may clutch it, and hew him from helmet to sandal. Thank God, thank God, that he that rideth on the pale horse hath more than a match in Him who rideth on the white horse. St. John heard the contest, the pawing of the steeds, the rush, the battle-cry, the onset, until the pale horse came down on his haunches, and his rider bit the dust, while Christ, the conqueror, with uplifted voice, declared it: "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

The sepulchre is a lighted castle on the shore of heavenly seas, and sentinel angels walk up and down at the door to guard it. The dust and the dampness of the grave are only the spray of the white surf of celestial seas, and the long breathing of the dying Christian, that you call his gasping, is only the long inhalation of the air of Heaven. Oh, bless God for what Christ is to the Christian soul, here and hereafter!

I heard a man say some time ago that they never laugh in Heaven. I do not know where he got his authority for that. I think they do laugh in Heaven. When victors come home, do we not laugh? When fortunes won in a day, do we not laugh? After we have been ten or fifteen years away from our friends and we greet them again, do we not laugh? Yes, we will laugh in Heaven. Not hollow laughter, not meaningless laughter, but a full, round, clear, deep, resonant outbreak of eternal gladness. Oh, the glee of that moment when we first see Jesus! I think we will take the first two or three years in Heaven to look at Jesus; and if, in ten thousand

years there should be a moment when the doxology paused, ten thousand souls would cry out: "Sing! sing!" and when the cry was: "What shall we sing?" the answer would be: "Jesus! Jesus!" Oh, you may have all the crowns in Heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the robes in Heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the scepters in Heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the thrones in Heaven; I do not care so much about them. But give me Jesus—that is enough Heaven for me. O Jesus! I long to see Thee. Thou "chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely."

CHRIST A HELPER.

There may be some here who have come hardly knowing why they came. Perhaps it was as in Paul's time—you have come to hear what this babbler sayeth; but I am glad to meet you face to face, and to strike hands with you in one earnest talk about your deathless spirit. Do you know, my friend, that this world is not good enough for you? It cheats. It fades. It dies. You are immortal. I see it in the deathless spirit looking out from your eye. It is a mighty spirit. It is an immortal spirit. It beats against the window of the cage. I come out to feed it. During the past week the world has been trying to feed it with husks. I come out this morning to feed it with that bread of which if a man eat he will never hunger. What has the world done for you? Has it not bruised you? Has it not betrayed you? Has it not maltreated you? Look me in the eye, immortal man, and tell if that is not so. And yet, will you trust it? O, I wish that you could forget me, the weak

and sinful man—that I might vanish from your sight this morning, and that Jesus might come in. Aye, He comes here this morning to plead for your soul—comes in all covered with the wounds of Calvary. He says: “O, immortal man! I died for thee. I pity thee. I come to save thee. With these hands, torn and crushed, I will lift thee up into pleasures that never die.” Who will reject—who will drive Him back? When Christ was slain on the cross, they had a cross, and they had nails, and they had hammers. You crucify by your sin, O impenitent soul, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a cross; but where are the nails? Where are the hammers? “Ah,” says some one rejecting Christ, some one standing a long way off, “I will furnish the nails. I don’t believe in that Jesus. I will furnish the nails.” Now we have the nails; who will furnish the hammers? “Ah,” says some hard heart, “I will furnish the hammers.” Now we have the nails and the hammers. We have no spears; who will furnish the spears? “Ah,” says some one long in the habit of sin and rejection of Christ’s mercy: “I will furnish them.” Now we have all the instruments; the cross, the nails, the hammers, the spears, and the crucifixion goes on. O, the darkness! O, the pang! O, the tears! O, the death! “Behold the lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.”

Lord Jesus, help that woman. She is a wanderer. No tears can she weep. See, Lord Jesus, that polluted soul; see that blistered foot. No church for her. No good cheer for her. No hope for her. Lord Jesus, go to that soul. Thou wilt not stone her. Let the red-hot chain, that burns to the bone till the bloody ichor

hisses in the heat, snap at Thy touch. O, have mercy on Mary Magdalene.

Lord Jesus, help that young man. He took money out of his employer's till. Didst Thou see it? The clerks were all gone. The lights were down. The shutters were up. Didst Thou see it? O, let him not fall into the pit. Rememberest Thou not his mother's prayers? She can pray for him no more. Lord Jesus, touch him on the shoulder. Touch him on the heart. Lord, save that young man. There are many young men here. I got a letter from one of them, who is probably here to-day, and I shall have no other opportunity of answering that letter. You say you believe in me. O, do you believe in Jesus. I cannot save you, my dear brother. Christ can. He wants and waits to save you, and He comes to-day to save you. Will you have him? I do not know what our young men do without Christ—how they get on amid all the temptations and trials to which they are subjected. O, young men, come to Christ to-day, and put your soul and your interest for this life and for the next into His keeping. In olden times, you know, a cup bearer would bring wine or water to the King, who would drink it, first tasting it himself, to show that there was no poison in it, then passing it to the King, who would drink it. The highest honor that I ask is that I may be cup bearer to-day to your soul. I bring you this water of everlasting life. I have been drinking of it. It has never done me any harm. O, drink it, and live forever. And let that aged man put his head down on the staff, and let that poor widowed soul bury her worried face in her handkerchief, and these little child-



CHRIST AND ST. PETER.
From the Painting by Ploekhorst.

ren fold their hands in prayer, while we commend you to Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; for to you which believe He is precious.

THE GREAT LAW SUIT.

“We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous.”
—I John ii, 1.

Standing in a courtroom, you say to yourself: “At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors’ bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge’s desk sentence has been pronounced.” But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any Oyer and Terminer or Circuit or Supreme or Chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

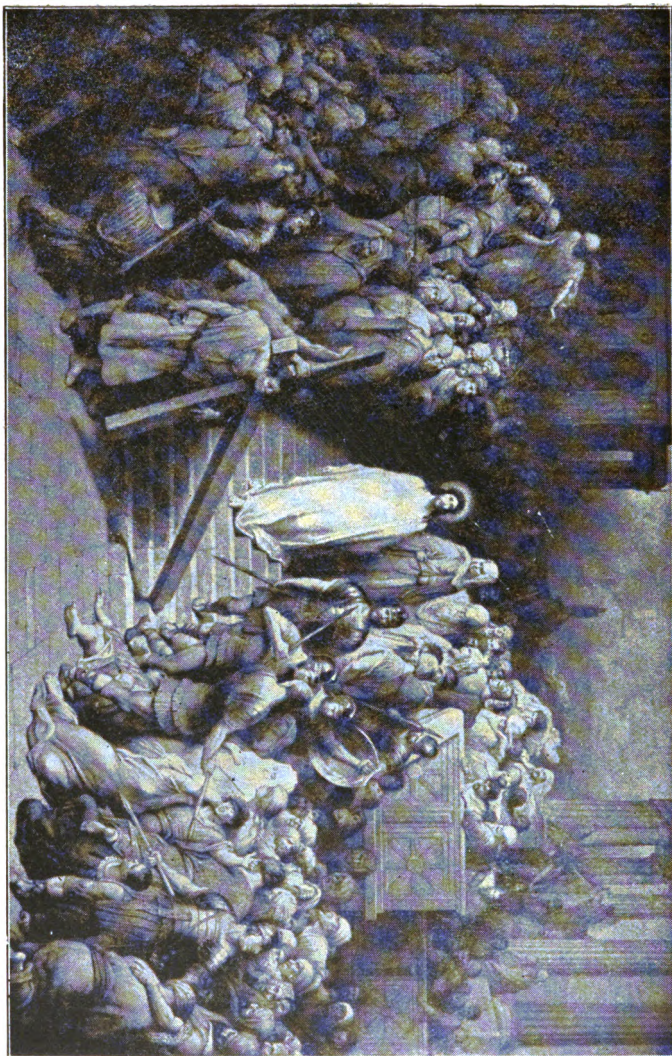
THE INDICTMENT.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O, Christian man,

and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the Cross rose before you. You remember how from the head and the hands and the side and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember Me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Savior's agony;

CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM — From the Painting by Dore.



and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O, Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further: this law suit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections—from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling, all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst! Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world; but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing

but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Now, we have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

FIRST WITNESS: THE WORLD.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get mid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is

just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the World on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do; you may sit down.

SECOND WITNESS: CONSCIENCE.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard

heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

THIRD WITNESS: ANGEL OF GOD.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white Throne."

LAST WITNESS: GOD'S SPIRIT.

There is one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the

august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the Atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

THE ADVOCATES SPEAK.

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession

have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The court-room has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster Hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster Hall, a place in which thirty kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court-room, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in



"I AM THE WAY."

"No one e'er pointed out the road, that leads up to that blest abode, but Jesus."

the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian, for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

CHRIST, THE ADVOCATE, WITH THE FATHER.

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there anyone who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that anyone will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see One rising. He

is a young man, only thirty-three years of age. I see his countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best Advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasure to his feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and he has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make his plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins, aye, more; but look at that wounded hand of mine and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot and at my left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemene, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in my tears he hath washed; on my righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life,

for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph!"

THE JUDGMENT.

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court-room you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath. All the universe cries, "Hear! hear!"

The Judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

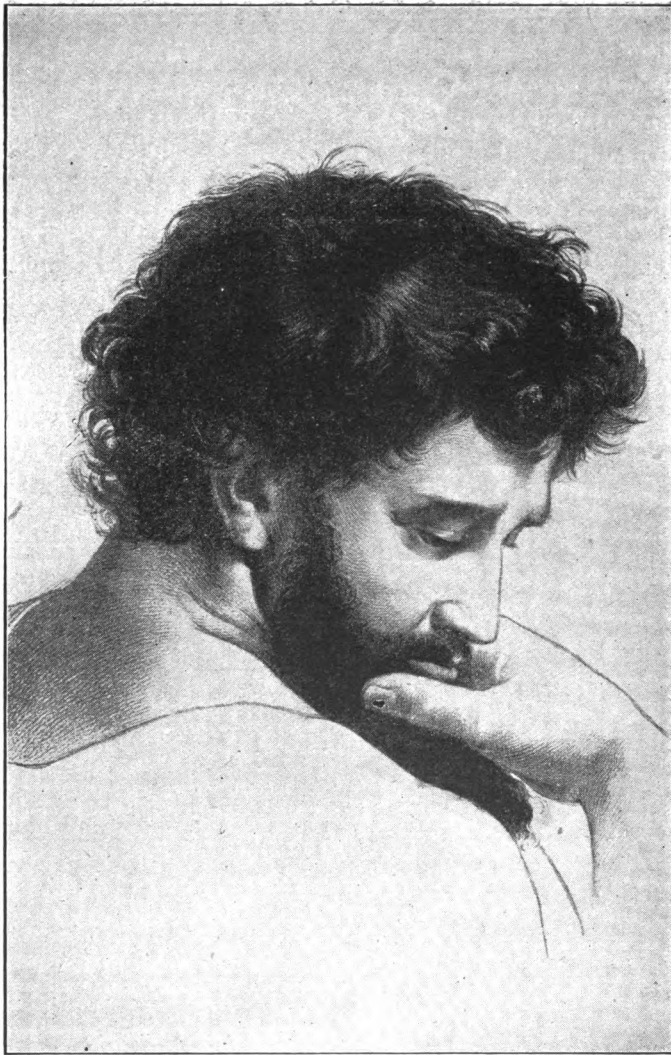
"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no, never forsake."

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar, pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lol The sun hides. Night comes down at mid-noon. The stars appear at noon to-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness; clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

—:O:—



ST. PAUL.
From the Painting by Raphael

CHRIST RESCUES ALL MANKIND.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Phillipian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

PAUL AND SILAS.

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying

to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars creak off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! no harm. We are all here."

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer, "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

OTHER EARTHQUAKES.

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one

severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your

full name. So the Savior in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together: "The Lord Jesus Christ."

CHRIST IS ATTRACTIVE.

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I will be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and I am reasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When; then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily



JESUS BLESSING CHILDREN.
From the Painting by Dore.

enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear, than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love him. How attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring before me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosy!" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some

bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard.

Oh, plant the tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a mo-

ment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him?

TRUST CHRIST.

I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by many is: "How? how?" And when 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. Or again, you go home to-day. 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!" say you, "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 trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly.

"Oh," 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 with your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. 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 wreck hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "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 great grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; 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.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered 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 farth-

ing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. —St. Luke xvi, 8.

That is another way saying that Christians are not so skillful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated, and skillful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inane, inert. The great want of the world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one half of the skill and forcefulness employed in financial affairs was employed in disseminating the truths of Christ, and trying to make the world better, within ten years the last Jugernaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumble, and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be echoed and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and



SOLOMON.
From the Painting by Dore.

people: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going toward the Southwest, as the porter of the sleeping-car was making up the berths at the evening-tide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people looked on as much as to say: "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought that the man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt, and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation with him I found out that he was a member of a church in a Northern city, that he was a sea-faring man, and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take command of a vessel. I thought then, as I think now, that ten such men—men with such courage for God as that man had—ten such men would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole land to God; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs, I found out. That he was skillful in spiritual affairs, you are well persuaded. If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common sense in matters of the soul, that they have in matters of the world, this would be a very different kind of earth in which to live.

MORE COMMON SENSE WANTED IN CHURCHES.

In the first place, my friends, we want more common sense in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is always paramount in any other kind of structure. If bankers meet together, and they resolve

upon putting up a bank, the bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company puts up a building, it is to be adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is not always the question in the rearing of churches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more ventilation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church; he says: "I like it very well, but I can't hear." As though a shawl factory were good for everything but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pillars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches, and shiver, and feel they must be getting religion, or something else, they feel so uncomfortable.

O my friends! we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it, no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it. It ought to be an expression, not only of our spiritual happiness, but of our physical comfort, when we say: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

MORE COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION WANTED.

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate. They think on that one object, on that one subject, until their mind takes fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen, all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense they put in that

one direction, and they succeed. But how seldom it is true in the matter of seeking after God! While no man expects to accomplish anything for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after a while to get into the kingdom of God without the use of any such means.

A miller in California, many years ago, picked up a sparkle of gold from the bed of a stream which turned his mill. He held up that sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets, and their pickaxes, and their pistols, and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenly on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel, and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the streets—gold, gold, gold!

Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of gold; that men have been digging there, and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbuncle, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of heaven were builded. Word comes of a man, who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world.

Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? Oh, no; the story is true. There are hundreds and thousands of people who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered that gold, and have it in their possession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that

the announcement would send people in great excitement up and down our streets, that at midnight men would knock at your door asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back, and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches, and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved; and if I am to be lost, I will be lost, and there is nothing to do about it."

Why, my brother, do you not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go to your store and sit down and fold your arms, and say: "If these goods are to be sold, they will be sold; and if they are not to be sold, they will not be sold; there is nothing for me to do about it." No, you despatch your agents, you print your advertisements, you adorn your show-windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. Oh, that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

MORE COMMON SENSE WANTED IN CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Again, I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and enlarging of our Christian character. There are men who have for forty years been running the Christian race, and they have not run a quarter of a mile! No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Have you kept those ten

thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no question about interest or about dividend? Why, you say, "That is not common sense." Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them; we do not ask about them; we do not want them. Oh, that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures! We get any other book, and we open it, and we say: "Now what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy." Taking up this Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing: get the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument, and we do not like this about the Bible and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. What would you think of a man lost on the mountains: night has come down; he cannot find his way home, and he sees a light in a mountain-cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door; the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says: "Well, here

I have a lantern; you can take it and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that traveler should say: "I don't like that lantern, I don't like the handle of it, there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any?"

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We stop and say we do not like this about it, and we do not like that, and we do not like the other thing. Oh, how much wiser we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home! Then, we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye perhaps on the story of Samson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the announcement that somebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying: "Now I must read for my immortal life, my eternity is involved in this book."

How little we use common sense in prayer! We say: "Oh, Lord, give me this," and "Oh, Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming. As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express, or by such a

steamer, or by such a rail-train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph. "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods. In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not.

MORE COMMON SENSE WANTED IN DOING GOOD.

But I remark again: we want more common sense in doing good. Oh, how many people there are who want to do good, and they are dead failures! Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same strategem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as in the other.

When I was a lad I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, a very good Christian man, and without any introduction of the subject, and while they were in great hilarity, said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said: "Every man to mind his own business!" Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there as though it were a bombshell. We must be nat-

ural in the presentation of religion to the world. Do you suppose that Mary, in her conversations with Christ, lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pulpit tone? Why is it people cannot talk as naturally in prayer-meetings and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine-dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly affianced about the marriage-supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole lump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost sheep.

THREE GREAT FACTS.

What we do I think will depend upon three facts—three great facts: “The first fact that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind, and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners.

Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure Christ will pardon us is the present. Now, what is the common sense

thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ, and take him now.

Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow, Monday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that on Tuesday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thursday less, Friday less, and so on less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate, “Immediately I will attend to that matter, between eleven and twelve o'clock to-morrow, Monday morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect and less and less. I will attend to it to-morrow.” Now, let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow we may get them, and we may not. Next day we may and we may not. The prospect less and less and less and less. The only sure time now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people. I would not go into a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds if I had no balm to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authority for saying he may be saved.

“Mama,” said a little child to her mother, when she was being put to bed at night, “mama, what makes your

hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you bed, I heard a cry, a shriek upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire, and I took hold of you and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off, and trying to get you away, I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you."

O man! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the fire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Ay, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. "By his stripes ye are healed."

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL SHINE LIKE STARS.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—Daniel xii, 3

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology.



MRS. FRY READING TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE, 1816.—From the Painting by J. Barrett.

There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling Heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here and by elaborate argument prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness and what will be our future pay for so doing.

THE CHARM OF A RIGHT EXAMPLE.

First. We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed

her face. And when the father of the household came home and saw the improvement in domestic appearance he washed his face. The neighbors, happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one school-boy washing his face. This is a fable by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon, and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick-room and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw every thing. O, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting: "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amounts to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright you need to start for Heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow!"

PRAYER EFFECTIVE.

Again, we may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship midatlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent, nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take a ship and go to some other country, and get there at eleven o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets there at six o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train

from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow, but a mother's prayer will be on deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel plows on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburg and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer. It reached up and took the sun by its golden bit and stopped it. We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering and guessing and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and

hammer and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the saw and hammer and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than the diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue for souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

CHRISTIAN ADMONITION.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuffle is not what is wanted, but the heart throb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said

Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery and sappers and miners and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment, may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition, and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal luster. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers standing around the throne will shine in the light borrowed from the sun of righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph.

Christ left Heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew He would come back again. But let Him abdicate His throne and go away to stay forever the music would stop, the congregation disperse, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of life stagnate, and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hillsides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in Heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil, and re-



AN INNOCENT VICTIM.—From the Painting by S. Thomas.

member what they did for the honor of His name and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers, and tears, and work will rise before Him as He looks into their faces, and He will divide His kingdom with them. His peace, their peace; His holiness, their holiness; His joy, their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a-tremble and a-flash with light they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS LIKENED TO STARS.

Again, Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at night and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you can not tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in Heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated as if in all the space, from gate to gate and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials and pains and services and victories published. Before men went out to the last war the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the grave-yard in Richmond and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the in-

scription: "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in Heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever.

Again, Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters, they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fire-place. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in Heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure there are some people I will like in Heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God; and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to Heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yon-

der is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears, and raptures, and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them, when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars, forever and forever.

Again, Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world-crag to world-crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid-Atlantic that seem to come from no shore and be bound to no landing-place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—forever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the

motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes 109,000 miles in an hour. So like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of a father, or mother, or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in the fulfillment of the text, take starry speed and be equal to 100,000 miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London and its spirit must be taken up to God; you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin; you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again, Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on

either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then Omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring-line and announced that Herschel is 36,000 miles in diameter, Saturn 79,000 miles in diameter, and Jupiter 89,000 miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of Heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege and a magnitude of strength and a magnitude of holiness and a magnitude of joy, and the weakest saint in glory become greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it does not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean Shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the

manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the Heavens, watching to see how the world would treat Him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In Independence Hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now, but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity. But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine forever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of His little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the main-wheel all the small wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they

come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the Kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign for ever and ever. If, by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from Heaven the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their scepters, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of Heaven.

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THE REAL MISSION OF LIFE.

"To this end was I born."—John xviii, 37.

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that the body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and removed to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a Court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a King, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coroneted King of earth and King of heaven. That is what he came for, and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches 10 years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches 15 years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What am I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to



**"ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH."
From the Painting by Thos. Faed.**

KEEP ASKING IT

Until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design; and walls scrolled and niched paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered: "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph:

"TO THIS END WAS I BORN."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your

parantage or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, he is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected our character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the

ONE YOU CAN ASK.

Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy decide for themselves, without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares; and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts; and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake, until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow-handle, your carpenter's bench, or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out:

"BRING ME A TELESCOPE!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships, or houses, or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others

ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide.

Then there are those born for some especial work and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian Scientist—his books standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and He is the one to

ask? And let all parents and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years

IN STUMBLING ABOUT

Among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying: "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning, and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale; but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work, and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, O man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything.

Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will

OUTLIVE ALL THE UNIVERSE

Except heaven, and would outline all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year, would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-indefinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity, or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "To this end was I born."

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip the Conqueror gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some comparisond Bucepha-

lus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! here is what I have; show me the field and back me up

BY OMNIPOTENT POWER.

Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, O woman, this afternoon, and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on you hat, O man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve

the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "To this end was I born."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and Judges and juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys, of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the County Clerk, at 16 years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the Gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village I said to myself: "If I have an especial work to do in the world, I ought
TO FIND IT OUT NOW."

And with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was be-



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.—From the Painting by C. Steuten.

cause he did not work his usual theory, but spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are 1,600,000,000 people in the world, then there are 1,600,000,000 different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least 1,599,000,000 possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I come to the climateric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about 10 years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had rheumatism

THEY BLED HIM,

And if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age, I conclude that life-insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more pre-

mium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, 'after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonogenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it. I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations; you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood and what you were 10 years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was 10 or 20, or 30 years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the

SPIRIT'S REGENERATING POWER?

Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit

still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your every-day associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the Apostle John said: "It doth not appear what we shall be." "To this end I was born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, 80, or 100, or 150 years, I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave **we**

CANNOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH;

But who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity. Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions, and revolutions, and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winter changed to springtide, and all the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where heaven is, if we can only get there; whether a gardenized America, or an emparadised Europe, or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of you could say that, we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials. Only a little while, and then the rapture. Only a little while, and then the reunion. Only a little while, and then the transfiguration.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The King and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed, unless the King of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna

WATCHED AND WAITED

And hoped, until on the morning of September 11, the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, oh, ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords, and the shields, and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in that world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

LOVE SHOULD REIGN.

"The disciples went away again unto their own homes."—John xx, 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door sill of the dwelling house is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overreaches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run 70 years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

WE ARE FRAGMENTS.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then He gradually put us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our defects and surpluses of character being the cogwheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is



"FOR MY OLD FATHER."
From the Painting by J. Coomans.



lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dapple in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperament and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most

beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and, midair, iron beaks plunge, till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

MARRIAGE DEFAMED.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, freelovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have token upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with Heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the night shade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frost of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was in-



ADAM AND EVE.
From the Painting by Dore.

tended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after awhile have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amberg menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and then there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after awhile, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

HAVE GOD IN YOUR HOME.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan of expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with Heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the

evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after awhile there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

BE VERY FORBEARING.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be the law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once, having

unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points, what are the weak points, if I may call them so of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said:

“If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it.” The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

CULTIVATE SYMPATHY.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars: “My wife made me.” The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store.

She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way to either bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures; it is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business."

WHERE LOVE IS DEAD.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, 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 \$100,000. It is done. The carpets are spread; the 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 amid the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it in the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it in the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers. Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when 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 forever!" 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 amidst 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 there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and

sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp 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 to 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 breakers 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!"

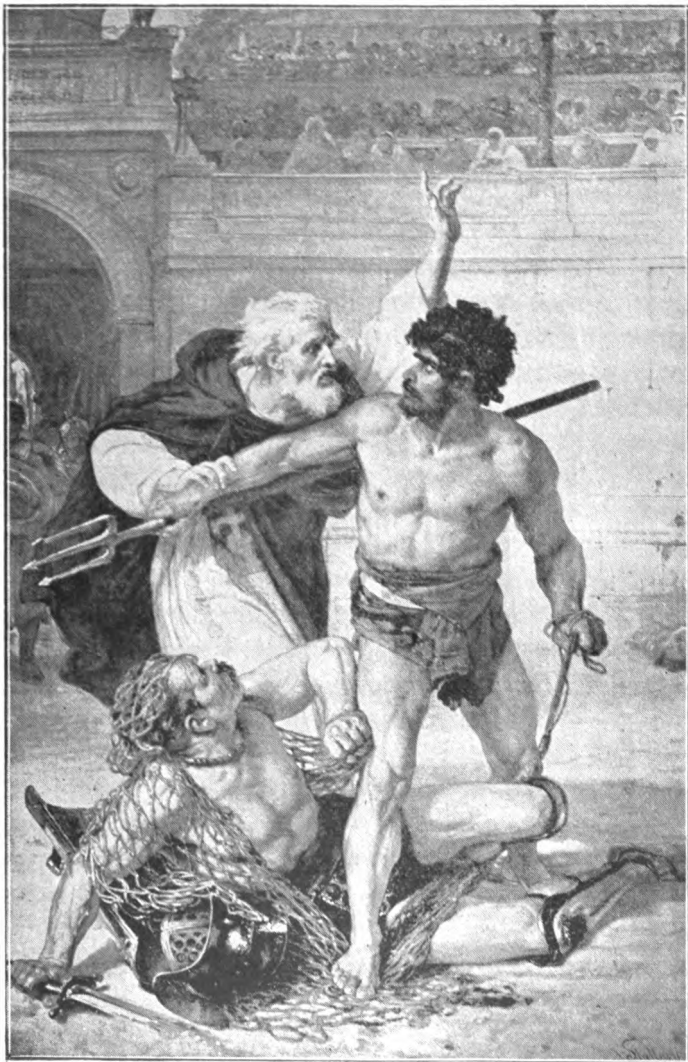
That very night a clerk with a salary of \$1,000 a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room on the 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 foot of 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 rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

THE FINAL VICTORY.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Ephesians vi, 12.

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves; or Pythian game, with its wreath of laural and palm; or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley; or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right



THE LAST GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.
From the Painting by Stallaert

to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days, if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw, in the third throw was on top, and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

THE WRESTLERS.

In wrestling the opponents would bow in apparent suavity, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms, and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations, and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of truth with error, and the struggle of heavenly forces against apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon,

seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but, in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III., in St. Giles' Field, between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong, we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rum-sellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card-players and theater-goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

THROWING TEMPTATION.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alemene, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "twelve labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in court rooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touch-hole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious; but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who

said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

PREPARE FOR COMBAT.

Remember also that these wrestler went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot, and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months, so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school, and four years in college,

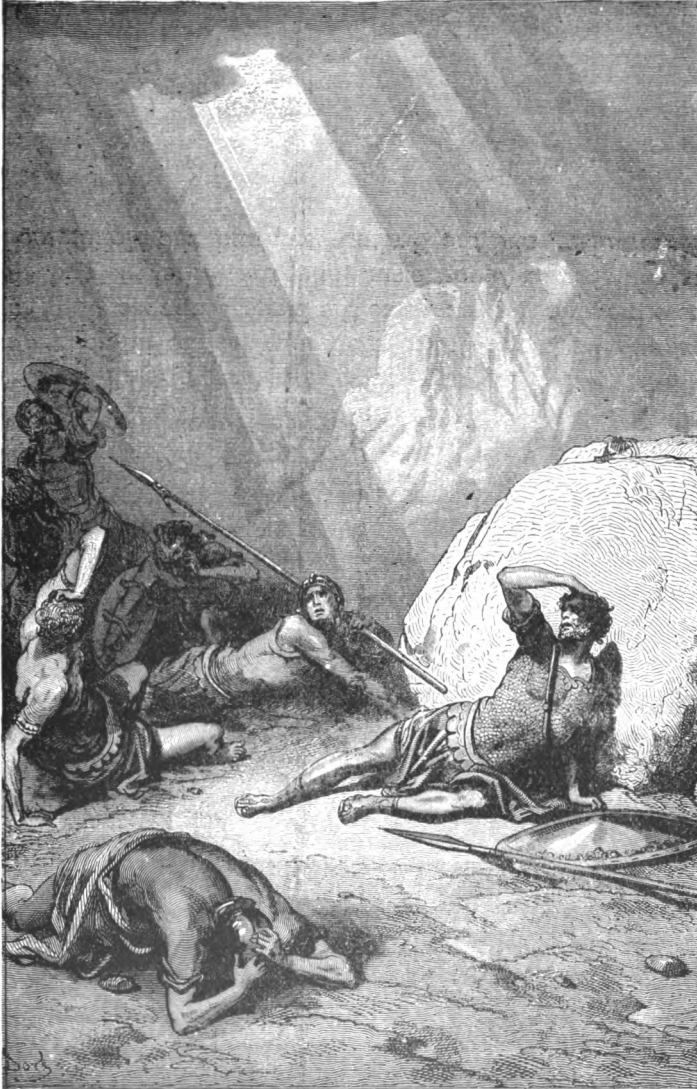
and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off a man's active life, but if you realize the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the Gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the Gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the Gospel, quote for their own encouragement the scriptural passage: "Open thy mouth wide and I fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges, under your arm, does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab, remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say, that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but

out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost, and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the Great, and David the Little. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and a thousand times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward. Otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

STAND RIGHT.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground, or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the Gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and the Epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the



SAUL'S CONVERSION.
From the Painting by Dore.

first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twenty-five years, not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition. Alas! for those who while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the book, would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationary, and economy of printers' ink—if the batteries now assailing the book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's "Farewell Address" was written by Thomas Paine, and that the war of the American revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long-timed attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal varacities of the Book of Almighty God!

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and, by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot, gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable Gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit.

Aye! you have been thrown twice; but that does not mean, oh! worsted soul, that you are thrown forever. I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven, or how many times he may fall and yet rise again; but I have authority for saying that he may fall 490 times, and 490 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive seventy times seven, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that seventy times seven is 490. Blessed be God for such a Gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A Gospel of lost sheep brought home on shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got into the low work of putting husks into swine's troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring.

THREE PICTURES OF THE SAME MAN.

Three sketches of the same man: A happy home, of which he and a lassie taken from a neighbor's house are the united head. Years of happiness roll on after years of happiness. Stars pointing down to nativities. And whether announced in greeting or not, every morning was a "Good morning," and every night a "Good

night." Christmas trees and May queens, and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings around loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convivial, too late-houred, too scandalous. After awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away. Now, what a dilapidated home is his! A dissipated life always shows itself in faded window curtains, and impoverished wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken palings of the garden fence, and the unhinged gate, and the dislocated door bell, and the disappearance of wife and children from scenes among which they shone the brightest, and laughed the gldest. If any man was ever down, that husband and father is down.

The fact is, he got into a wrestle with Evil that pushed and pulled and contorted and exhausted him worse than any Olympian game ever treated a Grecian, and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity into gloom. Thrown out of good association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happiness into misery. But one day, while slinking through one of the back streets, not wishing to be recognized, a good thought crosses his mind, for he has heard of men flung flat and rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife in, and shuts the door and says: "Mary, I am going to do differently. This is not what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient with me, and have born everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to your father's house. It seems to me

that once or twice, when I was not myself, I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now, I want you to forgive me. I am going to do better, and I want you to help me." "Help you?" she says; "bless your soul! of course I will help you. I knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the past. Never refer to it again. To-day let us begin anew." Sympathizing friends come around and kind business people help the man to something to do, so that he can again earn a living. The children soon have clothing, so that they can go to school. The old songs which the wife sang years ago come back to her memory, and she sings them over again at the cradle, or while preparing the noonday meal. Domestic resurrection! He comes home earlier than he used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children or helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons, which are a little too hard. Time passes on, and some outsider suggests to him that he is not getting as much out of life as he ought, and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and, after much solicitation, twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated, and could not get back until midnight. He had to see some Western merchant that had arrived and talk of business with him before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quit the disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new place. That man goes into a second wrestle with evil habit and is flung, and all hell cackles at the moral defeat. "I told you so!" say many good people who have

no faith in the reformation of a fallen man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust these fellows who have once gone wrong." So with this unfortunate, things gets worse and worse, and his family have to give up the house, and the last valuable goes to the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is sauntering along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to a church door, and the congregation are singing a second hymn, the one just before the sermon, and it is William Cowper's glorious hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plunge beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough dressed to go among the worshipers, and he hears the minister say: "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the 19th chapter and 10th verse: 'The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost.'" The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me, and he will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle, the poor man tells his story; and he is encouraged and invited to come again, and the way is cleared for him for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the Apostle, said when he spoke of those

“kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation.” Yet he is to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits, and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord God Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward, and from side to side, in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation; and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in the air, and hurls it into the perdition from which it came, and from which it never again will rise. Victory! Victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it; and, by the grace of God, threw it so hard he is as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw.

THE DEMONS HELP SINNERS.

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them: “We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”

All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an army. In estimating what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the Agnosticism, and the Atheism, and the Materialism, and the Brahminism, and the Mohammed-

anism as well as the more agile and organized and endowed wickedness of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle; it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table. it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling as it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists led on by Aziel, or Lucifer, or Beelzebub, or Asmodeus, or Ahrimanes, or Abaddon, just as you please to call the leader infernalistic. Can you doubt that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Plutonic agencies? If it were only a common war-steed, with panting nostril, and flaunting mane, and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perhaps we might clutch him by the bit, and hurl him back upon his haunches, but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down, and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals, and homes, and nations. I tell you, Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle, not with pigmies, but with giants that will down us, unless the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed be God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree, that divine help!

SIN WILL BE OVERTHROWN.

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or

intemperance, will not be "the survival of the fittest." It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand, with grim visage, looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epitaphiology as this: "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "The wages of sin is death." "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes! I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands, not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or deific, that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches, and all ye reformatory institutions, and all ye legislatures, and all ye thrones! I challenge you! I plant my foot on this red-hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on! Come on!" Then righteousness will accept the



SATAN DETHRONED.
From the Painting by Dore.

challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side, and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro, and turn this way and that, and now the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet or a laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with Omnipotence, righteousness hurls the last evil first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of Satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him the Almighty power flung
 Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal man, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal.

Aye! That suggests a cheering thought, that if all the realms of demonology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and

Michael the Archangel, and the Angel of the New Covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph; talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broadways and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow 'round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses bitted with gold, that were seen by John in vision apocalyptic, and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand to chant, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters, and thunderings and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces, if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike "twelve" for noon. And the Cabinet of Heaven, the most august Cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's Palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them, and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than to-morrow's sunrise. While I think of it, the Scotch evangelistic hymn comes upon me, and stirs the strong tide of Scotch blood that that rolls through my arteries:



THE DESPAIR OF JUDAS.
From a Photograph of the character in the "Passion Play."

Its a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo',
 An' sunny is the lan' that noo we aften traiv'll throo;
 But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
 For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
 An' we sign when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
 For tho' bonny are the snawflakes, an' the doon on winter's wing,
 It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace of the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
 An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free:
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor freen's await us ower yonner at His gate;
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let us raise oor voice an' sing,
 For sune we'll meet to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.

MONEY-MAD MORTALS.

“They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.”—I Timothy vi, 9.

That is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have the money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak to-day about the ruinous modes of getting money.

In all our city, state and national elections large sums of money are used in bribery. Politics, from being the science of good government, has often been bedraggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters and glides through the isle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder crosses the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges: "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers: "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day: "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring: "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

BRIBERY BAD.

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Lord Bacon, lord chancellor of England,

founder of our modern science, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded: "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote: "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—\$36,000 a year, and Twickenham court, a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire—yet under this temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes giving as an excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined \$200,000—or what corresponds with our \$200,000—and imprisoned in London tower.

The black chapter of English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Ahithopel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation, it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in revelation, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of Heaven down after him.

The lobbies of the legislatures of this country control the country. The land is drunk with bribery. "Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against brib-

ery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A *cadi* of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him 500 ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the *cadi* said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks. I shall produce in his behalf 500 witnesses against the other side." Then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying: "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas, offered a bribe, said: "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong all your goods can not persuade me."

The president of the American congress during the American revolution, Gen. Reed, was offered 10,000 guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the forces of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange Heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted need to understand that there is something in

their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land.

Meanwhile, my advice is, keep out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if even you are naturally strong, you need religious butresses. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men, and make them what we wish. I wish that there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might break out in congress and the legislatures, and bring many of the leading republicans and democrats down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle, and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange which you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue and making the profits thereof the impelling move. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy" is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery all of you. Every man and woman at

some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transactions of private life, and of public life, will come up for public reprehension.

We can not bribe death, we can not bribe sickness, we can not bribe the grave, we can not bribe the judgments of that God who thunders against this sin. "Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "fie! Can't death be bribed? Is money nothing? Must I die, and so rich? If the owning of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be bribed then; he will not be bribed now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribetaker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall over the wrist, clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up, you will find it to be Judas,

who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe, and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his Divine Master.

ABUSE OF TRUST FUNDS.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the abuse of trust funds. Nearly every man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is, so far, a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from door to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house, which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is a treasurer for a charitable institution, and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city or the state or the nation, and taxes and subsidies and salaries and supplies are in his keeping.

It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentrated and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependents, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes, in all the intensity of the word, a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation, but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own heart's blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency! What is the matter? The administrators or the

executors had sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs.

How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock-gambling rapids of Wall street! How often it is that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed, taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies and administrators, turning old homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate into the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has 10,000 ramifications. There is not a city that has not suffered from the abuse of trust funds. Where is the court house, or the city hall, or the jail, or the post office, or the hospital, that in the building of it has not had a political job? Long before the new court-house in New York city was completed it cost over \$12,000,000. Five million six hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for furniture! For plastering and repairs, \$2,370,000. For plumbing and gas works, \$1,231,817. For awnings, \$23,553. The bill for three months coming to the nice little sum of \$13,151,198.39. There was not an honest brick, or stone, or lath, or nail, or foot of plumbing, or inch of plastering, or inkstand, or door-knob in the whole establishment.

That bad example was followed in many of the cities, which did not steal quite so much because there was not so much to steal. There ought to be a closer inspection, and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Lest a man shall take a five-cent piece that

does not belong to him, the conductor of the city horse-car must sound his bell at every payment; and we are very cautious about small offenses, but give plenty of opportunities for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf of bread from a corner grocer to keep his mother from starving to death, a prison; but for defrauders who abscond with half a million dollars, a castle on the Rhine, or, waiting until the offense is forgotten, a castle on the Hudson!

THE MORALS OF THE GOSPEL.

Oh! is it not high time that we preach the morals of the Gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud." So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England on the Divine mission of the clergy, of bishops, and on justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but, during all these 30 wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the Gospel right along beside the faith of the Gospel.

My hearer, what are you doing with that fraudulent document in your pocket? My other hearer, how are you getting along with that wicked scheme you have now on foot? Is that a "pool ticket" you have in your pocket? Why, O young man, were you last night practicing in copying your employer's signature? Where were you last night? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? You had a Christian ancestry, and you have had too many prayers spent on you to go overboard. Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he had his children around his deathbed. He said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest."

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow men, be honest before your soul. If there be those who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, come into the kingdom of God.

HEROIC KATE SHELLEY.

I am glad some one has set to music that scene in August, 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of passengers. Some of you remember that out west in that year on a stormy night a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along, and it crashed into the ruin, and the engin-

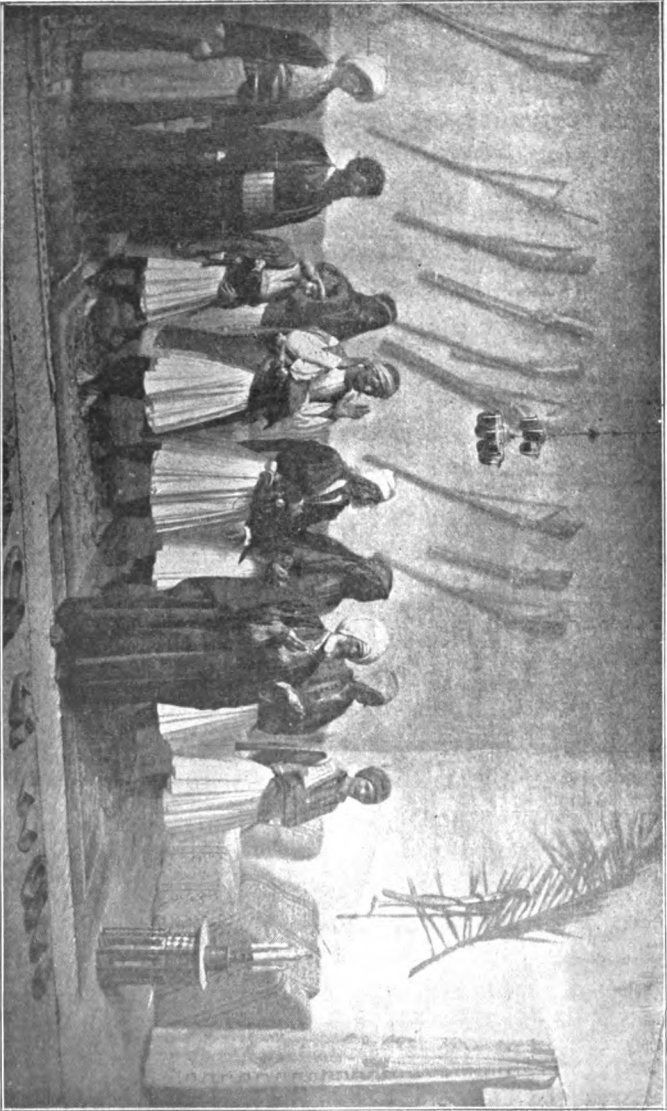
eer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin, near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestlework, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest, and the raging of the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lanterns went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and over the trestlework, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station, where the express train did not stop, where the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in a few minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout: "The bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious, and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station, and the train was halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation. But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train! Let us throw some signal. Let us

give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

CURING SOCIETY'S LEPROSIES.

"And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."—Leviticus xiv, 5-7.

The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter house strewn with the blood, and bones, and horns and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As He appears at the other end of the corridor we can only see the outlines of His character; coming



ARNAOUT: AT PRAYER.—From the Painting by J. L. Gerome.

nearer we can descry His features. But when, at last, He steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of Heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down to Jerusalem for sacrifice—sparrows, and pigeons, and turtle doves. I can hear them now, whistling, caroling, and singing all around about the temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing two of these birds were taken; one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water, and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, tied to a hyssop branch and plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird; and then, with this hyssop branch, bird-tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop branch, and it would go soaring into the heavens.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear brethren and sisters, and see that that first bird meant Jesus, and that the second bird means your own soul.

THE CAGED BIRD.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wildwood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of Heaven. He was the favorite of the land.

He was the King's Son. Whenever a victory was gained or a throne set up, He was the first to hear it. He could not walk incognito along the streets, for all Heaven knew Him. For eternal ages He had dwelt amid the mighty populations of Heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when He was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace heralded by a troop of clanking horse-guards. No; he was greeted everywhere as a brother, and all Heaven was perfectly at home with Him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion, and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say: "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the Prince, the King's son; and I see Him push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of its inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth had smitten Him, and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over His dying head and shut the sun out. The hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head, and breast, and feet ran blood—until, under the flocks and beaks of darkness, the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified Him who came down from Heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

THE CLEAN BIRD.

I notice also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed, nor the cormorant, nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text, and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although He spent His boyhood in the worst village on earth, although blasphemies were poured into His ear enough to have poisoned any one else, He stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII, was unclean, but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys who knew him on the streets of Nazareth. Answer me, ye miscreants who saw him die. The skeptical tailors have tried for 1,800 years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day, in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says: "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress with Thy innocence!

"Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I, unseen, adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more."

THE DEFENSELESS BIRD.

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird, mentioned in the text, that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assaulted with its iron beak it strikes like a bolt

against its adversary. This was a dove or a sparrow; we do not know just which. Take the dove or pigeon in your hand, and the pecking of its beak on your hand makes you laugh at the feebleness of its assault. The reindeer, after it is down, may fell you with its antlers. The ox, after you think it is dead, may break your leg in its death struggle. The harpooned whale, in its last agony, may crush you in the coil of the unwinding rope. But this was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of Him who said: “I have trod the wine press alone, and there was none to help.” None to help! The murderers have it all their own way. Where was the soldier in the Roman regiment who swung his sword in the defense of the Divine Martyr? Did they put one drop of oil on His gashed feet? Was there one in all the crowd manly and generous enough to stand up for Him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking Him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board. The women cried, but there was no balm in their tears. None to help! None to help! O, my Lord Jesus, none to help! The wave of anguish came up to the arch of His feet—come up to His knee—floated to His waist—rose to His chin—swept to His temples—yet none to help! Ten thousand times ten thousand angels in the sky, ready at command to plunge into the bloody affray, and strike back the hosts of darkness, yet none to help, none to help!

Oh, this dove of the text, in this last moment, clutched not with angry talons. It plunged not a savage beak. It was a dove—helpless, defenseless. None to help, none to help!

As, after a severe storm in the morning, you go out and find dead birds on the ground, so this dead bird of the text makes me think of that awful storm that swept the earth on crucifixion day, when the wrath of God, and the malice of man, and the fury of the devils wrested beneath the three crosses. As we sang just now:

“Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.”

THE CLEANSING BIRD.

But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop branch, and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah! that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Savior's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage on God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited nothing could buy it back but blood. What was it that was sprinkled on the doorposts when the destroying angel went through the land? Blood. What was it that went streaming from the altar of ancient sacrifice? Blood. What was it that the priests carried into the holy of holies making intercession for the people? Blood. What was it that Jesus sweat in the Garden of Gethsemene? Great drops of blood. What does the wine in the sacramental cup signify? Blood. What makes the robes of the righteous in Heaven so fair? They are washed in

the blood of the Lamb. What is it that cleanses all our pollution? The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin.

I heard somebody saying: "I do not like such a sanguinary religion as that." Do you think it is very wise for the patient to tell the doctor; "I don't like the medicine you have given me!" If he wants to be cured he had better take the medicine. My Lord God has offered us a balm, and it is very foolish for us to say: "I don't like that balm." We had better take it and be saved. But you do not oppose the shedding of blood in other directions and for other ends. If a hundred thousand men go out to battle for their country, and have to lay down their lives for free institutions, is there anything ignoble about that? "No," you say; "glorious sacrifice rather." And is there anything ignoble in the idea that the Lord Jesus Christ, by the shedding of His blood, delivered not only one land, but all lands and all ages, from bondage, introducing men by millions and millions into the liberty of the sons of God? Is there anything ignoble about that?

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so we must be washed in the blood of Christ, or go polluted forever.

"Let the water and the blood,
From the side a healing flood.
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure."

I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird the priest unloosened it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It

could whet its beak on any tree branch it chose. It could peck the grapes of any vineyard it chose. It was free; a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will. You say: "Had you not better qualify that?" No; for I remember that in conversion the will is changed, and the man will not will that which is wrong. There is no strait-jacket in our religion. A state of sin is a state of slavery. A state of pardon is a state of emancipation. The hammer of God's grace knocks the hobbles from the wrist, opens a door into a landscape all ashimmer with fountains and abloom with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have, on some August day, seen two thunder showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together, and, responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm battle had emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" Calvary responds: "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom."

Sinai says: "Woe! Woe!" Calvary answers: "Mercy! Mercy!" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, it shall go forth free—free! Oh, I wish all people to understand this; that when a man becomes a Christian he does not become a slave, but that he becomes a free man; that he has larger liberty after he becomes a child of God than before he became a child of God. Gen. Fisk said that he once stood at a slave block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him: "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said: "Twenty dollars" (he was very old and not worth much); somebody else: "Twenty-five"—"Thirty"—"Thirty-five"—"Forty." The aged minister began to tremble. He had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just \$70, and expected with the \$70 to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"Forty-five"—"Fifty"—"Fifty-five"—"Sixty"—"Sixty-five." The old man cried out: "Seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid, and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

THE FREED BIRD.

The next thing I notice about this bird, when it was loosened (and this is the main idea), is, that it flew away. Which way did it go? When you let a bird loose from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up.



CHARITY.
From the Painting by Wm. Kaulbach.